

JANUARY

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NOTES OF THE WEEK
The shadow of universal coercion, under the ever
minent masses of imprisonment without charge. Sinn
shen celebrate this year—the feast of Peace. In jail and out
erhanging cloud may be heavy, but hope runs very high. In
all we offer our readers all the greetings of the season. The
Christmas to Christmas, we can see that there has been
amnesty in the Great War since 1916. The Great War we
fer to is the one which is great by reason of its length, the
people involved, and the consequences which victory for
ever duration. In principle its importance reaches up to
aven and down to hell, for eternal justice is at stake, and
Christianity, goal forward or backward with victory or defeat,
and consequences; the peoples of all Europe will benefit by the
triumph of the Irish Republic, the seas will be set free, and
ever again would the English blockade of Europe, with its
subsequent starvation of women and children, be possible.
India would not have to expect further episodes like
Hindoo, they can never hope to rival the wholesale brutality
of the English "Christian" Imperialist. China shall not have
fear the insidious ally of Japan, nor America the insidious
anti-American war spirit in Mexico, for all England's sinister
international influence depends on her tyranny of the seas, and
a process of setting Ireland free will liberate the water high-
ways of the world. In Africa, Egypt shall not be secured,
violence and exploited in the name of a Protestant, because
Christian life and freedom is crushed, cabined, and confined
to a tiny island that dominates the seas. Hence the consequences
of a war should be enormous. It is a great war, and Ireland is
at stake. If the English are not winning, it is not
the time to put men in jail. Look back upon the
the last decade since 1915. Think of the hopeless outlook
in lack of real spirit in 1915, when certain Irishmen were in
of a civil war, and volunteer organisations. Lewis and
and minor, Harding and Fyngoch are the names we associate
Christmas of 1916. The Christmas of 1917 was over-
the Christmas of 1918, and the death of Thomas Ashe
the Irish Republic in 1919. The Christmas of 1919

OLD IRELAND.

was marked by the atrocities committed on the pier at Belfast Jail, and the continued imprisonment of our leaders in Portlaoine under the German Plot fraud. What then of Christmas, 1919? Who can tell from day to day? Picture a great beast of prey waiting to pounce upon its victims. That describes exactly the position between England and Ireland to-day. As we write, and before we appear in print, the beast of prey may have pounced upon its victim, who knows? Such is the atmosphere which surrounds Christmas, 1919. But there is another side to the picture.

Hope Stronger than Ever.
It is the hope inspired by the events of the last few years and of the last few months. It is an unshakable hope, a hope not to be shaken at least by coercion or attack of the nation's enemies. The country is far stronger in spirit now than it was even this time last year, because for so short a period of time Sinn Fein has made good in America, and in Ireland the alien Government grows more difficult from day to day. There is not a small nation in Europe disappointed by the Peace Conference which has been able to exercise such influence to the injury of the only Empire in the world. The very definite defeat of English diplomacy has been marked by the return of Edward Grey, England's most astute and unscrupulous diplomatist. He could manage the Germans and manipulate the inter-war, but the American Senate has defeated him, backed as it is by the enormous force of anti-Wilson opinion, including the Irish, whose strength is in itself a formidable foe. In the meantime, in spite of her newly-acquired territories, English credit drops more and more in America, and the pound sterling is worth less and less every day in the American market. At present it is hovering about 10s. The very intensity of the coercion regime at present in force is both an evidence of the weak position of the Government and a promise of a rapid change. The strain will prove too great for Unionists, and a statement from the "loyalists" of County Clare, who have had their collective nose rubbed in English coercion. They now know that a continuous period of martial law makes life impossible for them. Only let the Unionists in other parts of Ireland get a touch of the same kind of coercion, and all save those completely apathetic towards the defence of the Empire. These are but a few of the political indications of the hope of the future. Think all our hopes there is the consciousness of a strength of spirit existent in the nation and wherever the nation has spread over the wide face of the world which is more powerful and more permanent than any past or present. England, on the other hand, owes her "national unity to money; and when the financial straits comes for her, she is not those who hastened on the financial by-products of the maintenance the rope beyond the outbreak the more active and progressive enemies of Ireland shall be: English Labour and "Toryism."

The latest sensation in English politics of the 1919-20 Coercion variety is the new alliance between the official English

Labour Party and the U.I.L. of Great Britain. The U.I.L. of Great Britain is a fiction, a sort of myth founded on a memory of something that has long since passed away. It is, by the way, characteristic of the English Labour Party, with men like Henderson at the head of it, that it should be a party to the pious fraud of buttressing up T. P. O'Connor's non-existent Irish Party. It was a curious coincidence, showing how diametrically opposed are the spirit and way of Sinn Féin to T. P. O'Connor, that just at the moment when "Old Ireland" was urging the Irish in England to "kick moderate Labour," T. P. O'Connor was falling back on it as his last line of self-defence. Now it appears Ireland is to have a visit from the British Labour leaders. They will come over here to see what use Ireland can be put to for their party purposes. We are absolutely no faith in Arthur Henderson, Adamson and company. They can do no good here; but their intrigues may not, among Sinn Féiners, but with those waverers who might come into the ranks of Sinn Féin if it were not for the illusory promises put forward by "moderate" Labour. A good instance of the insincerity and unreality of English Labour's attitude towards Ireland occurred when Irish Labour sent a deputation to Westminster in reference to the Motor Permit Order. At the time a few remarks dropped by that Labour leader Adamson showed that he disliked and distrusted Sinn Féin just as much as Lloyd George, and the argument that the Motor Permit Order was necessary to help to impose "law and order," settled the question for Mr. Adamson as it might for any other cooperator-imperialist. The result was that since then, although Adamson promised all sorts of good works, he has made no attempt to push the cause of the Irish motor workers for justice. Why, Irish employers are proving better men, with a better sense of justice, than these Labour men who have proposed to be devoted to the cause of the oppressed. Many Irish employers have backed the workers in their struggle against the Government on this question of motor permits and subscribed to the funds to fight the common enemy. But British Labour becomes capitalistic minded when the Empire is involved. Truly imperialism has rotted the mind of English Moderate Labour, just as another imperialism destroyed the sense of public justice in certain sections of German opinion so long as Germany was victorious. We hope that Irish Labour will rub it hard into these Labour visitors that they are just as rotten on the Irish question so far as effective action as Mr. Asquith or any of those distinguished Broadbents who visit our shores from time to time. There is a section of Labour in England which deserves our respect, and which means what it says, but it is not the kind of Labour led by Henderson and company.

Labour Insincerity and India.
An instance of the unreality of even Ramsay MacDonald's attitude was brought to our notice recently. He paid a visit to India, wrote a work about India, and throughout carefully threw all the blame on the blunders of the bureaucracy in India, and carefully avoided all reference to the fact that India is tyrannised over from London and from nowhere else. There is a careful avoidance of mentioning how London has fished £70,000,000 of gold—billions here—which was placed in London for safe keeping before the price of gold mounted up to its present value. To-day that gold reserve is used as any British monies might be with any reference to India, and instead of sending it back to India, its rightful owner, it is used for Government investment in the present exorbitant price. This nations by London. The fact is that the whole function of the Empire is the squeezing of profits for London and England out of the "backward" peoples who are to be "civilised." In the meantime Ramsay MacDonald carefully avoids all serious attack on the centre of the Imperialist evil, namely, London.

Ireland's Heroic Tales for Children.
It should have been done long ago in the comment on the

hears upon the publication of the old Irish stories, adapted for children and illustrated with simple, vivid illustrations by the famous "The Children of the Fianna" ("The Fianna") and "The Sons of Uisneach" are published by the Information Trading Company of Ireland, Fleet Street, Dublin. When one thinks of it, it does seem strange that amongst all the cheap stories for children, none hitherto had been published dealing with those fine heroic tales, which have been an inspiration to all who have retained anything of the child's unspoiled freshness of vision. These publications of the tales where in "Old Ireland" should be given to every boy and girl in Ireland before they develop a taste for the mean and trivial tales poured out of the gutter press.

Swift-Moving Events.
Events are moving very rapidly in Ireland, but they are moving somewhat in a circle. The suppression of the Freeman follows a raid on Republicans and on the Daik. Then the suppression of the Aonach. After that came the case of the Freeman's suppression against the Government, not yet decided, and the boy Conor's case decided against the Government. It is the General Dyer type of mind that has given damages to the tune of £75. Then comes the news of an attempt on the life of Lord French. Of course the Press has had little or nothing to say against the slaughter of innocent women and children in Europe, the Press has not yet said against whom war was never declared, the Press has never condemned the terrible deeds of Amritsar, it filled with hypocritical howls against the deed. It is impossible that the whole case can be stated in public at present, and any journalist who has any sense of decency or self-respect would under the circumstances refrain from the howl of hypocritical protest which is indulged in even by papers that ought to know better than to like the "Evening Telegraph." Of course one pays no attention or authority, but under the halo of suppression one really expected something better from the "Evening Telegraph" matter what one may think of deeds of this kind, surely the journalists who howl thus must realise that they are by their words giving courage to the enemy to enforce martial law on the community as a whole. When martial law is enforced we shall see whether Tory business people and Moderates will enjoy the logical consequences of their own denunciations. Really in these days of wholesale denunciations it is a consolation to find a mind like Dr. Fogarty's reacting against the cant of the Press. We think it well to publish his two letters of the Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty. There are many Irishmen to-day who thank God for Dr. Fogarty. We are surrounded by cant and worldliness from responsible persons or "representative persons" who will not face the weak and oppressed.

Between 1919 and 1920.
The great series of militarist suppressions, the autumn campaign of Julius Caesar French is over, and there is a kind of armistice, with an enemy in ambush ready to pounce upon any or all active Irish public men at a moment's notice. Within the space of a few months we have experienced wholesale raiding on private houses and on the headquarters of the Republican newspapers, followed by prohibition of the use of motor cars to Sinn Féin by the establishment of the "permit" system as a casual summary of what all have witnessed during the latter fiercer between oppressor and oppressed. On 15th December the "Freeman's Journal" is suppressed, 19th December the most determined and daring attempt is made to kill Lord French (22nd December the "Independent" is suppressed, 28th December Lloyd George adds the insult of Home Rule to the injury of coercion. In the meantime a hunger strike started in Mountjoy for exactly the same right that Tom

on Christmas Day the hunger strikers win their point. Annual rumours of further raids make the ground-swell of horror, which for the moment is at a lull. It is not easy to say whether this lull is due to a realisation that coercion will not injure the spirit of Irish independence, and will do nothing to shake the firm foundations of what Mr. Bradford thinks the insubstantial Republic of Ireland. But a little time will tell and if we may judge by what we know of the character and methods of the English Government, we may look forward to a "push," a fresh turn to the screw of national torture—for what else could you call the present coercive Government? The psychology of coercion and torture is just the same—the infliction of suffering on the oppressed until the individual breaks his pledges of honour and self-respect. Those who believe that thus Ireland can be conquered are those who have a contempt for Irish honour and the character of the men and women of the country. It is the General Dyer type of mind that has risen to ascendancy recently, and it looks as if it were going to continue during the coming year. The crowning achievement of such an Amritsar, if it could only be carried through in this country, is the Amritsar. Unfortunately it cannot. People have not yet said that the time for an Amritsar in Ireland was during the war and the apparatus of war and the excuse of emergency. Only for Easter Week we should have had an Amritsar, only worse, on the question of conscription. To-day the opportunity is gone, unless a wholesale armed rising takes place, and the probability of such is extremely remote. The English make a wholesale attack on Irishmen in Ireland, and those of Irish extraction and sympathy will react, and hasten very much the downfall of British Imperialism throughout the world. At a moment like this in the history of the coercion of 1919 and 1920, the interest lies in what the enemy is thinking about Ireland. This is the interest which makes men and women read Lloyd George's speech, just to gauge the intentions of the Government, not at all to hear about Home Rule. Republicans are not interested in Home Rule. Home Rule is a fantastic anachronism in Ireland, and the threat of wooden shoes and Napoleon's suppression.

AUTO DRIVERS' FIGHTING FUND.

The Irish Auto Drivers' and Mechanics' Union invite subscriptions to their fighting fund to help those dismissed or fined for refusing to seek permits. If you desire the union's assistance in this regard, please send your subscriptions to an authorised collector or direct it to the General Secretary, I.A.D. and M. Union, 22 Dawson Street, Dublin.

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YOU CAN ABOLISH THE SLUMS.

To abolish the slums we must abolish not only these effects of English commercialism, but the cause of them, which is not confined to England. We must cast out of our national soul that devil of which these social blasphemies are the manifestations. We must make speak that dumb multitudinous throng whose voices are part of the national voice, whose bodies are part of the national body, and whose souls are part, and the substantial part, of the national soul. We must indeed cast out England, her body and her spirit, her institutions and her culture, her concept of civilisation, as well as the whole social structure, which she has imposed upon us. And having done that, having stripped bare our Gaelic soil to its foundation, we may rebuild a sturdiness and an unshakable constitution.

The eternal difference between Padraic Pearse and Sir Horace Plunkett is the world-old difference between idealism and materialism, between sacrifice and compromise, between the truth that a clean soul is the first essential of a clean body, and the delusion that the soul is non-existent or can be ignored. Pearse, fearless, extreme and sane, knew that he must destroy before he could rebuild, must crush a poisonous life out of Ireland before his country could be reborn; Plunkett, the moderate man—that honest buffer who in every age and in every land has always attempted, and has so often failed, to stand between the bloody-minded and his victim—Sir Horace Plunkett with his I.A.O.S. was and is attempting to graft a wholesome slip on a putrid plant. It is always the way of the bourgeoisie, mental cowardice sapped by the sopor thrown to them from the table of their masters—they are afraid of the alternative, which is death or starvation, and so it is left to a few brave men to strip the mask from the face of the beast and die. (The personality of Pearse exactly typifies the modern Gael. Finding himself in an Anglicised Ireland, he spoke its language and supported the proposed institution of an English governmental system, but, because he was so intensely Gael, he rejected tenet after accepted tenet until he had demolished the whole super-structure which we have been wont to call civilisation. Therein lay his greatness as a force in Ireland, and therein lies the power of Ireland as a force in world politics. For, to discover his real self, Pearse did what Ireland after him is doing, he followed every effect to its logical cause; taking nothing for granted, he examined every habit of thought, which subtly becomes second nature to the unwary, and substituted for it his real nature, the genius of his race. For the British nationalism of Redmond he replaced the communal nationalism of Ireland. Rejecting the conception of a State, in which only land and commercial lords could live, he chose the Gaelic State in which the people and all the people were and would be the lords and masters of Ireland's soil, of its products and of the means of production.

The creative vision of George Russell may succeed in manifesting Pearse's dream for Ireland. A. E. may make exploit

what could only be implicit in Pearse, but if he does he will owe everything that is immortal in his work to the immortality of Pearse's sacrifice. Mr. Russell's National Being could not possibly materialize in the atmosphere of Empire.

As was the terrible sanity of those dreamers of Easter Week or must be the mentality of those men who will produce in Ireland the accomplished fact. Or rather it is not one or two but the whole nation—those who would otherwise inhabit stumps or grind themselves soulless in brutish labour with those who court themselves the intelligentsia—it is the whole nation, its whole body and soul, which will substantiate the new order.

New Ireland dare not contemplate herself burdened with civilization's commercial system, with its predatory wars and its economic gutters in which the bulk of the people flounder. New Ireland must conceive, as did Pearse and Connolly, and take as practical steps to manifest its concept, a statehood in which the weakest can live and be happy, a statehood which will be the real resurgence of a submerged nation, the ultimate of which Gaelicism was the original.

W. FORBES PATTERSON.

BALFOUR THE VIRTUOUS.

(Quoted from American Press.)

The world loves to exploit certain men; others it loves to "pick at." Arthur Brisbane is one the world loves to make much of. In an issue in "The Littlebooks Library" I find Philip Francis saying: "I know that many are under the impression that Arthur Brisbane wrote the editorials which appeared in the Hearst papers during the five years of the war. But he didn't. I wrote them myself, with the exception of those which Mr. Hearst wrote and signed. Don't think I care whether Mr. Brisbane was credited with writing those editorials or not. I have never courted the limelight, and certainly have a rooted repugnance to self-advertising. The patent medicine man's methods do not appeal to me."

I also find Mr. Francis saying: "Two years ago the British Minister, Arthur Balfour, stood on the steps of the City Hall here in New York and unctuously declaimed the lofty and unselfish purposes of England and her Allies. They were at war, he said, for no secret objects, but for the rights of oppressed peoples, great or small, for the spread of democracy and self-rule to every corner of the world, for civilization, for righteous-

ness, for the liberties of the world. He said that—did Mr. Balfour. And all around him official and financial magnates and excited common-folks cheered and cheered till they were hoarse. And yet that very man, standing there and so speaking, was the same man who, a few years ago, earned the title of "Bloody Balfour" by the ruthlessness with which he crushed the poor peasantry of Ireland, struggling against the atrocious tyranny of English bureaucrats and English absentee landlords—the same man who had downed democracy and liberty and the yearning for self-determination in Ireland in the blood of an oppressed little people."

And even while this suave and unctuous hypocrite, with his tongue in his cheek and a sneer in his heart, gulled the Government at Washington and our people here in New York and elsewhere with his solemn assertions that England and the Allies had no secret selfish purposes of conquest and spoils, his secret treaties providing for the conquest and division of land and helpless peoples in Asia, Africa, Europe, and the islands of the seas had been drawn up, signed, sealed, and were at the very time lying hid in the archives of England.

No wonder Mr. Arthur Balfour went away from America with triumph in his air and contempt in his soul!

A proven liar in the outcome, a known tyrant and oppressor, a fervent upholder of aristocracy and class rule, an unscrupulous graduate of the European school of fighting grab, a hater of independence and freedom for little peoples, himself the very Foreign Secretary who once proposed to Germany that she attack France by a sudden armed rush through neutral Belgium, and let it be known that England would not recognize any treaty obligation to interfere with such an invasion of Belgium's neutrality—how Balfour must have soared in his heart when he found our Government and people as easy gulls—taking him trustingly at his word, throwing money into his hat by the billion, the President receiving him with a confidence and respect, the Secretary of State pleased to fetter and carry for him; the newspapers reporting his sayings, and the whole country hailing him as the champion of democracy, the rescuer of oppressed little peoples, the unselfish defender of the rights and liberties of mankind!

NOTE.—I do not know these things are true; but I do know I have seen them in print. I particularly call your attention to two of the statements made by Mr. Francis:—(1) That Balfour as an official of the English Government, once proposed that Germany invade France through Belgium, and that England would not interfere; (2) that when Balfour came to this country

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GREAT IRISH FILM WEEK.

to induce us to enter the war, and said England had no secret, selfish purpose of conquest and spoil, he knew secret treaties providing for the conquest and division of lands had been drawn up, signed, sealed, and were at that moment lying in the archives of England.

Is Mr. Balfour the agent who sold us the big set of useless books to be paid for on the instalment plan?

IRISH GIRLS COMING TO ENGLAND.

(To the Editor of "Old Ireland.")

Dear Sir,—

Warnings without number have been frequently given in the Press, from the platform and from the pulpit, to Irish girls not to cross the English Channel in search of situations, or at least not to do so until they had made every inquiry as to the character and conditions of the advertised situations.

Still they come, and I take it for granted that girls will still come to England in spite of all warnings and protests. They candidly confess that they are lured across by the prospects of good wages and the want of work at home.

I am constrained to write this note for two reasons and to claim a small space in your valuable paper as your contribution to this worthy work.

(1) It is only a short time since I returned from Ireland, and yet I have encountered and experienced a few fatal cases. (2) I want to make a suggestion, which seems to me a fairly satisfactory solution of this painful problem.

Let us see what can be done to lessen, at least, the dangers ahead of these girls by holding out a helping hand to them before they leave home and on their arrival here. Most priests in England possess an Irish Catholic Directory, and most priests in Ireland possess an English Catholic Directory. Priests at both sides of the Channel must be and are interested in the spiritual welfare of these girls.

Let the Irish girls who contemplate crossing the Channel seek the advice and assistance of some priest in their parish, and ask him to give them the address of the priest in the city or centre in England to which the girl desires or has decided to go. I am convinced that if necessary every priest would willingly go further and write direct to the priest concerned in England. And I am equally certain that the priests in England would be only too glad to help in the good and God-like work.

This seems to me a simple and satisfactory solution, and, in my humble opinion, if seriously undertaken would prevent many pitfalls and save many good simple Irish girls from the snares of unscrupulous and unprincipled scamps at this side of the Channel.

A few words of friendly advice to the girls themselves and I have finished. Put yourself in communication as soon as you arrive in England with the Catholic clergy. Don't be deceived by men, young or old, over here, whose standard of morality is measured by the Police Court Code. Distrust not only the sterner sex, but also beware of your own sex, some of whom are ever on the watch for the weak and the wayward.

Remember the admirable angelic advice of Ellen O'Leary, a saintly sister of a Fenian felon of our land and a typical Tipperary woman: "To God and Ireland true."

Yours sincerely in Jesus Christ,

(Rev.) JAMES J. DARMODY.

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to self-determination. Lloyd George admits that Ireland stands for separation, and by every test of self-determination Ireland would receive full international recognition as a Republic. Lloyd George's answer is: "I think it is right here, in the face of the demands put forward from Ireland with apparent authority, that any attempt at secession will be fought with the same determination, with the same resources, with the same resolve as the Northern States of America put into the fight with the Southern States. It is important that it should be known not merely throughout the world, but in Ireland itself." And further on he says: "On the other hand let it be made clear that Britain cannot accept separation. It would be fatal to the security of these islands. It might be fatal to this country, and this is no time to imagine, when we have the memories of the late war, that Britain can be compelled by force to concede anything which is either unjust to her own people or to anyone else—anything which would be fatal to her own life and security." The task of Irish statesmen now is to make people like Lloyd George realise that it is better to take risks about security by doing justice to Ireland than to court most certain imperial disaster by refusing full justice. There is one menace greater to England than Irish freedom of separation, and that is Irish bondage or political connection of any kind with England. This is a simple but inevitable fact. When English statesmen realise it the victory is ours. They shall very likely realise it after the event, England is in the frame of mind about Ireland now of a man with a bad leg; the doctors say amputation or you lose your life. It is an unpleasant choice for the imperial mind, but "it must be did." We can assure Lloyd George the operation will be less painful than the present condition of dangerous poisoning. Until Ireland is a Republic, the Irish tradition with its world-wide ramifications must act like poison on British imperial influences.

Victory for Hunger-Strikers.

Once again Irish Republicans in jail have been obliged to go on hunger-strike to force the English Government to keep its word. The latest arrivals at Mountjoy from Cook were not receiving the treatment of political prisoners. The struggle did not last long, for obviously the Government were obliged to give in. Still it is admirable that any of our comrades should have had to suffer hunger-strike at all. They won their victory on Christmas Day, and all are now receiving political treatment. Some little time after the regulation under D.O.R.A. was published, whereby hunger-strikers of the future were warned that they would not be released, Dr. Sigerson, whose activities in connection with political prisoners in the past very fortunately lead to the great improvement of their conditions in Ireland, wrote a letter to the Press pointing out the illegality of treating prisoners convicted of sedition, etc., as criminals, even where hard labour had been imposed by sentence. From a Sinn Feiner's point of view little importance attaches to Acts of Parliament, but as an element adding additional guilt to the Government officials, this point is important, for it shows that they cannot even keep their own laws. The breach of faith with Irishmen was obvious, but until Dr. Sigerson pointed it out the breach with English law was not noticed. For the present the English Government finds it wise to keep its own law when forced by hunger-strikers, but who knows how long that will last. So far as the struggle in Ireland is concerned, English law matters very little, but in an appeal to neutral foreign opinion it is an important point of propaganda to show that the English Government in Ireland does not obey her own laws. To explode the cant about English equity and law and English fair-mindedness is to smother the prestige of England in the eyes of a considerable section of world opinion, for it must be remembered that there is a large section of world opinion, strange as it may appear, that is uninformed as to the real bitterness and injustice which inspires English Government. The letter of Dr. Sigerson appeared in the "Freeman" so far back as December 1918, and it is interesting to see that it is still being referred to without considerable notice.

at the time because the issue had not become an actual one. There was no one then on hunger strike, and the regulations remained unapplied. The recent victory of the hunger-strikers brought the whole question before the public once more and in propaganda it would be well that Dr. Sigerson's point be not lost sight of.

The Motor Strike.

This strike continues quietly, but to judge by the reports of meetings labour is realising more and more the necessity of not allowing the members of one Trades Union scabbing another. This has happened largely owing to lack of information. Then again it is likely that those fighting the "permit" order are likely to spread their activities further and take a more aggressive line. We appeal to our readers to support by funds the Motor Union, which is fighting a campaign which in principle is an important part of the national cause. **Tyranny, Taxes and Rates.**

Let us take but one example of how foreign oppressions crush at once the nation and the individual. Individuals are paying exorbitant prices for the necessities of life largely because the foreign tyranny imposes exorbitant taxes on Ireland. Income Tax is at five shillings in the pound because Ireland contributes to England of over £18,000,000 a year, for which she receives in return absolutely nothing but oppression and the prison of trade and industry. The figure cannot be contested. Lloyd George admits that Ireland pays over £18,000,000 to England over and above the cost of all Irish Government. A Unionist can deny it, Ireland as a Republic could be run at less than £12,000,000 a year. England takes £41,000,000 from Ireland, and she cannot even govern Ireland at the cost of more than £22,000,000 a year. These figures are drawn from Lloyd George's own mouth. Are these questions of finance of interest to the ratepayers of Rathmines or Belfast? What further well worth remembering, if Lloyd George carries his Home Rule scheme, he will saddle Ireland forever with an imperial contribution of £18,000,000 a year. Could Germany do worse? A contribution one and a half as much as the cost of an Irish Government. The only proposition you get from these proposals is the Sinn Fein Party. If any elector of any Unionist candidate (and in that term we include the remnants of the Irish Party), that elector is voting for a Government is watching to see if the elections will reduce the power of Sinn Fein. If so, you will get all that Lloyd George wants to give you, and it mainly consists of taxation and partition.

Lloyd George's Spiritual Home.

Commenting on the same incident, the "Sunday Express" says:—"Yesterday's result shows that the Prime Minister no longer counts upon the support of the Liberals. It is to the Unionist Party that he must turn." Prophetic, eh?

MacPherson's "Self-Determination."

MacPherson at Inverness said:—"A new attempt is being made to solve the age-long difficulty in Ireland, and he is fair to be agreeable to right-thinking men in the Dominions of America"—not in Ireland. Please note MacPherson's idea of self-determination. In the same breath he speaks of the majority in Ireland as "rebels organised and armed to the teeth." "Consent of the governed," "moral authority of the majority of the people," "are blasphemous phrases to this radical reactionary."

Winston Churchill Puts His Foot In It

Winston Churchill's recent speech is an unpleasant revelation of the mind of the capitalist-imperialist-minded politician. The following passage shows the hypocrite when one applies to Ireland. As applied to Russia it is simply untrue, for it is well known that the downfall of the White Guards, i.e., Denikin, Kolchak and Mannerheim, were due largely to the

popular support, whereas gradually all the honest sections of the community in Russia have come to support the Government as at present constituted, in spite of the fact that many of its supporters without agreeing in theory with the dictatorship of the proletariat. But the Russian Government to-day represents the majority of the people. But listen to this from MacPherson, and apply it to Ireland, Lord French and MacPherson did not think of Ireland when he was saying it. On his own part he (Mr. Churchill) had absolute trust in the sense of the will of the people. What we had got to guard against was minority rule, which took no regard of the will or wishes of the nation, and which was not influenced by public opinion—the rule of men who, in their insane vanity and conceit, believed they were entitled to give a Government to a people which a people loathed and detested and in regard to which they were never consulted. Those who emerged were vicious military leaders and artful political wirepullers. Mr. Winston should keep his eye on his colleagues governing Ireland when he uses strong language. MacPherson will hardly admit this fine eloquence of Winston.

Lessons of the Phoenix Park Outrage.

The recent event in the Phoenix Park, in which a military band from Lord French's residence runs amok in the dark, and like a star shell bursting over the mind of our English people, is a lesson that the English daily Press took instant advantage of it to make a sensational story. The English daily Press and when the truth came out and the English people thought that it will be better for all concerned to let the incident be proved out of the mouths of those who would set their readers right on the subject. This incident could teach Irishmen how very little it matters what English people think. The important thing is what does Lloyd George and his Cabinet think. The task before Irishmen is to make people think that it will be better for all concerned to free Ireland. But the capacity for lies of the English Press is proved in the case of Ireland and Russia to be so great that Irish people have realised that the truth is not in them, and have done so worse. A contribution one and a half as much as the cost of an Irish Government. The only proposition you get from these proposals is the Sinn Fein Party. If any elector of any Unionist candidate (and in that term we include the remnants of the Irish Party), that elector is voting for a Government is watching to see if the elections will reduce the power of Sinn Fein. If so, you will get all that Lloyd George wants to give you, and it mainly consists of taxation and partition.

Co-operation.

THE CO-OPERATIVE METHOD OF TRADE WILL DEVELOP DEMOCRATIC INDUSTRIALISM IN IRELAND.

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British Friendship More Dangerous than Hostility.

The following quotation from a letter of General Stark to President James Madison, appearing in the News Letter, Irish National Bureau, Washington, is of great interest just now when both America and Ireland are trying to disentangle themselves from England and when both are suffering from "the most serious evil—our internal British faction"—

"If the enmity of the British is to be feared, their allegiance is still more dangerous. I have fought by their side (Seven Years' War) and against them, and have found them to be treacherous and ungenerous as friends and dishonourable as enemies. I have also tried the French, first as enemies, and since as friends, and although all the strong prejudices of my youth were against them, still I have formed a more favourable opinion of them than of the English. Let us watch even them. But of all the dangers from which I apprehend the most serious evil to my country and our Republican institutions, none requires a more watchful eye than our internal British Faction."

Here is a further quotation from another letter of General Stark to those organising the celebration of the battle of Bannington.—

"You know well, gentlemen, that at the time of the event you celebrate, there was a powerful British Faction in this country (called Tories), a material part of the force we contended with. This faction was ranking in our councils, till it had laid a foundation for the subversion of our liberties. But by having good sentinels at our outposts we were apprised of our danger, the sons of freedom beat the alarm, and as at Bannington they came, they saw, they conquered. These are my orders now and will be my last orders to all my volunteers, to look to their sentries; for there is a dangerous British party in the country lurking in their hiding places more dangerous than all our foreign enemies; and whenever they shall openly appear, let them render the same account of them as was given at Bannington, let them assume what name they will."

James Connolly's Wisdom.

We have had the honour of receiving a Christmas card from Mr. William O'Brien of Liberty Hall. The quotation from James Connolly on that card is so good that we take the first opportunity of quoting it here. It is extraordinary how few people there are who will retain the full view of James Connolly's vision—of an Ireland at once national and democratic, of an Ireland at once true to her own traditions and true to international principles of democratic justice at the same time. Some read James Connolly to discover his defects and condemn him. These people are always from the class which has had no struggle for existence, the class which has not laboured under the lash of a continual and close fear of starvation, a lash more godly by its tyranny than the thong of the Roman slave-driver, and more degrading in its effects on the

character of men. The message of James Conolly is contained in passages like this one, which are too often ignored by the critics:—

We have at all times held to the principle that the true path to national redemption for this country led along the road of social progress; and that, therefore, they who worked for other cause could not but be of service to the other. As Socialists, we have ever taught that national freedom could not be won by a population resigned to industrial slavery; and as believers in national freedom we have ever taught that the real re-conquest of Ireland necessarily implied the redemption of the Irish worker from the slavery of the capitalist system.

St. Malachy's Prophecy.

St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, about the year 1132 prophesied of Ireland's future thus:—
Be of good heart, my son, the Church of God in Ireland shall never fail. With terrible discipline long shall she be purified, but afterward far and wide shall her magnificence shine forth in cloudless glory. And, oh! Ireland, do thou lift up thy head. Thy day also shall come—a day of ages—a week of centuries numbered unto thee. Then shall thy exceeding great merits have obtained mercy for thy terrible foe—yet though as great scourges great and enduring—thy enemies who are in thee shall be driven out and humbled, and their names taken away. But inasmuch as thou art depressed, in so much shalt thou be exalted. Thy light shall burst forth as the sun and thy glory shall not pass away. There shall be peace and abundance within thy boundaries and beauty and strength in thy defences. The Church of God in Ireland shall never fail, and though long shall it be desired, my country shall one day stand forth in its might and be fresh in its beauty like the rose. Amen.

Conspiracy Against De Valera.

At Los Angeles the "Times" of that city openly advocated that President De Valera be mobbed upon his arrival. Honourable Joseph Scott and other leaders of the cause of Ireland met the issue boldly with American determination. President De Valera was not mobbed. The pro-British elements, however, succeeded in having the management of the Shrine Auditorium on the night preceding the meeting, cancelling the rental lease. This was on Wednesday. President De Valera was prevailed on to wait until the following Sunday, when the baseball park was available. An audience of 30,000 greeted him, the largest audience ever gathered at Los Angeles. The Shrine Auditorium could not have accommodated more than 5000. The net gain resulting from the policy of the intolerant enemies of the Irish Republic was an increased audience of 26,000, and Los Angeles and the surrounding parts of California are now more strongly organised in behalf of aiding Ireland than would be the case had the "Times" and its following permitted the meeting at the Shrine Auditorium to proceed as originally scheduled.

Siberian Peasants on Russia.

The "Nation" (N.Y. Ind. weekly), 1st November, publishes the following communique of the Russian S.D. (Menshevik) Labour Party to the Labour organisations in the Allied countries:— "Siberia is in the clutches of a monstrous tyranny Krasnykhov, Amnenkov, and Admiral Kolchak, who are bleeding it white. The country, the desire for whose liberation was protested with a flood of hypocritical tears, is languishing under the yoke of an unheard-of reaction. The liberties which were won in February of 1917 have been suppressed. The article on the majesty of the Tsar's Code of Laws has been revived. The labouring masses and peasants live under the constant threat of execution without trial or inquiry. Throughout Siberia whole villages are destroyed by artillery fire, in accord with the best usages of military art. Senselessly the whip lashes in the hands

openly striving to establish a 'Tsar and order.' The reactionaries, who have become brutalised and lost every sense of humanity, have revived medieval executions—the burning at the stake of persons whom they believe to be opponents of the existing autocratic rule. Telegraph poles of the Siberian Railway, which is under the control of an Inter-Allied Commission and is guarded by Allied troops, are used as gallows. With the assistance of Allied troops, order is being established in the country—the order of cemeteries. The Government of the supreme ruler, Admiral Kolchak, who hypocritically babbling of the convocation of a National Assembly while actually executing members of the Constituent Assembly, is postponing the convocation of even a National Assembly for the day after the resurrection of the dead. He is actually ruling as an autocrat, appointing, on the basis of the old Tsaristic laws, governor-generals with unlimited power, who are openly issuing orders 'to shoot on the spot,' without trial or inquiry, the opponents of the existing autocratic rule or the hostages, who are taken from the peaceful population. It is high time that the bloody fraud, which the reactionaries of your Governments are perpetrating on the civilised world, be exposed.

Majority Rule Moryah!

The "Globe" comments thus on the Spen Valley election:— "The result is no pleasant thing for the Government. The candidate is at the bottom of the poll. He has secured 8000 of 30,000 votes which were cast. The mere mention of such a possibility is enough to send a cold shudder down the back of every Coalitionist in view of what has happened in the elections." We are told that English Government is based on majority rule. When the signs are evident that the majority is against the Government, the result is not likely to lead to a General Election. Not likely! England is not governed the Majority rule moryah!

SPEN VALLEY MEANS NOTHING.

At a moment when the star of Labour is in the ascendant in the high nebulousity of English politics, it is a comprehensible thing that Labour should think it can find the long-lost solution to the Irish question. But vanity, however pardonable, seldom solves anything. English Labour, with all due respect to will need some other qualification than the negative one of defeating Colonel Fairfax at Spen Valley if it would seek to riddle the hoariest riddle in Europe. It needs to know that difficulty is not one of settling the Irish Question but of the standing it. When Labour understands the Irish Question will politely return to its own business and let the Irish people do the rest.

At present English Labour is full of the finest words and Ireland, but obviously on the principle that human pride is likely to invent most serious words To hide its ignorance.

There was never an English Party that stood upon the bottom rung of the political ladder waiting for its chance moung but melted with kindness towards Ireland and desired to settle the Irish Question; just as there was never an English Party which—usually with the help of the Irish vote—held the top rung of that ladder but ousted either in coercion or custody the party that preceded it. English Labour is taking the same road as English Liberalism. So English Labour is really a party of Irishmen if they smiled a little indulgently at the "Daily Herald," in the course of a long article, "Ireland: A Policy," in its issue of 81st December, and if Labour delegation that is about to visit Ireland.

The future of the whole human race depends on whether the Prime Minister pretends to have—a constructive scheme.

Benefiting the whole human race is unquestionably a laudable pastime, for which reason it is regrettable that it is a pastime usually practised by the man who cares so much about the whole human race that he has no time to fulfil his responsibilities to his immediate neighbours. Even the "Daily Herald" must restrain itself. When it has done its share in benefiting that part of the human race whose condition of existence it is able to influence, then it will be appropriate to concern itself with the whole. And doing its share in benefiting the Irish people does not consist in discovering three-drum solutions on its leader page. The only constructive scheme which will benefit anybody is the scheme the Irish people out of their own genius have developed, and not the scheme of nine or ten English Labour delegates who have decided among themselves that humanity waits wistfully upon their words. The scheme outlined by the "Daily Herald" is going to solve nothing. It may be good or bad as a piece of writing. As a piece of democratic politics it is pitiful. In the introductory sentences to the outlining of this scheme it is said:—

"If the Irish are convinced that British Labour means what it says, difficulties will disappear."

Maybe. But the Irish people are convinced of no such thing. On the contrary the insincerity of English Labour is mountainous in its obviousness. The very article in which the quoted words appear is a having advertisement of this lack of sincerity, the whole course of its three columns the words "Irish Republic" never appear. The result of the General Election, the Declaration that followed it, the creation of an Irish National Assembly, all this the "Daily Herald" politely ignores. The militarist politicians of the "Morning Post" have not done more. But the "Daily Herald" would give us self-determination—on the condition that we gave self-determination to Ulster, although the article says:—

(a) "The ultimate test of nationality is the will of the nation," and (b) "It is perfectly true that Ulster is not historically hostile to Irish nationalism; that the problem is an artificial one fostered by unscrupulous English politicians; that the alleged Ulster fear of religious persecution has no basis in reason or probability."

The "Daily Herald," even as the "Morning Post," would have it both ways: in theory that the National Will is operative in all parts of the Nation; in practice that Ulster must be allowed to destroy the nation if that be her desire; in theory that Ulster has no inherent right of any sort or kind to special treatment; in practice that that right must be freely given her. English Labour is treading the road not only of English Liberalism but of Coalition Liberalism. Again the "Daily Herald" is ready to be perfectly consistent. It would offer us separation—provided we were certain not to accept it. It is ready to make the offer because it conceives Sinn Fein saying in reply: "Neither do we want separation if we are really free without it to have what we want." But what happens to the constructive scheme of the "Daily Herald" if what we really want is separation? And it is:

Whatever friendliness one is tempted to feel for the democratic movement in England, ignorant self-satisfied Labour journalism bids fair to kill it. Even if the "Daily Herald" is as ignorant of the question it presumes to settle as Mr. Lloyd George is, why advertise it? And yet that is all that is done by this article. "Ireland: A Policy." In words less succulent than those used by the "Daily Herald" the constructive scheme it offers is this:—

We British Labour want the British Empire to be the British Commonwealth, because the term Empire has become mildly unpopular with defectors. If we gave real self-determination to the Irish they might disrupt the British Empire—sorry! Commonwealth—and then where would be

our mightiness? Let us then offer the Irish a special kind of self-determination which Horatio Bottomley might have invented, but which we did. Let us say: "Ireland, you are free to self-determine your own destiny, but you mustn't leave the Empire—Commonwealth; and you must allow Ulster to leave Ireland, though we see you see that Ulster has no right to do so. Please accept these schemes because the British Labour Party is very anxious to benefit the whole human race."

Really if we are to have military domination and imperialistic oppression in Ireland, we prefer the "Morning Post" sample to this of the "Daily Herald." Even at the command of the victor of Spen Valley, Ireland will refuse to accept any membership of any British Empire camouflaged as a Commonwealth.

British Labour would stand a better chance of convincing others of their sincerity if they began by convincing themselves of it. There has been an Irish Republic in existence for twelve months formed and founded upon those principles which the world admits to be the best of all just government. Yet what British Labour Party or Union or Congress or Council or even individual has recognised it? And if none have recognised it, if none have even offered it help against the British militarism that has incessantly assailed it, what can be further said of the sincerity of British Labour? Upon its own terms we can have settlement from British Labour. But we can have the same kind of settlement from Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Bonar Law. After all, does it make any difference to Democracy whether Myers or Simon or Fairfax wins at Spen Valley or elsewhere. The Irish people think not.

PROINNSIAS O'GALLCHOBHAIN.

THE DOWNFALL OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Lloyd George's new proposals have been received in Ireland with universal levity and universal condemnation. They are obviously meant not to be put into operation; but to give Mr. Lloyd George an opportunity of saying that England offered Ireland self-determination and that she refused it. She certainly refuses this Bill, or Act, or whatever it will turn out to be, and it itself need not concern us. But there is a political fact of the first magnitude behind the proposals.

England has two, and only two, ways of settling the Irish question honourably. The first and easiest is to evacuate Ireland unconditionally, and the second and hardest is to come to terms with Ireland. Mr. Lloyd George rejects both, and announces his intention of "maintaining law and order," that is, bayonet law and tank order, military rule and Hunnissness—or, as it was put some months ago in one of the English Tory papers, "Don't argue, shoot." So be it. We have no objection to that policy.

No Englishman has any concern for Ireland. If the "Times," nowadays, howls for a settlement of the Irish question on the basis of a semi-Dominion Parliament, if many Englishmen support it, it is not because they want to do Ireland justice, but because they want to save England from the inevitable crash. They can save it, or at least give it longer life, by bringing off an agreement with Ireland. And such an agreement with the Government came to Ireland with a Dominion Parliament, in all sincerity and decency, there would be a movement here for its acceptance, and Sinn Fein would be bound to go to the country on it. But that, while it would save, or at least lengthen, England, would disgrace the British Empire. And strengthen England, would disgrace the British Empire. Mr. Lloyd George evidently does not think England worth saving without the Empire. He is for the Empire going down with its boots on. So be it. It will go down with its boots on.

In the next war it will have but one ally, Japan. With a friendly Ireland on its side either that war might never happen or that ally might be the United States of America.

Mr. Lloyd George heads his ship straight for the breakers. It will find the narrow channel or else he will sink the ship. He makes a desperate gamble. He has not yet realised that here in Ireland he is up against a super-generation, a generation with a courage and a capacity and a determination never before shown together amongst us, and that in the war of attrition which he now perseveres in we are certain to outlast and outflank him. There is no suppressing the Irish Republic now. Here in Ireland Juggernaut will roll and roll, but it will take nothing from us but our lives. It will not injure the nation, for our wives and daughters and sons will carry on when we are rolled over, and everywhere else on earth where there is an English flag, an English interest, free Irishmen will say and sigh against it. And the mills of the Gods, if they grind slowly, grind exceeding small. We risk our lives, but we do not risk Ireland; Mr. Lloyd George, for the sake of preserving his redishness on the map, risks England.

So be it. We shall play the game unflatteringly, and to whatever bitter end may be necessary. Bosnia pulled down Austria-Hungary. Alsace-Lorraine pulled down Germany; Tilsit pulled down Tsarist Russia. It is our mission, thrust on us by Lloyd George, to pull down England.

P. S. O'HEGARTY.

A TRYST OF THREE.

A pale Moon lodged as in a hostlerie,
From out a rustling Poplar peeps and peers,
For at her casement singing rapturously
A Nightingale the wearied traveller cheers.
Indeed the Moon had need to thank the tree
To have secured a gleaner such as he.

"What, ho! mine host!" It is the Moon who calls
Upon the Poplar. "'Tis not to be told!
Or how comes it a wayside inn's gray walls
Emblazoned o'er with notes of purest gold?
What is the name of this great song she sings?
And who may be your troubadour with wings?"

"My lord, 'tis the Poplar at the leafy door
Of his guest chamber who salutes the moon.
The name, sir, of your winged troubadour
Is Philomel. Her presence is a boon
To all of us. But for you she had stayed
Away, nor on her silvery tabor played."

"I would," replied the Moon, "the tale were true.
You troubadour is not our Philomel.
Paradox's (King of Athens) daughter
Was changed into a bird as antics tell.
Our Philomel, mine host, to sorrow is
Condemned for ever, ay! and so is this."

"Then whom have we here?" The Moon gives the reply.
You troubadour is like Eurydike's
Erroniously calls Philomel, but I
Know all that strange, eventful history.
She seeketh Orpheus, Orpheus dead of love,
And mourneth him for ever in her song.

"Ah, me! It is a strange and wistful tale
Told by a shepherd in a clagk of blue,
By echo heard, eaves-dropping in the vale,
Who tells it to the evening star anew.
Would I were such a shepherd so I might
Sing such a chanson in the brown twilight."

"And who was Orpheus?" asks the tree. "O muse!
I pry thee thy pardon on mine host bestow."
Exclaims the Moon. "His ignorance excuse.
Orpheus was a great musician long ago,
Who by his melodies could make the trees
Uproot themselves and wander where he'd please."

The poplar trembled, greatly chagrined by
The Moon's rejoinder. "And where would I be
Had Orpheus happened to have wandered nigh?
Lo! I had been uprooted," snapped the tree.
And where, Sir Moon, I ask thee, would you be?
Not house to lodge you on the wild wayside.

"Therefore to Jupiter be thanks that I
And Orpheus met not. Yet he must have been
A master singer. But where did he die?
Eurydike, you say, was his heart's queen.
Tell me his story, sir. I'm keen to hear
The end of such a wonderful career."

Sadly the Moon then: "Centuries ago
He perished, Orpheus. Woefully he died
In dreary Thrace and by a barbarous foe,
And on his tomb the Muses Nine have sighed.
Away upon the roaring Bosphorus
His sepulchre remaineth still with us."

"And what became of his Eurydike?"
Inquired the curious Poplar. "I would hear."
The Moon declining to the western sea,
Discreetly whispers in the Poplar's ear:
"She is your Nightingale," quoth he, "that sings;
She, your selfsame troubadour with wings."

Here paused the parley. By the wild wayside
Beneath the Poplar, as if at the woes
Of Orpheus and Eurydike, from tide
In woodland lake, canorously there rose
A white swan whiter than the Alpine snows.
A white swan sailing and the Poplar sighed
To think how such a bard as Orpheus died.
And how Eurydike was lost. Ah me!
And oh! the dying white swan's elegy
O'er Orpheus and his lost Eurydike.
What say ye, gentles, to this Tryst of Three,
A Nightingale, a Moon, a Poplar Tree?

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The promised visit of English labour representatives raises many problems of Irish statesmanship which must exercise the minds of all who are trying to look into the future. No one attaches immense importance to this deputation of labour men so far as the prospect of an understanding between England and Ireland is concerned. In the first instance the Labour Party in England is not yet in power. True, it grows stronger from year to year, but promises from a party not yet in power are very unreliable and very dangerous. In politics there is many a slip. The path of the politician is strewn with orange peels. Of English politics at the moment it might be said that the path is a perfect butter slide of orange peels, and the last to come a cropper on it is General Byrnes. Now labour politics is by no means free of the orange. It is perfectly well known that inside the ranks of English labour the Orange prejudice runs strong. It is not predominant, but it is not inconceivable. Once when questioned by a distinguished Irishman some thirty years ago as to what was the strongest instinct in the average Englishman, Lord Morley answered—the instinct of shouting "To Hell with the Pope!" Considerable changes have taken place in public opinion no doubt since then; the Hun has taken the place of the Pope. The English apparently must have somebody to hate, indeed we owe the Hun a debt of gratitude for supplying the substitute. Nevertheless the ingrained prejudice, the result of generations of propaganda against the Papist Irish, engineered for trade and financial reasons by the ruling caste in England, has left a considerably strong element of hostility in England against Ireland. We have no reason to believe that the labour leaders are men who will resolutely fight that tradition of hatred. Their career does not inspire confidence as men of strong principle. They are essentially compromisers—collective bargainers with the instinct of splitting the difference. In particular Henderson's career during the war was not inspiring to men with any sense of international justice. The cynic may say that when these labour men come to Ireland they will come as prospectors of a certain political area to be exploited. Nevertheless if Irish statesmanship is to draw the full benefit from the situation it must move with considerable care and foresight. Time would not be well spent if by holding parley with any section of English opinion Irishmen could convince an effective body of opinion that (1) Ireland can never be really satisfied with less than independence; (2) that such independence is really the best means of creating right relations between the two countries; (3) that the highest and most urgent needs of the ordinary people of both countries will be best served by such a settlement; (4) that the use of the offer of Colonial Home Rule will

be regarded as an attempt to undermine the Republic, and therefore as a hostile act; (5) that the removal of the military occupation of Ireland and the release of all political prisoners is the condition precedent to negotiation.

Open Negotiations.

The main principle which must rule all negotiations is that of publicity. "Open agreements openly arrived at" was the principle laid down by President Wilson. It was departure from this principle that led him straight to disaster, for the whole strength of a moral cause (and the Irish question depends largely on moral force) lies in the mind of the common people, and the secrecy which is advocated for safety renders only the intriguers safe. If men are ever to learn anything from the mistakes of the past they must learn from this supreme catastrophe of the Paris Conference. Even from Irish history we learn a similar lesson. For if the Irish Party formed no secret alliances or entered into no secret negotiations with English interests and English parties, Easter Week would not have been necessary. Secret negotiations with any English section to-day would render futile the policy of abstention. Abstention from Westminster would become a picturesque and idle gesture if secret diplomacy intervened. No doubt from an Irishman's point of view the national movement gained immeasurably in moral strength and dignity by the refusal to take the oath to an English Parliament, but for the English politician who cares nothing for oaths, the strategic position gained by Irish abstention lay in taking up a fortified position in Ireland and in the refusal to be a party to secret negotiations at Westminster. The obvious counter-move for England is to get up secret negotiations or intrigues elsewhere, and if the intrigue method works in Dublin, it matters nothing to English Government. These remarks, of course, are neither official or inspired by Irish leaders; they represent the thoughts of ordinary critical public opinion, and they are written not out of fear that our leaders would indulge in secret negotiations. There is no thought of that. But many are considering the political possibilities of the moment, and this is a contribution to the examination of the problem before all Irishmen. When once the English agents settle down to negotiate secretly they are on their own ground. English politicians are past-masters by tradition, history and practice at all the tricks of intrigue and diplomacy. O'Connell, Butt, Redmond, Dillon all were fooled in private negotiations. Even Parnell was not equal to the Grand Old Spider. For when it was found that Parnell was equal to the English politicians, at once the effort was made to betray him, and ultimately the Grand Old Spider got the men of less ability to throw the Irish leader to the wolves of England, and so ended that great episode. Of course labour leaders are more likely to understand the necessity of open negotiation than anyone else. In view of labour's continual advocacy of honest international dealing and of open diplomacy, it would be a condemnation and a moral defeat of labour if it were to refuse to recognise the right of Ireland to open negotiations.

Irish Cause at Washington.

The elected Government of the Republic of Ireland is functioning. It is a Government, not of name, but of fact. Its

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The promised visit of English labour representatives raises many problems of Irish statesmanship which must exercise the minds of all who are trying to look into the future. No one attaches immense importance to this deputation of labour men so far as the prospect of an understanding between England and Ireland is concerned. In the first instance the Labour Party in England is not yet in power. True, it grows stronger from pre-election to election; but promises from a party not yet in power are very unreliable and very dangerous. In politics there is many a slip. The path of the politician is strewn with orange peels. Of English politics at the moment it might be said that the path is a perfect butter slide of orange peels, and the last to come a cropper on it is General Byrne. Now labour politics is by no means free of the orange. It is perfectly well known that inside the ranks of English labour the Orange prejudice runs strong. It is not predominant, but it is not inconceivable. Once when questioned by a distinguished Irishman some thirty years ago as to what was the strongest instinct in the average Englishman, Lord Morley answered—the instinct of shouting "To Hell with the Pope!" Considerable changes have taken place in public opinion no doubt since then; the Hun has taken the place of the Pope. The English apparently must have somebody to hate, indeed we owe the Hun a debt of gratitude for supplying the substitute. Nevertheless the ingrained prejudice, the result of generations of propaganda against the Papist Irish, engineered for trade and financial reasons by the ruling caste in England, has left a considerably strong element of hostility in England against Ireland. We have no reason to believe that the labour leaders are men who will resolutely fight that tradition of hatred. Their career does not inspire confidence as men of strong principle. They are essentially compromisers—collective bargainers with the instinct of splitting the difference. In particular Henderson's career during the war was not inspiring to men with any sense of international justice. The cynic may say that when these labour men come to Ireland they will come as prospectors of a certain political area to be exploited. Nevertheless if Irish statesmanship is to draw the full benefit from the situation it must move with considerable care and foresight. Time would not be idly spent if by holding parley with any section of English opinion Irishmen could convince an effective body of opinion that (1) Ireland can never be really satisfied with less than independence; (2) that such independence is really the best means of creating right relations between the two countries; (3) that the highest and most urgent needs of the ordinary people of both countries will be best served by such a settlement; (4) that the use of the offer of Colonial Home Rule will

be regarded as an attempt to undermine the Republic, and therefore as a hostile act; (5) that the removal of the military occupation of Ireland and the release of all political prisoners is the condition precedent to negotiation.

Open Negotiations.

The main principle which must rule all negotiations is that of publicity. "Open agreements openly arrived at" was the principle laid down by President Wilson. It was departure from this principle that led him straight to disaster, for the whole strength of a moral cause (and the Irish question depends largely on moral force) lies in the mind of the common people, and the secrecy which is advocated for safety renders only the intriguers safe. If men are ever to learn anything from the mistakes of the past they must learn from this supreme catastrophe of the Paris Conference. Even from Irish history we learn a similar lesson. For if the Irish Party formed no secret alliances or entered into no secret negotiations with English interests and English parties, Easter Week would not have been necessary. Secret negotiations with any English section to-day would render futile the policy of abstention. Abstention from Westminster would become a picturesque and idle gesture if secret diplomacy intervened. No doubt from an Irishman's point of view the national movement gained immeasurably in moral strength and dignity by the refusal to take the oath to an English Parliament, but for the English politician who cares nothing for oaths, the strategic position gained by Irish abstention lay in taking up a fortified position in Ireland and in the refusal to be a party to secret negotiations at Westminster. The obvious counter-move for England is to get up secret negotiations or intrigues elsewhere, and if the intrigue method works in Dublin, it matters nothing to English Government. These remarks, of course, are neither official or inspired by Irish leaders; they represent the thoughts of ordinary critical public opinion, and they are written not out of fear that our leaders would indulge in secret negotiations. There is no thought of that. But many are considering the political possibilities of the moment, and this is a contribution to the examination of the problem before all Irishmen. When once the English agents settle down to negotiate secretly they are on their own ground. English politicians are past-masters by tradition, history and practice at all the tricks of intrigue and diplomacy. O'Connell, Butt, Redmond, Dillon all were fooled in private negotiations. Even Parnell was not equal to the Grand Old Spider. For when it was found that Parnell was equal to the English politicians, at once the effort was made to betray him, and ultimately the Grand Old Spider got the man of less ability to throw the Irish leader to the wolves of England, and so ended that great episode. Of course labour leaders are more likely to understand the necessity of open negotiation than anyone else. In view of labour's continual advocacy of honest international dealing and of open diplomacy, it would be a condemnation and a moral defect of labour if it were to refuse to recognise the right of Ireland to open negotiations.

Irish Cause at Washington.

The elected Government of the Republic of Ireland is functioning. It is a Government, not of name, but of fact. The

will be recognised in Ireland as the will of the majority of the people of Ireland. Its Parliament is a representative one, meeting in regular session and performing all the ordinary duties of an elective assembly. Its authority is recognised. Its courts are sitting throughout Ireland, despite the presence of a vast English Army of Occupation. It is the only real Government in Ireland. The so-called English Government is virtually suspended. It is not recognised by the people. Its writs do not run, its organisation does not function. Its appointed officials, their authority denied by the citizens, carry out their decrees only by physical force, exerted through the military, armed with rifle, bayonet and grenade, and supported by armoured cars and bombing planes. Such is not Government, but sheer anarchy. The foregoing are among the facts brought out by the American friends of the Irish Republic at the hearing on December 12 and 13 before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives in Washington. The Committee has before it for consideration the Mason Bill, appropriating funds for the support of a Minister and Consuls to the Republic of Ireland. The hearing on this bill will go down in history as one of the greatest and most momentous ever given in our National Capitol. Five hundred delegates, representing millions of American citizens, gathered in Washington and the West, the States of the Lakes and the States of the Gulf Coast. Not only were the Friends of Irish Freedom, as a body, represented by such leaders as Justice Daniel F. Cohalan of the New York Supreme Court, Hon. Frank P. Walsh, former joint chairman of the National War Labour Board, Hon. Charles C. Cochran, James K. Maguire, and Major Eugene F. Kinkead, but scores of affiliated organisations were represented there—the Ancient Order of Hibernians, by its National President, Hon. James E. Deery, of Indianapolis; the Auxiliary by Mrs. Mary E. McWhorter, of Chicago, and yet others by leaders of prominence. The Protestant Friends of Ireland, an organisation with headquarters in New York City, voiced its opinions through Rev. James Griffin Mythen, of Christ Episcopal Church, Norfolk, Va.; John Millholland, of New York; Lindsay Crawford, editor of "The Statesman"; and founder in Ulster of the Independent Organising; and Judge Eugene Bonniwell, of Pittsburgh. The Mason Bill should be reported upon favourably by the Senate. It is an expression of America's sympathy for the oppressed peoples of the world and an evidence of her determination to carry out the pledges with which we entered the war.

Bourke Cockran at Washington.

"Any man who stands in the way of the right of progress which makes for human freedom cannot call himself our friend."—Woodrow Wilson, 18th May, 1915.

"Now we are at the parting of the ways. I don't think there ever was an occasion in the history of the world so solemn, Wilson stood before both Houses of Congress and delivered that wonderful message giving a declaration of war. I think that speech was the greatest, the most pregnant utterance that fell from the lips of man since Pope Urban II. preached the Crusades at Clermont-Ferrand . . . and with a single voice it—and the first Crusade when was launched. But when Woodrow Wilson proclaimed anew the glorious principles—that here was a nation ready to sacrifice its blood and its treasure, asking no reward except the glorious one of making the world safe for democracy and of giving to men everywhere the right to determine their condition—then we all felt that the Crusades had been ended, but merely that the forces of Christendom had been ship of this American President, they were uniting once more, militant, but against the un-Christianised force that was threatening to make the dominion of force supersede the dominion of

law; and the answer to that appeal was a universal cry, through out this country, 'God wills it.' The whole American people rose as one man to go forward and make that Will universal and triumphant throughout the world. They have done it. Victor empire left. We stand now in the sunlight, the fragments of victory on our banner. Shall we cast under the feet of despotism, of century-old wrong, all that we supposed we had won? The victory that we have achieved? If that purpose is betrayed, was to civilisation, was to the generations that are to follow us. Who can trust a promise if this one, to redress wrong, the noblest libration that the earth ever drank was poured out in unmeasured and unstinted volume . . . shall be accepted? We come here to you and ask you, not to declare for us, not to put a single tax upon yourselves, but simply for your resolution to declare that you believe this declaration meant what it said, and in that belief record this resolution upon your record; and let all the world know that when America speaks she speaks the voice of truth, she speaks the judgment of God, she speaks to the freest and the noblest people to whom Deity has entrusted the design that He means to carry out for the Cochrane before the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives, December 13, urging the adoption of the Mason Bill, providing for a Minister and Consuls to the Republic of Ireland.

Absorbing Irish Trade.

Not content with obtaining a grip upon all the inland transport facilities of Ireland through the passage of a Parliamentary Act creating the Ministry of Ways and Communications, English interests have, in the last year or two, been absorbing control of Irish shipping. Native companies have been absorbed by the great English shipping trusts until practically all of the more important lines out of Irish ports including the coastwise shipping, is in the grip of English interests. About a year ago, the City of Cork Steam Packet Company, Ltd., which was Cork-founded, Cork-controlled and Cork-supported, was bought up by the Coast Lines, Ltd., of Dublin, which has been merged in the English shipping syndicate, and only last spring all of the cargo vessels of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company's fleet went into the hands of the same combine. Other Irish lines have since been bought up, so that to-day, with its inland transportation facilities in the hands of Sir Eric Geddes, Minister of Ways and Communications, and its seaportwise and other shipping lines in the hands of the English shipping line, Ireland is in an economic strangle-hold, from which she can be released only with extreme difficulty. With all this tremendous machinery in its control, England to-day perhaps more than ever, can force Irish trade into English channels.

Ford on Boots in Ireland.

The "Dearborn Independent" of December 6, in a special letter from Cork, Ireland, dealing exclusively with industrial opportunities open to American manufacturers, says:—"Ireland in 1917 bought from England \$16,227,035 worth of boots, shoes and saddlery and \$3,840,000 worth of leather. There is no reason why this twenty odd million dollars should not go direct to American manufacturers." The "Dearborn Independent" is the personal publication of Henry Ford, who several months ago established at Cork an automobile and women. Business advice he already employs more than 500 men and those in the shoe and leather industry need watch attention, their products may well head the suggestion of the great Detroit manufacturer. And it might be added that the "Dearborn Independent" is a publication worth subscribing for, the subscription price being one dollar annually.

"RUFFIANS" AND "MISCREANTS."

Some months ago in the columns of "New Ireland" appeared, under the signature appended to this article, a criticism of the Alder Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, who at that time complacently accepted for the Catholic Irishmen of Westport the guilt of the shooting of Magistrate Milling. It was therein politely demonstrated to his Lordship that he had preserved a tomb-like silence towards innocent civilians had been slaughtered by other than his own men, that indeed no lengths to which the alien forces in Ireland could go seemed great enough to stir in his episcopal breast—not resentment which, the training of Irish Bishops being what it has been, is always too much to expect—but even a mild form of disapproval. Pulpit platitudes absent militarism of course, were, but the references were generally general, levelled at the militarists of any particular place, but at a system which, the tenor of the remarks would imply, existed here in theory than in fact. It was for the Catholics of Westport that his Lordship preserved his detailed condemnations. No man or man may not be regretted that that criticism of some months ago had as little effect as an assault by thistle-down upon a mountain. But that its effect was equally inconsequential is obvious from his Lordship's most recent remarks. Speaking in the Cathedral, Tuam, at one of the Christmas services, his grace referred to those who raid for arms, and remarking that it was said that these raids were carried out by disguised men, continued:—

"Such men I call undisguised ruffians. Fancy if you can the terror inspired in poor women and children by midnight house-raiding, and how heartless and merciless must be the advice which would to all good people to co-operate with the police in bringing culprits of this kind to justice, and all who do so have my blessing and good-wishes."

It is considered and lamentable pronouncement! One-sided and dishonest pronouncement! His Grace as an Archbishop shielded from the description of his condemnation and his advice which would, and does in the minds of many Catholics, almost apply fit it. His Grace need but offer his services to Mr. Norris Goodard to complete the picture. Perhaps these words are too harsh and are as ill-considered as those of his Grace? When the statement quoted above has been analysed they will not seem so.

In the first place his Grace calls the men who raid houses for arms "undisguised ruffians." Even were the daily Press from which he learned the particulars of these raids the "Irish Times," this fact cannot have escaped his Lordship; that the men who engage themselves in these raids are courteous and courteous gentlemen who have never interfered unnecessarily with the occupants of the houses they have entered, and who without exception have scrupulously respected all ordinary property in such houses; On every occasion upon which a raid for arms has been made upon a house the raiders, had they so

chosen, could have taken, in money and in kind, "hauls" of considerable value. No such action has ever been traced to the "merciless miscreants" and "undisguised ruffians" who have taken part in these adventures. This itself should have been sufficient indication to a man in the position his Grace occupies that something deeper than "ruffianism" compels these raids. But were it not sufficient he could have gleaned even from the "Irish Times" countless instances of little acts of courtesy and respect which to any ordinary mind would have carried the conviction that these raids were the work of high-minded men whom a stringent necessity alone drove to acts glaringly the palatable. Would his Grace, these facts having been brought to his notice, repeat his description of such men as "undisguised ruffians" and "merciless miscreants"? If not, what other adjectives more honestly qualify his pronouncement than ill-considered and lamentable?

In the second place his Lordship referred to "the terror inspired by poor women and children by midnight house-raiding." Let us mark carefully these words. His Grace is moved to a great anger by "midnight house-raiding," which inspires terror "in poor women and children." And those who so raid and so terrify he denounces as "heartless and merciless miscreants." Excellent, if his Grace means what he says! Does he? Those whom he denounces (and only those does he denounce) are the "undisguised ruffians" who raid for arms. But other people in Ireland engage in midnight house-raiding which inspires not only terror but sorrow and misery, and often privation and want. Since Lord French, English Viceroy in Ireland, was appointed Lord Lieutenant, midnight house-raiding has proceeded in every Irish county to such an extent that even an Archbishop, however much the might prefer not to take notice, can no longer plead ignorance of the facts. Since the May of 1918 fully-armed military and police, controlled by thirteen hostile to the occupants of the majority of Irish homes, have forcibly entered, often at dead of night, close on 13,000 (thirteen thousand) houses of peaceful Irish citizens. During these raids they have turned from their beds women young and old as well as men—"the poor women and children" who are his Grace's special care get little courtesy on such occasions. From these 13,000 outraged homes 1650 bread-winners have been hurried into criminal jails for the offence of being claimants to justice. Has his Grace been so liberal with his angry adjectives in regard to these midnight-house-raids? He has preferred to remain as passive under these outrages as he expects the men to be who are not so secure as he is against their terrors. But if his Grace denounces the less and with deliberation fails to denounce the greater, how else can his words be correctly estimated than as one-sided and dishonest? If his Grace were making his pronouncement over again would he still speak with such circumscription of miscreants and undisguised ruffians, and appeal with such promises of almost potential benediction to generous Irish men and women to hand over the alleged authors of the lesser outrages to the alleged authors of the greater?

Co-operation.

THE CO-OPERATIVE METHOD OF TRADE WILL DEVELOP DEMOCRATIC INDUSTRIALISM IN IRELAND.

Full Information on all Aspects and Possibilities of the Movement FROM

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is left to pull the devil by the tail. Yet an intelligent activist spirit in our trade unions would lead either to capital being voted from union funds or efforts to make every trade unionist a member of the society. Instead of waiting for strikes to turn up and then deploring the absence of democratic industries with which to combat the wicked capitalists, our workers should begin with this clothing manufacturer and build up a series of democratic enterprises here and now. Revolution may or may not come. If it comes, and we are still untrained in democratic industry; if we have no nucleus for the new order to crystallise round, we shall fall in the hour of opportunity, and our last state will be worse than our first. If, as is likely enough, revolution does not come, mere meliorist measures will leave us chasing higher wages and chased by higher cost of living in an endless vicious circle: whereas, the building up of democratic industry, while it will not conflict with our revolutionaries' hopes and dreams, will effect the essential thing—it is, in fact, silent instead of explosive revolution.

Meliorist measures will lead us nowhere in Ireland because, apart from their demonstrated ineffectiveness to improve the standard of living, they are actually, as we have seen, a menace to the continuance of industry in Ireland. Our workers should realise that so long as they do not erect their own industries, their condition will be precarious, with meliorist measures or without. We can have the due distribution of industry in Ireland only if we build it up ourselves—the power of England, if nothing else, will prevent expansion on the capitalist basis in Ireland. So here again is a reason for helping the Clothing Society. Only by the promotion of such industries can we defeat English exploitation; only thus can we save Ireland from that state of industrial desolation to which English jealousy would reduce her.

Were the tailor societies' in Dublin (why are they not amalgamated into one?) Is not union strength and division darkness?—were they to give solid support to this workers' enterprise, they might build up a democratic business that would give employment to every working tailor and tailoress in the city and thus one industry might be saved, revolutionised and expanded. It is not too much to say that the sincerity and efficiency of Irish labour will be tested by the success or failure of this society. If the workers, the trade unions and the Labour Party fail to seize this opportunity, they will prove themselves deserving of slavery. This is the test that will show how much sincerity there is behind the manifestoes and the speeches that make Ireland ring. Do we really want industrial revival? Every individual who sincerely answers yes to these questions should visit North Lotts straightaway and take his part in the new enterprise, should raise the case at his trade union, canvase it in his workshop. Individuals, if organisations fail, must rise to the unique opportunity.

AODH DE BLACAM.

NEWS FROM RUSSIA.

The Bolshevik Triumph Over Their Foes. "Izvestiya" (Soviet Official Organ) quoted "Social-Demokraten" (Christiania), December 23.—"The period through which Soviet Russia is now passing is the beginning of the end of the civil war. During the past year we have waged war against Kadets and Mensheviks for the influence over the peasants, and now we have approached the conclusion of this campaign. The great majority of the peasants have resolutely thrown in their lot with the proletariat. As recently as a year or six months ago the peasants in the provinces of Perm and

Vladka, and in some cases in Western Siberia also, were completely on Koltchak's side. Now the feeling among the peasants in all these districts has undergone a change to our advantage.

The whole peasant-class has gone over to our side of its own accord. This is the best proof that we are nearing the close of the civil war. The proletariat also resolutely supports us.

The masses of the people who have hitherto been inactive, or under the influence of the Mensheviks and Social-Revolutionaries, are now altogether on our side. For this reason, too, we can affirm that the civil war is drawing to a close. From a military standpoint, too, the end is in sight. The great work we have accomplished during the last six months in the matter of organisation and proletarian propaganda, has enormously strengthened our resources, so that we can say: We are certain of victory. The enemy cannot hold out as long as we can. We have perseverance and immense reserves, and therefore we shall conquer, and that in the very near future.

Their Internal Consolidation.
National Zeitung" (Basle, Dem.), December 21, contains the following article by its South German contributor: "The most passionate opponent and the most incoercible critic of communist ideology cannot deny that the political estimate of the Soviet Republic is rising. The military success of the Red Army is less surprising, than the fact that the Soviet system evidently no longer requires to make use of 'frightfulness' in order to maintain itself, and that, in spite of the distress caused by the blockade, the ruin of the means of transport, and war on all fronts, it has been able to create a durable social condition. People are beginning to take Lenin seriously, not merely as a politician and diplomatist, but also as an organiser of an economic system.

THE MAGPIES OF POETRY.

It was down by grey waters we met,
As star after star lit the sky,
And in rock-lit gardens we talked,
You and I,
Of that hazel-cut spear I flung
One dusk into Conna's well,
And of how it fished out in leaves
And clustered with nuts where it fell!

Oh! now I remember the face
That gave such a grace to you,
Though the air is panting above
Where an eagle flew:
Though magpies tossed into the sky
From boughs that shook at his wing,
Have drowned with their clamorous tongues
Your songs that a few poets sing!

And through fruits toppling under the moon
I have seen your face on the sky,
Oh! I've heard your songs in my heart
Though magpies cry
"Away with your clustering spear
And away with your pretty love"
But they'd never have cried at all
Had an eagle not swooped from above.

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VOL. I

FEBRUARY

OLD IRELAND

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(NEW SERIES)

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Republican Triumph

English Labour against
Irish Republic

CO-OPERATION.

THE CO-OPERATIVE METHOD OF TRADE WILL DEVELOP
DEMOCRATIC-INDUSTRIALISM IN IRELAND.

FULL INFORMATION ON ALL ASPECTS AND POSSIBILITIES OF THE MOVEMENT.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Triumph of Republicans.

Up to date from the incomplete data to hand, we calculate that at least 60 of the Lord Mayors, Mayors and Chairmen at the recent elections are Republicans. There are a few where equal voting leaves the matter in doubt, and a few Labour representatives who are almost certainly Republican. There is only one Unionist Lord Mayor (i.e., Belfast), all the Mayors are Irish Republican, and there remain but 20 Unionist Chairmen of Urban Councils throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. This is all on the basis of proportional representation.

On this election, conducted under conditions of the most unfavourable kind and on the basis of proportional representation, Unionism dwindles considerably. To say that an Ulster question exists to-day, to assert, with this dwindling minority and with an increasing majority of Republicans, that Ireland should not get recognition of the Republic is to show up the fave of English rights of occupation. One might as well argue that the German garrison in Belgium was a moral argument against Belgian freedom. One should, upon such grounds, deprive any State in Europe or America herself of independence. On the ground that there is a minority of aliens in the United States, that great nation should be deprived of her independence. That is the doctrine preached and practised by the enemies of the Irish Republic. These recent elections have given the truth of the situation home, and the plausibility of the "in favour of the establishment of an Irish Republic" is confirmed by an election with all the odds of English

intrigue on against the Republic. Every new act of violence on the part of the army of occupation is an admission that England holds, and can hold, Ireland only by force. Never has it been so obvious that the only alternative to obedience to the moral authority of majority rule is violence, and even the English "Times" let slip the following:— "Majority rule has been vindicated by human experience as the surest method of avoiding the arbitrament of force, and it is also a general formula of political justice." These statements, we need hardly add, are not put as arguments in favour of recognition of the Irish Republic. At the same time the latest reason is put forward for making Ireland an exception to all human experience and placing it outside the influence of the "formula of political justice"—"It is badly." Ulster's claim," the claim that is of a dwindling minority, if we may judge by the most accurate reflection of public opinion—namely, by the recent product of proportional representation.

Hostile Testimony to Victory.

The "Irish Times" stated with fair accuracy the results of the recent election. As evidence from hostile witnesses the following is worth publication: it is from the issue of the 31st January (leading article)—

"Yesterday Sinn Féin entered into possession of most of the Borough and Urban Councils in Ireland, and the Republican flag was hoisted over the City Hall of Dublin. It is not too soon, however, to consider the political moral of Sinn Féin's triumph at the polls: that, indeed, saute aux yeux. Everywhere throughout the country the Councils where Sinn Féin commands a majority banished defiance at the British Government and proclaimed the supremacy of an Irish Republic. Some of these manifestations—like Alderman O'Brien's Cromwellian gesture in the matter of the Dublin mace—were merely ridiculous. Others were deliberate and audacious declarations of war. In Dublin, Cork, and Limerick the Councils declined to send to the Lord Lieutenant the customary nominations for the High Shrievalty. The Cork and Limerick Councils declared by resolution their unqualified allegiance to the Daill Eireann. In other words, the local administration of the South and West of Ireland is now in the hands of a party which publicly repudiates British government alike in political and in municipal affairs. No Irishman will be startled, for Sinn Féin always has been quite frank about its principles and intentions. On the other side of the Channel, however, yesterday a news from Ireland will bring many politicians into rude contact with facts which they had been trying to ignore."

Let's hope it will be a rude awakening for Englishmen! It's high time someone woke them all, including Rip Van Winkle Henderson.

British Reaction.

The unsatisfactory returns in the urban districts in County Dublin are to be accounted for by the factionist rotund of the Irish Party. We do not care to fing about such an adjective as "factionist" without good reason. There are only too many reasons for doubting the moral gravity of persons who call themselves followers of the Irish Party traditions.

Without the least prospect of achieving success themselves they have simply helped the Unionist against that party of which now represents the majority of the Irish people. If a minority party has some real programme, some vision of social or international justice, of some reform which is vital to the welfare of the nation one can respect it. But a party seeking power without vision, with a catch-cry of "constitutionalism," and no other link save self-interest, is essentially a faction. If constitutionalism means anything it means standing for the moral authority of majority rule, but when the majority stands for an Irish Republic, the party against it standing for "constitutionalism" must not mean the Irish Constitution, but the English Constitution. Only those who accept the Act of Union can consistently stand for the English Constitution and for English law in Ireland. A so-called "Constitutionalist" to-day, therefore, is a Unionist. Naturally the main object of Unionists of this type is to beat the Nationalist-Republican Ireland with any stick.

Hence it should come as no surprise when we discover on an analysis of the votes which put in people like Mrs. Kettle, that her supporters should, on their other preferences, vote solidly for Unionists. So true is this, that at least two Unionists in Rathmines owe their seats to the votes of so-called "Constitutional Nationalists." So, too, in Blackrock the sulking of the "Nationalists" handed the chair over to a Unionist. It may be said generally that though this meagre minority party comes back from the polls with a microscopic representation, the injury done to the cause of the majority participation of the Irish people is very great. It has, in fact, handed over to the enemy the majority in Rathmines, and has robbed Ireland of a sweeping victory in the urban districts of Dublin. This Constitutional Party is fundamentally different from what the Irish Party was when it held the confidence of the Irish people; when Mr. Redmond started in the heroes of 'ninety-eight, and hurled defiance at England, and spoke of driving the English bag and baggage out of Ireland, that Irish Party made sacrifices for Ireland. To-day the Irish Party, posing as claiming a common tradition from Parnell to Davitt, are no more than Whigs. They do them no injustice. Many of these people frankly admit that the only matter of serious interest to them is their own interest, their private personal gain of riches or power, the association of such ideas with them, they themselves would regard as laughable and rather a slur on their earnestness as business men. Now Irish Republicans are making sacrifices for their country, and they are not going to be balked by these fly-bys of Irish nationalism. The Republicans know the mischief worked by these miserable creatures whose whole intent is ruled by the considerations of selfishness. Their interests first, society, the nation, and Irish Freedom to Hell. They need expect no favours, as indeed they will be the first to seek them, when the aim of the Irish nation comes to full fruition. In the meantime, if their Republican acquaintances treat them as delinquents, against the code of public honour, these cute persons will have no ground for grievance. One can allow for the faint-heartedness which shrinks from the difficulty of establishing the Republic, but no allowance can be made for those who, posing as Nationalists, play into the hands of the Unionists. A Unionist is far more tolerable, for he or she at least is all above board.

Unionist Remnant in Rathmines.

In Rathmines the old guard of Unionism imagined that because the Republican Party stand for the elimination of bigotry, that they could pose as being tolerant and at the same time act with unconscionable intolerance. The usual practice is where a majority only slightly exceeds the minority to give the vice-chair to the minority. But in Rathmines the Unionists interpret tolerance and courtesy in another

way. So both positions are seized for Unionists. While the Unionists were willing to put a few of the Republicans on harmless committees, when it came to the Library Committee it was packed with the nominees of Unionists, with one or two exceptions. Even Miss Susan Mitchell's name, which was unknown to all the Unionists, was unacceptable to them because the Republicans having only proposed two names were most absurdly asked to withdraw one. On that occasion Mrs. Kettle voted with the Unionists. Generally speaking, we may expect some very hot passages in the working of this council. The Unionists have taken the initiative with aggressive intolerance, and must expect to draw the natural and logical conclusions. The Republicans would have preferred to have dealt on the basis of fair understanding, but the Unionists have left no alternative to unremitting hostility and unsympathetic criticism.

The North: Is it a Victory?

In the North a very considerable advance has been made by the Government and by Labour in Belfast. But the capturing of councils is only the beginning, where Nationalist as much as Unionist, and Hibernian as well as Orangeman, require very much the propaganda of real Irish Nationalism. The feuds of the North have been round religion rather than round nationality, and the Irish have in the fight not realised that the enemies who instigated the fight not their Irish forefathers did so to smash religion and nationality and to crush the natives into serfdom. Catholics in the North have rather assimilated the narrow outlook of their opponents, and Ireland, the nation of Pope, Emmet, and Pearse, Conolly and Ashe, is not so intensely appreciated as it should be. There is no place in Ireland where idealism is so much lacking, there is no place in the country where money talks so noisily. There is no place where an idealist is more quickly and permanently sized up as a fool, and set there are few places where humanity is so human and where, with some effort, the people are more likely to get assimilated into the Irish tradition. It will take a generation to do the work. We may see but slight return at first, but the uphill work must be done and the firing the imagination of the people must be effected with Irish and Labour propaganda, and the finances of the British connection must be kept well before the eyes of those who hitherto have been carefully kept in ignorance of the true relation of Ireland with England both in the past and present and of our country's great possibilities in the future. Whilst it is typical of the North to find people very determined against partition, still these same people will make compromises with Irish Nationalism which would make a Poole or a Pearse or a Colmolly turn in his grave. It is strange in the North, which produced such national energy in 1796 and later, that commercialism should have so dimmed the vision of Irish nationality; or perhaps it is not strange after all, for commercialism and English imperialism are immensely powerful influences of decay. The problem of the North is essentially an educational one, and any policy which only gets as a blow for blow policy, whether at the polls or in the market, without propaganda with a national, economic and social punch in it will make no real headway for the Irish nation. They may beat the Orangemen, but the cause of Ireland will mean less and less to the new victors, and they in turn will lose the sense of national solidarity. The fact is that unless the moral coercion of the ethical principles of nationalism, patriotism and of workers' rights is established, worse than nothing will be done. For a mere squabble as to whether Pat or John is to be chairman of a council only deteriorates into an unpleasant feud, unless one stands for the spreading of the principles of right social ethics which will lift the workers to a finer and happier mental and material condition.

The Treasury with Rubbers and Jimmy

The financial position between the two nations was recently dealt with by Professor Oldham before the Statistical Society. We had no opportunity of attending the lecture, so we are limited to the newspaper report, but certain figures and facts contained in his statement deserve our attention. In the course of his remarks the Professor pointed out—

"The enormous revenue now being extracted from Great Britain and Ireland was a terrible economic strain on both countries, and Ireland was less able to stand the bleeding since she got back from the expenditure of those great war revenues only a very small return. Omitting the non-tax revenue altogether, Great Britain raised by taxes £158,408,000 in 1918-19 and £751,525,000 in 1918-19, an increase of 489.8 per cent.; Ireland raised £9,627,000 and £35,278,000, an increase of 366.4 per cent. In this statement the excess profits taxes were included, and in 1918-19 they brought in apparently £278,087,000 in Great Britain and £10,040,000 in Ireland. So far, then, as regards all taxes other than excess profits duty, the rise from 1913-14 to 1918-19 had been: For Great Britain, from £158,408,000 to £477,588,000, a rise of 311.4 per cent.; for Ireland, from £9,627,000 to £35,278,000, a rise of 366.4 per cent. The White Paper for 1918-19 told them that the whole expenditure of the United Kingdom in that year was £2,579,301,500. It picked out £185,847,000 of that sum and said it was distributed as follows:—Cost of English services, £148,847,000; Scottish, £19,837,000; Irish, £22,163,000. That was local expenditure in each area respectively. There still remained £2,393,785,000 set down as spent on 'general services.' How much of that was outlay spent in England, how much in Scotland, how much in Ireland, and how much abroad? These were questions which should not be asked while indiscriminate finance obtained between Great Britain and Ireland. He wished that they could get from the Treasury a third White Paper telling them the true facts of the geographical distribution of this 'general' expenditure, and they could then be in a position to understand why it was that a tax revenue two and a half times larger from Ireland was economically far more exhausting to their country than the tax revenue three times larger from Great Britain had been to the sister island."

We wish Professor Oldham had gone into the problem of excess profits more. This tax is really not to be calculated on the basis of income tax, but on the basis of the consumption of such commodities as margarine, oil, and other necessities consumed by the Irish people. The indirect tax on these commodities "contributed" by the Irish people under this head alone must amount to at least twice as much as the sum "estimated" by the Treasury "actuaries" (an ornamental name for the nimble-witted gentlemen who are employed by the Government to discover the results required beforehand) on a basis of income tax. In a word, Ireland must pay not ten but at least twenty millions under this head. The Professor also referred to the revenue which the Government gets by its huge purchase of raw materials and its sale to the public. That, too, must be regarded as part of the tax on Ireland. How anyone studying the figures of Irish taxation and of the ruthless, if suave, unscrupulous methods which the British Treasury adopts towards Ireland, and remain a believer in the British Constitution or in constitutional methods of stopping their robbery under various guises we beyond all. Truly the "Constitutionalist" is the kind of man who, when a burly visitor gets through his window at two in the morning with rubbers on his boots and a Jimmy in his hand, offers him the silver and helps him to push his seat as silently as possible, murmuring a protest under his breath.

Paisley—Kick Moderate Labour.

The report in the Press that the Irish vote in Paisley is to go to the Labour candidate on the mandate of T. P. O'Connor's League in England—a league which still carries the antiquated title of the "United Irish"—We will not waste words on T. P. O'Connor. But the Irish vote in Paisley is important. If special attention is not paid to the real Irish organisation of the Irish vote in Paisley a great opportunity will be missed. The obvious thing is that every candidate up for election must be opposed who mouths Irish sentiment when his party does not commit itself irrevocably to the promise of granting to Ireland what her people by a three-fourths majority claim. To call for more plebiscites, or to talk of more conventions in Ireland, or to talk of Colonial Home Rule now, as Henderson has done, is to put himself in the same position as Asquith. Until English Labour leaders openly admit the fact that is staring them in the face that self-determination for Ireland means an Irish Republic, there is really no possible excuse for Irishmen in Paisley or anywhere else voting for the Labour candidate. At any meeting a Labour candidate might commit himself to vote for an Irish Republic, but that means nothing. The pledge of one candidate is a trivial matter. The pledge of the whole Liberal Party said of several parties meant nothing in the past. Irishmen have been fooled time out of mind by English politicians, and if the new Irish movement is going to effect anything it must set about preventing Irishmen everywhere from being fooled. The more one considers the matter from a Sinn Féin point of view the more strongly the conviction urges itself on one that to allow the Irish to place hopes in Westminster or in any party claiming to go to Westminster is fatuous inconsistency. The only safe party to vote for would have been the Socialist Labour Party, because that party stands for the dissolving of the capitalist empire and stands against going to Westminster. There was a Press report that William Paul, publicist and prominent member of that party, would contest Paisley, but he is not standing. To have voted for such a candidate would not have been sending a member to Westminster. The only other safe candidate to vote for would have been the Tory, for no one has any hopes at all from that party, and the effect would be a kick for both Asquith and the Henderson-Adamson playboys. Just imagine an Irishman voting support to the party which can do nothing for and has given little or no support to the Motor Mechanics' Union in their great fight against capitalist larceny in Dublin Castle. Mr. Adamson's statement on that matter impressed no one except that one felt that he was willing to insult the Irish deputation to get himself out of a fix by saying that they were most effusive with their thanks. There is really no excuse for Irishmen voting for the Labour man, and we hope that this view will tell effectively at the election.

When the Paris journalist asked: "If there was ever a similar unanimity in Ireland for a demand for complete independence?" Lord French said: "The situation was serious." We need not add that no impolite reference was made to the principle of self-determination. His view of martial law is interesting to the people of Tipperary, Clare and other occupied territories. Lord French said of martial law: "Its application, however lenient and however efficacious, would have the disadvantages of leaving a legacy of bad memory and irritation. I would like to avoid that." The people of Tipperary must wonder what kind of law is applied there: lenient and efficacious would hardly be the right adjectives. Perhaps that is the reason why Lord French would not call it martial law. As to the legacy Lord French leaves, surely he must have been in a humour for grim faces when he added those remarks. But the really important matter in this interview is the idea here expressed which has been dominating the coercive government of this

country for many a generation, and which since the conscription campaign has grown in intensity and vehemence. Lord French remarked: "That the main cause of the trouble is for the last five years emigration has practically stopped. There are here a hundred thousand or more young men between 23 and 25 years of age who normally would have emigrated themselves." You see that in the mind of the alien rulers of Ireland there is always the fixed idea of exhausting Ireland of its young men. It is during the periods of tranquillity that the exhausting processes worked most effectively in the 19th century. If the Irish movement is "quelled" to-day, the very existence of the Irish nation will be threatened. If those Irishmen are saved it means the saving of very nearly one hundred thousand Irish households in the next generation; that is an increase of 400,000 holds in the Irish race. This idea of the necessity of driving out the Irish, expressed before by Macpherson, was commented on in *New Ireland* and other National journals. Now it turns up again in the mouth of the most responsible official of English Government in Ireland, like a permanent root principle of government—"The young men must go"—the strength and intellect, the energy and the hope of Ireland—must go forth no matter where. From this statement of permanent policy, it must be clear to all that Ireland fights with its back to the wall—the alternative to complete independence is not Home Rule, it is race exhaustion—emigration. De Valera and his colleagues are not calling for a Republic out of an irresponsible impulse. They know that to weaken in the fight means a defeat such as Ireland has never known before. Those who go about their daily personal business believing they have no interest in Irish affairs, will realize their selfish folly if the men who are fighting their battles do not win out. For defeat means defeat of everything; business, commerce and professions. It is essential that this view be brought home to the man in the street. If he is not with the Republicans he is against the very existence of the Irish race. If the Irish go down this time, they go, and all men will suffer in the decay.

"Self-Determination" with Variations.

The following wonderful article from the London journal of Fabian Socialism, *The New Statesman*, deserves the special attention of Irishmen. For consummate mental dishonesty it takes—in vulgar parlance—the bun. But it is very significant of the permanent backwardness of the English mind on the Irish demand for a Republic. It takes a real High-Brow to perform these wonderful gymnastics with the word Self-determination:—

WHAT IS SELF-DETERMINATION?

Everyone is tired of the Irish question. In spite of its obvious urgency—and the gullant efforts of the *Times* to keep it to the fore—there was probably never a time since it first became a "question" when so little real interest was taken in it in England as at present. Even in strictly political circles it is not spoken of; except perhaps casually, as one of a number of rocks on which the Coalition may very probably be wrecked. The recent attempt on the life of the Viceroy, which in past times would have been the sensation of a season, roused only a ripple of public interest that subsided within twenty-four hours. London in the last year or two has been satiated with affairs of so much greater moment, such as a topic in the Clubs and the streets, even a new full-dress rebellion in Dublin would probably have to share the honours with the latest post office "hold-up," the tragedy of Vienna, or the last Bolshevik atrocity reported from Russia. Everyone hopes that somehow or other "the

Irish problem" will be solved, but no one appears to care particularly how it is solved, so long as we may be permitted to forget that such a place as Ireland exists. From the Irish point of view, this indifference has doubtless its advantages as well as its disadvantages, for it is a very sure symptom of England's final conversion to the principle of Home Rule, and implies that no schemes of self-government for Ireland within the Empire will have any serious opposition to meet with in the future on this side of St. George's Channel. On the other hand, it implies also that if the British Government chooses to shelve the problem "pending the restoration of law and order" it will be more difficult than ever to bring down upon its head the vengeance of the electorate. Except when it happens to be a large native Irish vote—as, by the way, in 1918—Irish grievances cannot now be made an issue in any English constituency. If Mr. Lloyd George should fail to translate his Irish proposals into law he and his friends need scarcely fear to lose on that account a single seat which they might otherwise have held.

The consequences of this fact are important. For even supposing that the Government intends to make a serious attempt to pass a Home Rule Bill in the coming session, there is likely to be no effective pressure, either inside or outside Parliament, sufficient to ensure that the measure is acceptable to the Irish people. Mr. Lloyd George may do his best to resist the limiting and emasculating amendments that are certain to be moved; but with practically no Irish representatives in the House and with most of the English and Scottish members reflecting, as they inevitably will, the opposition to the concessions, he will be forced to make concessions to the enemies of Irish freedom. (And when his Bill goes to the Upper House their Lordships—more perhaps from habit than from conviction—may be relied upon to insert further "safeguards," which a predominantly Unionist Government and House of Commons will have no real power, because no real will, to resist.) What the message will be like if and when it ever becomes an Act may be imagined. Should its provisions prove to be acceptable to even the most moderate section of Nationalist opinion, Mr. Lloyd George will have achieved something very like a miracle.

The extent to which the abstention from Parliament of the majority of the Irish members has increased the difficulty of legislation on the Irish question seems hardly yet to have been fully realised. Decisions on the general principles of any given measure of Home Rule may be simple enough, but when it comes to the determination of details concerning finance, transferred services, reserved services and so forth, it is hardly conceivable that an almost wholly English House of Commons should succeed in devising a settlement acceptable to the people whose future liberties are thus being so defined. An English Parliament is no more competent to give the Irish people a constitution than it is to govern them. In his opening speech at Paisley on Monday, Mr. Asquith declared that the principle of "self-determination" must be applied to Ireland. Coming from the leader of the Liberal Party and from a man who weighs his words as Mr. Asquith habitually does, it is a very significant declaration, for it implies a demand on behalf of Ireland very much wider than anything Mr. Lloyd George is offering or any of his predecessors have ever offered. "Self-determination" clearly means a great deal more than "Home Rule." "Home Rule" may mean anything, from mere devolution of certain powers to local bodies up to the kind of limited autonomy granted under the Act of 1914. But "self-determination" can only mean that the Irish people are to determine their own future fate and devise their own constitution; that they are not merely to exercise certain powers of self-government, but are themselves to define those powers. This is what it has meant wherever it has been applied in the settlement of Europe; and, indeed, to suggest that it could mean any-

thing less would be to make it meaningless. A devolution of powers whose limits, however wide and generous, are determined by some outside and higher authority plainly cannot be termed self-determination—which is the widest of all the phrases by which national freedom may be described. Self-determination does not imply separation or independence, but it does imply that such bonds of union as are to exist must be defined in the last resort by the "determining" party.

Any British Government, present or future, which seriously sets out to achieve a lasting settlement of the Irish problem will be as convinced, before to begin by conceding the principle of Irish self-determination. It may be argued that the phrase "Dominion Home Rule" implies self-determination; and so, strictly speaking, it does, for there is no British Dominion whose powers of self-government are limited by anything but its own will. But it is not clear that everyone who uses the phrase means the same thing by it, and a more unequivocal declaration is needed if Ireland is to be satisfied, as she must be, that her fate is in her own hands. The principle of complete freedom having once been conceded, the process of compromise will be vastly simplified. The elements of the problem will be vastly simplified, ultimately be reached by other methods. But the whole atmosphere of the discussion would be altered. The predominant partner would be negotiating an agreement instead of dictating the terms of a concession. With the result that the great mass of moderate Irish opinion, relieved of the necessity of asserting the principle of Irish freedom, would be enabled to express its natural objections to the programme of the separatists. Then, for the first time in the whole history of the relations between England and Ireland, a settlement, in the fullest sense of the term, would become possible.

The principle of self-determination having been conceded, the question of its practical application would remain of course to be considered. The concession does not, for instance, imply that there should be an immediate plebiscite of the whole of Ireland to decide whether it is to be a Dominion or an independent Republic. Those of us who, whilst believing unreservedly in Irish freedom, believe also that the real interests of Ireland are bound up with those of Great Britain and that some form of union is desirable, even if we are entitled to insist at the very least that so important an issue shall not be decided by a snatch vote. We may reasonably demand that the whole matter shall be threshed out in an Irish Parliament or an Irish Constituent Assembly and that no final decision in favour of separation shall be taken until a certain period of years shall have elapsed. Irish opinion just now is in an entirely abnormal condition, a condition of the most extreme exasperation. We may admit that the blame for this rests wholly on the British Government, which in its treatment of Ireland after the rebellion of 1916, in its threat to impose conscription in the face of the military coercion, has blundered beyond reason or pardon. But the fact remains that the present state of feeling in Ireland is essentially temporary. A vote taken now could no more be expected to express the real will of the Irish people than the General Election of December, 1918, expressed the real will of the British people. We are not called upon, therefore, to offer Ireland at this moment a free choice of allegiance. Indeed, in our own opinion, to invite any such precipitate decision would be as culpable as months ago. What we are called upon to declare is that ultimately the decision on the question of allegiance shall rest with the Irish people; that delays may be imposed, but that if after a reasonable period (during which, of course, in

wide measure of self-government must be in operation) the Irish people desire complete independence we shall no more attempt to force our co-operation and our authority upon them than we do upon the citizens of Canada or Newfoundland. The concession of the principle of self-determination in this form would have, we believe, a thousand advantages and no disadvantages. Having made a formal and public declaration—in, let us say, the preamble to a new Government of Ireland Bill—of the complete freedom of the Irish people to choose their own allegiance we might proceed by steps not widely or fundamentally different from those which Mr. Lloyd George proposes. It is necessary that the first draft of the Irish Constitution should be prepared and enacted by the British Parliament; but the Irish Parliament (or Parliament) must have the right, just as Australia has, to modify its own Constitution without reference to the Imperial authorities. That is the essential difference between Home Rule and self-determination. In the long run the difference amounts perhaps to nothing at all, since almost any form of Home Rule would give the Irish people a position of vantage which would make it impossible for the British Government to reassert its will against theirs in any department. The concession, therefore, is not really as great as might appear at first sight. Ultimately, in any event, the relations between Ireland and Great Britain will depend on the will of the Irish people. Why, then, should we not admit that fact forthwith and thus gain the inestimable advantage of ending at once the age-long strife between the two islands? We do not think that anyone who knows anything of Ireland will have any fear as to the way in which the Irish people would exercise a choice freely offered to them on the lines here suggested. Within a very short time there would be as few Republicans in Ireland as there are in England. Moreover, it is worth remembering that no Irish Government will either consent to permanent partition or (without the assistance of British troops) be capable of coercing Ulster; so that a compromise favourable to union is inevitable from the very outset. Let us, then, make a virtue of necessity, and instead of announcing, as Mr. Lloyd George most foolishly did the other day, that the whole forces of Great Britain will be employed to prevent the secession of Ireland from the Empire, let us at once declare, without qualification or reserve, for the principle of the self-determination of the Irish people.

Where Great Minds Meet.

In view of the manner in which the "Independent" distorted the views of a certain distinguished Jesuit—to wit, Father Peter Finlay—the following quotation from a recent lecture delivered by him will not be out of place:—

"When they spoke," he said of Socialism and Catholic teaching, "he should not wish to imply that there was much positive Catholic teaching upon the subject, that the Church had formulated any particular teaching upon these matters which she called upon them to embrace. The positive teaching of the Church upon Socialism was of an extreme limited nature. He spoke of the subject rather with another object in view—in order that they might realise how free they were to form and formulate their own opinions upon these topics. It was frequently said that the Church stamped out individual thought, that Catholics were not free to judge matters for themselves, whereas, in point of fact, while they had the great advantage of knowing through Revelation what they were bound to hold and what they might not hold, yet in most matters which were not matters of revealed dogma, they had an enormously wide field in which they had an absolute liberty to study for themselves, to form opinions for themselves, to accept the

opinions of others—the matters on which the Church offered them no guidance whatsoever, because these matters did not fall within the domain of the Church's teaching.

One of the greatest problems which at present lay upon the minds of thoughtful men was the settlement of the conflict between Capital and Labour. The struggle had been a struggle between 'the haves' and 'the have nots.'

Father Finlay referred to the great increase of wealth during the past century, but pointed out that a country was not necessarily prosperous because it was wealthy. Prosperity depended upon the distribution of wealth.

Dealing with the condition of Ireland, Father Finlay said 'The great majority of their fellow-countrymen could secure little more than the commonest necessities of life. Their dwellings were generally mean, unhealthy, without privacy or comfort.'

When I was a boy, said Mr. Smillie, 'I was taught to be content with whatever position in which I had pleased God to place me. I believed it at the time, but I married, and had the greatest possible difficulty in providing my wife and children with food and clothing.'

In Protestant countries, and notably in England, the Reformation of the 16th century had led to the rejection of Christian beliefs among the working classes. In Ireland they had rejected the Reformation and had escaped its worst consequences.

from school that their religious and moral training must necessarily be imperfect, and it was difficult to complete it in later years. In both town and country there was a hindrance to the frequentation of the Sacraments for working men and women in their hours of labour, early and late, and in many of their city streets was the multitude of children who were playing in them; but their happiness was lessened by the reflection that often they had nowhere else to play.

Let us now turn to the view of a man who has actually suffered under these conditions. When Robert Smillie talks of how he became a rebel, he is giving the public a glimpse into reality.

Mr. Robert Smillie told a Farnworth (Lancs) audience how he became a rebel and an agitator.

When I was a boy, said Mr. Smillie, 'I was taught to be content with whatever position in which I had pleased God to place me. I believed it at the time, but I married, and had the greatest possible difficulty in providing my wife and children with food and clothing.'

So I became a rebel and an agitator. It was not popular at that time, and I had my apprenticeship as a rebel completed by being dismissed and blackballed at all the collieries in the district for 18 weeks.

HORNBY HAND.

Labour, Sinn Fein and the Future.

As I write, the papers are as full as Debreit's Pénance of 'first counts' and 'second counts,' but although nobody outside Government employment has really time to discover the actual results it seems certain that Sinn Fein and Labour have between them taken the municipal councils into their hands.

Labour which would stand where to-day Sinn Fein stands. But with a nation in subjection the national movement must and will always come first. For an unfree people can never achieve full social justice until they have cleared the way for it by establishing their nationhood.

Sinn Fein then, no less than—indeed more than—Labour, working towards social justice towards the overthrow of the present Capitalist system and the creation in its stead of a system in which it is the people who will be considered and not the financiers only, and in which, when the interests of the people and the interests of the financiers are opposed, it is the people whose welfare will first be sought.

There is inside the Irish Labour movement a party which considers independence irrelevant which thinks that the main thing is wages and hours and control by the workers. It can persuade a certain body of the workers into supporting it, not only by false economics.

It can only be hoped that the alien government chooses to permit him—if the alien government controls the nation, Russia what would happen if the Red armies were withdrawn because the Soviet system was too busy with purely internal problems to provide further for them? Of what advantage would be this or that improvement of the working conditions in Moscow or Petrograd?

It is no less sound economics than it is sound patriotism to seek first the freedom of Ireland. That the majority of Labour candidates who have been elected upon the municipal councils have opposed it is good and is a sign that good fruit, not only in relation to their own social position, but to the general Sinn Fein movement as well.

tion, especially all great movements in such subject nations as ours. This tendency towards centralization generally results in the control of these movements passing into the hands of a few strong men. This is excellent when conditions are as they are at this moment in Ireland, where leaders have often to lead from hiding places and a few must always be ready to set the machine of the many working. But it has enormous disadvantages. In the first place the few who thus—often through no desire of their own—are shouldered into control tend to conservatism, and conservatism usually expresses itself in an autocracy. In the second place, war conditions suddenly to become normal, such dictatorship by a group would be disastrous for the nation. For this reason we may well have jealous fears lest the necessities of the moment may produce an oligarchy which—people being what they are and popular leaders so often what they are—may out-live the moment and need an earthquake for its removal.

[NOTE.—This article was written for an earlier issue, but it is very much up-to-date in spite of the delay in publication.—Ed., p. 1.]

I—An Breac agus na Dathanna.

Síod mé breith ar bhreac ba buidhe brothlach gráin, i scrúibhéal beag cúlúirín éilíbe, gan dorúga gan slat, gan dúbháin ná gan gléas eile ina-ghreachtu, agus ach mo dhá lairín féin. Féach leat, a chara agas seallaim tu go mbeidín togha spóirt agat.

opinion of others—the matters on which the Church offered them no guidance whatsoever, because those matters did not fall within the domain of the Church's teaching.

One of the greatest problems which at present lay upon the minds of thoughtful men was the settlement of the conflict between Capital and Labour. The struggle had been a struggle between "the haves" and "the have nots." But there could be no doubt about the reality of the struggle. Let them limit their outlook to Great Britain and Ireland. The war was over. What did they see? Not certainly a softening of the antagonism between the classes which had been growing during the century and which had reached a degree of bitterness just before the war.

Father Finlay referred to the great increase of wealth during the past century, but pointed out that a country was not necessarily prosperous because it was wealthy. Prosperity depended upon the distribution of wealth. A prosperous country was a country in which the bulk of the population was prosperous. There had been no proportionate growth of popular contentment with the growth of wealth. The wealth that had been produced in the main by the labour of the masses became the property of the few. Manual workers had received only a very small and a very inadequate portion of the riches they had produced. Was it any wonder that they and others similarly circumstanced should be dissatisfied and should call insistently for a more equitable distribution of the nation's wealth?

Dealing with the condition of Ireland, Father Finlay said "the great majority of their fellow-countrymen could secure little more than the common necessities of life. Their dwellings were generally mean, unhealthy, without privacy or comfort. That would be true of the country as well as the towns, notwithstanding the improvement in the condition of the agricultural labourers. Their food was coarse, ill-prepared, often insufficient. Their clothing was scanty and ineffective protection against cold and rain. There had been an enormous improvement effected in the position of the agricultural labourers by giving them houses and a small quantity of land, but the change had not seriously affected the people as a whole. It had benefited those who owned land or were in progress of becoming owners. But the wage-earners who formed the great bulk of the population had gained little by the change. Increase of prices had kept pace with increase of wages. They were no better housed than they had been, except in small proportions of rural labourers, and they were no better fed and clothed than they were 50 years ago. They were not as well clothed in many cases. Instead of being clothed in home manufacture they were generally clothed now in shoddy from the other side. They were certainly not housed, fed and clothed as became the Christian citizens of a State which was dependent upon them for its wellbeing. The manual workers had little opportunity for developing what was best and highest in them. The capability of intellectual enjoyment, moral character, absolute truthfulness, perfect honesty in his dealings with others, kindness of disposition, cultivation of the love of God, forgiveness of injuries, counted for next to nothing in the market where the labourer had to sell his bodily strength.

In Protestant countries, and notably in England, the Reformation of the 16th century had led to the rejection of Christian beliefs among the working classes. In Ireland they had rejected the Reformation and had escaped its worst consequences. Their Catholic people were all baptised. In their homes, at school, in the church, they received a large measure of religious instruction, and they were devotedly loyal to their Faith. Yet, even in Ireland, their Catholic wage-earners had serious religious difficulties to meet. It was not only that they must still pay for entrance to many of their Church services, and bear with class distinctions within the church. These were lesser evils which time would surely remedy. But they were so young when taken

from school that their religious and moral training must necessarily be imperfect, and it was difficult to complete it in later years. In both town and country there was a thin drizzle of the fragments of the Sacraments for working men and women in their hours of labour, early and pre-empted as they so often were. One of the happiest sights in many of their city streets was the multitude of children who were playing in their yards, but their happiness was lessened by the reflection that often they had nowhere else to play. Tenement houses and lanes were not attractive and healthy playgrounds; and open green spaces within easy reach—Merrion, Fitzwilliam, and Mountjoy Squares were absolutely guarded against the workingman's child as was the Garden of Eden against the entrance of Adam and Eve by the Angel with the flaming sword. They might not be able to provide decent housing for their workers and their families, but surely they could take away the iron barriers which shut them out from the fresh air and the green grass which were almost at their doors. There could be no doubt that workers who had to provide for themselves and their dependents upon them by a daily wage lived under very hard conditions. In all civilized nations, as in Ireland, they must labour almost continuously from youth to old age. They received as wages only a small part of the wealth they produced. Their homes were generally unlovely, often unhealthy, not infrequently in surroundings which were a danger to morals and religion. They lived poorly with little hope of much in the future, and under a well-grounded apprehension of the trials which the future might bring. They were precluded from developing their natural powers of body and mind and heart. They had small opportunities for rest and reasonable recreation. Even in their knowledge and practice of Religion they lay under special disadvantages. Was it to be wondered at that they manifested a growing spirit of profound and bitter discontent?

Let us now turn to the view of a man who has actually suffered under these conditions. When Robert Smillie talks of how he became a rebel, he is giving the public a glimpse into reality. After Father Finlay's statement this Labour leader's remarks will hardly cause even surprise.

Mr. Robert Smillie told a Farnworth (Lancs) audience how he became a rebel and an agitator.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Smillie, "I was taught to be content with whatever position in which I had pleased God to place me. I believed it at the time, but I married, and had the greatest possible difficulty in providing my wife and children with food and clothing.

"I came to the conclusion that no god worth worshipping would lay it down as a natural law that some must live in hovels and others in mansions, that children of the workless should die off like flies before their time, while children of the idle classes should get every opportunity to live."

"So I became a rebel and an agitator. It was not popular at that time, and I had my apprenticeship as a rebel completed by being dismissed and blackballed at all the colleges in the district for 15 weeks."

HORNBY HALL

Labour, Sinn Fein and the Future.

As I write, the papers are full as Debut's Peacocks of "first counts," and "second counts," but although nobody outside Government employment has really time to discover the actual results it seems certain that Sinn Fein and Labour have between them taken the municipal councils into their possession over seven-eighths of Ireland. It is well. But particularly it is well that Sinn Fein and Labour have thus definitely been brought together, each acknowledging the one great principle, differing only in their application of it to the circumstances of the moment. Were Ireland free it is

Labour which would stand where so many Sinn Fein stand. But with a nation in subjection to the national movement, and it will always come first. For an unfree people can never achieve full social justice until they have cleared the way for it by establishing their manhood. The Red Republic of Russia is devoting her main energies to preserving territorial integrity in Europe and Asia. There are crying social problems in Russia—starvation, unemployment, housing, industries, paper-money, the frightful shortage of food and all clothing and medicine. But instead of attacking these problems with all their resources, the Soviets attacked Denikin, Kolchak and other agents of Imperialism who were seeking to accomplish the counter-revolution, for the Russian leaders realise that if the Republic goes all goes. With us the position, if not the same, is similar. With us, before anything can come, freedom must come. Imperialism has here and in Russia is the super-Capitalism.

Sinn Fein then, no less than—indeed more than—Labour, working towards social justice towards the overthrow of the present Capitalist system and the creation in its stead of a system in which it is the people who will be considered and not the financiers only, and in which, when the interests of the people and the interests of the financiers are opposed, it is the people whose welfare will first be sought. The fight against profiteering in human life must be begun by the abolition of profiteering in the lives of animals. This is the first people clearly understand. And any Labour Party which does not put in the very forefront of its programme the National issue will never have the support of the workers of Ireland. But the National issue being accepted by Labour the issue greater than any and than all, Labour will go far. Ireland, for Labour will have become Sinn Fein.

There is inside the Irish Labour movement a party which considers independence irrelevant which thinks that the main thing is wages and hours and control by the workers. It can persuade a certain body of the workers into supporting it, but only by false economics. Sinn Feiners, equally with the best extreme Labour men, understand and are appalled at the intensity of certain of the conditions of labour which economic distress forces so many of the workers in Ireland to undergo. But they too, understand that that economic distress, that the breeding house of evil conditions, has been superimposed upon Irish civilisation. It is alien, not native. It will not be cured. It can only be prevented. Here and here workers may get control, wages may be increased, the working hours may be lessened. But if the taxation goes up, the value of the increased wages goes down and the whole struggle begins again. And the taxation comes from outside. Either, if an alien government controls the nation how long will the native worker be permitted to control his particular destiny? Merely as long as the alien government chooses to permit him—if the alien government controls the nation, Russia what would happen if the Red armies were withdrawn because the Soviet system was too busy with purely local problems to provide further for them? Of what advantage would be this of that improvement of the working conditions in Moscow or Petrograd? In a fortnight the wheels would be a memory and the Russian proletariat would be strained at a point would find themselves swallowing a pill. In the same way that Party inside Irish Labour who are busy with their mission to begin at the wrong end are vainly trying providing for their overthrow and that of their whole movement.

It is no less sound economics that it is sound patriotism which seeks the freedom of Ireland. That the majority of Labour candidates who have been elected upon the municipal councils have agreed to do. Their decision is good and it has good fruit not only in relation to that even social movement, but to the Irish Sinn Fein movement as well.

Tendency of all great movements is towards centralisation,

especially all great movements in such subject nations as ours. This tendency towards centralisation generally results in the context of these movements passing into the hands of a few strong men. This is a fact which our conditions and as they are at this moment in Ireland, where leaders have often to lead from hiding places and a few must always be ready to set the machine of the many working. But it has enormous disadvantages. In the first place the few who thus come through to the centre of their own movement are often inclined to conservatism, and conservatism usually expresses itself in an autocracy. In the second place, very conditions suddenly to become normal, such dictatorship by a group would be disastrous for the nation. For that reason we may well have jealous fears lest the necessities of the moment may produce an oligarchy which—people being what they are and popular leaders so often what they are—may out-live the moment and need an earthquake for its removal. These fears are in part quieted by the prospect of Labour working with Sinn Fein. Nothing quite so much needs democratisation as democratic movements. What has happened the term Socialist in France and in Germany, where it is used as the badge of the most reactionary parties, amply illustrates the need for safeguarding the proletariat from its own leaders. It can really be done only by bringing to the councils of the movement a constant infusion of confirmed democrats. That Sinn Fein will now on the public bodies all over Ireland have to work in unison with Labour will help to keep Sinn Fein sound on the details of the social and economic issue. That Labour will have to work in unison with Sinn Fein will help to keep Labour constantly aware that national liberation and social liberation are almost cause and effect; that for the complete attainment of the second the preliminary step must be the complete attainment of the first. Also by working thus together, Labour and Sinn Fein will both tend to remain predominantly movements of the people as distinct from class movements. In fine, the co-operation of the two parties will be the surest of all safeguards that the controlling forces of the National movement will not, under the pressure of present circumstances, develop a conservatism which might eventually lead to a Republican regime as autocratic as that it had succeeded in overthrowing. That which we hate most we become."

is an Eastern proverb. There is wisdom in it—and a hint to walk warily.

PROFESSOR S. GALLAGHER, B.A.

[NOTE.—This article was written for an earlier issue, but it is very much up-to-date in spite of the delay in publication.—ED., O. I.]

I.—An Breac agus na Dathanna.

Síol ná breith ar thréasa is buidhe brotiallach greine, is sruthlín beag cúltharr sléibhe, gan dorcha gan slat gan dubhán ná son gléas eile iarsuireanta again ach mo dhá laimh féin. Féach his, a chera agus geallán duit go mbeith togha spóirt again.

"Chunaid mé féin go dif an sruthlín bhí deoch nise 't'ól an agus éard 't'holcáin shéar fóm, ar tóin an phill, ach breac breac bhí dhí ordúch éard ar a thad ar a taghad dhá. Níoch again bhíoch an tóil breac bhíoch dhá dhíocháin breac éil."

"Ní raibh an poll srótha ach anbhag: dhí mbáidá deich neallán nise seasta ann, sin a raibh i agus in bheadh thos ags' íoch niseann, eile chaot an tóil is an tóil niseann mo' sin theacht anois ann, nó cén chaot a bhí dhíocháin éimheacht as, dhá dathann an tóiloch náib air í."

"Shíth ná mó fáimh breac san nise go 't'arraidh thóche dhá i nár thóil, ach noch nach náib náib náib nise ags' nach ndéanfaí thóilocháil dhí. Sinis ná nise íoch nise deachaidh, agus íocháil leat íoch éiloch. Chuaic mé anoch

na an ábhan é lo piosa de chéipín. Seim sé le mo mhóir, ag ful amach éirí, ach nuair shia mé breith air, níor thug mé liom ach lán glaise de pheinníní! Bhí an t-uisce áfach na slofach faoi seo, agus ní raibh fionn agus éan céird dá bhreac air, ar ndóig, mar bhíodh sé agam dá geallfhuin an fá leis!

Bhí mé mó féin ar bhrúach an phillí dom' ghonadh féin le gráin go nglanadh an t-uisce arís. Bhí loch beag féithe na tapanall uain, agus an uile dhath dá bhífaic mé aríamh boghainn, agus teacht agus imtheacht do dhírinn an locha sin. Agus thosaighas ag meathair an rudaithe eile seachas mo bhreac, agus mé mo luighe amháin sa bhreac cumbhach.

Nuair bhí sí sinsear Gaelach ag coradh agus ag síonadh teangan dlúthín féin, sul nó d'fágáid arís an tshléim na h-Eorpa, (áilleas) agus sin-sear-nóiseanna sí, bhí í féin i h-Eorpa, agus leis na dathanna is léir dom teall domna chair i dtuaigne dá chéile-tuigter dó. Bhí sí dathanna agus nach léir dom teall is géire, díreach mar fá tuairneanna dháth fear géarúchtaíoch deo. Bhí sí dathanna agus nach léir dom teall is géire, díreach mar fá tuairneanna dháth fear géarúchtaíoch deo. Bhí sí dathanna agus nach léir dom teall is géire, díreach mar fá tuairneanna dháth fear géarúchtaíoch deo.

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II.—An Fainne.

Nuair a tháinig Gaele na Gaillimhe den Fháinne le chéile le gnóir eintreidh eomóideach maith, d'ádhachas go bhfuair na coidreachan, agus dá bhíodh an amóideach sin thug

i bhíodh ní n'Gaillimh amháin, ach ar fuil na tíre, ba mbeo an taicthe dar dteonáin é.

No baillie níde agus an aráidhailte ar fuil na hEorpa. No baillie níde agus an aráidhailte ar fuil na hEorpa. No baillie níde agus an aráidhailte ar fuil na hEorpa.

Ach tháinig an t-ábairt ina ainm. Gaeilí fórmha muintire é mabailte nó indiu, agus iad chomh d'ádhachas é.

Tá cuid mhóir d'ainm na n-ainm. Tá cuid mhóir d'ainm na n-ainm. Tá cuid mhóir d'ainm na n-ainm.

Baile nó arís iséig i lár na Gaeltachta, Gaillimh áit ar na Ghaeiligh na n-ádhachas. Baile nó arís iséig i lár na Gaeltachta, Gaillimh áit ar na Ghaeiligh na n-ádhachas.

Dá mhéid a bhí ag duine go raibh an Ghaeiligh i mbeo. Dá mhéid a bhí ag duine go raibh an Ghaeiligh i mbeo.

Dá mhéid a bhí ag duine go raibh an Ghaeiligh i mbeo. Dá mhéid a bhí ag duine go raibh an Ghaeiligh i mbeo.

Ach an mbéid an hóc ar ar tháinig ar hall beag ar dóighe úe. An leatháid fear na Gaeiligh go nóe an bhéid ina na stópá. Dá n'ádhachas na seairt égo, atá ádhachas d'ádhachas na Gaeiligh go nóe an bhéid ina na stópá.

Comhailte an Fháinne meathair maith ar an tshléim na h-Eorpa.

PADRAIC O'CONNOR

"Touches the Man."

"The Gael." By Edward E. Lysaght. Dublin: Maunsel & Co. Price 6/6 net.

The novel reader sated with the staleness of themes in his fiction will find the freshness of the Gael irresistible. So alive is the hero that he exercises almost a personal violence upon us, and in his frank enjoyment in his experiment carries the reader with a rush right half-way through the book, we take flying those early chapters that so many novelists con- sider to invest with a vexatious tediousness. I think the snappy realism of the daily paper was the outcome of a demand from readers whom the big novels had frightened off the field by the prolixity of their introductory chapters and driven to the tale that can provide an equal excitement whether taken up in the end or the middle or the beginning. Mr. Lysaght by means of "The Gael" may lead such quick-lunch novel readers back to more wholesome ways. An unexpectedness in the mood of the opening gives one's interest at once, and one follows Con O'Hickie even with excitement through his Lyrical and ventures, hope and despair. The warmth of humanity in the author covers a multitude of faults perhaps in the novelist, and one feels inclined to speak of "The Gael" in the words of Walt Whitman: "Camerado, this is no book. Who touches this touches a man." Amongst the varieties of dope administered to the public by the newspapers during the war was that wherein was particularised the fighting qualities of the combatant peoples. I noted often with a certain bitter amusement that the Irish Times and papers of its kind when not chastising Ireland for her absence from the war would have paroxysms of enthusiasm over the magnificent "dash" of the Irish regiments, and I cannot be sure that "the headlong charge of Tipperary" did not make its well-worn appearance in many a fatuous column. Whether or no we agree that "dash" is the characteristic of the Irish soldier, we must admit that it characterises certain Irish novelists and that they have also the defects of this quality, impatience and poor staying power. George Birmingham is an instance that perhaps will occur to some of us. In those earlier novels of his, written before he had dwarfed his aspirations in fiction to the mere re-apparelling of Hamdy Andy, one finds the energy of his openings succeeded by weariness in the middle and a hurried close as from fatigue. In "The Gael" the dash of the first part of the book is not followed up, and I do not think the cause is fatigue or an impatient desire for quick results, but rather a want of knowledge of the novelist's technique. One is conscious of a change from the method of the novelist to the method of the diarist. Days and weeks and months are indicated by rigid lines, recalling to one the ruled line of the diary. I remember someone telling me a bit of amusing comment or advice of Mr. Jack B. Yeats: "When in doubt, draw a thick, black line"; but Mr. Jack Yeats' father, Mr. John Butler Yeats, once said to me apropos of portrait sketching: "Never draw a line at all; get the effect of your line by shading." This latter method of creating an effect is the one we are conscious of in George Moore, in Daniel Corkery's "Threshold of Quiet," in Seumas O'Kelly's "Lady of Deesha," where an infinitude of patient labour is bestowed on what one, for want of a better word, might call "shading." Mr. Lysaght has not learned this art, his work has no subtleties, and the effect he gains by sheer dash in the first chapters of his novel is lost later and one reads on with a diminished satisfaction, conscious of dropping themes, unworked shadings, lacunae. If Mr. Lysaght applies to a future as a novelist it is not impossible for one with his talents to learn the technique of the novelist's trade. George Birmingham's path will never allure him, for his vitality is not merely intellectual, but something in which his whole

nature partakes. What cannot be taught. Nature herself has already bestowed on him as a gift. One does not often come across a novel in which the characters are so natural, so kindly, so full of genuine feeling. Con O'Hickie is a wholesome and natural young man, as natural as Father Adam himself. He loves his nearness to the earth, his power over her. He enjoys his emulation in physical labour with his workmen. He has a human desire to marry and settle down to a life that shall make all those who work with him and for him as prosperous, contented and natural as himself. He realises keenly that he is an Irishman and conceives highly of his duty to his nation, and in his hard struggle for the good of the community he has gathered round him he learns many sharp lessons. His idea of a co-operative community is Mr. Lysaght's own idea, and Mr. Lysaght's detailed account of this experiment, given in the November issue of the Irish Monthly, one feels might almost be added as an appendix to "The Gael." The novel is the experiment in terms of warm humanity, the article is the scheme in terms of business.

SUSAN L. MITCHELL.

A Song in Grey and Green.

The old trees stand so bare,
So bare in the mournful rain,
As drip and drip the air
Into wet shadows vane,
And evening follows day,
Where the old trees are seen,
Drooped in a veil of grey
And bent in a mist of green.

O the starlings now have been,
Where dancers used to come
With violin, mandoline,
And Chinese drum,
To dance beneath the trees
As young leaves swing and swing
Upon a lapping breeze
In the impetuous blaze of Spring!
F. B. HIGGINS.

Starkie-Headlam Intrigue.

The Central Executive Committee of the Irish National Teachers' Organization have given the Macpherson Education Bill their qualified approval. They are most anxious to secure its advantages and would regard its withdrawal as a calamity. They welcome a scheme whereby public representatives will be given a voice in the direction of educational policy, which puts education on the rates, and which provides a prospect of a living wage for the teaching profession. We remember to have met somewhere in Mr. Chesterton's Essays an imaginary dialogue between John Hampden and his wife on the question of John's refusal to pay Ship Money, if which his spouse urges the matter in the following words: "Do, John, dear! Pay the money and put an end to this worry. It's only £2. Besides, dear, you gain your point."

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Stunting!

OVERLOOKING the dirty and narrow streets of Baghdad there once lived in a forgotten palace, O what an elegant Caliph! There he sat one morning in a bronze chair delicately fingered his brown beard—his finger-tips stained with the juice of nicotine and in harmony with the colour of his eyes and that turban covering his brown hair. He was wrapped even down to the toes of his saffron slippers in a brown morning vesture, which had been slipped on by a copper-coloured slave once purchased from Spain.

"O great Allah," thought this pretty slave, "may the dogs of the seven sleepers deliver me from this prophetic-looking discord in brown," she stood for hours behind that Caliph as he sat in reverie—or, as some would say, in a "brown study." "Dreaming out," thought the slave again, "dreaming out more grotesque paradoxes he is for the benefit of those intellectuals who shall pose to-night in the post's parlour"—but for once she was wrong.

That potatoe arose gingerly, and, taking a pen, began to trace hieroglyphs—patches and lines—on a piece of paper—a task occupying hours. It was impossible to say what he was doing; and, apparently exhausted by the effort, he sank up in back into his bronze chair and slept heavily. Waking up in the evening he sipped his coffee and called Mahmud and Hasan, his most ingenious architects.

Pointing with a certain facetiousness to his design lying outspread on a table, he began: "I have done a design of a new Baghdad, or rather a typical street in the new city. I want you to look at it and tell me what you think of my skill. It is just a little vortecist effort that I threw off while I was dressing this morning." And he negligently curled the tip of his beard! O how very like and unlike those bearded halos we see in literary circles who keep Dublin philistines convulsed before their mighty attitudes, as they stalk through our streets like lost apostles. Mr. Wyndham Lewis the curl of a beard; he tells how this Caliph demanded that his designs should be executed and set in working order before ten o'clock next morning, or else! Messrs. Mahmud and Hasan, architects, would lose their heads. So within a month a strange street transfigured the heart of cultivated Baghdad! But the destructive talk from Dublin's bearded ones is not treating even at the cost of falling heads; and confronted like us by such a monotony of inversion, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, in his very entertaining articles written around the Caliph's Design (The Egocist, Ltd., 3/- net), longs for a plain, "dull" statement on the things that matter in Art. There is too much dilettantism in painting—the brand of studio art. Painting, Sculpture and Design must leave the studio and make themselves felt in life. The Pre-Raphaelites are almost forgotten—photography has taken their places; now the Impressionists, as the revealers of a spiritual essence too remote for commercialism, are beleaguered by a little knot of extravagant people. But we must allow Futurists, Cubists and Vortecists their opportunity—surely their sincerity is not found wanting; and although their attempts of expression may still be looked up as embryonic, is it not an honest effort to reveal the mechanical energy that commands life? A prophecy foreshadowing the doom that whirls behind this insane industrialism which has captivated the masses of humanity in its worship of machinery! Mr. Wyndham Lewis demands attention; maybe at a voice, crying in the wilderness, he seeks for a creative artist and expects to find him among the architects—those

producers of public taste in bricks and streets—"a man of some new power in his craft and concerned with the aesthetic as well as the practical needs of the mass sensibility of his time." Surely his desires would not be realised in the builders of a new O'Connell Street—no wonder he cries against the insignificant masses of brickwork laid out according to no coherent plan, bestially vulgar in their details of ornament. And yet beyond our vortecist outcry for complete reform in building, a consciousness in the planning and shaping of every brick, the Caliph's Design leads nowhere, and we are left to romancing delightful among Persian artists of the latest schools.

SEAN BUANE.

The Rocky Road to Dublin.

WHILE in conversation with an Ulster Unionist, during the course of which the writer had been outlining to him the resurrection of Gaelicism which is taking place to-day, he turned to me with a sort of wistful expression on his face and said: "It's a damned shame for you fellows to leave me ignorant of all this. Here we are, knowing nothing but the English language and English social life. We slave from morning till night to make ends meet. We have not the opportunity, nor have we the inspiration to make the opportunity to inquire into these things. I meet you by accident, and you tell me of things which appeal to me in a weirdly intimate way. You describe a life that is full and fragrant compared to which my own is empty and insipid. Is it my fault I was reared in an English cradle, reared in an English atmosphere, educated in an English school, dumped in a red-bricked, English city, for Belfast is damn all else? I hate it. We all hate it. No human man, with the semblance of a mind, or the vestige of a soul, could feel anything else but repugnance for this monotony of commercial drudgery that is both mindless and soulless. Yet what can we do? There is no alternative. They talked about Home Rule and how that would make a Belfast of all Ireland. Home Rule is only the Catholic name for Unionism, just as Hibernianism, as far as I can see, is simply Catholic Orangeism. You say this is not a religious question. I used to say it was when they wanted to make a wee Catholic England of this country. This Gaelic stunt sounds different, and I'm going to look into it; but I tell you, Patterson—and I know what I'm talking about—that until you show the Protestant of Ulster something more attractive than a Republic, which is nothing more or less than an imitation by Catholics of their Protestant commercial life, you will have the religious split in Ireland."

[The above is a report as faithful as a memory report can be of an actual conversation, and having been reared in a Unionist atmosphere myself, I can heartily endorse the foregoing. In fact, I can go further and outline the various other hurdles which the Protestant is met with on the very rocky road to Dublin.]

[Except in a few exceptional cases, the Ulster Protestant lives and dies in an English atmosphere. In pre-war days and far too much even yet, the Protestant could find nothing but a green-coloured tint of his own Orange England in any part of Ireland. The very natural and unanswerable question arises to his mind, "Why change?" He does not exactly mean by that what Casanova puts in his mouth, "We are happy and contented," but the difference is too subtle to be material to him.]

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After "Easter Week" things became worse still, for if a landlord dared to inquire into Sinn Féin ideals he was treated with suspicion. One Sinn Féiner complained to me that Spandoo, a Protestant, had been trying to "draw" him, and he had no satisfactory answer to my retort, "Why not be drawn?"

The rising appealed to the mind of the sympathetic outsider as a reckless sort of courage. I have known even Sinn Féiners take the very serious mental hurdle from ingrained religious antagonism to sympathetic inquiry, and having after immense difficulty, which he knows best who crosses through it, informed himself of the spirit of the Irish Ireland movement, the pilgrim Protestant finds himself in a perfectly awful atmosphere of aspersion. The sinister word "Spy" meets him, expressed and implied, though what here is to be learnt that could not be shouted through Dublin galle is always a mystery until he finds that his accusers are only the ragged edges of his new world in which he is itself wandering.

Even when he approaches the centre of Irish life, the boots of other Protestants who have been tried and found wanting haunt his footsteps, or, which is worse still, he is expected to walk with the stride of an Emmet or a Tone, reaches Dublin, let us say, and, well, he is a 'rara avis,'

Yes, it's a very rocky road, and human nature is human nature. Of course the going is just as rough one way as the other, but the road must be travelled, and not by one or two, but by all the people and not any one way, but both ways, and each must take upon itself the care of that road. It is the most important road in Ireland.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

De Valera on British Security.

The "Irish Times" is greatly exercised by the interview said to have been given by Eamon de Valera to the "Westminster Gazette." We have all learned so much of the diabolical methods of English journals that we wait to verify from our own sources the statements said to be made by her leaders. But as the "Irish Times" is so excited and vindictive, there really must be some menace to the English occupation of Ireland in the idea which underlies the interview. It is necessary to quote the whole interview as it comes to us through the daily press of this country—not as authentic, but as the subject which will be the most discussed for the next few days by Republicans. The episode raises in a concrete form the question of British security, both present and future. Is Britain secure? Will she be more so or less secure with an Irish Republic beside her? But let us first quote the interview such as it is, and

in reading it let us remember that it appears as an answer to an argument, not as an offer. Another journal interprets this interview as a complete change of attitude on the part of the Republican leader. We may rest assured that what ever was said or was not said, the demand that Ireland be set free to decide her own international relations has not been relinquished. Any peaceful solution of the Irish question with England, in so far as it grants the right of self-determination, will find hope of fulfilment. In so far as a "settlement" would permit the entrance of British troops under any pretext it would be turned down, and the idea that any such a surrender was even implied by any of our leaders would make the vast majority of Irishmen angry, not with our leaders, but with those who suggested such an intention on their part. A slight experience of journalism teaches how easily an interview may be deftly twisted to an angle which, on the world, may produce quite a different impression from that properly intended and expressed. So until we receive full details of Eamon de Valera's own mind we may rest assured that curious interpretations of various journals are not to be taken seriously.

The "Interview."

The interview is as follows:—

The correspondent writes:—Mr. de Valera, in an exclusive interview with me to-day, answering the British security argument against Irish independence, said—
"If it were really her independence and her simple right to life as a national State that Britain wanted to safeguard she could easily make provision for that without infringing upon the equally sacred rights of the neighbouring nation to its independence and its life."

THE CASE OF CUBA.

"The United States, by the Monroe Doctrine, made provision for its security without depriving the Southern Latin Republics of their independence and their life. The United States safeguarded itself from the possible use of the Cuba Island as a base of attack by a foreign Power by stipulating that the Cuban Government shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign Power or Powers which shall impair or tend to impair Cuban independence, nor in any manner authorise or permit any foreign Power or Powers to obtain by colonisation or for military or naval purposes or otherwise a lodgment in or control over any portion of the said island."

"Why doesn't Britain do with Ireland as the United States did with Cuba? Why doesn't Britain declare a Monroe Doctrine for her neighbouring island? The people of Ireland, so far from objecting, would co-operate with their whole soul."

OTHER SAFEGUARDS.

After giving other ways by which he said Britain could safeguard herself, Mr. de Valera added: "It is not her natural safety nor her legitimate security that England wants to safeguard. The Peace Conference and the creation of the League of Nations gave her that opportunity. She preferred and prefers the League of Empires, an unholy alliance to crush Liberty, not the sacred covenant to maintain Liberty, even when such a covenant would perpetuate her own. She affects to believe, and would have the world believe, that because dependent Ireland is hostile, independent Ireland would necessarily also be hostile.

"She carefully hides that Ireland's present hostility is due solely to England's persistent aggression, and that when the aggression ceases its effect of open hostility will cease also."

Good and Bad Points in Illustration.

It is well to remember that every analogy limps. In other words, when Irishmen compare Ireland to Cuba, or point to the solution found by America to Cuba, or the illustration applies in all particulars to Ireland. So far as the English argument about "security" is concerned, the treatment of Cuba shows how far below America's standard of morality England is in her treatment of Ireland. It knocks the bottom out of the security argument from the "Morning Post," point of view, and we may add that all English politicians put the security of the British Empire (not the English nation) first, and the principle of other people's freedom second.

No one would apply to Ireland in all its details a settlement such as that made with Cuba. It is not out of place here to point out certain limitations to the Cuban arrangement; these have already been referred to in a recent issue of the "Freeman's Journal." Thus in 1901 United States Congress passed a statute the provisions of which were subsequently incorporated in an ordinance appended to the Cuban Constitution and ultimately embodied in a treaty between the United States and the Republic of Cuba in 1903. Those provisions declare, inter alia, that the Cuban Government shall never permit any Foreign Power to obtain lodgment in or control over any part of the island; that the United States may intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence and the maintenance of a Government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual rights; that the Cuban Government shall lease or sell to the United States lands for coaling or naval stations at points to be subsequently agreed upon.

The harbours at Guantanamo and Bahia Honda were subsequently leased by Cuba to the American Government.

Reciprocal reductions have been made in the respective tariffs of the two Governments; and special treatment is extended by each country to the other in the framing of Customs duties.

In 1906 effect was given to the clause providing for intervention by the United States. Disorders having arisen in Cuba, a small body of American troops were despatched thither. Having re-established tranquillity and supervised the election of a new President, it withdrew early in 1909. Lord Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," says the stipulations in the statute passed by Congress and embodied in the Cuban Constitution "create a very peculiar relation between the United States and Cuba, although they neither amount to an alliance nor destroy the character of the island as a sovereign State, independent in general international relations." "The United States," he adds, "has given every evidence of its honest desire to avoid the annexation

of the island or the assumption of any further responsibilities in respect of it, nor is there reason to think that they have, deliberately adopted, will be soon or lightly spoken."

American Intervention.

Now the passage of the Mason Bill appointing American Consuls to the Irish State is very likely to be passed by the United States Congress. In fact some people in America regard it as a certainty. In view of this, and generally speaking, the part America is playing in the Irish affairs, it is hardly conceivable that any settlement is possible between England and Ireland to which America will not be a party. Ireland as a Republic established by international treaty with America as a party has always received the support of Irish Republicans. But we may be sure when negotiators assume any sign of reality our enemies will try to get all the rights they can to enter Ireland with troops and to hold naval bases. It is for this reason that the only safeguard we have in such negotiations would be American intervention. The likelihood of such intervention increases every day. It becomes clearer with each new message from the States that self-interest will draw America into the settlement of the Irish question, for she will look to Ireland as a base for her enormously increasing trade with Europe and Ireland's freedom may very likely become the guarantee of the freedom of the seas. The attitude of America may be determined by the same motives which induced her to enter into the treaty with Cuba. She may act on the principle of human freedom, and as a protection to herself enter into relations with Ireland, so that Ireland may not be used as a jumping off ground for any enemy attack.

Down, Down, Down Goes the £.

The rate of exchange which has reduced the value of the English pound to something over 13/- is an indication of the growing weakness of England. No one imagined that England's economic and financial decay would set in so rapidly. But there is really in the long run no way out for her. At the moment one can realise what impractical dreamers those Imperialists are and all those who desire to continue the British connection. As Irish exports decrease, imports by, roughly, £20,000,000 Irish credit is absolutely sound, but because we are fastened on to England we are forced to get only 13/- for 20/- in America. With income tax at six shillings in the pound, with excess profits tax and all the necessities of life, which in the end fall on the consumer, just as much as the tax, and which must bring in a huge sum to the English Exchequer, uncredited to Ireland; with our raw materials bought at a low price by the English Government and sold in the world markets at exorbitant prices, with a drain of what in reality must amount to very nearly £20,000,000 of Imperial contribution, for which Ireland gets no return, and with the Government such as this—there are still intelligent men in Ireland calling themselves Irish who want to continue the "British connection." But the main source of consolation to us, at the moment, is that England should have fallen so low in the financial scale. Money is at the root of all aggressive Imperialism, and the less credit England can command the better for the world's peoples she coerces. Already Russia has conquered, and we may anticipate that England, after spending £100,000,000 fighting Russia, will now have to fight the forces of liberation from Egypt to Teheran and from the Black Sea to India. If only England could in some way induce America to continue enormous loans on a great scale. At present there is prospect of America plunging into further loans, so that England grows weaker and at the same time is forced to defend at great cost of men and money the great Empire

of Ireland to India, from Baghdad to Egypt. It should be remembered that within the last month a British fleet was sent to the Pacific in connection with the war against Russia through China. The continuous cost of keeping a fleet in Eastern waters must be very great. Another fleet is in the Black Sea backing up Denmark against the victorious probers of Russia. It is all costing money—and the pound is falling drops and drops. Whoever may be said for surrender to England at any other period in Irish history, at this moment there is less excuse for being discouraged than at any previous time.

We frankly believe that there never was a time when the attitude of no-surrender is more required than now. It is now a question of holding out strongly for the whole demand; any other attitude would be madness.

Ireland at the Cross Roads.

By Rev. Professor Walter M'Donald, Maynooth.

Being extracts from an article published in the "Freeman's Journal," 5th December, 1909.]

How those Saxon vultures try to shake off responsibility for their actions, when the evils they have engendered come home to roost. No, gentlemen, you must not be allowed to escape so easily. If the Celt has gone and is going with his vengeance, it is you who drove him out and mocked him in the agony of his going. Do you think this thin veil thick enough to hide the disgraceful past? John Bright told you, in words vibrating with genius, that when the Irish peasant turns his face to the setting sun, towards which lie the marts of his hopes and dreams, it is food and shelter that he begins to have a glimmering conception. Your land has scourged him in the past from the shores of Erin, nor have they yet quite dropped the lash. Their fiendish off-licence was intensified by the onerousness you made to crush out any industry that might employ his faculties; the petty tyrants whom you armed battered everywhere on his labour and starved him while they grew fat; to the present day they make nothing, but are mere traders, agents for English manufacturers, channels through which the blood of Ireland flows with impunity, and you have reserved to yourselves the only power of inquiring into restraining their extortions. Our money which is in your banks you employ anywhere but in Ireland. And with all this looming gross and palpable before us, you talk, as you talk, as you turn away our eyes.

If you would make men in Ireland, begin by making them freemen; throw on them the responsibility of forging their own fate. You have treated us so long as babes that you have almost made us idiots; it is you that have impoverished us, you that have driven us into exile. Whether you will or no, we have gathered strength enough to begin to do for ourselves. We no longer walk like babes, but have begun to think and act like men; young and improvident perhaps, but still as men. We have burnt the strongest and coarsest of the shackles wherewith you bound us, and, with God's help, we shall not be long in shaking ourselves wholly free. It is the Protestant gentry that now are flying from our shores; there is a new light of hope and courage in the eyes of Erin. Such as it is, it was the priests who kindled it; are they the men to fear the coming of the day that already lifts the sun-umbrella of the Irish hills?

This extract has been sent us by "Lector." It shows the Rev. Professor in a better light than his recent odious production, which all decent Irishmen have so condemned.

Law and Order.

The people of this country have been preached at about Law and Order for a century at least, and the preaching has fallen upon deaf ears. Our primary duty, it would seem, is to be loyal merely for loyalty's sake, to be law-abiding so that we shall be easily governed, and to be orderly so that our government shall yield a profit to our governors. We have been preached at by people whose sense of honour is quite frankly that of a burglar, whose sense of humour has atrophied through disease, and in whom imagination never was born. We have been preached at by the burglars and the highwaymen, and these good and harmless scoundrels profess to be shocked when we do not take their sermons to heart, be truly contrite and resolve never to offend again. Is it not too funny? It would be if we had merely to look on and watch contemporary Ireland as detached observers. We cannot do this, however—cannot do this only because the current events in Ireland, had they only been Armenian in the Gladstonian 'eighties, would have roused that defender of small nations to a fine pitch of rhetorical insincerity. We are really unfortunate. Liberal England can do no wrong, wrong-doing is reserved for "lesser tribes without the law"—Turks, Germans, Irish, Egyptians, and such like folk who have never had the benefit of a decent English education, and therefore it is the solemn duty of the superior race to make us law-abiding and orderly, as its own heavenly-chosen members all are. We must be made good so that the British Government may prove itself careful. We are the mob, we must never see that government are intended to be our servants. Governments are the new tenants of Olympus, somewhat softer-brained than the old.

We are sick of being told to be good. We are doubly sick of being told to be good by people who are not good, and are not clever enough to conceal that damaging fact. We know quite well what Law is without the guardianship of Mother Britannia or the legal advice of Galloper Smith, who is, according to himself, the backbone of the British Government; it is "invertebrate" without him. We can get on very well without any assistance, as we have a tradition of Law in its widest sense hardly equaled by any other people in the world. Before Roman Law was, we had ours, and it is very doubtful indeed if our people agree with many of the fundamental concepts of Roman Law. The tradition of our own Law has not been eliminated by the superior goodness of British Law. It might have been had British Law, as it is known to the Britons, been known in Ireland. How true is the symbol that makes Justice a blind person with a large sword, all in this country can say. We have been conscious only of the blindness and the largeness of the sword. British Law in Ireland has in fact been a supreme disregard for everything that one recognises for Law elsewhere. British Law in Ireland may be known best by its objective, which never was government and always was coercion. Because of this the methods have never been those that the civilised races of the world recognise as legal. Measures, burnings, hangings, shootings, starvations—these are not the recognised methods of administration of any known legal code. The alleged governors of Ireland never had any respect for any law—not even their own, and to defend their barbarism they pleaded necessity. Necessity is as fruitless a mother of lies as she is of invention.

Law and Order, Civil and Religious Liberty, Truth and Freedom—what atrocities have been and are being committed here, and elsewhere in these names. After all, it appears that killing is only murder when it is done by retail, and when it is desired to make it opprobrious. Stealing is



MUG: "Let Slug answer this."



MUG: "See for yourself, Slug, English Labour means to give us all we want."



SLUG: "Yes, but only if we agree to want what they want us to want."

burglary only when it is done by some individual in search of a livelihood, never when it is done by "statesmen" or "businessmen." We all must be careful of those distinctions, if only to prove that we have profited somewhat from the moral lessons read to us by our teachers. Should we fail to observe the distinctions we may find ourselves labelled "criminal," while those who are more careful are labelled "statesmen." It is a queer topsy-turvy business truly and difficult enough to make anything whatever of. That precious word "Order," for instance, probably the twin sister of her called Law. What is it all about? It apparently means tanks, armoured motor-cars, soldiers with fixed bayonets, policemen with bombs and revolvers. It means in fact that the population of this country exists simply to be "ordered" about at the whim of anyone who happens to have force enough to order. Any English dictionary would find a very different definition, but this is so because the dictionaries, like the atlases, are all now out of date. Or is it only because the dictionaries are English and because the English dearly love a sham? The only disorderly thing in this country just now is the so-called "government." It also happens to be the most gloriously illegal thing in the country also. Law and Order, to have any chance of survival at all, must have the smothering weight of "the Irish Government" removed from them. They are being done to death, even in the very souls of our people, by the British usurpation of our rights.

It is too late in the world's history for British and Irish newspapers to talk of Law and Order, as if these things were to be given to us by the maternal British Government. These newspapers remind one of the advertisements of people undertaking to teach young John Bull "Oxford Culture" by correspondence in a dozen lessons. We know that Law is the will of the people codified, and we know, moreover, that Order is the willing obedience given by the people to that code. This is the only Law and Order there is, and no other will suffice for this country. The mind of the nation is quite made up upon that point, and no display of force, however great, can or will make it otherwise. The wisacres of London or Dublin who think otherwise are merely wasting energy that might be more profitably employed in clearing up the mess that to-day is called England. Sir Basil Thompson is going to make the most religious and conservative people in Europe law-abid-

ing and orderly by his system of spies. Would it not be better if he remained at home and aided, through the innumerable of a little of the thing called decency, the moral up-lifting of the English people? The English people can make their own law, they can change the administration they can change the legislature. But, as Bernard Shaw once said, they have no respect for law—abstract or otherwise. There is plenty of work there for Lord High Police men if they will only undertake the work. But no rebelly Irish must be crushed. They must be taught the difference between a Tank and the Mosaic Law, which is old-fashioned, and not now regarded highly in the best Imperial circles. The contest is quite interesting to watch and to take part in, more particularly as there is no room for doubt as to the result. "The Voice of the People is the Highest Law," and through the voice of the British Empire be stronger, it is lower, and we can await the result, if not with equanimity, at least with certainty.

ANDREW E. MALONE.

The Coming of Partition.

EVER since Mr. Asquith discovered in the policy of Partition a method of giving the Irish Parliamentary Home Rule bill out at the same time bestering Ireland, that policy has remained the policy of the British Government. They have been determined, and the stronger the opposition here the more determined have they become, that whatever settlement is attempted in Ireland shall be based on partition. When the Irish Party, in the name of the Irish Nation, accepted partition the English exulted. Now, shouted the "Times," one thing is settled, whatever happens, and that the ultimate lines of settlement. And to that cry England has since rallied all her forces. "In the victory and the energy of the new Ireland she sees the forerunner of that progress, a new nation which a free Ireland would be, and she realises that her only chance of keeping Ireland back is to partition her." Partition is England's last ditch in Ireland, and temporarily she is manning it.

Hardly anybody in Ireland believes that the Long Bill is meant seriously. I differ. I think that England does seriously mean to attempt to put partition into legislation

operation and to trust to human nature for putting it into special operation. All her forces are at present mobilised with the object in view of inducing us to give the Bill a trial. The "Times" and the "Daily News" sing practically the same strain, and if nobody in Ireland welcomes partition it is not the fault of any English organ of opinion. The recent visit of the British Labour Party was, of course, dictated solely with the object of ascertaining what prospect there was of whipping up some kind of moderate opinion in support of the policy of "giving it a trial"; and the consternation of Mr. Henderson when he discovered that there is now in Ireland no moderate opinion to be whipped up was as genuine as his own. There is now no feeling here for anything short of independence, and even "full Dominion Home Rule" cannot muster up enough support to make a good-sized meeting. That makes it more difficult for England, but it is her last chance of holding Ireland, and I think she will go on.

It behoves us, at any rate, to be ready with a counter to her Partition. Supposing the Bill is passed and the necessary machinery for putting it into operation provided, what ought Sinn Fein to do? Ignore it? That it can hardly do. It can, of course, be argued that to make use of it is to make use of an English institution, and that argument had better be got out of the way first. If we are to prohibit ourselves from making use of English institutions we ought to go straight away and cut our throats, or else emigrate. For nobody can live in Ireland, while Ireland is in English hands, without making use of English institutions. Every time we use the post office we use an English institution, and every time we vote we use an English institution. We buy our coal through an English coal controller, and so on. The differentiating line between what we may do and what we may not do may roughly be put thus: that we can, and ought, make use of any English institution in Ireland which involves no breach of principle and is an institution which in a free Ireland would have to be maintained. That is why it is right to admit the jurisdiction of the English law in matters of ordinary legislation and wrong in political matters. And that is why it is right to use any votes we may possess for elections within Ireland.

What we have to do with any new powers "conferred" upon us is to use them, as we used the Parliamentary and municipal votes, for the furtherance of the cause, and to prevent the enemy using them against us. If we ignore a new Parliament we hand it over to that small minority which still turns its eyes to the East: if we capture it we make it a Republican Parliament.

That, in a nutshell, is what we ought, and can, do with a three-quarters Parliament—make it a Republican Parliament and an All-Ireland Parliament. If two Parliaments are created, there will clearly be a strong minority in Ulster of Republicans, and very probably a majority of Republicans, and Nationalists and Independents and Labour combined. All Republicans and Nationalists elected would of course attend the Irish Parliament, and all the Ulster members would be invited to attend. Any constituencies disfranchised by their elected members refusing to attend the Irish Parliament would be enfranchised by co-option, and the Irish Parliament would speak, act, and legislate for Ireland. At the same time, so long as there remained in Ulster a provincial Parliament, all the Ulster members would attend that also.

If Partition comes, ignore it. Capture all possible seats by all possible means and create a Republican Parliament for all Ireland with whatever framework is provided. And, above all, let there be no "dot sit" against the Ulster Unionists. They are Ireland's as much as we are, and they will remain Ireland's unless we steadily help England to give to "Ulster" reality. They are not our enemy, but England's dupes. England has been, and remains, the enemy. Delenda est Carthago! P. S. O'HEARNY.

New Coalitions for Old.

At the moment my one ambition is to be a Paisley elector. Had I a vote in that constituency I should, with great deliberation and pleasure, refrain from using it on the day on which Asquith, MacKean and Biggar go to the polls. For Asquith and MacKean and Biggar are but three facets of the one paste. The difference is solely one of crystallisation. Mr. Asquith outshines the other two in eloquent dishonesty. Mr. MacKean outshines the other two in his belief in Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Biggar outshines the other two in being on the winning side. But all three are of the same material mass. The integrated diction covers a multitude of sameness. What one calls a self-determination the other calls self-government, and the third firm rule.

Mr. Biggar—there being an Irish vote of 3,000 in the constituency—believes we should be free to declare for a Republic if we really want one; but his leaders believe no such lie if we really want one; and his own republican faith has the fragile freshness of too-early buds brought forth by the unseasonable temperature which three thousand hot-headed electors have assisted in producing. By the first chill wind of criticism Mr. Biggar's republicanism will be burned up—provided he is elected. Mr. MacKean, being a Conditionist, believes that what the Irish really want is law and order, and that he is undoubtedly willing to give them. What Mr. Asquith believes is too delicious to compress. Here it is in all its impressive inaccuracy. Speaking on February 3rd and in many respects a transient phenomenon, a phase, and so a phase, in the development of Irish history. . . . We know they have a flag and the rest of it—(laughter)—but what does an Irish Republic mean in fact? It would mean severance not only with the union with Great Britain, but voluntary self-secession from the whole British Empire, and voluntary self-coming a little isolated unit cut off, and deliberately cut off, by her own act from all those splendid associations and cumulative conditions of intercourse and transit to and fro as members and partners in one common Imperial adventure in which she is a partner. She would be belittling herself, going down the steps of the ladder, abdicating her place in the greatest partnership in the world and taking her place amongst the smallest and least considered of the political units to be found scattered about the face of the globe. . . . cutting herself adrift and abandoning her share in the greatest heritage to be found amongst the nations of the world.

In this sonorous misinterpretation of the entire Irish question Mr. Asquith speaks as well for English Labour as for English Liberalism. The personnel of both parties have been paid for by Imperialism. They believe in far-flung frontiers howsoever extended. That the immense civilisation of India had to be destroyed in the process is an incident unpleasant perhaps but necessary. That Ireland should not only have its culture stamped out but its very manhood also—that, too, it would be better if it had not to be. But what Mr. Asquith calls the British Empire and Mr. Biggar, more fantastically, the British Commonwealth, is the result, and it is glorious. The only shameful thing is to be a small nation. It is true that Mr. Asquith went to war to create small nations—but for heaven's sake let us forget the past, at least until Paisley has been lost and won! To be territorially circumvented is the indelible stain. How could any good come out of Nazareth?

These men, Labour as well as Liberal, have a standard of valuation which is chiefly concerned with chimney-pots. If the British Empire has a thousand chimney-pots to every one in Ireland how could Ireland dare even to ask to be independent? A national literature means nothing to such

men. An ideal is an error in tactics. An ancient culture is the sign of backwardness. A separate psychology which has expressed itself thunderously in every generation is a "transient phenomenon." Bloody up to the armpits with the slaughter of subject peoples, they cannot understand why Ireland does not desire her share in the spoils, spoils which Mr. Asquith, the sturdiest hypocrite in Europe, calls "the greatest heritage to be found amongst the nations of the world." Because we cannot produce our dripping slices of the earth's surface, Ireland must be hidden away like a deformed child. Mr. Biggar is no less a believer in this than Mr. Asquith, although he lacks the Asquithian lip-silver into which to change his thoughts. His ideal is a commonwealth into which the subject peoples must on no account be coerced—they must be cajoled. Britannia's trident is to be neatly draped in a red handkerchief—if cotton be not too dear, Mr. MacKean is Paisley's honest candidate. For which reason his defeat is certain. He cares nothing for Ireland. His knowledge of Irish geography is that of the *Morning Post*: "Ireland is a suitable ground for the training of English troops." He is quite ready to be the enemy of the Irish people on the receipt of an autograph letter from Mr. Lloyd George. And an enemy can afford to be honest. No sensitiveness as to the other fellow's feelings propels him into a polite distortion of his own views. On second consideration, I should like to have a vote in Paisley, so that I might give it to Mr. MacKean.

But Mr. MacKean and his party of enemies are being pushed towards the wings. Their turn is over. Cleverer conjurers have come to town, and the second house is about to begin with an altered programme. A coalition worse than the present coalition will dominate the second house. A union of Labour and Liberalism—a combination of the party which is wondering what its principles exactly are with the party, whose only principle it is to have none—an unnatural comradeship of the jelly-fish and the jackal. It is this political pennyworth of hoicre-ill-sorts whose government we shall soon have to endure. Its proximity is evident from the breathless haste with which Lords Haldane and Fisher have taken up the trowel in the hope that they may speedily be asked to take up office. It will be a government far more dangerous to us than the present coalition, which at the whim of every strippling from Sandhurst departs and shoots those who are handiest. Asquith and Henderson will come with plaster-cast smiles and plaster-cast souls, breathing a friendship almost alcoholic. At least we know where we are when the discussion is in terms of armoured cars. But Labour will come riding in the flowered face of a French fete. Let us pray that we have in fact gone up since the boyhood days of "Trust Asquith", for now it has resolved itself into an exercise in proportion. If Mr. Asquith, when the English need for Irish passivity was but a hundredth part of what it now is, produced such convincing arguments, why the question should not be settled at all, how much more convincing will not the arguments be which are produced by Messrs. Asquith and Henderson in partnership when the passivity of Ireland means the preservation of the entire empire to Mr. Asquith and of the whole commonwealth to Mr. Henderson? But happily Mr. Henderson has with extraordinary political unvision, visited Ireland and has been "winded", and the most favourable report is that "sometimes he has a cultivated manner." Happily also, Irish motor-drivers and mechanics, without the help of English Labour, have forced the English Government into surrender. The moral for the rest of us is obvious. There is not and never can be anything for Ireland in the carefully prepared banalities of Mr. Asquith or the nicely cultivated manners of Mr. Henderson.

PHOENIXIAS Ó GALLCHOBHÁIN

The Breaking of the Road.

It has begun, and Labour is the workman. I do not need to say "it is finished," or to imply that we can now fold our arms and watch the road develop of itself. It has begun.

Someone has said, "Without labour there can be no great thing." Let us use a capital L, and say, "Without Labour there can be no great Ireland." Ireland, as distinct from her people, is nothing to me," said James Connolly, and so say those of us who think of Ireland as but the greasy hope of her people. It is evident to anyone who knows the various shades of national opinion that the soundest Nationalist is the man who cannot and does not "pass unmoved" through our streets, and witness all the wrong and the suffering, the shame and the degradation wrought upon the people of Ireland." Such a man hesitates to take the hand of Imperialism, or of its slum building mason, commercialism, and such an Irishman learns when he comes to inquire that his natural repugnance is based on the history of his race, and is burning in every present fact. Tradition, race, memory, intuition, if you will, teaches him subconsciously. He acts oftentimes without reason, but always with a precision that has made his eight odd centuries of strife an epic story. The Gael, stripped of his Gaelicisms, fought for his religious faith. Say if you will that Sarstedd and the Catholics behind King James created an erroneous precedent for which the last twelve years have had on our terrible punishment. But despite the loyal position to the King of England in '68; despite the O'Connells, the Keoghs and the Redmonds; despite the abortion which goes by the name of Nationalism to-day in Belfast, the Gael is definitely endorsing the social faith of James Connolly and Padraic Pearse.

"That loving Hand of His which leads you,
Yet locks you safe from end to end unless he needs you
Just saves your light to spend."

And the poet adds later, "His clenched Hand shall unclose at last and let out all the beauty."

It is interesting to trace the struggle of the Gael for expression through Tone, who rose for "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and McCracken, who knew "The Rich always betray the Poor," through Davis and Mitchell, never doctrinaire, and all the better for that, but always hacking at the roots of the feudal system, which was best expressed by Fintan Lalor, a contemporary of theirs, when he said, "You must link a revolutionary with a socialistic movement." And so through Davitt and his "Land for the People" to Easter week. No one would suggest that any of these men stated final truth or spoke the last word, for that can never be spoken in the flesh of that Pearse, who was the Gael of them all, was intrinsically a better man than Tone. No, it is simply as I believe.

"His clenched Hand has unclosed at last."
Now if the native Irish began to go wrong after Kinalea and Cromwell when their social structure had been finally disrupted, who can wonder that the planters of Ulster never went right? When the Catholics followed Dan O'Connell and became Imperialists, who can blame the Presbyterians for listening to Dr. Cooke and deserting their Republicanism for royalism?

Pharisaism has been the curse of Ireland. "Oh, what a good boy am I!" is always understood when the blackthorn pauses for breath during his blasts of vituperation upon the other fellow. It would have been more to the point and infinitely more intelligent had the Devilite pulled the beam out of his own eye when he was railing against the blindness of the Orangemen.

An Khyber Pass.

We are all the victims of the system, but the Nationalist cannot or will not see the mental chains upon the Unionist any more than the Socialist can condone the pitiful selfishness of the Irish farmer, or see the merchant brutalised by a common juggernaut civilisation.

It is English civilisation which we must break, and surely if of us can find a common base upon which to co-ordinate our Christian work of destruction. I can almost see the large scorn on the faces of some of our people when they read that Greenspan, the Belfast politician, gave bail where he had refused before. They say that here is a movement in Belfast which is only beginning its feet since '98, after a century of the most thoroughly organised mental terrorism the world has ever known.

If these Jack Horners were not so busy picking their noses out of their own armpig they would see that this movement, child though it may be, is strong, limited and fully fledged. One at least of the Belfast Labour Party has long out of the Unionist and Company point blank that the old Arthur Henderson and Company would see that his only solution was the law, and all he could advise them do was to clear out of Ireland bag and baggage. Another was Mick Carolin, recently arrested (the Sinn Féin Council for Shankill is an awkward mouthful for the Belfast City Hall), in singing the "Soldier's Song."

The famous Sandy Row returned Labour as its two Aldermen and sacked its aforesaid Unionist masters. Belfast is still chortling over the fact that Sir James Johnston, the Lord Mayor of Belfast, struggled for last place with Paddy Barnes, the Sinn Féin candidate. So deep and wide was the rift in the Orange Lodges that the Unionist leaders were not bring out the Orange drums. Shankill, another Orange district, put Sam Kyle at the very top as senior Alderman, and, just to show there was no mistake about it, placed two more Labour men and a Sinn Féin man should.

Now to those who demand that these Labour men should open the proceedings of the Belfast Corporation with the "Soldier's Song," I would suggest they should read again their history, and see Protestant Ulster left since '98 heretofore to clear out of its English environment. Commenting on the amendment moved spontaneously by the Labour Party delating the resolution of "detestation and horror" after the shooting of Redmond, one who ought to have known better said to me, "Oh, yes, but they ran away and refused to vote." I made the significant discovery that the same man was ignorant of the existence of such a thing as the "Dail Eireann Democratic Programme."

That sort of thing is the domestic question in Belfast to-day. One reads Frank Gallagher in last week's *Old Ireland*—

"Particularly it is well that Sinn Féin and Labour have thus definitely been brought together, and one remembers that the writer is also an uncompromising Nationalist. Gallagher is an extreme man, and extremely right. He lives in Dublin. James Connolly blazed the trail in Belfast, and left the world "a little better than he found it" when he fought beside Padraic Pearse. Conversely, the latter said who shall question his nationalism?—opened the door of Irish freedom when he shook hands with Connolly. We must emulate the punch which these two effected. We must sweep away this brute who is straddling the road between North-east Ulster and Ireland. It is that road which was bravely laid by the united men, and we must rebuild it.

The work has begun, and Labour is the workman. Take off your coat, oh, Gael of Ulster!

W. FORBES PATTERSON

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go gurfeadh sé umhain ar dtuinn féachaint suas orra, an chontabhairt ó ainmhidh agus ó fhearacháil aille, an bás ar chúl gach carraig...

Bhí síbh na h-ádhach mór ó dheas, uaidh agubhann maith an mhóthair agus anois agus arís do sheandán an Gaidiúche fada, ar féachaint orra agus thughadh sé ag cur síos ó árd ar an sléibhte mílteacha chomais sé féin léath, sa Khyber Pass...

Chroadaid sé leis annsin go tobann mar bhéadh naimhíd n-a dhéanadh ach ní dhéanadh an rathair sin ach an Khyber Pass mallaigh-chúir i gcuimhne dhá arís. Seadh is ar éitheoic ón námhaid bhí sé, ón námhaid nímheach fíochbhar bhí gan truaigín gan taine...

Céipá uair bhuaid sé faoi ar chloich le tuobh an bhóthair leis na hainiúg agus na seanchumhainn agolladh thair, agus anis n-a phléasgadh sé ag gol go fuadaich ar nós páisde...

Sheas an Gaidiúche Fada go tobann i lár an bhóthair. Bhí sé i dtosach go mb' é an chaoi gur thuit é chodhla air agus go raibh sé n-a líe, ach ní amháid bhí ach go raibh solus ag golladh amach air ó bhunneóg tighé...

Bhí luas ag an nGaidiúche Fada go mbéadh sé síleach deoarí agis eon rud a mhealladh ó n-a léithéid sin de chruasachán ach níor leig an t-ocras agus an tar dé an míneach a chailleadh Caitheadh sé biadh agus deoch...

Bhí luas ag an nGaidiúche Fada go mbéadh sé síleach deoarí agis eon rud a mhealladh ó n-a léithéid sin de chruasachán ach níor leig an t-ocras agus an tar dé an míneach a chailleadh Caitheadh sé biadh agus deoch...

An Khyber Pass, ar seisean, ní raibh m'ach m'ádhach bog ó nuair chomais sé an Khyber Pass go n-a sléibhte mílteacha fada fíochbhar agus meachta i dtosach. Bhí an Khyber Pass...

Bhí an Khyber Pass an-chosamhail le béal Irlann lá céine; an té ghabhadh isteach ann, ní raibh ádhach náid dó; bhí an Khyber Pass...

Bhí an t-óstóir mór ag síneadh níon corrúighle níon corrúighle...

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Bhí an t-óstóir mór ag síneadh níon corrúighle níon corrúighle...

Russia Triumphant.

The Russian situation is proceeding "frankly within the public view," and the attempt to break the Soviets is conclusively defeated. Amid the agony of trying to get a livelihood out of the salvage of the Wilson peace there can hardly be an honest man or woman in Christendom who does not feel glad...

The truth is that the Federal Soviet Republic endures as the most stable government Russia has ever had, and the most stable government in Europe to-day, through the superb courage and efficient leadership of Lenin and his associates, loyally supported by the faith of the plain people. For twenty-seven months, with a wasted country and terribly depleted resources, Lenin fought that powerful international masonry of financiers which knows no control of parliaments or peoples—and he won out...

We have come to see in Russia what Tolstoy and Turgeneff longed for and what Dostoevsky prophesied as "the kingdom of thoughts and light." Ireland at least should watch with sympathetic appreciation the progress of a people who did important propaganda work during the war has...

reminiscence in the "Cornhill Magazine" which illustrates both the astonishing British capacity for massed hypocrisy having studied the efforts of his German rivals in the same noble field he felt a strong desire to cleanse himself in an adjacent bathroom. One by one these clumsy falsehoods were disproved, and Russia to-day is an open book. Even British officers, back from helping Denikin and Koltchak have had to admit the contrast between the drunken, lecherous to be present when there was a loof and absent when there was a battle, and the orderly, reliable and disciplined Soviet troops. A discipline based, not on fear and subterfuge, as formerly among the Prussians and now among the British, but on comradeship and defence of the revolution. It cannot be disputed that, with the war material captured from "our friends," the Soviet forces constitute the most numerous, best trained and most formidable army now in Europe. Not only that, but they possess a weapon which no army sent against them can withstand, enemies melt away and they win battles without a blow; positions they attack mysteriously fall; assistance sent to their enemies fails to arrive—because they alone of armies are quite literate of the people and of Allied politicians is that, having built up that wonderful military force, his chief wish is to destroy it and send the men back to industry and agriculture, when of course he has satisfactory guarantees that the revolution is not going to be attacked again. A secondary difference is he has no intention of mounting on a pedestal to howl and flap his hands.

The measure of his success can be guessed from the co-operative trading proposal. The Paris criminals had two objects in making this offer, (1) they wanted Russia's surplus food and raw materials; (2) they wanted to subvert the Soviet Government if possible, but if not, to get into some kind of slinking and back-stairs relations with it. They kind of slinking and back-stairs relations with it. They resemble the political relations between Sinn Féin Republicans and Labour Republicans in our municipalities. Lenin can and Labour Republicans in our municipalities. Lenin is ready to start trade to-morrow with any nation in the world—on his own terms and under his own supervision; he has all the food he wants. What he chiefly needs is machinery and locomotive parts; it is for want of these that Russian townpeople starved to death whilst huge stocks of food were rotting at a distance 100 far for their crippled transport to cope with. The second aspiration is based on the amazing assumption that Lenin is almost as great a fool as Lloyd George or Millerand. The Supreme Council dreams that a conference of Soviet Commissioners is like a Paris "peace" conference—emotional, frenetic, piecemeal, and not knowing where to look for important places on the map.

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WHERE GREAT MINDS MEET. A correspondent criticises Robert Smillie's remark that no god could approve of the present capitalist system as an atheistic statement. We understand it as a deadly attack on capitalism by a real believer in God.

which assimilates the best of modern culture and at the same time retains its intense simplicity and deep spiritual vision. It was the belief of the learned in ancient Ireland that the Gaels had a Scythian ancestry, and there certainly is a temperamental likeness between ourselves and the Russians. The same wind of freedom which made Russia a Federal Soviet Republic may make Ireland a Co-operative Republic of farm workers and industrial producers. All independent thinkers dislike "labels," but because of the distinguished associations it provokes, and for its connection with the noblest and most advanced conception of democracy that has yet been put into practical operation, many will accept the word "Bolshevism" as a title of honour. What is relevant to remember is that the crushing of the Russian people's state might have spelt ruin and collapse for a generation, not only to Socialism but to every democratic and self-determinist movement in the world, and that the triumph of the Soviets to those who love liberty is a new inspiration and a new life.

JAMES CARRY.

Wisdom.

Oh who will say he is wise
When he hears a bird sing,
When he looks with seeing eyes
On a butterfly's wing;
Or play to the world's pride
Who looks on the wetters where
An old pike rubs his side
In the rocks near Dromahaire.

Come away to this holy air,
Where birds cheer every tree
On the roads round Dromahaire
Hooded with greenery;
Come away on the shiny grass
To a dew-droplet clime
And leave the hermit's hour glass
To count the grains of Time.

F. R. HIGGINS.

"America Sees the Net."

The following is quoted from the New York "American": "It is entitled, 'In Vain the Net is Spread in the Sight of Any Bird.'"

"IN VAIN THE NET IS SPREAD IN THE SIGHT OF ANY BIRD."

On Wednesday last the New York "American" received information from the highest authoritative sources that Viscount Grey had visited this country in order to complete arrangements for a loan of 18,000,000,000 dollars to the United States, and that, although Viscount Grey was keeping the matter secret his mission had met with the approval of the Administration; and that the heads of the Federal Reserve banking system had been informed of this fact with the purpose of preparing them for the employment of this system in the securing of this astounding loan.

The New York "American" could have no doubt of the absolute accuracy of this story, considering the source, and the paper had prepared an article to be published Thursday morning, setting the loan at the smaller figure of the two, 13,000,000,000 dollars instead of 15,000,000,000 dollars, in order to avoid all possibility of exaggerated statements so important a story.

When this story was practically ready for the press there came into the office the statement of Sir George Paish, who had just arrived from England, in which he said that he was in this country to conclude negotiations for a loan "which would stagger the world."

This statement of Sir George Paish's tended merely to confirm a story which was so authoritative as really to need no confirmation.

But Sir George Paish's statement was added as an English sidelight upon the facts which "The American" was printing.

Inasmuch as the effort had been earnestly made to keep all these negotiations secret, it was but natural that these revelations should have been at first denied by newspapers which were not in the same position to know as "The American," and by certain individuals who were interested in not having the facts brought to light until all arrangements for the plan had been consummated.

But after the uninformed newspapers had denied the story, Sir George Paish gave out to all the papers a long and detailed interview in which he declared that the loan

required by the League of Nations as a whole was \$15,000,000,000 dollars of which 15,000,000,000 dollars was demanded from the United States in addition to certain generous and objectionable provisions which would have added still further to the burden of the United States. Sir George Paish, not being anybody's pet private preparator, told the plain truth, much to the consternation of those of Mr. Wilson's pet private preparators, who had sought to falsify the facts.

This is the truth, all the truth and nothing but the truth, and "The American" wishes to congratulate the people of the United States, first, that this outrageous plan, which we might almost call a plot, has been exposed.

Second, that there were people of high importance in our Government who were not so subservient to the Administration and its British propensities as to desire to see a proposition so injurious to the United States consummated, and who patriotically proceeded to make the facts known to the public.

Finally, and above all, we congratulate the American people that the League of Nations, with its outrageous and American covenants, was not accepted by the Senate, and that the United States was not, therefore, put in a position where it would, more or less, have to submit to robbery of this kind, no matter how damaging it would be to our nation.

We can never sufficiently thank the brave and patriotic Senators who stood out against this British League of Nations' scheme and kept the United States free to go its own course, develop its own policies and resources, unhampered by European complications and burdens, which per se by European loan would have been only the beginning.

Of course since the exposure of the plan to make the League of Nations responsible for the war debts of the Allies and to put the main weight of this formidable loan on the United States, the British Government has made haste to deny that Sir George Paish has any OFFICIAL connection with it.

True enough, he hasn't. But everybody in the know does know that the British Government has REPEATEDLY employed the talents of Sir George Paish in "unofficially" doing official work, both before and since the war, and both in England and abroad, including an important financial mission to the former German Empire.

Sir George Paish came here with the full knowledge of the British Government, and with the British Government's full knowledge and approval and secret indorsement of his mission and his purpose to get—not thirteen, but FIFTEEN THOUSAND MILLION DOLLARS of our money.

The whole thing was to be done with as little noise as possible.

The ORIGINAL plan was to put this sinister scheme through in the Council of the League of Nations AFTER the United States had joined that Pious Plunderbund.

Mr. Wilson had assured the British and French Governments that he could make the Senate ratify the treaty and league covenants just as he handed them to it, with no "I" crossed and no "i" dotted in opposition to his imperial desires.

They fully believed Mr. Wilson in London and Paris governmental and financial circles.

So they were to have waited till the United States was safely in the trap before beginning the plucking and skinning operation.

But Mr. Wilson had bragged too much of his power. He couldn't deliver the United States to the League.

And when this fact was at last realized by the expectant Plunderbund, they realized also that they must adopt some other means to get American money by the shipload.

Exit, then, the League of Nations' scheme and enter Viscount Grey, Sir William Tyrrell and Sir George Paish, with a brand-new plan to get our dollars.

Grey and Tyrrell went to work at Washington like moles—underground. Their business was to secure secret official co-operation. They got it, too—no matter what Mr. Wilson's preparators may say.

Sir George Paish was naturally rather hesitant about mentioning the amount of money he wanted. Americans to pay. At first he would only say that the sum would be "staggering." But as to actual figures he was secretive. But at last he took a long breath and proceeded to "spill the beans!"

What England really wants, he explained, is merely an issue of League of Nations bonds to the amount of thirty-five thousand million dollars, twenty billions to be subscribed for by the United States and England—the United States to pay for FIFTEEN BILLIONS of these bonds and England to pay for FIVE BILLIONS of these bonds. WITH THE OBLIGATIONS SHE ALREADY OWES THE UNITED STATES.

That is to say, the United States is to put fifteen billion real dollars into the pool, which a foreign country—in which the United States has ONLY ONE VOTE—can distribute as it pleases, and England is to put its FIVE BILLION DOLLAR DEBT TO THE UNITED STATES into the same pool, to be distributed the same way.

Now, what do you folks think of THAT for a charming exhibition of highway robbery without violence?

Then, when we have been put in the hole for TWENTY billions in that way, we are to indorse and GUARANTEE fifteen billions more of League of Nations' bonds, which are to be allotted to other nations, and the buyers of which will have a second mortgage claim for principal and interest upon the United States Treasury, in case the other guarantors flunk or go bankrupt.

In other words, Grey and Paish and the American allies of the International Plunderbund were not only after thirteen billions of our money, as "The American" very modestly declared, but they were—and are still—directly and indirectly after twenty-two billions more—a total of thirty-five thousand million dollars.

No wonder Sir George Paish confessed that the sum he was after was "staggering."

IT IS.

It is SO staggering that we feel quite certain he will stagger home without it.

The International Plunderbund will not get thirty-five billions or thirteen billions, or any billions of our public money.

The country is thoroughly aroused, and God help the Senator or Representative or Cabinet Minister or President who tries to put over such a gigantic robbery of the American people. It would be better for him if he had never been born.

In the meantime "The American" REPEATS:—Let us never forget the gratitude we owe to the brave and splendid Americans in the Senate who have thus far prevented the ratification of the League covenants.

Because anyone who has sense enough to put two and two together and find the right answer can now see that the League of Nations was the sentimental ambush behind which lurked the International Plunderbund, with their villainous scheme to make us Americans pay the cost of their criminal, brutal, bloody and devastating war.

Our escape from capture in that cunningly-devised trap we owe, under Providence, solely to the cunning and ununiformed men and women, duped by the cunning and deceptive propaganda spread all over the country by foreign agencies and by some ignorant or corrupted American

senators. Thank God for the sense and courage and patriotism of those Senators who stood fast in defence of our America!

This Page is Reserved for the Editor of "The Irishman."

The Suppression.

On August 21st, 1919, *The Irishman* was suppressed by the British Government just as it was being got ready for press. All the forms, type, and proofs for the unpublished issue—every one of which was passed by the British Government's own Military Censor—were seized and carried off in a military motor wagon to Dublin Castle, where they are still retained. Since that day, now nearly six months gone, no reason has been vouchsafed for the suppression, or for the confiscation of matter which had not even been printed and the nature of which was known only to the editor, the printers and the British Military Censor who passed it for publication. The only light ever thrown on the business was an intimation from the British Military Censor that his was not the department responsible for the suppression, and, two days later, the announcement that the British Government had abolished the Censorship altogether.

"Playing England's Game."

Had the British Government permitted that suppressed issue of *The Irishman* to appear it would have contained an article (passed by the British Military Censor) under the caption "Playing England's Game." In the course of that article I wrote:—

"During the latter days of last week the British Government was particularly active in all parts of Ireland. Meetings and sermons were proclaimed and suppressed by British police, banns and British military bayonets. Yet not one word of these happenings appeared in the English Press.

"In striking contrast was the wide and exaggerated publicity given to a two-hour sectarian riot in Derry. 'Troops Hold Derry Walls'—'Wild Scenes: Street Fighting in Derry'—were amongst the red-and-white posters scattered broadcast by the English papers. Why this differentiation? Because the unfortunate and misguided people who pelted each other with stones in Derry were playing England's game more effectively far than the whole British Army of Occupation has been able to play it during the last three years. What French, and Duke, and Shortt, and Macpherson, and the whole British Ministry have been unable to achieve in the rest of the country, a handful of sectarian-mad irresponsibles have accomplished in Derry. England's case for holding on to Ireland in contravention of the expressed will of seventy-five per cent. of the Irish people is the interminable hostility of the Irish people themselves. That interminable hostility she has carefully fostered since the days of the Battle of the Diamond in Armagh, because without that interminable hostility she would have no option but to clear out of the country. To lead these British-made differences Wolfe Tones gave the greater part of his life, Mitchell the most powerful of his writings, and the Language and Republican movements the best of their endeavours. At the moment that sectarian rancour seemed to be dying down, Nelson one and undivided, and the Irish Nation came out with credit and with glory. It was the 15th of August 'Demonstration' that was responsible for this shameful revival of sectarian strife. Is Derry going to allow a repetition on St. Patrick's Day to perpetuate it?"

A. S. CLARKIN, THE IRISH FIRM FOR COALS, 208 ST. BRUNSWICK ST., PHONE 6927

"The men who were responsible for the sensational sectarian parade in Derry City struck a blow at the Irish Nation deadlier than French with all his army and sanguinary, or Macpherson with all his 'pious' and 'merciful' hands," could conjointly strike."

There the rough notes of the article—because all the MS. was carried off by the British raiders—are broken by the loss of some pages.

A Disgrace to Republicanism.

Some further pages told the disgraceful part that all the Republicans played in the performance. It was written:— "Had the demonstration been Provincialist or Englishman alone it would have been regrettable enough in truth. But it becomes a thousand times worse when the newspaper reports state—and they have not so far been contradicted—that Republicans as Republicans took part. . . . The fact that Republicans were there at all is an evidence that these Republicans do not know the meaning or purpose of the movement of which they are supposed to be members. This last nationally disgraceful happening, taken in conjunction with other recent offences, shows how much an education campaign is wanted in Derry."

The rest of the article is in Dublin Castle.

A Coming Danger.

I have quoted these extracts from my article of August last because on the very day on which the editor of *OLD IRELAND* very kindly placed a page of his paper at my disposal I saw a preliminary advertisement from the same people who organised the last "Demonstration" announcing a repetition of the anti-national performance for next St. Patrick's Day. Quite evidently the propaganda that the British Government made out of the 15th of August display, to say nothing of the evils it brought in its train, has not yet been realised by the well-meaning but misguided persons at the bottom of this. The August revival of sectarianism in Derry deprived Republicanism of the victory it would otherwise have scored in the municipal elections in the city of Colm Cille. Encouraged by the re-created anti-Protestant feeling, a Catholic party, led by a Deputy Lieutenant of his Britannic Majesty, came into being, robbed Republicanism of its twelve months' registration work, and used the votes that Republicanism won to snatch at the polls last month's triumph for British-fostered sectarianism. In the midst of all the Press slobber about the Derry elections I was gratified to find *OLD IRELAND* alone amongst the Irish papers grasping the true significance, and pointing (in the real moral, of the "victory," Derry in the January elections did not declare for Ireland." It declared for the British Government's policy of conquest by declaring for the anti-Irish sectarianism which is the last argument of the British Government against our independence and the only argument that its propagandists have against De Valera and his competitors in the United States. Derry is the last stronghold of this pernicious sectarianism in Ulster. In every other civic and urban area the Irish Nation went to the hustings as the Irish Nation one and undivided, and the Irish Nation came out with credit and with glory. It was the 15th of August "Demonstration" that was responsible for this shameful revival of sectarian strife. Is Derry going to allow a repetition on St. Patrick's Day to perpetuate it?"

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How shall I sing for you?
Being so very far
And yet so near this heart,
I am here because of you,
As once pale princes were
Led to a place apart
By the shining of a star.
You knew me as a child,
More than others knew,
A lonely heart and wild,
And a mind, lonely too.
How shall I sing for you?
Being so very far
And yet so near this heart,
For memories pourer for
Of a poet and a child
Here in a place apart.

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EDITED BY P. J. LITTLE
(NEW SERIES)



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¶ They will be obliged immediately to procure houses for themselves, for their catechists, and assistants. They will have to build schools and chapels: they will have to support their catechists and teachers. Immense sums of money will be required immediately to make the work of our priests a success. The Catholic people of Ireland are appealed to, to come to the assistance of their priests in China.

¶ It will require £200 to send each priest to China.

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OLD IRELAND

(NEW SERIES)

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The "Irish Times" Says "War."

That there is war—not entirely open warfare—but none the less warfare of a general type, with many skirmishes and adventures in the present contention of the "Irish Times," which scoffed at the report of the American Commissioners, Messrs. Walsh, Dunne and Ryan, when they described the kind of warfare existent in Ireland to-day. Yet the "Irish Times" is forced to admit the state of semi-warfare which is obvious to all to-day. Here is the evidence of the "Irish Times" from a recent leading article: "The law-abiding citizens of Dublin, Cork and Limerick . . . are becoming familiar with scenes of violence and outrage, and the noise of a pistol-shot is nearly as frequent in their streets as the noise of a bursting tyre. They, too, are spectators of a drama—but alas! of a drama that is neither unreal nor bloodless. They are daily witnesses of the conflict between the forces of order and the forces of Revolution. How will it end, and of what further woes is Ireland doomed to be the victim before . . . Ireland becomes an independent Republic. We

could not resist the luxury of finishing that ponderous sentence. The evidence that there is warfare between the Irish people and the English Government comes from a hostile source. It is a valuable admission. Indeed certain recent acts of the British soldiery in Ireland are being excused by the friends of England on the very grounds that there is war. When some highwaymen in England shoot, soldiers and police do not turn out to shoot on the crowd. Even after many outrages in big English towns, people in a train do not shoot at a signalman waving a flag. The friends of England give as a reason for these actions the state of conflict with the "natives" which to-day reigns throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. Indeed we might add, throughout the British Empire, from India to Egypt, the sun does not set upon that range of nations where seething unrest and conflict exists in place of self-determination among the races of small people: it is the Pax Britannica.

Affair at Rathdrum.

On the 12th February a few police making for their barracks in Rathdrum are alarmed. Constable Mulligan is struck by something on the shoulder which, on examination, the doctor said might have been a stick. Both policemen immediately drew their automatic pistols and fired on the retreating figures until their ammunition was exhausted. James O'Brien, a young man, married just one year, was killed. Dr. McDermot said he was shot in the back. No arms were found on him, or near him. Prosecutor Wylie attempted to prove something about arms found afterwards in his house. One would imagine that the fact that the arms were found in his house would show that the arms were not in his pocket. We repeat these facts which all have read in the Press to corroborate the evidence of the "Irish Times."

Continuous Conflict.

Instances of this kind are occurring every other day now: a signalman is shot mysteriously as a train passes with munitions. That was on Friday last. In Limerick a man and woman are shot by soldiers parading the streets, and a verdict of murder is brought in by the jury. These are not isolated incidents, but are links in a continuous chain of the inward and moral struggle between a people and a military occupation. Take the figures of acts of militarism published in the daily press. During the month of January, according to the reports in the daily press, the English armed forces in Ireland forcibly entered and raided 1,250 peaceable Irish homes and arrested 220 Irishmen and women for political activities. During the same month there was one man killed by the same forces, there were twelve armed assaults, twelve suppressions, five

men deported without charge, 39 persons sentenced on political charges, and three people court-martialled. Again, for the first week in February, the total number of such acts is 612. Raids, 409; arrests, 122; sentences, including court-martials, suppressions, proclamations and armed assaults, 19; murders, 2. These are quoted from the daily press. The term "murder" is quoted from the published findings of the jury.

Answer to English Labour—from Albert Hall.

The visit of the Labour members to Ireland is almost forgotten, but no lesson we must learn from that episode, and that is the absolute necessity of applying the French proverb to all English politicians: "Have a long spoon to sup with the devil"—which might be translated into modern politics as: "Have a stenographer at tea with Henderson. Of course, at the interview between Mr. Arthur Griffith, Eoin MacNeill and these Englishmen, one of whom, by the way, was in the English Cabinet at Easter, 1916, the latter got their answer, and by way of clinching the matter Arthur Griffith at the monster meeting last week in London said:—

"A year and a half ago or less Ireland, acting on the principle of self-determination, declared by a vote of three to one for an independent Irish Republic. This Republic existed *de jure* and *de facto*, sanctioned and sustained by the adhesion of 80 per cent. of the Irish people."

Cathal O'Shannon—who, by the bye, is "wanted" by the police—at that same meeting put the matter in terms of English Labour. He said:—

"Let the workers of England understand, once and for all, that the Labour Party came into power in England, with a subject Ireland at their doosteps, they would have the same hostility as the Coalition Government had!"

This meeting in the Albert Hall is an adequate answer to English Labour; it also answers those who desired to draw Sinn Fein into secret negotiations with any English party, Henderson when he went back to England made capital out of his interview with certain Irishmen and talked of Ireland being less hostile to the Labour Party than to any other party. The effect of this statement upon the Irish votes in Paisley would be naturally to induce Irishmen to vote for the Labour man there. Now in Paisley at the last election the voting for the three parties was very even, and the Liberal got in by 100 votes on a total poll of something like 22,000. The Irish vote in the district is said to be 8,000. If these figures, drawn from various press reports, are accurate, it means that Paisley was in the hands of the Irish vote. We frankly wish that the Irish element there had been organised and that something of the spirit which was put into the great meeting in London had been instilled into the Irish of Paisley. It was a golden opportunity for propaganda; as it is, so far as one can judge, the Irish have been left to drift into any course of action without having the Irish attitude put to them and without a well-organised attempt to fill them with the inspiration of uncompromising Irish Republicanism, which, by the way, is in harmony with the spirit of real democracy, and would have helped to prevent these Irish workers from being fooled by the Hendersons and O'Grady of the British Empire.

Nationalists—Derry—Mrs. Kettle.

Exception has been taken in unexpected quarters to our recent remarks on the action of the "Constitutional Nationalists." We took the instance of Mrs. Kettle and pointed out that many voted for Unionists after they voted for her.

These pseudo-Nationalists showed that rather than vote with Sinn Fein they would vote with the enemies of Ireland. During the election in Rathmines it was thought likely that some Sinn Feiners would vote for Mrs. Kettle, and that some Nationalists would give votes to the Sinn Fein candidates. The analysis of Mrs. Kettle's later preferences showed that very great many preferred to vote against Sinn Fein. This is not an isolated instance of the unreliability of Nationalists; indeed recent experience shows that no compromise can be entered on with Nationalists without compromising the principles of Irish Republicanism. In any alliance the chief danger is at the weakest link, and from the point of view of Irish Nationalism, the old Irish party, the Irishmen remain the mightiest weak link. In a recent issue we discussed the Derry election, and our comments were cast in the form of a query: "Is it victory?"—and we emphasised the importance of the propaganda. Then Mr. O'Flanagan, recent editor of *The Irishman*, in the next issue of this journal, confirmed our doubts. He pointed out what a bad spirit has got into Derry. He knows; he is in close touch with that part of the world. It seems, real Irish nationalism has been permeated with ignorant bigotry and Ireland is forgotten. Such is the fact of compromise. In commenting on Mrs. Kettle's supporters we refrained from commenting on her action while candidates were proposed for the Library Committee. A some misapprehension has arisen over the matter we were obliged to state the facts. The Unionists proposed a long list of names for this committee—the Irish Republicans proposed two names only, i.e. Miss Susan Mitchell and Mr. Curran. After some discussion, during which the Unionists showed they never heard of Miss Mitchell, the Unionists refused to agree to alter their very long list to incorporate these two names. Such was their intolerance. Then Mrs. Kettle proposed Miss Mitchell alone. There was absolutely no reason for this compromise, and very naturally it was refused. Republicans were not going to cave in to the intolerance of the Unionists, who would not even accept the names for this very large committee. Mrs. Kettle's compromise merely confused the issue. The unpleasant part of the matter is that certain persons are actually saying that the Sinn Feiners were against Miss Mitchell. The episode savours of unpleasant intrigue and reminds us of the kind of controversy indulged in by Moonan & Co. in the general election. Another instance of the kind of intrigue resorted to by these so-called Nationalists in Rathmines may as well be recorded here. One district of workers, many of whom were illiterate, was canvassed by the Cuala (Sinn Fein) group then an ingenious anti-Sinn Feiner came and persuaded the same Sinn Fein workers that the Cuala group were not Sinn Fein. There is something squally about these sort of methods, and whilst we believe in hitting out hard in elections, we frankly feel that sheer deception is not playing a game.

The Man in Westmoreland Street.
So long as we have public libraries, no Irishman with sense of humour should miss the notes of the Dublin correspondent of *The Times*. He never by any chance tells us truth about anything, and his pompous attempts to elevate the Kildare Street Club into the Irish Nation are richly humorous. Referring to the recent attempt at the rescue of a prisoner he says: "There is much criticism of the official arrangements which permitted such an outrage to be successful on a day when, as the man in the street holds, it ought to have been anticipated." Mr. Healy means, of course, the man in Westmoreland Street, not the man in the street who was with the rescuers. He went to say so. Some day the man in the street will get tired of being persistently misrepresented.

land.

The Poles have achieved their independence, thanks to Germany, and that independence has been tardily recognised by the Allies. In Europe Poland is going to count. And one of the first results of that is this, from *The Times*— "The Poles are classed in England as a romantic and unpractical people, who can never come to complete agreement amongst themselves about anything, who never were able to get themselves properly, and never will be. They are credited with having the artistic temperament developed to an unusual degree for a whole nation, with being good fighters, good patriots, and good conspirators, and these are about all the virtues they are admitted to possess."

And then *The Times* proceeds ponderously to demolish this view. So that, one day, we may expect to read a similar demolition of the corresponding view about Ireland.

Belfast and Economic Boycott.

The question of the economic boycott of Ulster is discussed by Mr. P. O'Hegarty in another column, and there is no Irish Republican who will not agree with him in principle. To exclude Belfast or any part of Ireland from the Irish Nation is anti-national. At the same time we are forced to admit that if Belfast forces the issue on Ireland, there may come a crisis where Ireland must enforce the principle of Irish unity. When that time comes, on the ground that war on a man's business and property is better than bloodshed, we would prefer to try the economic weapon. Besides it is the only weapon left us by England, who backs Belfast with her soldiers. At present Sinn Fein does not encourage the economic boycott, but if Sinn Fein were forced to use that weapon it could smash Belfast in a month. Belfast business men know that very well, and at present they are trading on the tenderness of Sinn Fein towards Belfast and Ulster. The bluff of Belfast will not provoke Republican Ireland into hasty anti-national action, but if the extreme measures of retaliation become absolutely necessary, Belfast business will be ruined. The fact is that Belfast business depends very largely on "the rest of Ireland" for its existence, and the very threat of a boycott should make Belfast men realise that Belfast is a part of Ireland. Ireland can live when Belfast is smashed, but Belfast cannot live when partition comes into force. Please God, Belfast will learn sense and loyalty to Ireland and render unnecessary the national tragedy of a conflict.

Up Waterford.

When discussing the recent elections, being primarily anxious about the weak spots, we omitted to comment on some of the most signal Republican victories. In Limerick and Cork the victories were foregone conclusions. In Waterford the victory was in some sort a reward for the two hard-fought elections, and as a crowning victory to the success at the polls came the election of Dr. Vincent White as Mayor of Waterford. Good old Waterford—the Urbs intada—shall we say, the virgin (koshish) of Ireland—has at last been won for Ireland. Here at least there was no compromise with any party standing for the British connection. It is something like a victory after the great work done by Dr. White and his fellow-fighters. The one regret is that that veteran Sinn Feiner Alderman Power, suffered defeat at the polls, but to be defeated by the enemies of Ireland is an honour in itself and a test of strength. Usually in places where the conflict is fiercest the spirit is strong, and in Waterford Ireland reaps the reward in spirit and in actual results of the setbacks suffered at the Parliamentary elections. The conflict here will remain historic—an outstanding episode in the struggle towards the Republic.

Alderman Tom.

In Dublin the election of Alderman Tom Kelly as Lord Mayor was a foregone conclusion. His position in Irish public life is unique. A man of peace, but of the sternest loyalty to Ireland, every section of the community respects him; in Dublin he is loved, and his humour raises a Dublin audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The gunmen and the most peacefully disposed all hold him in the same high regard; familiar, yet revered. To have impressed him was to raise him to higher place in the people's estimation. Now he holds a unique position in the world—the Lord Mayor of a nation's capital, deported and imprisoned on no charge, save the suspicion that he is an unrelenting Irish patriot. The folly of the present English Government may be measured by the length of the term of imprisonment meted out to Alderman Tom Kelly and his seventy or so colleagues in Wormwood Scrubbs. Alderman Tom is not a man of robust health, and if anything happens to him, the Government will have got itself into one of those awkward holes when even the most hardhearted economist will be made to feel the folly of the policy of imprisonment and deportation without trial. On this matter world opinion is most definitely ranged on Alderman Tom's side.

Current Calamities.

"The Jobs of the Week."—I have shown more devotion to the cause of Irish self-government than any other living statesman.—Aquisth.

"The prisoner said he did not recognise the court."—Daily paper. We suppose he did not frequent Orange meetings.

Some seventy Irishmen have been taken to the land of the Gall—and Wormwood.

The press tells us: "America refuses to give Britain credit." For what?

"The English Labour delegates quite fulfilled the high expectations we had formed of them." Quite.

"As the Lord liveth, we do not covet a single foot of territory."—Lloyd George. The italics are ours.

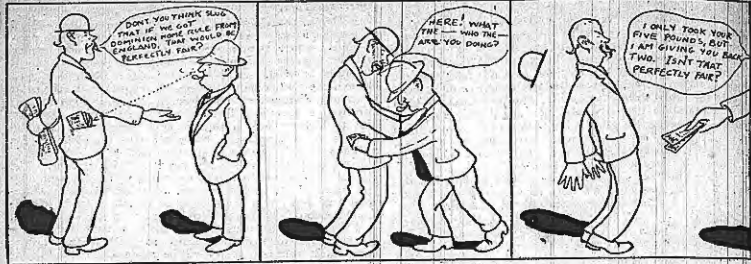
The Orange deputations to the U.S.A. is quite ornithological. Cooke leads it, it is imitating the carrion crow, and it is getting "the bird."

"War criminals to go free."—Daily paper. "The report of impending vacancies in the British Cabinet is discredited."—Ibid.

Judicial Humour—"What is an Dail?" (rhyming with jail)—Mr. Mark Cooper, Dublin Police Magistrate.

Text for the Week—Jameson's in all its glory was not a raid like one of these. E. W. P.

We regret that we have not been able to publish this week, owing to delay in transmission, the notes of Mr. O'Flanagan, the recent Editor of the "Irishman."



Distinction and Difference.

The British Prime Minister may think himself a very clever man. His friends may even continue to think him a very clever man. Indeed, so far as the word goes in European statecraft to-day, he is a very clever man. At Paris he won all along the line, and his country comes out of the war period with a greater accession of new territory than all the other belligerents combined. Still we must remember, and we must believe, because a vast army of British writers tells us, that Britain did not go into the war with any desire to increase her territory. Britain went into the war merely to increase her debt, the taxation of her subjects, and the cost of living. Nothing else would be increased, least of all "our far-flung battle line"; "the white man's burden" would not be added to by even an ounce of anybody else's soil. So far as pure-souled Britannia was concerned, this war was an adventure that would have done credit to Don Quixote so genuinely disinterested was it. Only for Christianity, Civilization and the Liberation of Small Nations did Britain fight. Five years ago, were one very credulous, one would have thought oneself back to the time of the Crusades so noble did her newspapers and her then Prime Minister, Asquith, make Britain appear. We may give the youth that is dead credit for good intentions, but very few there were then, and none there are now, who would give the statesmen the same credit. It is indeed very doubtful if such a disgraceful exhibition of hypocrisy has ever been made to a very credulous and a very foolish world. Some of the subject nations have been liberated, it is true, and some have been made subject, it is also true. To Russia, rather than to the Allies, must the credit for the greater power for liberation go. To Lenin and Trotsky, rather than to Clemenceau, Wilson and Lloyd George, must the credit for liberating the greater number of the new nation states be given. Lenin and Trotsky meant what they said; the others, if they said what they meant, would have caused a world revolution. "Open covenants openly arrived at." We seem to remember that he who was supposed to be the Hope of the World once said that. How quickly he forgot his own words, and how differently he acted. Wilson is either a great knave or a great fool: who can say which? For ourselves we think he was a great fool who could deal with words but not with ideas or with men. He could not even stand by the terms of the armistice to which

he had given his word. It may be said indeed that the only thing "open" about the Peace Conference was the way it openly violated the terms of the armistice. Wilson practically asked the Germans to make a revolution, and when they had successfully made one he aided vigorously in punishing them for taking his advice. He is, like Asquith, merely an utterer of windy platitudes, a maker of fine phrases, a disillusionist; and it is well, perhaps, that he cannot interfere further in our affairs. He seems to have been hand in glove with Lloyd George in the affair here known to English journalists as the Irish Convention. Keep the people very fully occupied, and if possible amused, and then you may do what you like. That seems to be the basis of twentieth century statecraft. Give the crowd high-sounding words that will pass for lofty ideas and then you may steal and starve, murder and plunder as much as you please. Not even Machiavelli would have put it so headlessly. Yet Christianity has been saved, Civilization has been vindicated, and the British Empire is larger by the size of President Wilson's empire, which old-fashioned people still persist in calling the United States of America. Christianity and Civilization are still with us in name only—what they stand for now is quite the opposite of that for which they once stood. It is only a great statesman who can call murder and spoliation Civilization or make Christianity a pretext for starving Central Europe and Russia. Are we wrong in thinking that "love your neighbour" is not only a part of Christianity but the basis of Civilization? Mr. Lloyd George thinks so vividly, and Mr. Lloyd George is a very dexterous man. He has all the dexterity of the stage conjurer and illusionist, and like the stage performer, he distracts attention from his tricks by a marvellous flow of words. That is what his words are for presumably, because so far as can be ascertained he never practices what he preaches. It is necessary sometimes to take note of what persons like him say, not precisely to point out that they are liars, as that is usually self-evident, but because their words conceal their tricks. Not for nothing is Lloyd George called the Wizard or Clemenceau the Tiger. The Wizard is a more dangerous creature than the Tiger, and because of that we must be careful in dealing with him. He is not likely to cast any magic spells about us, however, we being no longer the audience but actors in the drama. So when he begins to talk loftily but somewhat foolishly about us, we can look at him straight in the eye and

hear not the words. In the British Parliament last week we were discussed. It appears that our very naughty behaviour distresses the good King George and possibly keeps him from his sleep. What a narrowing prospect for a soft-hearted people like us. It would seem as if our native goddess had departed. Such is the condition of things that British Labour shed a few tears but cannot make up its mind to go further. Maybe it could do what Asquith does—make the status of a British Dominion and Self-Determination mean the same thing. If it does, and we have no doubt that it will, it will have earned the right to sit upon the Governmental benches of the Westminster Parliament, as it will then have proven that it can be as careless of the meaning of its words as ever were Liberal or Tory. Then can Labour be safely entrusted with the mighty responsibility of forming the British Empire? They are all interested in us anyway. We have still got the centre of the stage, from which not even Mr. Smillie can dislodge us: We can still furnish material for the speeches of statesmen, embryo or otherwise. "Are we to withdraw our troops? Are we to withdraw our people? Are we to leave the assassins in charge?" So asked Mr. Lloyd George in his ignorance or his innocence. He presumably does not know who are in charge. Coroners' juries throughout Ireland would enlighten him if he would only read their verdicts. A soldier in Limerick the other day lost his nerve and fired in a fit of passion the contents that are the inquest of an innocent man who only lost his life because the soldiers lost their nerves. Yet that is only one case, and there are hundreds to select from. When we send in our list of war criminals how long it will be and what names will be on it! When Lloyd George talks of protection we wonder what or whom it is he thinks his soldiers are protecting. Does he think he is protecting us? Does he think he is protecting the Irish people? Does he think we need protection from ourselves? We can answer him then... We want protection; of that there is no doubt—but we want to be protected from his army of occupation. "Are we to withdraw our troops?" Mean certainly yes; there is no person in Ireland who wants them. Take them away and give them jobs shooting their fellow-countrymen in England. Send them to Amritsar—they now know what to do—their guns will go off without any order whatever and the reputations of generals may be saved. In the same speech Lloyd George said: "You cannot crush Bolshevism by force of arms." That is good for the Wizard. Does he not know that "isms" as a rule are not to be crushed "by force of arms"? We know, and we can tell him that nationality cannot be crushed "by force of arms." That which was there before tanks and steel helmets will be there when they are gone, but what Lloyd George will recognise for Russia he will not recognise for Ireland. It must be the difference in spelling the names of the countries that makes the distinction in his policies. It cannot be else except perhaps that the bold, had Bolsheviks have crushed him "by force of arms."

ANDREW E. MALONE.

A Sermon in — Sand.

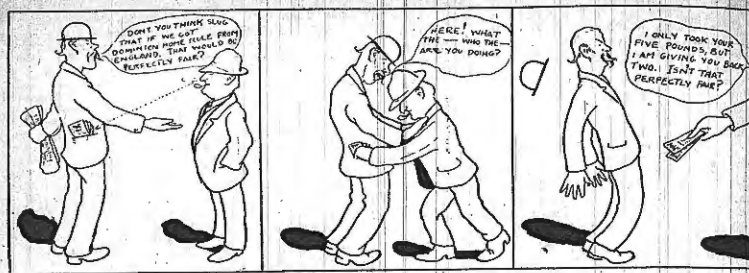
"And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and they beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall thereof."—Matthew vii, 27.

Are we, too, building our house upon sand? In great political movements it is the present and the immediate future which alone seem worth providing for. There is so much to be done in the present, so much to prevent the enemy from doing in the immediate future, that all our energies seem to be needed for to-day and to-morrow. And then we are grown old before our time and the inevitable never happens. That man is great who organises the unborn generations. Davis did that, Mitchell did it. The whole Young Ireland movement did it. Grattan builded College Green upon sand. O'Connell builded Consolidation Hall upon sand. John Redmond builded the shrine of his Constitutionalism upon sand. And the rain fell. Yet Grattan in his day, and O'Connell in his, and Redmond in his, these all were really the leaders of their generation, the mouthpieces of National deare. Why is it that Davis has outlived them all? From 1841 to 1845 Davis stood before his people and said stern, hard things to them. They cheered O'Connell and would have sold a thousand Davises into bondage that O'Connell might be free. But they lived to revile O'Connell. They were silent under the truths of Davis because they had not the courage to hope them. But they lived to love Davis and to fondle his memory. For two generations O'Connell's name was electric. For four years an unknown Davis wrote almost to please for to-morrow; and Davis organised the unborn generations. Each has had the reward he sought.

Although we stand to-day upon a political platform different from that upon which Grattan, O'Connell and Redmond are now popularly accepted as having stood, we must not look the other way when the facts are against us. Grattan, O'Connell, Redmond, Dillon, even Devlin, all stood at one time where we stand now. When their several movements were in swaddling clothes they all cried with the same sturdy peckle crowded around, and the little child led them. But the child grew up. And "complete freedom" was explained to be its opposite, "complete freedom" was said to begin by complete submission to English authority; and the people who had crowded around the cradle of the movement were ashamed to go gray—until the rake was over. So Grattan was an idol once, and O'Connell and Parnell and Redmond. To-day we believe we are done with them forever. I believe that it is possible that we are merely pouring the same idolatrous metal into a new mould. O'Connell spoke once as President de Valera speaks now. O'Connell's movement was young in these strong-worded days. President de Valera's movement is not yet old. Redmond threw thunderbolts at the British Empire in 1902. He had his movement lived to throw bouquets at the same target. What has happened may happen again.

Is there no way out? Must the weightiest of the chains that bind us be the chain of our own mistakes? The answer is in the outstanding ambition of Davis and Duffy, of Mitchell and McNevin. These men understood that in patriotism, as in everything else, one has the choice of being either useful or ornamental. To be useful only meant to be unpopular. To be ornamental meant to be revered, loved, worshipped, almost worshipped by millions—for a time. These men as for man whose vanity overshadowed better things. For the man who is worshipped is listened to, and his influence if he is good is for good. But Davis and the others

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A Sermon in Sand.

"And the rain fall, and the floods came, and the winds blew and they beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall thereof."—Matthew vii., 27.

Are we, too, building our house upon sand? In great political movements it is the present and the immediate future which alone seem worth providing for. There is so much to be done in the present, so much to prevent the enemy from doing in the immediate future, that all our energies seem to be needed for to-day and to-morrow. And then we are grown old before our time and the inevitable never happens. That man is great who organizes the unborn generations. Davis did that, Mitchell did it. The whole Young Ireland movement did it. Gratian bulldozed College Green upon sand. O'Connell bulldozed Convent Hill upon sand. John Redmond bulldozed the shrine of his Constitutionalism upon sand. And the rain fell. Yet Gratian in his day, and O'Connell in his, and Redmond in his, these all were really the leaders of their generations, the mouthpieces of National desire. Why is it that Davis has outlived them all? From 1841 to 1845 Davis stood before his people and said stern, hard things to them. They cheered O'Connell and would have sold a thousand Davises into bondage that O'Connell might be free. But they lived to revile O'Connell. They were silent under the truths of Davis because they had not the courage to hoot them. But they lived to love Davis and to fondle his memory. For two generations O'Connell's name was electric. For four years an unknown Davis wrote almost anonymously. But O'Connell pleased for to-day and planned to please for to-morrow; and Davis organised the unborn generations. Each has had the reward he sought. Although we stand to-day upon a political platform different from that upon which Gratian, O'Connell and Redmond are now popularly accepted as having stood, we must not look the other way when the facts are against us. Gratian, O'Connell, Redmond, Dillon, even Devlin, all stood at one time where we stand now. When their several movements were in swaddling clothes they all cried with the same sturdy voice—"complete freedom." And hearing these words the people crowded round; and the little child led them. But the child grew up. And "complete freedom" was explained to be its opposite, "complete freedom" was said to begin by complete submission to English authority; and the people who had crowded around the cradle of the movement were ashamed to go away—until the wake was over. So Gratian was an idol once, and O'Connell and Parnell and Redmond. To-day we believe we have melted down these idols. We believe that we are doing merely pouring the same idolatrous metal into a new mould. O'Connell spoke once as President de Valera speaks now. O'Connell's movement was young in these strong-worded days. President de Valera's movement is not yet old. Redmond threw thunderbolts at the British Empire in 1902. He had his movement lived to throw bouquets at the same target. What has happened may happen again.

Is there no way out? Must the weightiest of the chains that bind us be the chain of our own mistakes? The answer is in the outstanding ambition of Davis and Duffy, of Mitchell and McNevin. These men understood that in patriotism, as in everything else, one has the choice of being either useful or ornamental. To be useful only meant to be unpopular. To be ornamental meant to be revered, loved, worshipped, almost worshipped by millions—for a time. Yet to be ornamental had its attractions for good men as well as for men whose vanity overshadowed better things. For the man who is worshipped is listened to, and his influence if he is good is for good. But Davis and the others

hear not the words. In the British Parliament last week we were discussed. It appears that our very naughty behaviour distresses the good King George and possibly keeps him from his sleep. What a harrowing prospect for a soft-hearted people like us. It would seem as if our native goodness had departed. Such is the condition of things that British Labour shed a few tens but cannot make up its mind to go further. Maybe it could do what Asquith does—make his status of a British Dominion and Self-Determination mean the same thing. If it does, and we have no doubt that it will, it will have earned the right to sit upon the Governmental benches of the Westminster Parliament, as it will then have proven that it can be as careless of the meaning of its words as we Liberal or Tory. Then can Labour be truly entrusted with the responsibility of forming the British Empire? They are all interested in us anyway. We have still got the centre of the stage, from which not even Mr. Smillie can dislodge us. We can still furnish material for the speeches of statesman, embryo or otherwise. "Are we to withdraw our troops? Are we to withdraw our protection? Are we to leave the assassins in charge?" So asked Mr. Lloyd George in his ignorance or his innocence. He presumably does not know who are in charge. Coroners' juries throughout Ireland would enlighten him if he would only read their verdicts. A soldier in Limerick the other day lost his nerve and fired recklessly. He lived to confess that at the inquest of an innocent man who only lost his life because the soldiers lost their nerves. Yet that is only one case, and there are hundreds to select from. When we send in our list of war criminals how long it will be and how many names will be on it. When Lloyd George talks of protection we wonder what or whom it is he thinks his soldiers are protecting. Does he think he is protecting us? Does he think he is protecting the Irish people? Does he think we need protection from ourselves? We can answer him then. "We want protection; of that there is no doubt; but we want to be protected from his army of occupation." "Are we to withdraw our troops?" Most certainly yes; there is no person in Ireland who wants them. Take them away and give them jobs shooting their fellow-countrymen in England. Send them to Amritsar—they now know what to do—their guns will go off without any order whatever and the reputations of generals may be saved. In the same speech Lloyd George said: "You cannot crush Bolshevism by force of arms." That is good for the Wizard. Does he not know that "isms" as a rule are not to be crushed "by force of arms"? We know, and we can tell him that nationality cannot be crushed "by force of arms." That which was there before tanks and steel helmets will be there when they are gone, but what Lloyd George will recognise for Russia he will not recognise for Ireland. It must be the difference in spelling the names of the countries that makes the distinction in his policies. It cannot be else except perhaps that the bold, bad Bolsheviki have crushed him "by force of arms."

ANDREW E. MALONE.

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le na tulle de'n ac roo to tigeat, deat o'roimneac
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 Ta' n'ioy' na' ceaprao' pa' t'ip' n'ioy' ac' i' n'eam' an' t'ar'at'ise' na'
 t'igeat' ac'ar' po'm' o'ra' e' de'na'm' na' mar' bi' le' ce'at' t'ro'at'ar'
 an'ar' d'ro'ioy'. ac'ur' na' ca' t'ar'pa'o' na' t'ip' i' ce'apra'o' po'li-
 t'ice'aca. ac'ur' p'ro'pa'o' na' n'ar'at'ice'aca' as' na' n'ar'at'ice'aca'
 pa' ro'at'ar' an' noy' m'io'ra' t'ar' an' e'ar'pa'y' ca' an' n'ar'at'ice'aca' ce'at'na'
 i' ce'at'na' an' t'ar'at'ice'aca' ac'ur' o' r'ar'at'ice'aca' e' ce'at'na' re' a'
 t'ar'at'ice'aca' na' ce'at'na' a' no'ca'at' na' ce'at'na'.
 Ta'ce' n'ar'at'ice'aca' ac'ur' ta'ce' t'ar'at'ice'aca' na' no' ac' n'ar'at'ice'aca'
 le' na' n'ar'at'ice'aca' a' fo'la't'ar' ac'ur' a' de'na'm' i' n'eam' t'ip'. ca'
 an' na' no' p'm' a'ga'm' i' n'ar'at'ice'aca' mo'u' ac'ur' o' r'ar'at'ice'aca' 30' t'ip'.
 ni' ca'it' o'ra'm' an'ar' o'roimneac' de'at' o'ra'm'. Ac' ce'at'na' an'
 ni' o'ra'm' ce'at'na' le' ce'at'na' no' i' ce'at'na' ce'at'na' ac' a'
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 ce'at'na' na' ce'at'na' ac' ce'at'na' o'ra'm' e' ce'at'na' na' ce'at'na' ce'at'na'
 ce'at'na' ce'at'na' t'ar'at'ice'aca' ce'at'na' ce'at'na' o'ra'm' ?
 PA'RO'IC O' CO'NA'IR.

Commercial Loyalism in Ulster.

"Is it not strange," I once remarked to a friend of mine, "that there is practically no trace of the '98 spirit in Presbyterian Ulster?" "Not to me," he answered; "they were out for a Presbyterian republic, and once the Catholics were emancipated there was an end of it." The protest which rose to my lips was never spoken, for I suddenly remembered an incident in the history of Ballymoney, Co. Antrim. Workmen there, excavating under the town hall, came upon the remains of '98 men who had been executed. Members of their families still living came to claim their relatives and re-interred them in their private burial grounds. Their history notwithstanding, these Presbyterians had become loyalists, and despite this grim reminder they still remained as loyal as ever.

The North-East is full of such stories. I have myself seen pictures of the English royal family decorate the walls of a Presbyterian home which was a house of mourning in its republican days, while I know at least one man whose whole personality glows as he talks of the United men, but who shakes his head over Easter Week. In justice to the present generation of Presbyterians, it must be here set down that the story of their fathers is a closed book to them. The men who wrote himself knew prior to 1916. But the object of the present article is to show that we must look deeper than the fact of mere ignorance to explain the loyalist Presbyterian. I remember distinctly the shock I experienced when in the first flush of Irish Ireland enthusiasm I discovered that there were many Ulster Catholics who blazoned '98 upon their banners, but gasped to vociferate their loyalty to England. I must confess I do not yet understand what these people mean by "a nation once again," except it be that the Catholic merchants were out for a Catholic republic.

So that the plea of ignorance is not a satisfactory explanation of the loyalism, Catholic and non-Catholic, which runs like a disease through North-East Ulster. The thing is general. It is an effect for which every intelligent inquirer must find an intelligible cause.

Naturally we seek help from Tone. We ask at once "What did the man, whom James Connolly characterises as a master organiser, think of his Presbyterians?" In his memorial to the French Government Tone leaves us in no doubt of his opinion. "All through this document he reiterates again and again his faith that the Dissenters formed the backbone of the revolutionary movement. In one pregnant sentence especially of which each carefully expressed phrase has its

own significance, he pays tribute to a Presbyterianism known in this day and draws a heavily marked distinction between the Protestantism of English intellect and outlook and the Presbyterianism to a man sincere protestantism and unaffected towards England." "The Dissenters," he says, "are, from the genius of their religion, and the spirit which inquiry which it produces, sincere and enlightened republicans; they have ever, in a degree, opposed the usurpations of England, whose protection, as well from their numbers as from the spirit as the nature of their property, they did not, like Protestant aristocracy, feel necessary for their existence." The reader may well inquire where is that distinctive "genius" of Calvinism in the rancorous uncultured Unionist England, whose protection, as well from their numbers as from the spirit as the nature of their property, they did not, like Protestant aristocracy, feel necessary for their existence.

We shall, I hope, find satisfactory answers to these questions and as our inquiry develops discover moreover that the "Land for the People" movement, when he went to as non-Catholic in this commercialised Catholicism.

The quotation from Tone takes us back to a younger world in which feudalism was in its last days and commercialism was in the making. No representation, no taxes" across a protest against the lecture with which it was accompanied. This article is prompted by a kindred feeling. Some France, and for all the glorious dreams of a free and open society which inspired the revolutionaries, the freedom-loving foreigners; their added sermons are too much for our own by the people in the overthrow of the landlord class and snatched from them again by the merchants. Such a thing as a "Land for the People" movement, when he went to as non-Catholic in this commercialised Catholicism.

We find then there was a kind of truth in the statement that the merchant Presbyterians were out for a Presbyterian Republic, and when that failed they linked themselves indissolubly with non-Catholic England, rose with her and formed a sort of mean tail to her Imperialism. The flies in the Northern Whip offices tell the whole story. There you may learn how "our Catholic brethren" became again "the Papist enemy," how republicans were taught to become royalists, Calvinists to become Protestants and who runs may read how the genius of a religion is before the white terror of commercialism.

The trading world cares for no past and knows no future beyond its own generation. Culture indeed is so much machinery in its machine. Itself a soulless system, it must have soulless, mindless human material, and its schools, its churches, its press, turn out the required article. Said a Colonel in his lecture in a course of lectures, "Education is all very well, but you don't need so much of it to be able to earn a living." Where would we get our workers if we educated everybody? Fishermen's minds might inquire too much into credentials as they are doing to-day in Belfast; might make awkward alliances with other minds in the present if they discovered their places in their history; might come, in fact, to be victims of commercial opportunism, and what would be the merchant do then, poor thing?

The crushed, dwarfed mind cannot find its own food, but half-formed one which passes as intellectual in Ulster does not, and because there is no alternative the conscious will, the unconscious works with the machine and is loyal to the machine, the whole commercial system, the English protestant root and branch, as the cause of loyalism to England and therefore disloyalism to Ireland. There is only one possible cure. Break the machine, and destroy the plant.

There is only one possible nationalism that will not destroy itself. It is the nationalism not of the Swedish landholder or the English merchant, but of the Sovereign People. There is only one possible sort of republic in which Catholic and non-Catholic can work together, one for all and all for one. It is the Workers' Republic which was established during Easter Week, 1916.

W. FORBES PATTERSON.

The Hazel Switch.

THE MOST REV. DR. WALTER McDONALD, Dean of the Faculty of Theology, recently incurred nationwide opprobrium by his book attacking Sinn Fein, the Bishops, and the people in their resistance to Conscription. We quote the following, which gives a different point of view, by the same author, written in the "Catholic Young Man" of January, 1902. Most readers will recall Laurence Ginnell's part in that has denationalised, almost dehumanised Catholicism as well for branding the hazel switch:—

I have heard or read somewhere of a boy who took his shipping, though undeserved, in silence, but could not resist a protest against the lecture with which it was accompanied. This article is prompted by a kindred feeling. Some France, and for all the glorious dreams of a free and open society which inspired the revolutionaries, the freedom-loving foreigners; their added sermons are too much for our own by the people in the overthrow of the landlord class and snatched from them again by the merchants. Such a thing as a "Land for the People" movement, when he went to as non-Catholic in this commercialised Catholicism.

What, then, is your ethical creed, O Mr. Birrell, my surely ask them to have pity on you—is to weigh your plea and think well of your condition before they condemn. What is it, then, that is denounced as wrong? Is it, Most Reverend and Reverend Fathers, any part of the creed you teach us, that in the evolution of society the common weal may not demand at times that holders of political power and proprietorial rights, should surrender part to those who have had no share hitherto? In England,

when and where there was a revolution, successful or unsuccessful, which you do not approve—outside of Ireland? Your own history is a series of rebellions: "freedom slowly broadening in one of your poets calls it. And through what presents! One king's head lopped off; another hunted into exile; not with hazel; loyalist blood shed in torrents, you know in how many English and Scottish battles. The blood of our own fathers flowed: at Drogheda, Limerick, and many Irish towns; by the Boyne, at Aughrim, and on other fish fields. It was your ancestors who shed it; you, their heirs, approve of what they did—the substance, anyway; you swear that in like circumstances you would do the same; but is the lesson you teach your children—who you lecture on the atrocity of hazel switches. No wonder that English ships hypocrite throughout the civilised world, outside of England; as you know it does.

You English radicals, what political method do you believe in? Was it immoral to pull down the Hyde Park railings? And were it not for that threatened outburst and others like it, would your trades unions be legal now? You know full well that, if your masters could, they would put you in jail for strikes and picketing. And they could and would, only that you learned to disregard their law.

Is passive resistance immoral, O ye righteous Dissenting

ministers? And you again, O Mr. Birrell, was not it out of respect for lawlessness that you framed the Bill that sent you over here to fleece and lecture us? We could bear the fleecing, seeing that you do it tenderly as may be, and that you are under orders; but spare us, pray, the nauseous of passive-resistance sermons on regard for law.

You ask us, workmen of England, to join you in a crusade against the House of Lords; but tell us how we may bring them to their knees. We know a little of Lords in Ireland; and our experience is—is it not the lesson of his- lough you to scorn unless you can take them by the throat. The Lords are in legal possession of what you would wrest from them—rights far more valuable than those of Irish ranchers. They cannot be made to yield legally without their own consent; and they are not likely to consent except under pressure. Admit honestly that you want us to join with you in applying this illegal pressure; to present pistols at holders of legal rights in England—you who object to the use in Ireland of the hazel switch.

Sinn fein, Sinn fein, I hear you cry, you young Irish Catholics; it is for our own we care, not for the Saxons. It is our own fathers, the priests and bishops of Ireland, that would have us renounce the hazel; and how can we turn a deaf ear to them? Are they not set over us by God to be our guides.

Yes, they are your guides and fathers, whom you do well to heed; but as you have proved dutiful children, you may surely ask them to have pity on you—is to weigh your plea and think well of your condition before they condemn. What is it, then, that is denounced as wrong?

Is it, Most Reverend and Reverend Fathers, any part of the creed you teach us, that in the evolution of society the common weal may not demand at times that holders of political power and proprietorial rights, should surrender part to those who have had no share hitherto? In England,

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Great News from America.
By far the most important item of news this week comes from America—indeed the most important news comes to the man in the street through small paragraphs in the Capitalist Press. The Day of Judgment will probably be announced among the items of interest in three lines of small print in some of the enormous "news" rags of the usurers Press. Recently a few brief paragraphs announced the triumph of the Russian People and the downfall and death of Koltchak, whose downfall some eighteen months ago would have saved a million lives. Now, in small print, without flare headlines, without stop press editions and lurid posters, we are told that by a vote of 45 to 20 in the U.S. Senate the Lodge Resolutions are adopted, withdrawing America from the League of Nations, declaring a state of peace with Germany, and providing for the consideration of an international conference to settle world-wide reconstruction problems. America objects to Britain's overwhelming voting power through the representation of her colonies; under these proposals all nations are asked to send three delegates to this New World conference, and an appropriation of £80 million is provided for expenses. This conference it is proposed should meet next November in America.

Wilson—What Next?
When one considers the recent action of President Wilson in getting rid of Lansing so suddenly, and in talking up a strong stand on the question of Fiume, one wonders what time he will take next. Certain beyond shadow of doubt, it is that some very radical changes are developing in the Wilson policy. What the change may be we know not. Is it pos-

sible that President Wilson, having been fooled in Paris, may yet from Washington play the part of the greatest statesman in history? Who knows? President Wilson's reply upon the Adriatic question may well prove the turning-point in his career, and, from defending the rights of one or two small nations to have access to the seas, he may come to vindicate the rights of all small nations and of the Freedom of the Seas. No text of that reply has yet appeared in the Press, but it is possible that President Wilson may seize the opportunity of getting into harmony with American public opinion as expressed in the Senate resolutions and as backed by some of the most powerful interests in America.

The Power Behind.
Save for a few great financial interests like Pierpont Morgan, which are deeply involved in English War Loan, all the powerful financial forces in America are with the Senate and with what is called the hundred per cent. American policy. The powerful position of America as the source of credit for England and the Allies, and as the source of much food and raw materials, makes it ultimately imperative that England and the Allies come to terms with America. Taken in conjunction with the attitude of America upon the settlement of these European problems; the question of Ireland looms up over the horizon with a driving force behind it larger than that of any of the smaller nations. The Irish campaign has gone through the States like wild fire. In the daily press from week to week and month to month news filters through the British news blockade of Ireland, telling us of the great sums of money subscribed to the cause of Ireland. We learn of the heroic generosity of the Irish in America, often stinting themselves in order to be more generous in the support of Ireland's cause. Such is the encouraging news, and taken in conjunction with the very severe form of repression at home, it affords the greatest encouragement. The repression in Ireland to-day is really the greatest sign of England's weakness in Ireland. So we have the consolation of knowing that the hotter the political atmosphere, the fiercer the repression, the sooner comes freedom.

Futility and Insult in Westminster.
This week the House of Commons gave a demonstration of its quality as the forum of the liberties of the people, and as the great place where Ireland was to be protected. Coercion is re-imposed on Ireland under the guise of a renewal of the D.O.R.A. Considerable eloquence was expended on the iniquities of the Government by Messrs. T. P. O'Connor, Devlin and Capt. W. Redmond. But the supporters of the Government vote in a solid mass and coercion was re-imposed by about a three hundred per cent. majority. Mr. Devlin said: "It was not difficult to see how constitutionalists were driven to despair." And Captain Redmond said this very significant thing: "They all knew that some arrangement had been come to . . . between certain sections of this House with regard to facilitating the passage of the Bill." At what point will the Irish Parliamentary Party, such as it is, admit what the whole Irish nation has learnt from Sinn Fein, namely, that attendance at Westminster is a perfect farce—and a humiliating farce at that? There was a further debate later in the week on the same Coercion Bill. Now Ireland's motto indifferent to what is passed at Westminster. It should be

remembered that the Conscription Act for Ireland is on the Statute Book, also the Home Rule Act. Now the placing of Ireland under a new Coercion Act creates no stir in Ireland because in actual fact the forms of coercion practised in Ireland are far beyond the terms of any Act which the English Government would have the face to put on the Statute Book. But the re-imposition of coercion in form was an occasion for great oratory. One unpleasant incident occurred which threw further light on the utter impotence of Irish action in Westminster. Some person named Archdale accused the poor Irish Parliamentary Party of being mixed up with Sinn Féin. And at the same time accused Sinn Féin of murder. Mr. T. P. O'Connor said: "I do not know what right the hon. gentleman has to say that Sinn Féiners are privy to these murders. . . . But whatever may be the fact, I resent as a calumny what the hon. gentleman has said, and I hope I shall be permitted to denounce it as a lie." Please note the doubt as to whether Sinn Féiners are murderers or not contained in this remark. Now, to this the Speaker of the House said: ". . . I think the hon. member is not entitled to say that hon. members of this House support Sinn Féin. I think he ought to withdraw such an expression. . . . Note carefully how the Speaker does not rule out of order the murder charge. Mr. T. P. O'Connor then said: "It was murderers he said." Mr. Archdale—"I withdraw the expression that they support Sinn Féin." After further protest the Speaker allows Mr. Archdale to continue his speech without withdrawing the murder charge, and when Mr. Devlin raised the point the Speaker ruled him out of order, saying the incident was closed. Now, Messrs. Devlin, O'Connor and the rest are obviously courting insult to the vast majority of the Irish people by attending Westminster at all, and the sooner they realise that the better. Of course if Mr. Devlin lets the House be clogged to Ireland, but if T. P. O'Connor leaves the House of Commons where can he go? The reason why Mr. Devlin goes to Westminster is probably due to the persuasion of T. P. O'Connor, to keep him company. When the Irish Parliamentary Party leaves Westminster, T. P. O'Connor's position becomes impossible.

The Rev. Fr. O'Brien, S.J.

When the intimate friends of the Rev. Fr. O'Brien, S.J., heard of his death, they were not greatly surprised; they simply felt that the end had come suddenly and that an irreparable loss was theirs, but that if ever a man were to enter into the reward for great suffering and virtue, it was he. Editor of *The Irish Monthly*, ardent Irishman, of extraordinary intensity and singleness of purpose, he pursued relentlessly his ideals through disease and suffering, which he knew must end his life quickly. He was the son of a great Irishman, Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien, the last man ever condemned after '67 to be hanged, drawn and quartered. The sentence was commuted; he suffered imprisonment, and afterwards took a very active part, much like Michael Davitt, in the political life of Ireland. Father O'Brien as a teacher, no pupil of his will ever forget his influence; sane, enthusiastic, incisive, and the soul of gentleness. He devoted himself soon after the start of the Gaelic League movement, outside the duties of his calling, entirely to his country. His influence was remarkable for although not very widely known, yet more than one generation of students could look back to his intellectual influence as an epoch in their lives. Many Irish enthusiasts are not wide-minded, and many of the widely-cultured are not true to right standards of national principle; but Father O'Brien was cultured and enthusiastic, and as a crown to his qualities he had a gentleness and nobility of character which commanded the reverence of the least thoughtful and the most wayward. A saint and a patriot,

his passing away is no grief to him, but what a gap it has left in the hearts of his fellow-workers in the cause and of his intimate friends.

Russia Succeeds.

The change of attitude towards Bolshevik Russia is not due to the fact that the English statesmen have suddenly discovered that the Bolshevik is not the black devil they thought he was. If the Bolshevik was half as black as the users of Europe and their press painted him, no excuse could be offered for making peace with him now. Statesmen like Lloyd George and Churchill always knew the truth, but to vilify an enemy is an essential part of English warfare. Now trade relations are to be opened with Russia, as Lloyd George and others pointed out, simply because England cannot defeat Russia and cannot do without her raw materials. But in the meantime, whilst peace with Russia is being considered, the following conditions exist:—George Lansbury in the *Daily Herald* reports as follows:—"These arrangements have been successful; and people in England must realise that the big towns starve only because of lack of transport and not because there is in the country a lack of food. The transport crisis has been caused by nearly six years of war and by our blockade, which is more useless than war itself against Germany. Our airmen have even bombed and killed fishermen in Astrachan, and our troops are sitting on the oil wells at Baku. Oil is the necessary fuel for the Volga goods steamers. This fact alone is responsible for much, very much, of the poverty and misery in Russia. I am informed that, rather than allow Russia to use this oil, it has been run into the sea, and that much of the machinery of oil production is well-nigh ruined owing to the stoppage of the wells. Before the war a very large proportion of the output of these wells was used in Russia." So liberty-loving England continues to act the part of famine-monger to millions of people in Europe. In the meantime a number of English military men who have been supporting the régime of Denikin ask Koltchak to return to England and petition the Government to make peace with Russia. The petition reads more like the composition of bankers and traders than of soldiers, but possibly it sets out the reasons of self-interest which will appeal to English political minds. From it incidentally one learns that in point of crime the Bolsheviks were no worse than Britain's allies and in point of efficiency a great deal better. "If Britain's allies were really as bad as the British press made out the Bolsheviks to be, they must have been very bad, but from unbiased sources the student of history knows that Britain's allies were much worse. Another significant fact appears in this appeal of these British soldiers, that there is grave menace to all Europe that unless Russia is planted and Europe free to deal with her for food that Russia will Bolshevise the whole of Europe. Germany was very bad. Father Vaughan told us all about that, and we don't know he isn't buying up large quantities of rat poison to poison the Germans. If not, he is not a man of his word. But Russia and Europe were much worse. Now we are asked by journals like the *Irish Times* to make friends with Germany for her trade, and Russia is to be taken to John Bull's bosom once more as an old friend. With such evidence of the utter shamelessness of English propaganda, who will again believe the propagandists, be they priests or laymen?"

Beware of the East.

The end of this petition of Sir Hubert Gough and others is of such interest as to deserve quotation here:—
"Even on the narrowest ground of national interest, the resurrection of Russia is a vital concern of us. This most populous Empire in the world is our neighbour; the most productive area in the world is our debtor. But the longer

peace is delayed, the more certain it becomes that the German influence will be re-established in Russia, and that Russian policy, both economical and diplomatic, will in consequence take on a character of antagonism to this country. At a time when we shall be at once searching for new markets and leading India and the Middle East through a most difficult period of transition, we cannot afford to see a rival inflated in a privileged position, and working to make every point of contact between England and Russia a point of friction as well."

In view of the reference to India, the following news, which comes indirectly and not through the kept press of England, shows how matters are going in India and Egypt:—

The continued successes of the Bolshevik forces in the Caucasus and Caspian have alarmed the English Government. It is evident that the objects of the Bolsheviks are the control of the Caspian Sea; the occupation of Baku, and the consequent relief of their petrol and fuel shortage; and the liberation of Persia from British rule by advancing to the southern shore of the Caspian and by way of Khorrassan in north-east Persia. Afghanistan is already friendly to the Soviet Government, and co-operation between the Hindu revolutionists and the Bolsheviks to overthrow British rule in India is not far distant. The plan of the Bolsheviks recalls Trotsky's frank statement a few months ago to the effect that Russia's policy was to strike at British imperialistic domination of Asia by striking at British rule in India.

True News from East.

True news from East shows that the Bolshevik army has advanced as far as Herat, in Afghanistan, and is on the road to Kabul, in charge of Afghan cavalry; that Tashkent, capital of Turkestan, is the centre of propaganda against British imperialism throughout the entire Mohammedan world; that special schools have been established in Tashkent, where appropriate languages and dialects are taught anti-British workers destined for India, China, and Moslem countries.

The Bolsheviks seized large supplies of oil, food, raw material, coal, rolling stock and other means of transport, and, having control of the railway leading to Tashkent and to the Afghan frontier, are able to replenish their forces. Troop trains for Tashkent are running at the rate of one a day. The Soviets have gained control of all Trans-Caspia, including the railway running from Krasnovodsk, on the Caspian Sea, to Merv (near the northern Persian frontier), to Bokhara and Tashkent.

From Merv, there is railway connection with the northern Afghan frontier, and from thence less than 50 miles to the Bolan Pass leading into India. From Bokhara there is railway connection with the northern Afghan frontier, and from thence highway connection with Kabul, which is less than 60 miles from the Kyber Pass on the Indian frontier. On the other side of the Kyber Pass is Peshawar, where fighting has been progressing for many months between the British troops on one side, and the Afghan and Indian people on the other.

Occupation of Trans-Caspia is virtually complete; from this Province the Soviets were and evidently gain control of Caucasus and concentrate their forces on the British in Persia and India.

Other reports state that Enver Pasha, formerly Turkish Minister of War, has joined with the Bolsheviks and has

(Continued on page 68).

Irish Self-Determination.

The Albert Hall meeting, with Mr. Art O'Brien in the chair, on February 11th, organised by the Irish Self-Determination League to demand the recognition of the Irish Republic and the release of all Irish political prisoners, was a tremendous success, although for some days before the odds were five to one against the Government's permitting it to be held. But as *The Nation* remarks, the Government were wise and let it pass, and attempts to frustrate it were left to private individuals, who certainly did their worst and were completely routed by the young men who acted very efficiently as stewards.

There was, however, quite enough disturbance to add zest to the proceedings and to enable the London press to appear next day with sensational headlines—such as "Wild Scenes at the Albert Hall," "Sinn Féiners Defiant," "Sinn Féin's Big Stick," etc. Under the last heading *The Daily Express* had quite a plaintive little article saying: "It was a case of too many stewards spoiling the broth." Just so. We watched the broth brewing not many feet from our seats, where it presently boiled over, while Mr. Arthur Griffith was speaking. It was stirred up very deftly by the worst and first of the interrupters, a middle-aged man with overcoat buttoned up to his chin, and a bowler hat pulled down over his gold-rimmed spectacles, and a stout stick clasped in a pair of very dirty gloves. We saw him next day alight from a smart auto, rather better dressed, and enter a well-known club with the air of an aristocrat. This man all through the first half of the meeting yelled in a raucous voice: "Sit down, sit down!" or "Order, order!" which led one at first to suppose him to be an imbecile. But we soon perceived a method in his madness, as repeated shouts of this kind produced confusion. Some stewards approached him and asked him to be quiet; this they did at least three times. In the end they decided to remove him, but the moment this was attempted a dozen men sitting near sprang to their feet and assaulted the stewards. Naturally every woman in their immediate neighbourhood tried to get away from it, and for a few moments the meeting was held up. But at last the "too many stewards" were too many for them, and these stalwarts, who afterwards admitted being hired for the purpose, were dragged out, kicking and struggling. The man in the bowler hat, however, quietly resumed his seat and would, no doubt, have resumed his yells if he had not been pointed out as the ringleader, when he also was removed. He went quietly enough, protesting his entire innocence, but he went. A similar scene took place the other side of the hall, where some of the interrupters were armed with life-preservers and knuckle-dusters. *The Daily News* reporter did not mention this fact when writing of the "savagery reprisals visited on the heads and bodies of those who had dared to interrupt." Yes, the stewards did spoil that broth.

Mr. Griffith's speech, delivered in his usual quiet manner, made a great impression. His declaration that the Irish Republic was actually in existence, sanctioned by a vast majority of the Irish people, evoked tremendous enthusiasm, but his statement concerning Sir John Taylor, who is at present the moving spirit in Dublin Castle, as having in 1889 been closely connected with Piggott, the forger and defamer of Barnell, came almost as a shock to his hearers. But his speech was neither menacing nor provocative, as *The Daily News* declared; it was a manly straightforward speech,

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offering friendship in return for belated justice, but resistance so long as coercion was applied.

Professor MacNeill spoke in a lighter vein. He reminded us that the last time he was in London he was lodged in Pentonville Jail, and told us that the effect of his two years in English prisons was to strengthen his aspirations toward national independence. That undoubtedly the effect of similar treatment now being tried by the stupid governing classes on sixty-four Irishmen would have similar results.

Mr. Cathal O'Shannon, in the name of the Ulster Labour Party, promised unwavering support to the Irish Republic as at present constituted until it was fully recognised, when it was possible that he and the rest of the party would have something to say in the way of criticism.

The following resolutions were proposed by the President of the League, Mr. E. J. Kelly, and passed unanimously with acclamation:

"This this mass meeting of the Irish people resident in England

(1) Demands the recognition of the Irish Republic founded by the rightful exercise of the principle of self-determination on the part of the people of Ireland;

(2) And demands from the English Government the immediate release of Alderman Tom Kelly, Lord Mayor of Dublin, arrested many weeks ago, without lawful warrant, by the British military in Ireland, afterwards unlawfully deported from Ireland, and ever since held imprisoned in Wormwood Scrubs Prison in London; and further demands the release of the sixty-four other Irishmen who have been similarly seized, deported and imprisoned in recent weeks, and further, the release of all Irishmen who, during the war or since the armistice, have been imprisoned for political offences in Ireland or Great Britain.

"The Soldier's Song," with organ accompaniment, made a fitting close to a scene as picturesque as it was memorable.

N. F. D.

"Nothing of Importance"

DURING the five years of war we became familiarised with many things that otherwise we might have missed. So it may be said that war also has its uses. We know that every hour, almost every minute, human beings were being violently done to death. We knew, in fact, that the whole objective of the vast array of men and machines was to cause as much destruction as possible. That was, of course, taken for granted by the soldiers and the statesmen, but the man in the street could never quite get accustomed to it. So the average man in England recited a litany of hate against the Germans when Rheims Cathedral was destroyed by gunfire and the same man sang a song of joy when the open German towns were bombed by British airmen. The common man does not understand war, and it is a very good thing that he does not. From the strictly military viewpoint Denshawi, Dublin and Amritsar are all one; each presented the same problem for solution, and the soldier has only one solution for every problem, so he thinks every problem the same. The soldier can only shoot, and when he has stopped shooting for the time being he thinks the problem has been solved. The ordinary man does not think so, cannot think so, and let us hope will never think so. To the ordinary man human life is of some consequence; his own life is of some importance to himself, and he willingly concedes the same importance to the lives of his fellows. The average man does not like killing, no matter by whom the killing is done. He was somewhat amazed, therefore, when he read in his daily newspaper day after day something like this: "Except for con-

tinued bombardment all was quiet. Nothing of importance to report." And yet the casualty lists grow longer every day. Were these human lives "nothing of importance," he asked himself.

So it is with us here in Ireland. There is nothing of importance to report, yet human lives are being taken and bodies broken every day. Our newspapers are becoming daily casualty lists, and except that we get to know some of the details of each tragedy there is little to distinguish the lists from those of the late war. Our war goes merrily on without reference to the human beings that are shattered or the feelings of those that remain. We are supposed to have our blood brought to boiling point by the splendidly vivid stories of the doings of the Red Army in Russia. That army is supposed to take no account of anything that stands in its way—like every army, it marches to victory through blood. Yet the English and Irish newspapers turn their eyes heavenwards and shriek for vengeance, "for and vengeance on the spoiler whom the blazing temples trace," quite ignoring the fact that the Red Army is the army of the *de facto* government of Russia, and that every excuse put up by the British governors of Ireland could be put up with equal force by Lenin or Trotsky. Would the Irish treat Lenin and Trotsky as easily as it acquiesces others nearer home if they jailed a man because he might, if left at large, do something or other against something or other undefined? We very much doubt that it would, and it would be quite right. Where it is quite wrong is that it applies the morality of the ordinary man to the alleged crimes of Lenin and Trotsky and the non-morality of the prejudiced partisan to the known doings of its friends at home. We do not for a moment suggest that there is no crime in Ireland. But there is no use talking while the big crime goes unnoticed. Ireland today is one big crime, the crime of forcing a nation to obey that in which it does not believe. From that great crime all the minor crimes flow. From what ought to be order comes something perilously close to anarchy. And we may at any moment be pushed across the very narrow dividing line. Day by day the position becomes more critical as day by day the government of force tries to smash the institutions of the people founded in right, and instead of the reconstruction and recuperation necessary after the five years of European slaughter we are having a cumulative disintegration.

How very serious this may be it is impossible to contemplate with equanimity. At a time when the brains and energy of all the peoples of Europe are urgently required to restore the shaken fabric of civilised society our national institutions are challenged by the world's greatest power. And challenged, be it marked, not to show cause why they should exist, but sought ruthlessly by the thrust, hustled into military wagons and transported to the convict jails of another country. These institutions, founded on the consent of the people, are challenged not by law, not by reason, they are challenged only by force. How ironic the whole thing is to be sure. Now that Belgium has been saved Ireland may be smashed. Now that the world is safe for democracy the very idea of democratic government is attacked here. Now that force has been dethroned from the sovereignty of the world, it has found a throne going begging in Ireland. Prussianism is dead, but Mr. Macpherson retorts "Long live Prussianism," and proceeds to use that most useful "ism" in the time-honoured job of "breaking-in the Irish." When they look at Ireland it is any wonder that the little nations now of course saved for ever, hesitate about joining the League of Nations? Should they care to study the matter more carefully and in a more detailed manner they will probably hesitate very much longer. But of course they know all about Article 10, and they probably know also, thanks to the British propaganda, that we are merely a Domestic Question.



It is a terrible thing to have a skeleton in the cupboard. It escapes sometimes no matter what precautions we may line of trade. He broached the conversation on a topic which, relying on the mature appearance of MacMuffin, he was sure would offer both common ground of sympathy. B.: Interesting results these of the elections. McM.: Oh yes—quite a big change of men in the Councils. B.: See, we are not allowed to have a mace or sword or any of these old-fashioned ornaments. McM.: Oh! Won't make much difference. B.: Oh no, but I don't like these changes; besides it looks like Bolshevism. These Sinn Feiners you never know what they are up to. There's something behind this. McM. (smiles): People don't generally accuse the Sinn Feiners of concealing their motives. B.: They have no discretion; they have no politicians or statesmen amongst them. Wait till you see, they will lose the country in a very short time. Their abstention from Westminster is madness. McM.: So? I heard a curious story the other day about some prominent person who told one of the few Irish Party members of Parliament he would have to abstain from going to Westminster. B. (who knew the story and had advised people to keep that member in Westminster—there were some little veils of the information received from M.P.'s in the great days of 'floor of the House'): Oh that's a Sinn Fein yarn; besides, that member refused. McM. (ignoring the contradictory statement): I heard his reply was that he was thinking of it, but that he must consult his constituents. B. (looking tired): It's a lie. That member will never

man to deal with, and as a business man he thought these might be some news or information to be had in his own

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ANDREW E. MALONE.

The Dark Horse.

JOHN BERKEM was travelling from Belfast in a train; he'd been at a Hibernian meeting, and was as full of intrigue as an egg is of meat. He saw it all so clearly like a game of chess, and he had his money on the winning side. Peter McMuffin sat opposite; he was a tall, dark man, impressive of feature and deliberate in speech and determined. His mature manner attracted Berkem. He felt he had a business

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haul down the flag of constitutionalism. Wait you; there's a turn coming and the country will come back to its senses.

McM.: You mean it will take Home Rule.

B.: Exactly. I have the best information, and Mr. Devlin will be the master of the situation.

McM.: There will be quite an amount of positions to be filled too; it will be very responsible work.

B.: Very,—but we are all prepared now to share in the work. You know there will be an immense amount of organisation, and we shall have at our disposal the services of J. D. Nugent, who organised the Hibernian Insurance, and John Dillon, and Sir John Robert O'Connell, who they say was recently offered the Chief Secretaryship by Lord Northcliffe; he, you know, is an authority on education—friend of Sir Bertram Windle—and was actually engaged in the Vice-regal with Lord French and Windle organising the new University for Cork.

McM.: That was the one that the Cork people would not have.

B.: The people were always queer in Cork—O'Brienites and what not.

McM.: But how do you calculate that the people will desert the present leaders and the so-called Republic?

B.: Business interests will force them. Business men are not going to take chances or go on a wild goose chase after independence. They want immediate settlement at any price, and any kind of settlement means increase of trade and patronage. We can settle down then and have no more nonsense and talk about separation and Republic.

McM.: There is a large section of very energetic people sworn to defend the Republic.

B.: Dreamers and boys.

McM.: Yes, but the Irish people are not quite so quick in throwing over their newly adopted leaders.

B.: The Irish people are very shrewd, and I believe if Home Rule came in any form, partition or no partition, it would satisfy the people.

[Here the train slowed down and McM. made ready his baggage.]

McM.: This is my station. I am sorry to disagree with you, but I will leave you under no mistake about my convictions. If you and those who think they are going to make jobs and money out of Easter Week, out of the efforts, sufferings and deaths of Irish Republicans over the last years of struggle, you are greatly mistaken. Let me tell you that the young men of Ireland have, with a cold, deliberate but none the less passionate, determination, decided to accept nothing that will chest Ireland of her Republic or give England the chance of playing the confidence trick again on this country. The fate of Ireland, thank God, is not in the hands of jobbers and politicians.

B. (aghast): Madmen, dreamers, faction—but the last word froze on his lips.

This Page is Reserved for the Editor of The "Irishman."

Defeating "P.R."

The first Proportional Representation elections in Ireland are scarcely over until we have had revealed a defect in the British Act, a defect that nullifies the principle of the system—the representation of parties in accordance with their numerical strength in the community. In Dalkey two Republicans were elected, each for two seats, and the Urban Council proceeded to fill the two vacancies by co-optation. The Republicans claimed that, on the result of the election, they were entitled to the two seats. If proportional representation was not to be reduced to a farce. Mr. Powell,

a Unionist, recognised the justice of this contention, and to his credit be it recorded, proposed one of the Republican nominees. The first objection came from the Chairman, a scoundrel "P.R." named Judd, who wished to show a spirit of tolerance, by putting forward, backed by a brother in affix, a Unionist. It never entered this poor creature's brain that what he was showing was a spirit of slavishness, resulting in gross intolerance. Tolerance means justice to all parties, and in representation "P.R." gave all parties that justice. When tolerance exceeds justice it becomes obsequiousness. "Tolerance" in the mouths of people like Mr. Judd is more contemptible than "Christianity, civilisation, and small nationalities" on the lips of Mr. Judd's idols, because while the latter is the subterfuge of hypocrisy, the former is the most pitiful example of the slave-spirit of "tolerance" in the view of Mr. Judd and his ilk is robbing one's friends for the purpose of enriching one's enemies. It is removing the mat from the door of one's political opponents and offering oneself as a foot-wiper in its stead. Such "tolerance" earns the merited contempt alike of friend and foe.

Labour's Action.

Mr. Judd's proposal at Dalkey found no effectual support, but along came Labour with two nominees against the two Republicans, and, by its voting majority, carried them to election. This was a most regrettable and reprehensible performance. It was the very antithesis of the fair-play for which Labour professes to stand, and will not—or I am greatly mistaken—meet with the approval of Irish Labour generally. By all the canons of justice and democracy these two seats belonged to the Republicans. Their seizure by the Dalkey Labour Party is simply political "blacklegging." It is "scabbing" on Republicanism. It is grabbing positions that rightfully belong to others.

Letterkenny.

A more glaring instance of the nullifying of "P.R." comes from Letterkenny. There Dr. MacShinley, a Republican, secured the largest poll in the whole urban area. His first preferences were greater than the combined number of those of his two principal opponents. From jail, where he is undergoing sentence for advocacy of the Dail Eireann Loan, Dr. MacShinley wrote the Urban Council that, as their Medical Officer of Health, he was incapacitated from being a member of the Council, and asked them to co-opt a Republican in his place. What happened? The Ratepayers' Association—a title that masks British Imperial Carcinosis and British Imperial Deviltries, who in their true colours could have secured no urban power—used a majority vote at the meeting to elect a person of its own kidney. As in Dalkey, justice was openly trampled upon. The one way to prevent such frustrations of "P.R." is to abolish the practice of co-optation altogether. The Town Clerk of Dublin did the right thing by having, in the same circumstances as in Dalkey, a new election. An election means expense; but expense must not be allowed to enter into consideration when there is no other means of obviating the anti-democratic tyranny of oligarchies like the majorities in Dalkey and Letterkenny, and of ensuring that the will of the people will prevail.

A National Civil Service.

For fifteen years now Sinn Fein has been advocating the establishment of a National Civil Service in Ireland—that is the filling of all positions under public bodies by merit alone, and not because the successful candidate happens to be the thirty-second cousin of the brother-in-law's wife's sister of some member of the body who has a "pull" with his fellows. Often the reason underlying appointments were

Wanted in Ulster.

ONE agrees that when the Irish people are free there will be no Ulster problem, but the word "free" means so many things to so many people it would seem well that we should first definitely state what we mean by freedom.

"For my part, I have no more to say," wrote P. H. Pearse in the preface to his pamphlet, "The Sovereign People," dated March 28th, 1916, and in this last word to us he has stated his conception of Irish freedom:—

"One may reduce all this to a few simple propositions:—
"1. The end of freedom is human happiness.
"2. The end of national freedom is individual freedom; therefore, individual happiness.
"3. National freedom implies national sovereignty.
"4. National sovereignty implies control of all the moral and material resources of the nation.

"I have insisted upon the spiritual fact of nationality. I have insisted upon the necessity of physical freedom in order to secure the continued preservation of that spiritual fact in a living people; I now insist upon the necessity of complete control of the material resources of the nation in order to secure the completeness of that physical freedom."

As we shall see, ultimate freedom and national unity rest alike upon the emancipation of the Irish people from British Government. But again we must be careful of our words, for British Government in Ireland is not simply the administration of Dublin Castle. It is an intricate network of chains upon the bodies and minds of the Irish people, chains of links social and links golden, all of which must be cast off before the Gael can shout "Scree!"

When we have freed ourselves we shall be empowered to free the Ulster planter. When we have plucked the beam out of our own eyes we shall see the cause of his blindness. When we ourselves become Irish Nationalists *par excellence*, when our nationalism acquires the intensity of that Gaelicism which made Gaels of the invading Normans, there will be no Ulster question.

English plantations have always been the acid test of Irish nationalism. Edmund Spenser, writing in the 16th century, said of the planters of that time: "They have grown almost more Irish and have become more malicious to the English than the very Irish themselves." It was Irish nationalism, the democratic equity of Irish laws, the intrinsic beauty of Irish customs, and a language rolling easily upon the tongue of those who lived this Gaelic social life which neutralised the sword of the invader by Gaelicising the planter. During the first decade of the 17th century the Brehon laws and the whole economic life of Gaelic Ireland was interrupted. The people, exhausted by centuries of endless resistance, fell back. Their tanists, the "wild geese," fled. The English landlord system began. That Irish nationalism which was powerful to efface plantations, though implicit in Tone, Davis, Mitchell, Lalor and Davitt; though expressed by Conolly and Pearse and embodied in Dail Eireann, nevertheless it has yet to be administered.

When that nationalism materialises in concrete economics, when it discloses itself in Irish customs peculiar to the Gael and expresses itself in his language; then and not till then will Ireland be free spiritually and physically, and then and not till then will Ireland once more Gaelicise its planters, finally efface its plantations, and achieve national unity.

During the course of these articles we have discussed the so-called nationalism of Sirfield, of James II, of the Belfast merchants in '98, of Grattan, of O'Connell, and of the Ulster loyalist. They are very nearly related to each other, any difference being merely one of religion, but they bear no relationship whatsoever to the nationalism of the ancient Gael of the United Irishmen, of the Penians, or of that of

MASS. Political service, ward-heeling, and even a *quid pro quo* were the determining factors. Republicanism, standing for efficiency and equal-handed justice for all, has consistently denounced such jobbery. With the new Councils it has got its first opportunity of putting its principles in practice, and its enemies are eagerly awaiting the result. Remarkably enough, the first test comes in Dublin, where Republicanism will be called upon to fill a vacant rate-collectorship. Republicanism throughout the country looks to its majority in the Dublin Municipal Council to give it the lead by enforcing, now that it has the power, the principles of its National Civil Service scheme, merit and promotion on merit.

Seumas Lundy.

One of the silent heroes of Republicanism, the latest martyr of Easter Week, passed away in death on Friday last in Laverpool. Seumas Lundy had a great soul, a great heart, and a great patriotism. His love for Kathleen Houlihan was the love of his young life, and when, in the rush and bustle of an English city, he in the early days of 1916 heard Kathleen in Houlihan's call to prove his love by risking his life for her sake, he at once dropped everything else and came to her aid. Readers will remember the official British testimony at the Hardinge Commission following Easter Week, that the British troops were up to the Wednesday prevented from crossing O'Connell Bridge by a force of three hundred Republicans that held Hopkins and Hopkins and the adjacent houses at the top of Eden Quay. The three hundred men of the British story were in reality only three men—all three of the "some" who came "from a land beyond the wave"—and one of the three was Seumas Lundy. After one of the finest defences of the Insurrection, after holding the British forces at bay for nearly three days, and only when their "stronghold" (Hopkins and Hopkins) became no longer tenable, the gallant garrison of three Republicans slowly retreated through the houses in O'Connell Street, fighting every inch of the way, until fire and shells drove them ultimately to Noble's at Nelson Pillar. In the early hours of Friday morning Noble's, too, fell a victim to the flames, and its defenders received orders to evacuate and save themselves. They sought a temporary refuge in the Pro-Cathedral, but, after a few hours, young Seumas Lundy, believing that it was still possible to strike another blow for Kathleen in Houlihan, crept out of his shelter and, with wonderful daring, during the line of gun and rifle fire in O'Connell Street and safely reached Pearse and his brave garrison in the G.P.O. After the surrender he was taken to Richmond Barracks and thence deported to Frongoch. I have at this length given a brief sketch of Seumas' work for Ireland because outside his immediate circle few knew him. He never courted, in fact he abhorred, the limelight. What he did he did not for popular applause but for love of Ireland, and was content in the consciousness that he had done his duty. That is the real heroism, and Seumas Lundy was one of the real heroes of the movement. His name, like those of the professional platform politicians, was not on the lips of the mob, but it is written on the imperishable records of brave deeds nobly performed. It is inscribed on the immortal roll of the glorious dead who died that Ireland might live. Peace to a great and courageous soul. Beannacht Dhu ar an am.

P. S. O'FLANNAGAIN.

D. McDEVITT Ladies' and Gents' Tailor.
IRISH TWEED AND SERGE SUITS AND OVERCOATINGS
FROM LEADING IRISH MANUFACTURERS.
ALL GARMENTS MADE UNDER TRADE UNION CONDITIONS.
—SPECIALITY—IRISH NATIONAL COSTUMES—
5 ROSEMARY STREET, BELFAST

Dail Eireann, the voice of Easter Week. Significantly enough, these Anglicists have had no nationalising effect upon the English planters. They have preached Anglicism rather than Gaelicism, imperialism rather than nationalism. And therefore it can be truly said they have aided rather than impeded the final conquest of England by Ireland.

Is it any wonder that the workers of Ulster could not hear the voice of Ireland through such mouths? Is it any wonder that Belfast Labour, just emerging from Orangism, fears each another fire? Does any sensible Nationalist think that Belfast Labour will hesitate to lead the workers of planted Ulster into an Ireland whose constitution guarantees that freedom for which the Gael and his descendants through Tone to Pearse and Connolly fought and died?

Gaelicism was the first nationalism the writer himself ever knew, and it is the only nationalism he wants to know. It is that nationalism the common Irish people lived when they were free and while they were fighting the Norman. The common Irish people aimed at no other nationalism but that when they fought behind Sarsted and James II, or when they followed O'Connell and Redmond, and it is just such a nationalism that they mean to-day.

The United Irishmen preached that doctrine to the Ulster planters, and if Tone tells us they became "republican to a man," and learnt to think of their fellow-countrymen as "our Catholic brethren," who are we that we should say "Nothing will teach them but the iron hand"? We must not think of these ignorant people as the enemies of Ireland. If his tutor brutalises my child and poisons his impressionable mind with a criminal outlook, should I cast out the tutor or the child from my home? The tutor, and not the child, has become my enemy, and he would be an insensate idiot if I classified them otherwise.

As a matter of fact, we have all been more or less the dupes of the British press. There is not in Ireland a daily paper which does not tend to obscure our vision, and few of us can say our school training has gone towards making Gaels of us. What, then, must be the effect of concentrated Imperialism in the commercial life of Belfast and its hinterland?

To anyone who takes the trouble to look the facts in the face the pathos of it all is terrible. Fat and full as they may be, commercialism has stripped the mind from native Irish and planter alike. Shoddy education and venal press have produced a serf community. Its loyalism is the loyalty of a dog which licks the foot that kicks it, and snarls at the hand that would drive it away. Its industry is that of a quiescent slave. Its much-bosomed independence of character is but a childish truculence. And its intellectuals have not the courage of their own convictions.

It would be interesting to compare the standard of intelligence inquiry now existing in Ulster with that of the 18th century; brains, it would be found, had been robbed from Belfast as definitely as the food was taken from the Irish farmer. The Orangeman batters his drum, stupid and stolid; the linen lord sits in his City Hall, stodgy and silent, without ability enough to apologise gracefully for his lack of it; the so-called Nationalist and the Eireannian are but bad imitations of their Protestant brothers in affluence; while if you scratch Republicanism you will find compromise in all the old garb of sectarianism.

The tragedy of it all is that this all-embracing mental disease obviates any attempt to cure it. Each little sect has discovered the lost word in truth. Outside of its own Koran it does not inquire. The other fellow is suspect because he belongs to "the other crowd" before he begins to speak. As for judging his words on their own merits and subjecting them to intelligent criticism, that is not to be entertained.

The Belfast Socialists, especially the Marxists, seem also to forget that charity begins at home. They consistently refuse to apply themselves to local needs. Like the others, they foregather in a mutual admiration society to consider

economics at the dawn of history or lay plans for the survival of the New Jerusalem, but the real thing in their mind is the alleviation of present conditions of the life and the struggle of their own country. One man I know is a Gaelic speaker, and he is an Irishman on one side of his head, but to the economics of Marx, which occupies the other side, Ireland is a pin-point on the face of the globe, and the two sides never mix more than oil and water does when shaken up.

It is the victory of "Divide et Impera." It is the same national problem which was met and grappled with in the South, and it must be faced and similarly tackled in the North. This last stronghold of English dominance must be stormed, and the first effective storming party will be the Nationalists. The blind cannot lead the blind with a sufficient degree of confidence to inspire trust in the blind, and it would be well if the eyes of the least blind were first fully opened.

It is noteworthy that the Gaelic League is the only intensely alive national movement in Belfast. Its enthusiasts apply their enthusiasm. It rivals Dublin. In fact, at points it outstrips Dublin. When one considers the atmosphere in which it is working, this light to the feet in a very dark world becomes the more remarkable. It is the saving grace of the non-national area and it goes to prove that nationalism will again thrive and grow in the North-East. Unfortunately, it confines itself to the language. Perhaps, indeed, it is just this concentration of objective that makes it what it is. Nevertheless, we need something more, for one does not forget that it was possible to denationalise the very Gaelic itself.

Sound nationalism is alying itself in the South with sound Labour. In the North-East neither nationalism nor Labour are sound enough to find their own bedrock. When they do they will find a common basis upon which they can unite to do a few Ireland.

A school for the concerted study of Gaelicism is absolutely essential in the Ulster Pale. If that were instituted it would become a magnetic core which would spread and eventually absorb the plantation. The Gaelic College of Belfast does not suffice any more than the language alone will suffice to effect the Gaelic state. The study of the economic structure we propose to set up, based on the principles laid down in the Dail Eireann Democratic Programme, would turn our nationalists capable of dealing with the most acute domestic problem the nation will have to deal with in the future. It is here on the spot we want the men and women, not the Dublin or Donegal. It is now, and not when the nation urgently needs them, that they must be trained. We must turn our potential human material into active and instructed Gaelic citizens.

A hi-coloured tie means nothing practical to the planter. They want to see at least the plans of the new house that are asked to enter before they help to pull down the old one. They admit that their present life is "empty and insipid," but no one so far has shown them anything more "full and fragrant." They will become Irish and the Ulster Pale will gradually disappear when they feel Ireland around them.

When the liberators themselves are free and know what freedom means, when nationalists themselves know what the nationalism they are advocating means, they will be in a position to nationalise the non-national.

W. FORBES PATTERSON.

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Mr. Larkin's Passports and Sinn Fein.

To the Editor, "Old Ireland."

A CHAIR.—Happening to buy your paper for the first time I was approvedly surprised and at the broad, progressive tone of the articles which I had and I had expected the narrow—if I may use the word without offence—viewpoint of suppressed nationalism. I particularly refer to the very able articles on Russia from the pen of Mr. Carry. I was, however, disappointed; and had no criticism to offer on the action of a strong minority of the Sinn Fein members of the Dublin Corporation on the motion relating to Jim Larkin.

I take it that Mr. Carry's article is due in a large way to the fact that they were the party of no compromise; that they most emphatically did not stand for the so-called co-operation of the classes; that rock upon which the British Labour Party (against whom, I notice, you level very apt criticism) is bound to perish. After November, 1917, when it became obvious that they had actually established workers' control, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, which Lenin says is a brutal term describing what had actually taken place, the Bolsheviks allowed the other classes to co-operate on the understanding that they had ceased to be the "other classes." Lenin has also repeatedly stated that it is the duty of all revolutionists not to admire the Russian Revolution but to emulate it.

Larkin, from the moment he landed in Ireland and galvanised the slum-dwellers "at the tollers in the deeps," introduced the doctrine that has borne such fruit in Russia—that there can be no peace and no co-operation between the robber and the robbed. He put into practice his ideas of Irish Independence by creating an Irish Union while at the same time retaining the idea of labour's international solidarity by insisting that the Irish workers take their place in labour's international as Irish workers, and not as an insignificant section of the British movement, thus allowing the Irish movement to march forward as its own pace, unhindered by the place-hunting leaguers of Britain. So successful was Larkin that in a few short years Irish Labour became a name to conjure with throughout the world, and so much of a menace did Jim Larkin become to the Capital-Imperialism of the British Empire that a special order in council was promulgated prohibiting him from setting foot in any part of those dominions upon which it is said the sun never sets. In America, Larkin, as was natural, threw in his lot with the oppressed, not only with that section of his fellow-countrymen who are being ground beneath the heel of the industrial autocracy in the States, but with the entire working class. There he preached what he preached in Ireland, and what is now the motto of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union: "There is no freedom in the States, as in Ireland, of the working class. And in the States, as in Ireland, the oligarchy served him the hatred of the owning class and the hangers-on. To-day he stands in the shadow of the American bastle, arrested on the trumped-up charge of distributing a paper which had ceased to exist some four months previous to his arrest. (It was one of the editors of this paper which ceased publication over four weeks before I left the States.) His arrest synchronizes with the revival of agitation in this country for his return, and took place at the instance of the Lunatic Committee, with whom Nathan is one of the chiefs of the British Secret Service in the United States, and has, I believe, the added distinction of being the son of the Nathan who was Under-Secretary here; during and after Easter Week. The inference is obvious, but let some more say it. I would point to the fact that the United States arrested Mellows and McCartan at

a time when it would ill have suited England had they succeeded in their attempt to return to Ireland.

Jim Larkin's brother, Peter, is at present undergoing a sentence of twelve years imprisonment in an Australian jail for helping to beat conscription in that country. I believe, however, that the technical charge is incendiarism. Peter Larkin is apparently forgotten in Ireland; and now we have a minority, almost a half, of the Sinn Fein Corporation voting in support of Jim Larkin's exile and imprisonment, for that is how their votes will be construed both in England and America. Is the reason to be found in the fact that some of these slouchers for liberty want only capitalist liberty—the liberty to exploit their fellow-countrymen? Is it that some of these Republicans fear that if Larkin were back in Ireland he would insert the word "Workers" in the demand for a Republic, as did Connolly and Mallon and a score of other brave men, who learned the gospel of freedom from Larkin's fiery eloquence and Connolly's patient teaching?

It is the part of journals such as yours to speak on this matter. Silence is likely to be construed as agreement with the minority. Does anyone doubt how Pearse, in whom Larkin saw a man whom the rest of the country only saw a schoolmaster, would have acted on such a question?— Yours faithfully,

EAMONN MACALPINE.

* If this construction is put on the action of certain Sinn Feiners, it will be very unfortunate. But we would ask our correspondent one question: How can a party pledged not to recognise English law in Ireland ask that English not to recognise English law in Ireland ask that English Government for passports? One cannot recognise England's authority over Irish citizens. That is the real cynical thing. Besides, to ask the English Government to make cynical the Larkin back is so futile as almost to make cynical the Remotion was an empty gesture. We don't believe any Republican would publicly support the English ban on Mr. Larkin. We welcome our distinguished correspondent's very interesting letter to our columns.—Ed. O.I.

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Labour College Answers De Blacam.

TO THE EDITOR OLD IRELAND.

A CHAIR.—The James Connolly Labour College is a teaching body, and as it has set itself to do a work in which Adair de Blacam's "Towards the Republic" is an invaluable aid...

The Labour College committee has carefully considered the question of teaching the Irish language and decided to leave that work to the Gaelic League...

It is to be taken for granted then that the Labour College will not lose a word of Irish? By no means. The management committee has under consideration the delivery of courses of lectures in Irish on subjects of direct service to Labour...

What we need, then, is to bring every worker into contact with economic realities.

Life, dear Blacam, has already done that. The experience of economic realities generates the conviction that sends the purposeful student to the Labour College for Theory, which is interpretation...

The parody of economic teaching offered by him—my little ignoramuses—conveys a hint of ignorance of the actual working of the Labour College...

Nothing in these comments on Mr. Blacam's article should be interpreted as limiting the work of the Labour College to a narrow sphere of place or thought...

Blacam's cavilling (I have shown, I think, it is so independent of fact as to be unworthy of the name of criticism) would not deserve notice were it not that all who know him, even if only in his writings, are convinced that he means well...

J. M. M. McDONNELL. James Connolly Labour College, Dublin.

De Valera and Casement.

By "WANDERER" of the Pittsburg Dispatch.

How often distance lends enchantment! And it is the most glorious thing in the world not to be disillusioned—I mean that I would like him half as much as I did...

He does not look in the least like his pictures. When I came into the room to greet me, for a moment I was not sure that it was he. I had imagined from his pictures that he was gaunt-looking, and that he would be very slow in his movements...

Modernity Impressive.

For the benefit of the ladies, I will say that he was dressed in a suit of very dark Oxford gray, made by a very good tailor, and he had a little bit of white around the neck and in the lapels...

After he gave me a cordial warm Irish hand-shake, and we sat down, I told him that I was The Wanderer and that I wanted him to answer one of my questions for my "When We Stand" column...

Casement Stories.

When the article was finished, we talked a little about Sir Roger Casement, and I told Mr. De Valera stories I had heard about Casement when I was in Germany during the war...

In the fall of 1916 I was in Munich and Sir Roger Casement had lived on the Ammersee, a lake near Munich, and before he left Germany, one day Casement and a friend of his were seated at a table in a little inn in the Bavarian highlands...

When the omelette arrived, Casement looked at it and said, "I thought I was hungry, but I am not," and turning to his friend asked, "Will you have it?" The friend said, "No."

as I described them in Germany. I am sure he was English in his sympathy for the men I told him how the English had searched for me when I told him how the press was to the skin, and stripping me of my papers.

Wholly Interview.

That I showed him a copy of The Pittsburg Dispatch and pointed out my column. I gave him a copy so he could read that Israel Zangwill had to say about the standards of morals for men and women...

Even if I wasn't for Irish independence, I would still be for President Eamon De Valera—strong, strong, strong.

Ssriobhóirí agus a Scuid Oibre.

AN EASDA MITHSÍ AGÁ ORLA?

Trí fógra ó'n méar a bhíodáir ar an bPárlaimint seo an tSeachtain seo caite nac an nac méar bhinn deic as ceapao...

Muiréar leir na rsiobhóirí féin, ar fíor deas an ceapao rsiobhóirí ó'n GComhghráir. I leabair deic ó'n tSeachtain seo caite...

Trí fógra ó'n méar a bhíodáir ar an bPárlaimint seo an tSeachtain seo caite nac an nac méar bhinn deic as ceapao...

Muiréar leir na rsiobhóirí féin, ar fíor deas an ceapao rsiobhóirí ó'n GComhghráir. I leabair deic ó'n tSeachtain seo caite...

tionas ós. Thair ó'n méar a bhíodáir ar an bPárlaimint seo an tSeachtain seo caite nac an nac méar bhinn deic as ceapao...

Di rsiobóirí ó'n GComhghráir féin rsiobhóirí na n-áirde ó'n tSeachtain seo caite nac an nac méar bhinn deic as ceapao...

Thi coimseáirí na bPárlaimint ar an tSeachtain seo caite nac an nac méar bhinn deic as ceapao...

Di an tSeachtain seo caite nac an nac méar bhinn deic as ceapao...

Thi coimseáirí na bPárlaimint ar an tSeachtain seo caite nac an nac méar bhinn deic as ceapao...

Di an tSeachtain seo caite nac an nac méar bhinn deic as ceapao...

Thi coimseáirí na bPárlaimint ar an tSeachtain seo caite nac an nac méar bhinn deic as ceapao...

Di an tSeachtain seo caite nac an nac méar bhinn deic as ceapao...

cleamhán, ré mo bhreathnaim éinne go n-éireodóir umh, ra veirnead. Tuairim éom maic le fear cé na bóirne fáda...

Ác é ar na ríshíobóirí acá ar fearain beasáic ar fáil... tá an sgríobac beo éir ar an teallac, tá an oibríacac o fás...

PAROIRIC O COMAIR.

If Wolfe Tone Had Succeeded.

A CHAIRA.—Mr. Forbes Patterson's articles, for me at least, are breaking new ground, both as full of information on Ulster and as a stimulus to thinking. One point strikes me to speculate upon what would have happened had Ireland been freed by Wolfe Tone. He seems to imply that freedom then would have led to a commercialised Ireland. I doubt. A free-Ireland upon England's flank might have saved England from becoming so commercial in soul and so imperialistic.

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pointed to the fact that England has been the greatest oppressor to capitalism in Europe, and further, that England holds her power through Ireland. He held that to free Ireland would have been to strike a heavy blow at England's junkers, and at all capitalism in Europe. Wolfe Tone was essentially democratic, and the Catholic workers would most certainly have been enfranchised by his Irish Republic. Even Grattan's parliament aimed at that. On the whole, I think Wolfe Tone's success would have saved the world from commercial imperialism and England from herself. Even a nation or empire has left the impress of its civilization on the world: Egypt of her majesty and law, Greece of her intellect and art, Rome of her energy, order and constitution, the Holy Roman Empire of her forms of civilization; even France in her imperial power impressed Europe with her fine thought and clarity of speech; Germany with her science and industry and land with her commercialism, capitalistic imperialism. The empires of the world have sinned in pride. The sin of England is avarice. Hence her tribute to modern civilization as the precursor and most shining example of the capitalist system. Alas! what Wolfe Tone might have saved his country from—

The Brothers.

(Lines suggested on seeing John Howard Parnell walking O'Connell Street.)

'Tis sad to see you old man face the street. Through which his brother swept in triumph proud. And pass unheeded: who is there to greet This kinsman of the Chief to whom all bowed?

'Tis strange to muse upon a bygone time When this man's brother swayed our troubled land, And made his fame to ring through every clime, While millions hearkened to his stern command.

'Tis good to scan anon the features cold, Moulded in bronze, of him who finely said Those words, so meekly set in letters gold: "No man shall stay a Nation's onward tread."

ATTEMPT TO DESTROY LINEN INDUSTRY.

Dealing with England's attempt to destroy the linen industry in Ulster, the London "Daily Mail" for February 24th says:— "The farmer is heavily fined and discouraged from increasing or keeping up his area of flax crops, and this is a moment when American buyers are over here seeking for linen at any price. . . . Even the most loyal Ulstermen are on this question harbouring a resentment sufficiently vigorous to be popular in Sinn Féin circles. . . . Yarn has, in fact, increased in value up to 1,000 per cent., while Irish flax from the farm has remained with constant. In short, the Government, who buy the wool of the Irish flax at these enforced prices, are setting up brokers for the spinners and making colossal fortunes for their clients. While Irish farmers are forced to sell at a maximum of £800 a ton, foreign growers have sold at as much as £1,200 a ton."

ered a Bolshevik revolution in Turkestan, Afghanistan and Bolshevism. He is said to have many supporters and directing his energies against the British in south-western India, the ultimate aim being to arouse the Indian people. Joseph Kemal Pasha (head of the Turkish Nationalists) also active, and is expected to join the Bolsheviks in Caucasus, from whence operations will be directed against the British in Mesopotamia, where there are already sporadic insurrections. The British are so anxious over the menace to their unholy triangle based on the Near East and India, as well as China, that a special conference has been called in Paris by British Lords. It is reported that gigantic preparations will be made to start operations against Russia, one of the first moves being to supply Egypt with means of war in order to have the other moves will be operations against the Russians in the Near East and the strengthening of the British forces along the north-western frontier in India. Press reports state that the "Persian Government" has requested Great Britain to state what assistance can be given Persia in event of a Bolshevik invasion, and what defensive action by Persia would accord with the British policy. The "Persian Government" means nothing more nor less than the British Government, maintained by the British arms, and this has been since the Anglo-Persian treaty by which Persia lost her independence as a nation and, through weakness and military incapacity, was forced to accept British "protection," i.e., British rule.

It yet remains to be seen if the British Labour Party and the British public, which have been rather loud-mouthed in their half-hearted sympathy for India, will support British imperialistic interests in India, or will support India's emancipation through active co-operation with Russia. The movements of the Bolsheviks toward India, and the greatest importance to India. Last week it was reported that Maulvi Barkat Ullah, one of the most active revolutionary leaders from India, was in Tashkent, and was working with the Russians. A pamphlet, written by him, and circulated in India, was recently suppressed and many copies confiscated by the British Government in India. It is reported that this pamphlet was circulated throughout India within a very short time; this in itself is an indication of the efficiency of the secret revolutionary movement there, which is co-operating in so far as is possible, with the Russians.

STRANGLING AN ULSTER INDUSTRY.

The "Irish Times," the organ of the pro-English party in Ireland, in its issue of February 10th, says that the hand of bureaucracy is strangling an important industry at its source, and points out that the Irish flax growers were compelled by the English Government to sell 75 per cent. of their crop at £310 per ton or less and the balance at less than £300 per ton, while at the same time Continental flax is selling at £600 to £1,000 a ton, and very inferior English flax is being sold in Belfast for £625 a ton and more. The result of this policy was that there was last year a decrease of 36,47,000 acres under flax in Ireland and that this year there is a further decrease of 100,000 acres threatened, as the farmers declare they will not grow flax if the control is maintained. "The retention of the control means killing the growing of flax in Ireland," and the consequent stoppage of the Belfast spinning mills, which are already working on half time because they cannot get enough flax. The article describes the Ulster farmers as being in a condition of "open revolt" against the activities of the English-appointed Control Board.

The same issue of the paper contains a report of the Kirkcubbin (Co. Down) Farmers' Union, at which a resolution was passed binding the members to refuse to market any flax until the ban is removed.

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MARCH

OLD IRELAND

EDITED BY P. J. LITTLE

(NEW SERIES)

VOL. II. No. 5.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1920

PRICE THREEPENCE

Who Said Surrender?

A CONTROVERSY.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

John Devoy Talks Straight.

The week before last we commented upon Eamon de Valera's reference to the relations between Cuba and America, and the contrast as compared to the relations between England and Ireland. We warned our readers to exercise the greatest reserve in either rejecting or accepting the English press interview, so full or authoritative. Since that interview the action of the American Senate in relation to the Peace Treaty affords, by its proposal of a world conference of nations, new hope to Ireland. On this point we commented last week. On Thursday last the Irish daily press published a report of a statement by John Devoy, which is of prime importance. The veteran of Irish nationality and the vigour of Ireland's youth are absolutely at one upon the question of compromising the Irish question in any way upon the demand of Ireland for sovereign independence. His voice will find an almost universal response of approval throughout this land. Mr. Devoy says that

"If the present movement should be metamorphosed into a demand for a free Ireland under an English Protectorate, there would be a sudden waning, if not a collapse, of the present enthusiasm in America. This applies to Irish opinion just as much as to American, and indeed the more one envisages such a change the less possible does it appear. The whole national campaign in Ireland, covering the four years since Easter, 1916, is rooted in the ideals for which men died. If those ideals are bartered for the comfort of politicians and the nice adjustments of secret diplomacy, the cause will not die, but the Irish question will remain in a welter of waste and hatred, and those who advocated compromise will be set aside. The great settlement is the Statesman's settlement and the honest settlement. The hostility of America towards the British Empire rises like the Atlantic tide, with the impulse of a great storm behind the breakers. America does not yet desire war with England, hence it may possibly prove that all America's desires of equality and freedom on the high seas may be secured by the complete freedom of Ireland, and the world be saved from another great war.

How to Destroy the I.R. Movement.
As to Home Rule, Dominion Home Rule, English Protectorate and the rest, such settlements will permanently alienate America and cut Ireland from her support in America and from her own kith and kin across the sea. By the way, is it not from a protectorate that Egypt is at present struggling to be free? Eamon de Valera may rest assured that the Irish people will not relent nor change the object of the supreme effort of the Irish people. We did not believe that the statement of Eamon de Valera bore the interpretation put on it by certain English journalists; if the example of Cuba was used by him, we believe it was used as an argument against England, not as a deliberate offer. The reported statement of John Devoy does not appear to us completely as it is, it contains many wise statements—they would be wise, no matter who said them. For instance, the danger of giving, by suggestion of compromise, the least opportunity to the English politicians to whitewash the real Irish Republican ideal is emphasised in that statement.

Unalterable Irish Demand.

The importance of Irish opinion in Ireland is also emphasised. After all, the Irish throughout the world will always rest content with adding to the decision of the Irish in Ireland; but if Ireland wavers from the great intention of achieving sovereign international status, we lose the tremendous support of our American friends. Thus the Irish in Ireland is vitally important. At the moment the British Government is saving our agitators time, energy and money. That government is making doubly sure that the spirit of absolutely unrelenting republicanism and separation shall be stronger to-day than yesterday, as it was stronger yesterday than a year ago. Eamon de Valera himself will heartily agree, we are sure, with the following statement attributed to Mr. Devoy:—

"The present national policy was adopted in Ireland on January 21, 1919, and endorsed and adopted for America on February 23, 1919, by the greatest convention of the race ever held in the United States. No man, not even properly changed by similar representative assemblies, if the very essence of democracy and representative government is not to be destroyed among our people."

The Irish people are not in the least disturbed by suggestions that compromise is being seriously mooted. So firm is the spirit of Irish Republicanism to-day that British propagandist efforts receive only a smile and a passing comment.

"The Voice of Labour" and Ourselves on America.

One of the cheering characteristics of the present situation is that, in spite of suppressions and raids, men carry on earnest controversy with a splendid indifference to the inconveniences caused by the common enemy. Thus this week *The Voice of Labour*, whose editor is on the run and whose

paper gets seized every week, criticises Old Ireland for anticipating that America, inspired by self-interest, may find it valuable to enforce the principle of national freedom in the case of Ireland as a means to secure freedom of the seas, and thereby protect America's trade interests against England's aggressive "command of the seas." We are glad *The Voice* raised this point. It's a healthy one. We admit that there is a compromise here, but it is not more of a compromise than Russia is making by offering treaty terms to capitalist England and capitalist America. The object of Russia in making terms with capitalist states is to get the opportunity of working out her own salvation, and Russia uses, as an instrument to achieve her object, the self-interest of these nations in offering raw materials and food to them. Ireland would no more sin against the principle of a "Workers' Republic" for Ireland by availing of American self-interest to achieve national freedom. There are capitalists who sincerely believe in national freedom. In Ireland there is a double victory to be achieved, namely, for national and economic freedom. We believe that in so far as the second is concerned the great and most urgent work at this moment is to make the whole people face the fact that the capitalist system, the usurer's state, is immoral and anti-human and anti-Christian, and to make the people realise the full advantage of the co-operative commonwealth. If this work is done, Ireland can, when she gets national freedom, put her own house in order and see to it that whilst wise relations are established with other nations, that the interests of other nations must not be allowed to enslave the Irish workers. We look to *The Voice of Labour* especially to put before the people the vision of a true democracy, in so far as that work is well done, in so far as the right propaganda is effective in the people's minds, in so far as will Ireland be saved from civil internecine strife and economic slavery.

The Mystery of Wilson.

When President Wilson dismissed Lansing, the mystery of Wilson grew darker. Naturally expecting that there was something behind the sudden and very vigorous act, we thought some change might take place in President Wilson's policy. The rumour in the American press that President Wilson is mad we dismiss. If he were, all America would join in a dignified conspiracy of silence and carry on without him. If he were incurably ill, all the world would sound his praises—alas, that praise should be as the clay upon the coffin of every statesman that is dying in the atmosphere of real activity. The very fact that Wilson's hostile press is saying nasty things shows there is a kick left in the war horse. When we referred to the possible future action of President Wilson, we did so rather as a forecast than as pinning our faith to any of his actions. We have always been cynical of Wilson and enthusiastic about his principles. Now the stubborn attitude of President Wilson on the Adriatic question and the appointment of the new secretary show that however ill the President may be, there is a rational policy working ahead, a policy quite coherent with events and the past. The appointment of the new Secretary of State, U.S.A., Mr. Bismarck Colby, indicates a clever line of compromise, exactly what one might expect from the old Wilson policy. If the press is correct in its statements that this gentleman won popularity with the Irish by protesting against England's conduct after Easter, and recently kept closely in touch with Sir Horace Plunkett, then President Wilson has made a clever move, and a dangerous one from the Irish Republican point of view. President Wilson, our readers will remember, told Sir Horace to keep him directly informed on the Irish question during the Trinity College Convention. He has always backed the Anglophile hypocrites in the States and secret diplomacy through the connection of Wilson, Colby and Sir Horace Plunkett may take Wilson out of his difficul-

ties with his own party on the Irish question, and incidentally save the British Empire for Sir Horace and the rest. The exploitation of the "Cobden spirit" coincided nicely with Sir Horace's visit and return. Hence at this moment the danger of the Plunkett diplomacy as a menace to the whole Irish movement. Sir Horace, with his American support, which though small is powerful, may be quite sincere in his intentions, but if he succeeds he will lead Ireland into a trap, worse than that laid by Asquith for Redmond.

This Page is Reserved for the Editor of The "Irishman."

Bishop of Derry and Partition.

The Bishop of Derry has given the newspapers a three-column denunciation of the British Government's partition scheme. Some parts of that letter are excellent—those that refute the British Prime Minister's alleged justification for his proposals, namely, the existence in North-East Ulster of "a fairly solid population, a homogeneous population, alien in race, alien in sympathy, alien in religion, alien in tradition, alien in outlook, from the rest of the population of Ireland." Bishop McHugh is right when he declares that that allegation of Mr. Lloyd George is "an outrage on truth," and he does good service when he reproduces from the British Government's own census returns figures that prove his declaration as far as homogeneity of population and alienism in race and religion are concerned.

Fanning Sectarian Flames.

Bishop McHugh, however, destroys the effect of his exposure by playing into the British Government's hands and fanning the sectarian flames that it is the British Government's interest, in pursuance of its policy of conquest, to keep burning in Ulster. How the man, who in one part of his letter so clearly recognises the British Government's "divide and conquer" purpose, should in another have accentuated the very antagonism in religion and sympathy and tradition that the British Government wishes to prove, passes my comprehension. As I said in a previous article, the maintenance of sectarianism, real or fictitious, in the North is the British Government's last plausible argument for holding Ireland. Every Irishman who encourages the sectarian spirit is helping the British Government and postponing the day of independence. I am sorry that, on the evidence of his letter, I must include Bishop McHugh as a conscious or unconscious member of this latter class. References to Ulster Catholics in their relations with Ulster Protestants as "serfs" of "an intolerant minority," and to the "Covenanters" as "without the least regard for the sentiments of the Catholics of Ulster," are expressions of opinion from an influential source that must make Mr. Lloyd George and his British Cabinet colleagues rub their hands with glee. That, to use a colloquialism, is the stuff they want to make good their case against the national freedom of an undivided Ireland, and Bishop McHugh has given it to them in no negligible measure. When the Bishop of Derry allowed the national that is in him to be, on a purely national question, swamped by the sectarian, he became a propagandist for British government in Ireland. Remember, I do not for one moment say that Bishop McHugh is wrong when he speaks of the intolerance of sections of Protestants. I admit it. I have always admitted it. But at the same time I know and confess, what the Bishop of Derry omits to state, that there was an equal intolerance on the Catholic side. His lordship would render a greater service to his country if he gave both parties their due, and pointed out to both that this intoler-

ance, like the sectarianism from which it springs, is not a native Irish growth, but a foreign and rank exotic planted by enemy hands to destroy the beauty and harmony of the national garden.

Helping Out England.

Again the Bishop of Derry says: "We can see the future foreshadowed in the actions of the past. Experience has taught us that wherever Protestants are in the majority, whether it be in the county council, borough council, urban council, in fact, in any council or committee, and have positions of emolument at their disposal, no Catholic need apply." Now there is an old maxim in war, as old as war itself, that one should seek to discover what the enemy wants one to do, and then do—the opposite. Bishop McHugh has reversed it. He has done the very thing that the British Government wants Irishmen and Irishwomen of both sides to do. He has emphasised that hostile-alien creation, sectarian exclusiveness in public appointments. He has done worse. He has emphasised it *against one side only*, and thereby made for the increase of sectarian animosity and antagonism the very thing that England is most anxious to keep alive in Ulster. Had his lordship viewed the question from the standpoint of the nation he would have declared with equal frankness that in many councils equally misguided Northern Catholics have, mainly through Hibernianism, as the Protestants through Orangism, made it an unwritten law that "no Protestant need apply," he would have read both of them a lesson on the nationally fatal folly of their conduct, and he would have shown them how, by such a system of intolerant boycott, they were helping England to rob and crush them both by holding and exploiting the country that is their common motherland.

An Example from the Balkans.

The late Catholic Austrian Empire was at one with the present Protestant British Empire in the uniring pursuit of that policy of conquest and government—"divide and conquer." In 1849 Austria, in accord with this policy, proclaimed, as England proclaims to-day in the case of Ireland, that the Jugo-Slavs were not one nation, but several nations, "alien in race, alien in sympathy, alien in religion, alien in tradition, alien in outlook," and strove especially to prove the mutual antagonism of the Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic Churches. What did the Jugo-Slave do? The Greek Catholic Prince-Bishop of Montenegro, Njegoes, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Dzakovo, Strossmayer, at once made common cause against the Austrian attempt to divide the Jugo-Slavs on the religious question. I commend to Bishop McHugh and to all Ulster Irishmen and Irishwomen, irrespective of creed, two sentences in which Bishop Njegoes epitomised their joint campaign for Jugo-Slav unity against Austrian wiles:—

"Be a Serb and believe what you believe."
"Do not ask how a man crosses himself, but whose the blood that warms his heart and whose the milk that nourishes him."

The clergy and people of both the Roman and Greek Catholic Churches rallied to the appeal of their episcopal leaders, and the Jugo-Slave won. Bishop Strossmayer was the outstanding figure in the fight.

P. S. O'FLANNAGAIN.

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Squaring a Circle.

THE British Labour Party delegation has had its draft report published, and truly it is an amazing document. It will be remembered that these people came here uninvited to discover the misdeeds of their own government and to prepare some kind of policy relative to Ireland for their party. The conscience of the British Labour Party is somewhat disturbed about Ireland evidently, and its leaders have possibly discovered that they cannot assume or, if assumed, maintain the Pontius Pilate attitude. A mere washing of hands will not clear the British Labour Party nor the nebulous thing called British Democracy of the guilt of strangling Ireland any more than it will cleanse them of the stains of Persia, Egypt, India and the Treaty of Versailles. Labour is not the government—so the report says—and that statement is, we presume, to cleanse British Democracy of its crimes. Peoples are responsible for their own governments in politically free countries. The people of Great Britain is responsible for the government it put into power and maintains there, and so long as that is so the British Labour Party cannot quite cleanse itself from the stains attaching to its entire people. There are also the facts that Henderson was in the British Cabinet in 1916; that Barnes represented British Labour in the starvation of Central Europe; that O'Grady is the British Envoy to Russia, and that when the wages or conditions of British workers are concerned, Adamson, Henderson & Co. can bring their government rather quickly to surrender point. If British Labour is not the government it can very easily compel what is the government to obey its orders. What has been done can be done again. Pontius Pilate washed his hands and let the law take its course. British Labour issues its report, and the gesture it conveys is more revolting than that of Pontius Pilate, because Pilate was probably sincere whilst the British Labour Party obviously is not.

"We make our proposals," says the report, "for the immediate solution of the Irish problem in the spirit in which we conceive it would be appreciated by Labour Government. The government now in power, like past governments, has the distrust and suspicion of the Irish people. *British Labour is not in this position and lies under no suspicion of political cynicism in appealing to the Irish people to co-operate in the task of finding a solution.*" How right Asquith was during the Paisley election in retorting to the Labour Party's appeal to the Irish voters: Labour has a clean record with regard to Ireland because Labour has no record at all. This report, however, will put things right—we shall know now how and where to place British Labour in relation to our struggle for freedom. The report flatters the British Labour Party unduly in one very important particular, inasmuch as it says that party "lies under no suspicion of political cynicism." Only very simple people who had no knowledge of political cynicism or of the British Labour Party had no suspicions about either. Why even a very large section of British organised labour suspects that party of political cynicism. And we have, ourselves, always had that suspicion. The suspicion is fully justified now by this precious report. It is very doubtful if any other British Party could in so few words have given so perfect an exhibition of political cynicism and insincerity as this report gives, were one never disposed to suspect the good intentions of the British Labour Party; had we placed implicit confidence in

it and in its previous declarations this report would make us not only suspect it but be hostile to it in common with its fellows. This report will kill any small hope that existed in Ireland of the good intentions of British Labour, and in doing that it will have done a very useful piece of work indeed. The few eyes that still turned eastwards towards British democracy may now find a new direction for their vision. So much to the good.

The British Labour Party in truth is just as imperialistic in its outlook as its competitors for seats in the Privy Council of King George V. In this report it talks of the "British Commonwealth of free nations," as if such an institution were actually in existence. Using the word commonwealth instead of empire makes no difference to anybody, least of all to us who are much more concerned with the realities than with the names. Sure even Cecil Rhodes talked like the Labour Party report. Where is this "British Commonwealth of free nations?" So far as we are aware, it has no existence in fact, and an exhaustive search fails to disclose it. We know the spots "marked red," most appropriately too, on the maps, and we know that these spots are termed collectively "the British Empire." But commonwealth: certainly not. Labour, however, is not yet in power, and when it is we shall probably have the monstrosity re-christened in accordance with the politically cynical philosophy of the British Labour Party. When the great re-christening festival comes we shall probably see India, Egypt, Persia, Ireland, Ceylon and the rest so happy, so full of rejoicing, that they will all drop their petty parochial names and assume that of the great maternal commonwealth of which they will be proud to form a part. Are these alleged democrats really serious? Have they any sense of humour, or are they merely obsessed by their own and their empire's importance? It is really very difficult to say, and one is tempted to laugh at them much as one does at Lloyd George's Bill to repeal "the Act on the Statute Book." It is difficult indeed not to be flippant, and it is wonderful how these pompous prospective governors of ours induce a flippant mood. They know, of course, by the will of God, what is good for us better than we do ourselves. It is the destiny of Englishmen apparently, and they have to bear the heavy burden. They would accept a "mandate" for anywhere if there is any money in the offering, and having accepted they would turn their eyes heavenwards and recite Keating's "Recessional."

The British Labour Party has played with the idea of self-determination much as Liberals and Tories in Britain have done. When the idea can be put into practice at some other nation's cost they accept it, but when, as in our case, Britain itself has the strange hold, the idea goes by the board. We in Ireland are not in a mood to be trusted with the determination of our own future government, says the British Labour Party. So we should be compelled to wait five or ten years till our temper calms before any final decision could be made. Had we been a hypnotized race in any other part of the world, or had we been necessary to the proper functioning of a *cordón sanitaire* somewhere, our present temper would have been judged quite differently. We have stated repeatedly that we believe in self-determination as not only a right of nations but as a duty. We stand by that declaration, we have acted upon that declaration. The present chaotic condition of this country has been produced by the people of this country exercising their right and fulfilling their duty. We have determined, and everything that the Labour Party report deplors, no more, by the way, than we do, is caused by, in very truth, might endeavouring to suppress right. We deplore this attempted suppression much more than the Labour delegation from Britain, but we do not see that anything short of the recognition of our right to whatever form of government we desire will bring

any immediate improvement. We have suffered in Ireland, we are suffering, and in all probability we shall continue to suffer, because we here believe that self-determination means just exactly what it says and not what any party in Britain may think it means. We believe it means the right of the Irish people to choose its own constitution, and we shall continue in that belief even though the British Labour Party deplors our temper and falls itself into the same cynical trickery which all its predecessors have practised under whatever name they traded.

ANDREW E. MALONE.

Who said Surrender?

SIR—Who said surrender? Not I. The imputation is about on a par with your suggestion that I look to English periodicals for guidance on Irish affairs. Whereas, on the contrary, the motive of my letter was my extreme irritation at the undue importance you attached to an article in the *English News Statesman*. I thought it wasn't bad for an Englishman. You were as angry with it as if it had been written by an Irish Republican. But this second imputation is again about as unfair as a third one, to wit, that I wish to use the names of Shaw and E as spellbinders. Even my choice of words ("arguments" I wrote) precluded this interpretation; much more, I should have thought, the whole tenour of my letter. When I wrote the imputation, I meant arguments. I have been at some pains to understand the position of both Shaw and E with regard to Irish independence. The fact that they both see difficulties in complete separation raises a problem in my mind which I feel bound to face. And the opinions of these men weigh with me just for this reason that they are both thinkers who have framed comprehensive and profound plans for the reconstruction of society on a juster basis. This is just what is lacking in the outlook of some of the leaders of the Irish Republican movement at present. I do believe that Tone, Davis and Lator had a reach of imagination of which we stand awfully in need to-day. However, I shall not keep beating about the bush. I wish merely to repudiate the caption you chose for my letter; to remind you that I did my best to put An Dáil where it is; that I have never shifted my allegiance; and that you had no justification to confuse me with the Dominion Home Rulers, as you apparently did. I should imagine that the fact that I recognise An Dáil as the *de jure* government of Ireland should be sufficient to clear me of that suspicion. Having said so much, I return to the attack.

You have not answered my difficulty. I shall endeavour to state it more clearly. It may be that you cannot risk the full statement of your case. But I very much hope you can frame a better answer to it than appeared in your last. In the first place, then, I am a Separatist. By this I mean that I am convinced that it is neither possible nor desirable that the Irish and English peoples should be fused in one British nation. If I dare say I hold this conviction with more explicit understanding than many of your readers, because I have reached it slowly, step by step, from the days of my boyhood, when I thought that the difference between an Irishman and an Englishman was purely factitious—a "sentiment" or a "prejudice," or whatever other word Unionists use to avoid the words "partition" and "nationality." In the second place, I am a Republican, by which I mean that I believe that political and economic power should be distributed on a progressively broader basis. Here again I follow the teaching of Davis, Lator, Pearse and Connolly, having first taken the pains to assimilate their teaching as thoroughly as I could. And I think Ireland is in a peculiarly favourable position for building up a civilisation based on agriculture and free free-



the factory system and the immense crowded towns which have made the Industrial Capitalist period such a hell for the human race. In the third place, I am strongly anti-militarist. By this I mean that I still think there is grave danger of Europe committing suicide by militarism. And I am sufficiently in love with the culture of Europe (including the English culture, for I do not for one instant subscribe to the "fifth" and English culture utterly corrupt) to be anxious that it should survive the ruin with which it is threatened. Now, as a Separatist, a Republican, and an Anti-militarist, I try to forecast Ireland's chances. My idealism does not prevent my being an opportunist. The man who is in danger of losing his ideals because he gets an approximation to them is a poor idealist. He only half believes in his ideals, like some of your contributors with whom I have quarrelled before now, who think that the existence of a sense of our separate nationality depends on the English oppression. Now being an opportunist in the sense I have described, I have set before myself to consider the question whether it is not better for Ireland to come to some terms with the British Empire. I hate Imperialism, I dare say as heartily as you do. Therefore I wish to make my difficulty clear, and hope you will not content yourself with enlightening me if you can. Here is the crux.

When there was a hope of a League of Nations and of a general scrapping of armaments (an enthusiasm, by the way, which claimed many martyrs among Englishmen), I believed that Ireland could utterly escape the tangle of militarism that England has driven out of Ireland by a successful rising, if you choose. Are we to proceed to erect forts all round our coast, like Carlisle and Carden at the mouth of the Coves Harbour? Are we to construct a fleet of ships to dispute with hope gradually to muster a fleet of ships to dispute with England the mastery of the seas? If not, are we to take her sea, feet, our whole territory at the mercy of her air force, our bulwark of the sea? Are we to build a mercantile marine for her to steal feet? Are we to be protected from us? Or do you hope, sir, that we shall be protected by the inviolability of some treaty? These questions seriously trouble me. Perhaps I am creating an illusion for myself. If so, can you not help me? But if there is weight in my arguments, let us face up to them. May it not be better for us to put up with some connexion with the British

Empire, on condition of England's recognition of An Dáil as the government of the Irish Nation. I am inclined to think it might be our best escape from the curse of militarism and our best chance to labour for the cause of nationalism against imperialism. In any case we should remember the really wise words of the *New Statesman* writer: "Ultimately the relations between Ireland and England depend on the will of the Irish people."—Yours, etc.,

D. FARRINGTON.

Surrendered by Suggestion.

A CHAIR—Who said surrender? Who suggested it without using the ugly word? To argue the overwhelming greatness of England as a reason for entering into a deal with her politicians at this time implies a surrender of the whole strategic position of Ireland's strength. Hostility to the oppressor has always been the only means of bringing reality into the struggle for Irish freedom! At this very moment, owing to America's strength, owing to America's attitude towards England, and owing to the growth of hostility in the whole East, Ireland's demand may not fall on deaf ears. If you, Mr. Farrington, aim at recognition of the Irish Republic by England, the only difference between us is the means and the subsequent safeguards to Irish freedom. The only means we consider practicable are hostility and propaganda. A holy rage at international and social injustice does not seem to be included in your programme. We thought your "extreme irritation" was due to our attack on the honesty of the Fabian article on Ireland, rather than to the importance we attach to an English journal. You have changed your line

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of attack. We attach considerable importance to the Fabians at the moment as the brains of a new policy in the making, a policy which may balk the recognition of the Irish Republic. We most emphatically do not believe in a policy of sweet reasonableness as a means of getting any thief to deliver the stolen goods. But you, Mr. Farrington, do not attempt to meet our point that for the *New Statesman* to admit England's crime against Ireland, and at the same time to postpone the plain, honest settlement by finely-spun schemes and phrases about "ultimately settling" is sheer dishonesty. We really don't agree with you you imply dishonesty, "not bad for an Englishman." That Englishmen are utterly incapable of a plain, honest attitude on the Irish question. Perhaps we are wrong. If so, so much the more reason for not handling them tenderly. We do believe in showing them up—if possible—to themselves. Did we imagine that you wished to use the names of Shaw and *Æ* as "spellbinders"? Our highest tribute to what you intended. You did use their names as "spellbinders." When we use "spellbinders" we mean that these names used as "arguments" carry force not by logic but by the spell of a reputation. There is no logic in saying Plato believed such-and-such, therefore it is true. Why did he believe it? Let us have truth, rather than Plato. Reasons are more to us than names. Because Shaw is right on some questions does not convince us that he is right on others. For instance, Shaw was in favour of the war against the Boers. Poor old Kruger probably had no wide vision, etc., but Kruger was right on that question, and the other damnably wrong. You were at some pains to understand Shaw—well, we were at some pains to get a straight answer from him when he came on a sort of glorified recruiting campaign in the latter days of the war. It was a war aims committee stuff. In that encounter Shaw sneered at Sinn Féin and refused to say whether he approved of James Connolly's action in Easter Week; he further evaded an answer to the question whether he would have approved of James Connolly's action in Easter Week had Connolly succeeded. Shaw, like Wilson, is a highbrow. We quite agree with you; we could do with a couple of Tonnes in the movement to-day. As for *Æ*, we have (who has not?) a tenderness for him, but we believe his great work is in co-operation. He does not aim at entering the region of political battle. His work is elsewhere. But no matter who propounds the arguments, if those arguments prove to your mind that there are insurmountable barriers to complete separation, I cannot see how you can expect the empire to recognise An Dail outside the empire. Ireland must be inside or outside the empire—An Dail inside the empire is merely a form of Home Rule. To us at this stage in the fight such an attitude smacks of surrender. Your reason for being so emphatic, namely "that it is neither possible nor desirable that the two nations be fused into one British nation," is a view held by all Nationalists, even the most ardent Irish Party Federalist. It expresses to us the very minimum of Nationalist belief. You are a Republican, by which you mean that political and economic power should be distributed on a progressively broader basis. As a Republican you could have that careful phrase in introducing his Home Rule Bill in nineteen hundred and what-not. An anti-militarist usually means one who refuses to take up arms in any cause. We are not anti-militarist because we believe that to take up arms to defend any just cause, under certain circumstances, is right. Without being anti-militarist we realise the tragedy of Europe. Incidentally you are not doing justice to those Irish papers which attack English papers for the filth and vulgarity in them, when you say these Irish papers include in their attack all English literature. In the history of European civilization, new cultures had vehemently to throw aside more fully developed alien culture, because it cramped the younger

growth. So modern Gaelic culture must react vehemently against the obscenity of English models. As to the opportunist who offers to come to terms with the British Empire when there is no sign of that empire thinking of coming to fair terms, it is pressing opportunism to an extreme so heroic as almost to deserve the description of rainbow-chasing. We are opportunists to this extent, that we believe in availing of every opportunity to whack away. To state our belief plainly, there is high probability of the right opportunity arising out of the war situation, and we must marshal our forces and influences in Ireland and throughout the world to bear on the situation. You say "the man who is in danger of losing his idealism because he gets an approximation to the ideal is a poor idealist." Recent history contains incidents showing how men who were idealists accepted approximations till the ideal was out of their sight. (That is the history of the Irish Party.) The man who wants a pure-bred bulldog and buys a cross with spaniel is a poor dog-fancier. As to the effect of English oppression and its influence on Irish nationality, surely you would admit that oppression has intensified the spirit and consecrated it by martyrdom. It did not create nationalism; that is rather a human instinct of great force and nobility. No doubt Ireland escaped the influences of 18th and 19th century materialism and commercialism largely because of her suffering, and that in turn was caused by English oppression. As to the League of Nations, we never had any hope in it as a great institution. Our hope was based on Ireland's claim, secondly, in the gradual, or sudden, weakening of England, thirdly, in the new part to be played by America and fourthly, in the growth of real social democracy. The strain of the conflict in Ireland to-day is severer than in the past, but the end of the struggle is nearer. We note you do not comment on America's power or England's weakness. But you raise a new point in reference to Irish coastal defences. Of course, Ireland must protect her shores by defences, until armaments are rendered unnecessary. As for imperialism are abolished Ireland must rely on alliances with America and other countries to preserve the freedom of the seas against English domination. That would be better than as the present system exists we must distinguish between armaments of aggression and defence. Ireland must defend her shores, she must not strive to be master of other nations. You ask if we must rely on the inviolability of a treaty, to which we answer: "Every nation must, and always does, until the treaties are broken." But to throw over treaties forever is to enter into war relations forever. The difficulties we raise are not peculiar to Ireland; they are common to all nations, especially the smaller free nations. Why your solution is based on a treaty with the British Empire, we would make such a treaty doubly secure by making America a party to it and preserving Ireland's rights to defend herself. The evil does not lie in armed defence but in imperialism. A treaty with England a nation is possible, but the empire will hardly make peace with Ireland except to destroy her, and Ireland's safety lies not in a treaty with England alone, but with other nations and with other safeguards. The words of the *New Statesman* are no ways wise to me. After 500 years when is "ultimately" if not now? Was the election of 1918 a publicite or not? If so, why another? There are aspects of this problem which we have not room to discuss. We are obliged to tone down and cut out statements owing to the very close danger of suppression. If we have needlessly wounded the feelings of one whom we honour and respect, there is no excuse for us, but we are convinced that

argue in public the necessity of a compromising spirit on grounds of the strength of the enemy is dangerous, and we do not believe in that strength we consider even the suggestion of compromise talk as unnecessary and inexpedient.—Is mine,
 EDITOR, O. I.
A Profession of Faith.
 I profess to intolerance, and, in mitigation, plead that every man prone to strong beliefs is also prone to being imperfect in the opposing beliefs; and—most men being imperfect—arguing doing unlike expresses itself in action and thus becomes intolerance. I am intolerant most of all with those who compromise my principles. It is so easy to forget that they are not their principles! When I do remember I have often argued a friend.
 So it was recently when one whom I admired greatly talked to me of the strength of the British navy and the British Empire; of the prevalence of British prestige, and the inefficiency of British diplomacy, and then proceeded to explain how these things affected the Irish demand. Truly we are learned that a certain explosive expands instantaneously 8,000 times its own bulk. I know enough to refuse to play snooker with hand-grenades. I am aware that a tank and a machine gun cannot see it. Force in itself I understand. I have learned that a certain explosive expands instantaneously 8,000 times its own bulk. I know enough to refuse to play snooker with hand-grenades. I am aware that a tank and a machine gun cannot see it. Force in itself I understand. Truly the old nursery rhyme for me! When his Majesty's cavalry and infantry have restored Humpty-Dumpty to his previous compactness I shall revise my opinion of his Majesty's cavalry and infantry. Until then I shall merely respect them as gamians, man courageous but incapable of the one task allotted to them—the forcing of subjection upon their fellow-men.
 Loss and gain have similarly no such meaning for me as they seem to have for so many others. It would, no doubt, be a tragedy if Ireland lost 200,000 men, be it from whatever cause. But such a tragedy is nothing to the catastrophe of 200,000 men losing Ireland. We can surrender much of our man power and live. When we sacrifice our manhood we die. And in that belief lies the foundation of my present transient trust in the policy of blows. Temperamentally militant and cannot be so incompatible as life and death. If our independence received international recognition tomorrow I should resign the sword and even feel no anger against the man who turned it into that famous if sonny ploughshare.
 When we were weaker in numbers, in condition, in opportunity and in hope than we had been for a century, we saved the soul of the nation. That is one of the reasons why the night, the actual 18-inch night of the British empire means nothing to me. Twelve fishermen, after they had divested themselves of what little they had, created the greatest empire in the history of the world. It is the only empire which has lasted. The others, those of fleets and armies,

have sooner or later gone down before an idea. And that idea when in the passing of time it also would express itself in armour and explosives, it too has gone down. Mankind is at last beginning to realise that the number of battleships a nation or an empire has, the aggregate of its battalions, the universality of its air force are nothing—least of all an evidence of its strength. Rather in the revised standards of a world whose idols Russia has hurled into the abyss these things are the distinct expression of an empire's or a nation's weakness. The soul of an armour-plated ship is dead. Its one influence is to create the reckless patriotism which will eventually tear its armour asunder with bloody, tireless fingers. Somehow all this is so clear to me that I find it hard to believe that so many have not yet realised that it was only by naming weakness strength that Imperialism held the world. The dictatorship of the dictionary!
 People's standards are generally correct concerning ordinary human relationship. And what can a posse of policemen do against the influence of a spiritual man? How can they deprive him of his rights if he insist upon these rights? True, they may prevent him the exercise of his rights but only to be forced to yield in the end—unless the rights are surrendered by the man himself. In terms of nation and empire derided by the man himself. Culture, not carriages, it is that survives, that makes for triumph in a people. Armies and fleets and covets of aircraft are desperate injections into the body politic of an empire which serve to sustain that empire's life only by burning it more rapidly up. They are useless against Ireland. The Irish question has not any meaning upon an aeroplane. The converse is truer still. It is our business to be free. Had the opponents of that freedom a thousand times as many troops and their accessories it still remains our business that does not converge on that freedom. Two weapons need we carry with us into the fight that we may be invulnerable: the first the knowledge that force can never overthrow an ideal; the second that a people's independence can be destroyed only if they abandon it.
 PROINNSIAS Ó GALLCHOIRHAR.
Is it "Closing the Ranks"?
 TO THE EDITOR OLD IRELAND.
 Sir—Mr. Farrington's letter in last week's OLD IRELAND is the best illustration that could possibly be put forward in support of my contention that, while we continue to accept the British social structure as ours, we must sooner or later sack the English rack. Proinnsias Ó Gallchoirhar in the same issue points to the fact that Grattan, O'Connell, Parnell, Redmond, Dillon and Devlin, once uncompromising Nationalists, sank, one after the other, in the quicksands upon which they built. He appeals for education. Aodh de Blacain, approaching the situation with an outlook produced by a hinterland of practical work in the Gaelic world, sets out by the kind of education needed. The fact that both of these contributors write above their Gaelic names is significant enough to give any Nationalist pause who is not studying the language and buttressing his human frailty with the general tions of his race by restoring himself in its language and contemplating the resurrection of its own and therefore his own soul.
 Mr. Farrington is going the way all must go, sooner or later, who are not planted four-square upon Gaelic traditions.

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The language alone is not sufficient as illustrated in the Anglicised Gaeltacht. Nor are the dry bones of economic the driving force, in themselves, which will cast out the invader. As Aodh de Blacain points out to Labour College and Gaelic League alike, we must effect a fusion of the two. The language will run like wildfire through the modernised Gaelic state because that will be the economic basis of which it was the speech. And in such an Ireland compromise with English politics, said to be the genius of the English empire and certainly the secret of its past greatness, will have no place.

In such an Ireland, too, we can afford to speak with England as man to man, which is the only possibility of friendly relations ever existing between the Gael and the Anglo-Saxon.

It is in the established fact, and not in any statement of our ideal, Mr. Farrington, through which we shall ultimately save such men as you for Ireland. It is the policy of England, and always will be, if not as an empire, then as a British Isles republic; it is the policy of English Tory, English Liberal and English Labour man alike to keep Ireland a home farm for British manufacturers. England does not want such men as you in Ireland. She uses every ounce of her force, by moral, intellectual, social and economic pressure, to paralyse their allegiance to their own country and drive them out of Ireland. In your case England claims a hit—must we, in this life or death struggle, perforce allow her claim? Must we painfully admit we are the losers and England the gainer by one more good Irishman for her empire?

I do not say, as many will, that we are better without you. I saw in you a potential Gael if ever one was built by God in Ireland. I see in you a victim, a soldier spent in the battle, and as Pearse said once of JJ, with whom, consistently enough, you ally yourself, "We may lose our Gwynns, we can afford to lose our Kettes, but let us pray to God for the son of George Russell." Well, his prayer was answered. We have got our George Russell. He remains in Ireland, and he is doing work of which you, by the way, are eminently capable, but, alas, you are leaving Ireland, and I swear to you it is to your country's loss.

I have said England does not want such men as you in Ireland, and you are as privy to the fact as any of us. You are also conscious that Ireland—and especially that part of you in her own need. And if you will emigrate, you, who know the whole dreadful significance of emigration, how many less conscious of it will follow you? That, I admit, is not a problem for which you or any individual can find an answer. That is a problem which An Dáil must face and solve. I submit to those who for the moment hold the immediate future of this country in their hands, that if your nationalism, which is above the average, cannot stand the strain, was not Proinnsias ó Gallachobhair justified in asking Ireland if she were not once again building on sand.

There are men in Ireland, and married men, Mr. Farrington, who have come through a welter of boycotts and the terror of starvation rather than abate one jot or tittle of their ideals rather than take one retreating step from the line of battle through which they might effect those ideals. But if they have done so it was because their nationalism was

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of the stuff that is unassailable—the people's nationalism. I made my appeal to An Dáil that their prayer for you and the souls of many like you should take the form of nationalism preached and practised, based on the Democratic Programme, which shall reach the souls not only of Ireland, but of every man, woman and little child in Ireland.—Yours, etc.,
Belfast, 20/2/20.

W. FORBES PATTERSON.

P.S.—Referring to a portion of this letter, the writer signed his name in English because he cannot speak Gaelic and will continue to do so until that "not far distant date" when he shall make his country's language his own.—W. F. P.

What's Wrong with Labour?

BILINGUAL CO-OPERATIVE SUMMER COLLEGE SUGGESTED.

The Secretaries of the Connolly Labour College, in a brotherly letter, gives me to understand that he is skimming me all in this issue of *OLD IRELAND*. I shall welcome the martyrdom if, by it, public interest is roused in Fra MacDonnell's excellent work at N. Great George's Street. I stand by every word I wrote, misprints and all, but I do not propose to go further with the argument, or produce the high explosives resting in the locker, because I am not aiming at destructive criticism. Much of the college's present programme I heartily admire—especially the Irish industrial history lectures, which seem to be conspicuously able and valuable. Some other parts seem to me to be beside the mark. I want, not to raise an argument over details of jobs, but to get Labour men and Gaels to discuss how their aims are common.

It seems to me that all through the country the two movements, social and Gaelic, suffer from being divorced. The cleavage is all too clear in Dublin. Labour is not the force it should be because it is not as consciously Gaelic as it should be. The continual friction and feebleness that affect the Labour movement are largely due, I suggest, to its not being sufficiently national in policy and methods. But though one could say a lot more on this point, quoting numerous instances in support of the contention, all would be a waste of words were the blame placed on the wrong shoulders. The trade union leaders, the much-abused Socialist preachers, the officials of Labour, are not to blame. The blame lies with those who, having the means to make the Labour movement national through and through, stand aloof from it. The snobbish Gael, not the Anglicised trade-unionist, is the guilty party.

What is wrong with Dublin Labour, and with Labour generally, is that it is not supported with sufficient loyalty. Of course, the headway made by the Labour movement in the past few years is wonderfully gratifying, and it would be foolish to complain that Labour has not yet completed, won the Workers' Republic. But it is a good rule never to rest content with less than perfection, and perfection is still far from being in sight. It is generally recognised that the Irish Republic must be a Gaelic republic, for the essential Gaelic element in our ideals is admitted (though not worked for) by all who call themselves Sinn Féiners. It is not so generally recognised that it must be a Workers' Republic, because Labour is not yet admitted to its proper place in national history. This is bad. It is deplorable that in 1920 the language of Pearse's proclamation has still sunk so little into public consciousness, and that Pearse's name is shorted everywhere, but his teachings ignored.

It seems to me that the Gaelic League and the Connolly Labour College ought to be identical. The business of both is to wake the Irish masses to a sense of their national tradition, to self-respect, to vision. There is no room for two conditions propagandists in Ireland if both are to be national. One, of course, go on learning Irish in one hall, and then sending another hall next night to learn Irish industrial history—but few people have energy or leisure for this duplication. I would like to see Labour schools and colleges, and including Irish as an item of their curricula in Ireland, and in the Gaeltacht, bilingually in well- Irish'd Gaeltacht. Such colleges and schools would make it their business, not merely to teach national culture, and Brother MacDonnell would call the Socialist Philosophy "History (that is, history as illuminated by "Labour in industrial chemistry, and crafts, so as to build up an industrial army of skilled and enlightened workers for the taking over of national industry, whether through co-operative penetration or by more exciting methods. This, of course, is an ideal that only a full-grown Labour movement, not an infant one, can realise. But if we aim at it, something could be done even now in that direction by AFFILIATING GAELIC BRANCHES TO THE LABOUR COLLEGE where the members could not be inclined to tackle the college's full programme this year, yet would like to be associated with the college's work. Such branches could surely be affiliated on a working basis. The immediate advantage they would derive would be the provision of lectures in Irish (or bilingually) on Irish history by the college.

I hope the college, in planning a summer session, will try to do it in connection with one of the Gaelic colleges, or else will find a venue of its own in the Gaeltacht. This would enable students to study Irish as well as economics efficiently and would give double encouragement to attend. If a section of the Gaeltacht chosen should be a co-operative centre—like Dungleigh—the students would gain triple benefit from their holiday. They would be inspired by the ideals of Irish-Ireland, and shown how those ideals are being here and there, translated into fact. By studying the working of agricultural co-operation on the spot they would derive as much benefit to their economic knowledge as to their linguistic knowledge by listening to native speakers.

We sorely need a co-operative training place in Ireland, and it is one of my cherished dreams that such a training place shall be located in the Gaeltacht, so that the language can be learnt together with the making-of-egg-boxes and the keeping of docket-summary-books. If only Gaels and Labour-men will stand together, they can realise this and advance their common purposes. What of skilled workers and organisers is the one thing that holds us back to-day from the Co-operative Commonwealth? Gaels must see that the Commonwealth is not left to Anglicised hands. If only to preserve idealism in economic reconstruction, they must throw off academic gowns and go into the struggle in dunce-hats!

In a subsequent contribution, perhaps the editor will allow me to describe the School of Soviet Workers with which Russia is being organised, and on which I hold, our Labour and Gaelic educational plans should be modelled.
AODH DE BLACAIN.

P.S.—Since writing "What's Wrong With Labour?" I have seen Brer MacDonnell's scarrification, and am relieved that it was not worse. Two points: (1) It was unfair to take my shot on doctrinaire Marxist classes as we have known them elsewhere to apply to Mr. Connolly's lectures. No such offensive allusion was intended. I merely wanted to

satirise a thing that we hope will never appear in the Connolly College. (2) My phrase about "bringing the working into touch with economic reality" was a slip in language that invited the censure which I hoped (when it was in the post) it would be spared. Surely Mac understood that what I meant was "the working or economic reality." Every wage slave is in touch with economic reality, God knows. But very few are in touch with the workings behind these realities. Most of them take oppression as the human lot, and regard it as inevitable; they suppose it will continue after the recognition of the Irish Republic, as before, like any other natural phenomenon. We want to put them in touch with the unseen machinery by which oppression is engineered. The doctrinaire thinks that theory out of Marx will convince the wage-slave of the fact of class exploitation. But I argued that an hour of practical experience in a co-operative or a trades union will be more illuminating than a library of books without practical demonstrations. I expect Mac really agrees with this. A. DE B.

A Plea for Christian Communism,

THERE is, of course, a distinction between Communism sans phrase and Christian Communism. To reason about either is necessary to start with the premises of the world as it ought to be rather than the world as it is. But the possibility of Christian Communism posits the existence of a God and something in human nature plastic to divine influence, and demands also a fundamental change in our notion of Divine power, which one must conceive as able to touch not only the heart but the pocket. Given the existence of such a super-God, there is at once evident a vast scope for His operation. The present turmoil of the world, proceeding as it plainly does from economic causes, is seen to reflect the judgment on our failure to love our neighbour in affairs of the pocket as ourself. Is it too late for any attempt at a death-bed repentance? Possibly it is. I shall give, however, in its place an outline of what would be the works meet for

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repentance. Now if there has been a defect in our conception of the scope of love to our neighbour, so radical as to produce a world-cataclysm, it follows that the defect once discovered we must revise our whole moral table of precedence. We have strained at gnats and swallowed a camel with a vengeance. Our worst moral lapses, the guilt of which we would not attempt to condone, are mere peccadilloes in their consequences compared to land-owning or a good investment which we consider rather meritorious than otherwise. Yet there can be no doubt that the social consequences of rent or interest paid to us as private persons are more widespread and disastrous than those of any of our admitted crimes. The common consent that condemns the latter encourages, may, often compels, the former, and so potent a support is common consent to the individual conscience that the slaughter or starvation of half a continent arouses no sense of individual guilt for participation in its obvious cause.

We are faced then with one of two alternatives. Either there is no guilt attaching to the individual for subscribing to and benefiting by collective customs however blood-guilty and destructive, or we must revise our whole conception of morals and religion. We might phrase the amended conception something as follows: Religion and morality to be maintained in one of two alternatives but really complementary falsehoods.

On the one hand religion is regarded as something between the individual soul and God with no reference to a moral law governing the individual's economic relationship to his fellows. On the other hand, the righting of social wrong is regarded as a matter of purely social rather than individual obligation, and the most excellent persons have no scruple in benefiting individually by customs which they strive especially to destroy. Since the seat of the religious consciousness is in the individual we must either divorce religion from social relationship or re-define religion as individual responsibility for social wrong.

No human being may be able to escape the taint of the vast social aberration from love, but it is obligatory on believers in Christ that they should strive to overcome the world in its soul and body-destroying economic customs. The plea for love in the social relationship is generally used by the bourgeois to urge toleration of their continuance in the practice of hate advantageous to themselves.

There is no more common argument in their mouths than that the revolutionary is a man in a hurry who strives to bring his ideals to birth by force because the normal progress is too slow for him. It never seems to occur to them that their progress is a steady spiritual regress, that where wealth accumulates men decay, and that the world-revolution is the divine check against their going too fast—to the devil.

Bolshevism and the revolutionary forces in general make no pretension to divine inspiration, but they introduce reason, and at any rate the economic prerequisites of social love into the field which inspirational religion has regarded as outside its province.

Christians must consider whether inspirational religion has anything as positive to offer. Is the spirit of Christ able to demonstrate its power by transforming the social order from within to without with less dishonour and injury to personality than is involved in the forcible wresting from the bourgeois of their anti-social advantages and the power to levy toll from their possession?

If so, along what lines are we to look for the Logos by whom all things were made to precede the re-making which all men now recognize as inevitable?

Has this sorry scheme of things entire to be shattered to bits or by rational analysis of the problem and then faithful application of the mind which was in Christ Jesus can we rest achieve a peaceful transformation revealing Christ as both the way from the old to the new and the truth and

life of the new order? Such an effort demands correct diagnosis of the falsehood underlying present capitalist domination.

This falsehood can be stated in its simplest form as a fundamental and irreconcilable contradiction between profit and wages. The interests of wage-earners and profit-makers are diametrically opposed. It is quite true that up to a higher wages and better conditions of life combined with improved machinery of production may be compatible with increased profits for the manufacturers of particular commodities. But as long as the margin of profit to private persons over cost of production remains, higher wages must mean higher prices which diminish the purchasing power of wages and (2) the governing of production by thought of profit rather than use. This disturbance of the balance of production more urgently needed elsewhere.

But this false balance of wealth arises from a false balance of power, and it is here that Christ's philosophy of life is vindicated by the closest analysis of social conditions. The true relations of men to each other depend on the true relation of all men to the forces of nature which they have created for their subsistence. Equality before God is a vague abstraction unless it is made concrete by equality over nature. A reasonable application of Christian principle to life would never have allowed the present social order based on its monopoly of natural forces to come into existence. Christian principle be applied now to transform the foundations of life in such a way as to make Christian practice possible? If so, we need a more vital religion, favouring applied mysticism to supersede the machinery of organization and of institutions.

The Kingdom of Heaven within is at war with organized society without. Not to recognize that war is to justify the taunt of Swinburne: "The kiss of Thy peace like a stick-kiss that makes the soul rotten at root." This war must be declared and waged incessantly, but with what weapons? If the fight is against flesh and blood, with bombs and bullets. But is it? I say it is not. There is a layer of our consciousness, the economic forcing itself on our attention from without to within. There is no adequate attempt to dissolve the barrier from within against which the outer force is applied. Communism must come or Christ must go—Christ must usher in communism or communism will expel Christ. The communist who is not a Christian courts his own death, he challenges a stronger foe without trying the one effective challenge to surrender. The raising of man's economic relationship into love is the resurrection of the body. If ministers of any denomination preach Christianity and are blind to it in life, they are the enemies of Christ, for they make the word of God of no effect.

Christian communism means voluntary surrender by the possessing class of their hold on the land and the means of production, and for the dispossessed it means a steady cumulative appeal to the hearts and minds of their class-enemies without relaxing a steady pressure on their bodies. The action of the dispossessed must be mass action, for it is the positive instrument of the new social consciousness which is to supersede our predatory or self-preservative individualism. But the action of the possessors can and must be individual, for it is negative; they must surrender their individualism and its sheath of individualistic possession. Mass action on their part can only mean mass-reaction, however subtly it may seek to disguise its true nature. One by one must the rich men go through the eye of a needle into the Kingdom, otherwise by battalions they may be cast into outer darkness.

pled then for measures as drastic as Calvary. For shareholders to hand over their stock to the workers' trade union of their enterprise; for land-owners to sell their estates, meaning that the money for the number of years' purchase agreed on should go not to them but to a communal fund to be used for the restoration among the tenants of that communal life which landlordism in Ireland destroyed. And the landlord should remain to be the mediator of the change. Increased materialism is to divorce the present from the past and to set aside the spiritual continuity from the past to the future. This is the day of social judgment, and the day of the fathers will be visited on the children till the prodigal redeem them. What is to happen to the landlord rather than use. They cannot dig: to beg they are named. Well, it is better to beg than to rob, with the exception of robbery nullified by the law. But the very question is the denial of Christ's spirit as a living organising force, inactive only because untried. The robber-class ruling force cannot believe that the people will respond to love and justice, by love and generosity. But some of us know the spirit of Christ lies like a sleeping flame in the hearts of the people. Let it once be shown by their task and flame will leap to flame, tongues of fire signalling the fellowship of the Holy Ghost.

J. B. WARR.

"Loyalty Pays —"

"I was nearly giving you up as hopeless, Florrie," said the girl to her companion as they took their seats in a third-class train; and poor Eileen would have been so disappointed."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mabel," replied the other, opening a little book; "but it was all that beastly old Marston's fault. He kept us quite half-an-hour over time. And all because some girls arrived a little late for his last lecture. He's an awfully brute!"

"Marston? Is that the old fellow with the long, gray hair that I met at the tennis party at Trinity Hall during the summer?"

"Yes. Don't you remember? He was chasing after Gerliee Knight all the time. She got her second in flying colours, I can tell you!"

"Oh, will you ever forget the doubles we played with him, too? I was his partner, and you were with that nice boy—what's his name? Oh, you know, a tall, fairish boy with a small, brownish moustache, and a sweet little dimple in his cheek."

"That's him! Marston couldn't play for nuts, and it was really too killing how he'd look at me as if I were making all his misses."

"And with that awful equine of his," interrupted Florrie, tightening her pretty mouth and wrinkling up her eyes.

"Oh, for goodness sake, stop! stop! Florrie!" And they both laughed immoderately and innocently at the passengers sitting opposite.

"Best to say dances lately?" asked Mabel, wiping away imaginary tears with a dainty little cambric which gave forth a delicate fragrance.

"Oh, not many this term. You see, I can't very well with my beastly old exam. coming off in May. I was at the dance twice to the 'Joie de Vivre' . . ."

"What do you think of those 'Joie de Vivre' dances?—prifing, aren't they? Last week Ceil took me there—"

Oh, you know Colonel Snobley-Smith, the famous Colonel Smith who got the V.C. at Mons or Salonika. I introduced him to you."

"Yes, yes; of course I know him," replied Florrie, somewhat petulantly.

"Ceil was always wanting to bring me to a dance, and he begged of me so much that I simply had to let him bring me to this one!"

"Beg, doggie, beg!" interjected the other maliciously.

"Of course the floor is rather small," continued Mabel, unheeding the interruption; "but it's a not so bad; and the jazz band is perfectly heavenly!"

"Isn't it a pity, though, the crowd has got so dreadfully mixed."

"Well, I hope you don't imagine I go on the ordinary days. Even if I wanted to, I'm far too well known; and besides Ceil couldn't possibly be a staff officer, and military rules are so strict. This was a private dance given by the officers of the Eallybunkum Fusiliers (Ceil's old regiment), Lord Ganderville was there with his sweet little wife; and mamma's old friend, Lady Nobberton; and the Honourable Bertie . . . (everybody calls him 'Bertie'). Ceil calls him 'Bert' to his face! He's an awfully jolly fellow."

"By the way, how is Eileen?" interjected Florrie, stifling a yawn. "I meant to ask you ages ago. Really, I'm awfully rude. Do tell me all about her."

This very abrupt interruption stopped Mabel's loquacity for a few moments. Her roving eyes fastened themselves on Florrie's face with some surprise; but, finding there only an expression of naive curiosity, she replied:

"Oh, Eileen, poor thing, has been having a perfectly dreadful time lately."

"Isn't she still at Pilbury Powder and Blackbottle's?"

"Yes, she's still there. She likes old Powder very much; and his son, Audrey (such a nice boy, and very superior to you that class of thing), is awfully decent to her. But, as for her companions . . . they're absolutely the limit . . . and beastly disloyal!"

"They're all out on strike now, aren't they?"

"Yes, and they've been giving poor Eileen an awful time of it. They bothered the life out of her to come out, but of course she wouldn't. Such a lucky kid! I always say she is the one in the family who has most of daddy in her. Barrett, the chief agitator in the place (an awful being!)—and she gave a little shudder—came up to her one morning and told her that they were striking next day, and that she, if you please, was to picket Grafton Street with two or three of them!"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Florrie, her eyes widening with amazement. "That takes the biscuit! And the impudence of the fellow taking it for granted that she would join them!"

"Did you ever! A nice sight Eileen would be, strolling up and down Grafton Street with a poster just like a sandwich-man or a suffragette!"

The absurdity of such a picture caused another short spasm of mirth.

"I can't understand for the life of me why Eileen went in for chemistry," Mabel reflected, replacing her handkerchief in her purse-bag and incidentally taking a sly glance at a tiny mirror.

"I was always at her to join me in Trinity," said Florrie, "but she never would come up to scratch. She was always saying that she hadn't enough brains and that Trinity was too difficult."

"Indeed, she's brains plenty; and as far as that goes, the chemical profession is as difficult, if not more so, than Trinity."

"Perhaps so. But of course it's nothing like as long, nor as expensive," Florrie replied sweetly, noting with pleasure

that her hit had "got home" by the increase of colour in her friend's face.

"But, really, Florrie, I'm so glad you came," Mabel continued. "The poor kid badly wants a bit of cheering up. And for weeks past she's been holding the fort all by herself, you may say. (She's the only one in that branch that remained loyal.) Well, as I was telling you, when Barrett spoke to her, if she didn't turn on the whole lot of them and give them a piece of her mind! She told them they should be ashamed of themselves, always begging and agitating and threatening the employers; and that that was just the way to get the employers' backs up; and that if they behaved like gentlemen and asked the employers decently, they'd get all they wanted. She told them straight that she would never join them on any conditions, as being the niece of a major in the army (mother's sister's husband, you know), she could not help Bolshevism, or any sort of disloyalty, or Sinn Fein-ism."

"I say she's plucky!" Florrie exclaimed with admiration. "I could no more have done that than I could fly!"

"Nor I. When daddy heard of it he said she was a little brick. Well, I believe the faces of the others were a picture. They lost their tempers completely and called her a blackleg, and a scab, and all the names in the calendar. Luckily old Mr. Powder was at his desk, and overheard the whole thing. He came out, and before the whole lot of them, complimented her and said he was proud to have her as an employe, and that if the rest were only like her, things would be all right. Since then she's been working in Barrett's place, and Mr. Powder is going to keep her on and give her his salary, as he's never going to take Barrett back again."

"That's splendid! But here's Grafton Street, and I see Eileen!"

They dismounted at the Provost's House and crossed over to Yates' corner, where they were welcomed by a fair and rather pretty girl in blue.

"Well, you are fine time-keepers!" remarked the newcomer, chaffingly. "Only twenty-five minutes late! I was just going. . . . There was an avalanche of apologies and excuses and attacks on the Tram Company."

"Oh, very well. I'll forgive you, both this time," said Eileen. "But guess the good news!"

"You've got Barrett's salary!" said Mabel impulsively. "Not exactly."

"They've taken you into partnership!" said Florrie.

"Oh, Florrie, give me a chance! . . . But you'll never guess. The strike is over, and we loyal ones are getting just exactly the same increase as the strikers in spite of all their talk! Isn't that grand!"

"Splendid!" they both exclaimed.

"But what about Barrett?" asked Mabel, with a note of disappointment in her voice.

"Oh, poor Mr. Powder simply had to take him back. . . . But surely not in his old place?"

"Well, yes. Unfortunately he simply had to do it. He explained it all to me, and I quite understand. . . . But isn't it grand that I'm getting the same rise exactly as they are, without being out a penny!" Florrie beamed with pleasure, but Mabel was obviously disappointed.

"What a jolly fine big sell for the strikers!" Florrie exclaimed.

"Isn't it, though!" replied Eileen, as her laughing eyes fell on her sister's face.

"Oh, Mabel, for heaven's sake don't look so glum. Why, you'd think we'd been badly beaten to look at you! It just

shows how right daddy is. Don't you remember his phrase, Mabel—'Loyalty pays in the long run'?"

KEVIN R. O'SHEA

A Question of Staying Power.

It is impossible to withhold an unwilling admiration of England's persistence. During the war, when the Western front reeled under Germany's hammer strokes, when the foe fought, as he himself put it, with his back to the wall, and when he withdrew not a man, not a gun, from Palestine, Mesopotamia, or East Africa. The Western front might go, but she would pursue her own private land-garment adventures. And that is the secret of her greatness, the policy of hers, a plan of hers, once declared, is followed unflinchingly. She is the most persevering and the most successful imperial power that has ever appeared on earth. She never gives up a plan or a policy so long as she seems to her to be a thing worth doing. Failure does not deter her, for she can try again and she does try again. Disaster does not deter her, for it is only temporary. And until she is convinced that the thing is impossible to achieve she will maintain her position.

In her dealings with Ireland that persistence has shown her in good stead. In the first four centuries of the English invasion of this country she hung on by the skin of her teeth. For several decades she held a nominal "bridge-head" in the Dublin, for which she paid black rent to Mac Murrough and her other settlements in Ireland, all surrounded by virile and real Irish civilisation, paid black rents also to O'Neill, to O'Connor, to MacCarthy, to O'Mordha. They did hold on, they did maintain the connexion, they held to their policy of "Divide et Impera," and the slender thread of their connexion with England did suffice ultimately to overthrow the Irish civilisation. A less obstinate power would have made terms with the Irish.

To-day she is once more persisting in a policy which knows to be the only policy which will hold Ireland for the policy of Partition. That policy is not accidental, it was it originated by the Ulster Unionist Council or by Edward Carson. It was originated by the English Liberal Party, by Asquith and Lloyd George, and it was thought of earnestly beforehand and tenderly nursed until the Irish Sinn Féin Party was then induced to accept it. Then they breathed a sigh of relief, for now here was Partition not only launched but almost practical politics. And since then every move they have made or contemplated in Ireland has been first and foremost Partition for its object. They have persisted in it, and they will persist in it.

The Times, it is true, which after Mr. Devlin had forced Partition down the throats of the Ulster Convention he cruted to the high heavens and declared that Partition was thenceforward unalterable, The Times has ratted. There has been a war, and there has been a peace, and there has been a sudden discovery that the Celts who were "gone" with a vengeance, are not really gone, only they are not in Ireland. Lord French says that there are a hundred thousand too many of us in Ireland, but in the United States of America there are ten millions too many, and there are far too many of us in South Africa and in Canada and everywhere else. And The Times has been forced to choose between making terms with Ireland and ruining the risk of smashing up the empire. It chose the first, but for once the English Government refuses to follow it, for once it prefers

to its mentor. Lloyd George is going to see whether he cannot both smash Ireland and retain the empire. That is the open secret of all The Times' gyrations, of its denunciations of Partition and of the two nations policy. The "Two Irish Nations" used to be a familiar multitude of it; but now it writes, alas: "Behind it stands the Premier's evil familiar, the two nation theory, darkening up and menacing fulfilment." Deportation, Curfew, Partition, none of these things is accidental or casual. All form portion of the one ruling policy, the policy of holding Ireland for England, by hook or by crook. And in the present Bill we have the issue thrown out in its most critical form. This Bill will be passed into law. It will be put into operation, in so far as the respect and the brutality of the British Government in Ireland and can put it into operation. Nothing which can coerce or strike terror will be omitted. We must make up our minds to nine months of the most absolute and most extensive coercion that any country has ever undergone. And we must make up our minds to get through it. We can. It is surely a question of staying power.

The first thing to do is to get the rejection of this Bill registered by the people of this country in such a manner that there will be no case whatever to be made for it. It is not enough to get it rejected by Dáil Éireann; not enough to get it rejected by Sinn Féin; not enough to get it rejected by the recently elected municipalities or by the shortly-to-be-elected county councils. Already there is talk in the non-Republican ranks of the "moderate elements," suggesting that in the next municipal elections the non-Republicans combined and called more votes than the Republicans, and that vague whisper about moderate opinion will be used to justify the putting into operation of this Bill. There is one way, and only one way, of making clear beyond doubt Ireland's real attitude, and that is by referendum "for or against the Bill." England will not take a referendum, but we can, and we ought.

When Ireland was faced with Conscription she scrapped all internal feuds and combined against that. Let her do so now. Let every parish, under the guidance of a radical representative body sitting in Dublin, take a referendum, and let everybody, Unionists and Nationalists of all shades, be invited to send representatives to this body and to the parochial committees. Let us have a clear, friendly vote upon this question of the Bill—and in face of a referendum vote England will not dare to proceed. And the second thing to do is to remember that we can no longer than she can. So long as we refuse to recognise her usurped authority so long she has only two alternatives, evacuation or militarisation, and she is forced to adopt militarisation. She can deport us, but she cannot deport all of us, and sooner or later, in our time, she must abandon militarisation! All we have to do is to set our teeth grimly, and hold on.

P. S. O'HEGARTY.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Horace and Lord Kitchener. Sir Horace Plunkett will remain for ever a source of division to both sides in the Irish struggle. There are only two sides to that struggle, but in such struggles there always are guerrilla warriors of compromise. Sir Horace is one of these. His remarks about coercion and Government crimes will annoy Carson and Macpherson. A very considerable part of his speech will give great annoyance to any portion of the Irish people who trouble to read it. There is a mark in the earlier part of that speech about an interview Sir Horace had with Lord Kitchener. That interview took place just at the time when the Anglophile element in the American secret service had revealed to England all it knew of the plans of the Irish for Easter Week. We wish Sir Horace had told us all fully and in detail of what took place at that interview. It must have been of extreme importance to the Empire, and must have related to the Empire grip on Ireland, for Lord Kitchener was the most important man in England then. He was the dictator. Whatever may have been the nature of the interview, this reference reminds us of how very closely Sir Horace was allied with the war lords of England. Why, even John Dillon could not boast of such intimate interviews.

Press Misrepresentation of the Truth.

One statement in particular stands out as utterly at variance with the truth. The most charitable interpretation to take the statement as coloured by the spectacles through which Sir Horace sees American facts. He wants to see certain demands coming from America—he "does not seek

publicity"—in private then he gets Americans of Anglophile tendency to tell him, not the crude facts of American opinion, but just what Sir Horace would like to hear. Here is the passage we object to as a misrepresentation of the condition of opinion in America:

The Americans don't bother themselves with details, they want Ireland to have as large a measure of self-government as is consistent with the military safety of the British Empire, for which many Americans believe they are almost as much concerned as the British are. They also wish to give minorities, more particularly that of Ulster, ample security from any possible, even if improbable, oppression by the majority of the Irish people who differ from them in their economic outlook. While I was in the States I avoided publicity as far as possible.

And, again: "America, in my judgment, does not want Ireland to be an independent Republic."

Consider these statements in the light of the more than royal reception accorded to Eamon de Valera, whose progress was hailed throughout the States as that of the "President of the Irish Republic." Even Shane Leslie, in the English press, to whom none can attribute out-and-out Republican views, pays tribute to the unprecedented enthusiasm which greeted Eamon de Valera, and contrasted it to other recent receptions granted to distinguished visitors in the States. The above misstatement is so obvious in its inaccuracy as to be fatuous. It is just a characteristic product of that unhealthy trust and reliance in Anglophile opinion; Sir Horace is betrayed by an optimism which tells him that God's in His Heaven and all's well with the Empire, or if not, that it will be soon. All's well, if we only trust the Imperialists, and the friends of the British Empire in America. Sir Horace does not realise that it is British Imperialism which the unbridled intellect of America hates; he does not realise the essential evil of Imperialism upon which that hatred is well founded.

The Proper Answer.

We would suggest that a detailed answer should be supplied by the Sinn Féin Press Bureau in Ireland and America, to the passages quoted above. The real answer is a list of the States, Corporations, meetings and public bodies which hailed Eamon de Valera with such amazing enthusiasm, and acclaimed him as the "President of the Irish Republic." Such a list would be so overwhelming that it should have the effect of making Sir Horace cease to take even himself seriously in Irish politics; it would have some effect in preventing the damage which that statement of Sir Horace will do the Irish cause in Europe, where the true facts are not known.

The Crude Facts.

But let us return to this speech for a moment. Sir Horace ignored (in public at any rate) the most menacing factors in American politics to-day, menacing that is from the British Imperial point of view. America has realised her economic strength; further, she realises that to maintain her industrial

growth she must command foreign trade and the world's shipping. Whilst England was smashing a rival sea power, another was growing up behind her. Such is the irony of the fates. Now America has got the economic grip and her predominance in every phase of international relations is only a matter of time. Whether we like it or not, the power of America has come to stay. Whilst England held great power over Europe, its interference on behalf of establishing the freedom of a small nation was always effective, as in the case of Greece. She was wont to intervene on the high principles of freedom when it suited her own interests. She did so in many cases. Two objects were aimed at: the spread of trade and financial interest, and the winning of the "goodwill" of a people. This "goodwill," or prestige, was as much to England, as "goodwill" is of value in the strictly commercial sense to a shopkeeper.

Irish Freedom and American War.

Now for motives very similar, very powerful interests in America, interests uninterested in ideals of liberty, will espouse the Irish cause. The goodwill of the Irish in Ireland will be an asset in European relations, but the goodwill of the Irish in America is an invaluable asset. If war with Ireland were decided on for any reason, the Irish would rush in on the appeal to free Ireland, and the cry of Ireland would be as powerful (if not more so) as the cry of Belgium during the recent war. The result of such a war is so obvious to the ruling minds like Admiral Lord Fisher, that it is almost certain that England would never face war with America. The only alternative would then be to concede to American demands. All this line of thought is ruled out by Sir Horace Plunkett's pronouncements, thereby rendering the whole speech hollow and unreal. The only reality in the speech is where he emphasises the extreme bitterness against England which dominates American public opinion today. Obviously, Sir Horace's first instinct is to save the Empire from this menacing American opinion. The freedom of Ireland is subordinate to this object, in his eyes. This contention is borne out by his statement that he does not like outside interference. So long as Ireland is joined to England by any tie, Ireland will suffer under English interference. But Sir Horace does not object to English interference in the case of Colonial Home Rule. The very reason put forward by Sir Horace against the Cuban suggestion is the argument against what he calls Dominion Home Rule; England can always enter Ireland for "strategic reasons," and blockade her shores "for strategic reasons," under a colonial settlement. Technically, she can do the same for the colonies. But geography makes that impossible in distant Africa, Australia and Canada. The very nearness of Ireland to England renders it necessary that Irish freedom should be protected from English militarism and navalism by defences and international guarantees. As for the Ulster question, America regards that as Ireland does—a domestic question which Ireland must settle for itself. Sir Horace's statement that the Ulster Unionist Mission is a failure in the States bears out that contention.

Dominion League Failure.

The plaintive admission of Sir Horace that the Dominion League is a failure owing to the abnormal condition of Irish opinion is a gentle way of telling his friends to wait till the clouds roll by. But the clouds of Irish freedom will never cease to roll by. In plainer language, the full demand for complete freedom and separation is the normal historic and natural demand of the Irish people, anything less is abnormal and artificial. But time will impose the truth on Sir Horace, if nothing else will.

Mandate from the Irish People.

In view of the talk about going behind the verdict of the Irish people in 1918, which is the bedrock of the demand for an Irish Republic, it is well to repeat here the figures of that election. The Irish people in whom, and in which alone, rests the moral authority of the nation, imposed a mandate on its representatives by a huge majority to establish an Irish Republic, not Colonial Home Rule, nor a British protectorate. The figures are:

Total National 1st Poll. Percentage	
For the Republic	971,785
For Self-Determination 289,781 ..	1,211,516
For the Union with England	271,455
For Independent and Labour Candidates	48,989
	1,520,910

Mandate Reaffirmed.

The following are the exact figures of the recent municipal elections, which have been so grossly misrepresented by certain enemies of Ireland. These misrepresentations tried to prove by a mathematical feat worthy of the father of lies, that the Republican demand was defeated at the last elections. Here are the most carefully compiled and the most accurate figures up to date:

MUNICIPAL CORPORATIONS (11).	
Republican	9
Republican and Home Rule	1
Unionist	1
	11
URBAN COUNCILS (116).	
Republican	84
Republican and Home Rule	28
Unionist	2
Uncompleted	2
	118
TOTAL.	
Republican	79
Republican and Home Rule	26
Unionist	2
Uncompleted	2
*Keady and Westport.	
77 per cent. of the votes were cast for candidates pledged to the Irish Republic.	

Where Strength Lies.

Last week the daily press printed a further report of the discussion between John Devoy and Eamon De Valera. There is incidentally no possibility of the enemies of Ireland magnifying the discussion into a split. In considering discussions of this sort we must remember there is no problem and all real Irish democrats will welcome frankness and discussion on vital issues. The only real cause of misunderstandings and intrigue lies in secret diplomacy, surely as Wilson was defeated by departing from the principle of "open agreements openly arrived at," surely will the Irish cause suffer repulse by departing from the same principle. As surely as Trotsky smashed morale behind the German war lords by public negotiations at Brest Litovsk, so surely will Ireland win out by a similar fearless adhesion to public negotiations all the time. He is the last man in the world to resent healthy and free discussion, as he would be the first to recognise the

Ireland and America.

The anxiety of Sir Horace Plunkett, fresh from another American visit, for an Irish settlement is perhaps the most notable evidence we have had of the part that the Irish question is at present playing in international politics. For Ireland itself Sir Horace appears to care very little. He has never advanced any reason for attempting to do justice to Ireland except the good of England. In the present instance he has become convinced that America will never be really friendly to England until the hostility of the Irish in America is disarmed, and he sees only one way to disarm that, viz., by an Irish settlement. And, therefore, he advocates a Dominion settlement as being the minimum which he thinks there is any chance of Ireland accepting. America has had a very natural pendulum swing. From being violently pro-British it has swung back to its pre-war anti-Britishism; and as Wilson's influence waned, so waned also British influence, which was bound up with it. In that swing of the pendulum the most powerful influence has been the organised strength of the Irish in America.

It would be a great mistake to count too much on America. The present leaders of Sinn Féin are much too glibly people in matters of that kind, much too fond of believing that cows afar off have long horns. When in the *Irish World* in the days of the Wilsonian ascendancy I pleaded for the maintenance towards him of a highly critical attitude, and adopted that attitude myself in examining his pronouncements and his record, I was almost denounced as an enemy of the Republic. Nevertheless I proved to be absolutely right in my analysis of the situation, and I would plead now for a similar reserve with regard to America generally. Public meetings are swayed by sentiment, by idealism, by principle, but the policy of nations never by anything except their own interest. America will do anything for Ireland except jeopardise an American interest. America will help Ireland so far as she can in furtherance of an American policy, Ireland so far as she can in furtherance of the policy of America will no more go to war with England for the sake of freeing Ireland than she went to war with Germany for the sake of freeing Belgium and Serbia. There are those in Ireland and in England who expect war between England and America within a few years; and it is in a frantic endeavour to prevent that that we see Sir Horace Plunkett amongst the prophets. But I think we would be unwise to count on that war, or to regard the present temper of America as being any more weighty hot air than the various ebullitions which occurred there between the war of 1812 and our own day. The present ferment is a political one, an election one, and when the Presidential election of November next is over I think that there will be much more bellicosity. England and America may fight yet for the headship of the English-speaking world, but that time is not yet.

In the meantime we would do well to base our calculations mostly on what we can accomplish ourselves here in Ireland, and treat places outside Ireland as minor theatres which really they are. Here in Ireland we have to solve the problem, and the Irish abroad can give us no more direct assistance than they were able to give at Easter Week. They can help, indirectly, by the pressure they can bring to bear against English interests abroad, and also by cultivating their own English interests abroad, and also by establishing outside Ireland a sympathetic international atmosphere. Their business, in fact, is propaganda and finance; ours is work. The Irish in

and policy of not allowing anyone being set up as a sort of oracle of infallibility. That was the trouble with the Irish party.

Mr. Devoy's Criticism.

In this discussion we believe that Eamon De Valera and I agree, as indeed we believe the Irish people, and particularly the young men, will agree, with a great deal that Mr. Devoy has said. We think it well to quote what appeared in the daily press of March 2—obviously it is not complete and does not give the full text of what Eamon De Valera said. In that statement his reference to Belgium, which is very valuable, is overshadowed by the same emphasis placed on other passages by a hostile press. Mr. De Valera having published the full text of what he states was only a cabled summary version of his interview with the New York correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* regarding a suggested English Protectorate of Ireland on the U.S.-Cuban principle, Mr. John Devoy says there is nothing in his statement which removes the objection taken to the proposition.

"The Sinn Féin leader, in the full text, urges that the U.S. by the Monroe Doctrine made provisions for its security without depriving the Latin Republics of the South of their independence and their life, and safeguarded itself from the possible use of the Island of Cuba as a base for an attack by a foreign power. Why," he asks, "does not Great Britain do this in the case of Ireland? Why does she not declare a Monroe Doctrine for the neighbouring island? The people of Ireland, once free, so far from objecting would co-operate with their whole soul."

"But there are even other ways in which Britain could safeguard itself if this plea were really an honest one. An international instrument could easily be framed—as in the case of Belgium—an instrument that meant more for the safety of France, as the last war proved, than the actual possession of Belgian territory.

"Again, the Peace Conference and the creation of a League of Nations gave England another opportunity, if England or Britain were minded to avail of it. In a genuine League of Nations the contracting parties could bind themselves to respect each other, and defend the integrity and national independence of each other, and guarantee it by the strength of the whole."

"England," he adds, "carefully hides that Ireland's present hostility is due solely to England's persistent aggression, and that when the aggression ceases, its effect—the hostility—will cease also."

"If," replies Mr. Devoy, "England should 'declare a Monroe doctrine for 'the neighbouring island,' and 'the Irish people would co-operate with their whole soul,' it would amount to an Anglo-Irish Alliance, which would perpetuate England's mastery of the seas; and an Anglo-Irish Alliance, or an English Monroe Doctrine for 'the neighbouring island,' would thus align Ireland against the United States in, say, a war with Japan. Irishmen in America cannot contemplate such a possibility with calmness, and I am satisfied the Irish at home feel the same way."

(Continued on page 85).

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America failed to prevent America going to war with Germany in order to save England from defeat; they will never induce America to go to war with England. Let us remember that. Embassies, and consuls, and foreign propaganda, and hot foreign air are all very well and very useful in their own way; but if an Irish Republic is to be established it will have to be established by us here, and whatever situation arises here will have to be dealt with by us here. Up to the present we have dealt with them stumbingly and accidentally. We shall have to deal with them with forethought.

We have won our fight so far because we have at last recognised that not all the world can govern Ireland against its will if it is really determined not to be governed. England governed us so long not against our will but with our assent. In words we objected, but in deeds we assented. But all machines of government depend for their existence on two things—upon those who work the machine and upon those who suffer it. In the past we both worked it and suffered it, and, therefore, although we went forth to do battle, we always fell. But when we withdrew our support from the suzerainty of the machine as well as from the working of it, we beat England. And so long as we maintain that position England cannot beat us. Here in Ireland, and by us here in Ireland alone, has that transformation been effected, and here in Ireland alone is it possible to maintain it. We have accomplished a complete mental revolution in the nation, and the giving actual physical expression to that mental revolution is a question of time and staying power. Germany could not help us. America cannot help us. We can help ourselves. We are helping ourselves. Let us go on doing it. If we remain firm England must, sooner or later, evacuate. She must come to terms—our terms. We have only to hold out.

P. S. O'HEGARTY.

Darkest Ireland and the Russian Example.

Old cities are confused tangles of narrow streets. To render them amenable to modern traffic often proves economically impossible. Compare new cities like Calgary in Canada. Planned with foresight and science, they have spacious squares, wide avenues and no twisting mazes of by-ways. Lessons learned by laborious experience in the old world enable the new world to avoid error at the start.

Now will the same principle apply in other than material things? Can the nation with the clean slate in social and political affairs learn from others' experience without going through others' misfortunes itself? Many think not. There is a doctrinaire theory abroad that amounts almost to a religious belief with some, that every group of people must go through a certain fixed social evolution. That evolution is this: 1. Primitive Communism; 2. Feudalism; 3. Expropriation; 4. Growth of Proletariat and Industrial Concentration; 5. Revolt of Proletariat against Capitalism. The theorist will have nothing to do with any policy that does not fit in with this ideal evolution. Talk of co-operation, for instance, and you are told that "to begin co-operation without a knowledge of the hard facts of the world of capitalism and their import is the sure road to failure." You are told that you have learnt nothing from a hundred years of idealist experiments, though you might excusably retort that your critic

might learn a lot from a hundred minutes' experience of certain idealist experiment at Templemore!

Our Marxian friends often out-Marx Marx. The Marxist was less dogmatic than the disciples. Marx, who set forth the theory of capitalism as a phase in social evolution between distributed property and future communism, was by no means so insistent on the inevitableness of capitalism as his followers. This is seen from his dicta on Russia. In the country there was always a school of opinion holding that Russia could "escape capitalism." "Herzen," one of Russia's greatest thinkers, "did not recognise the validity of any historical law in accordance with which Russia must follow exactly the same path as the European nations." Upon the foundation of the Mir, Russia can advance straightway to a higher level of development. "Russia might overlap the capitalist epoch." "Holders," these views were, of course, told by Marxians that "to begin without a knowledge of the hard facts of the world of capitalism was the sure road to failure," etc., etc. But Marx himself endorsed in full Herzen's claim. He declared that his history of European capitalism must not be taken as universal. Russia, he said, had the finest opportunity any nation had ever had of eluding all the vicissitudes of capitalist organisation.

When the governance of Russia passed into the hands of the Bolsheviks, the principle difficulty before the new regime was, of course, want of skilled organisers for the conduct of a mighty nation's business. Only slightly industrialised, and mainly peasant in population, Russia would seem to be crippled by need of officials to control and direct the Soviet Republic's industries, armies, judicial system, transport and commerce. Accordingly, almost frantic efforts were made to diffuse technical and general education. The Central School of Soviet Work at Moscow was the most interesting outcome of this policy. Accounts will be found in several books by visitors to Soviet Russia, a whole chapter being devoted to the subject in what is, I think, the most informative book on the Revolution that has appeared, viz., "Bolshevism at Work," by W. T. Goode, M.A. (Allen and Unwin, 2/6). Mr. Goode describes 700 students being trained at this school to act as Soviet workers in the provinces. Courses last four months, and after the students have learnt theory in the classes they are taken to gain direct practical experience in the working services of the Soviet Republic, i.e., on the railways, in the food exchanges, communal factories, etc. Some of the students study secretarialship for Soviet work—parallel to secretarialship for co-operative societies in Ireland. There is a Transport Section, where railway science is taught. A Food Control Section trains workers in coupon work. A Co-operative Section teaches what could be learnt in Ireland at Plunkett House. Book-keeping is an obligatory subject in all sections. In an associated "School of Party Work" 600 more students receive political education for organisation work in the interest of the revolution (the greatest "idealist experiment" the world has ever seen). Every four months this large double crop of managerial and political students will be sprinkled over the country and a fresh contingent received for education.

Now, who are these students?—They are all peasants, selected by the local Soviets to go up to Moscow for instruction. Think of it! Here are men of the people to work for the people. Think what this means in terms of educated democracy! This Soviet school is a sort of Jay Maynooth: a centre of national inspiration, ray of the sun—vital, idealistic, practical, as no bourgeois educational body could be. Who shall say that Russia is foolish in trying thus to

* MARY'S VOL. II.

The Strophe of the Old Men and the Wilson Sonata.*

Three weeks ago a number of elderly persons gathered in a room of the British panjandrum's palace to deliberate on the methods of preserving the kudos of international finance. The esoteric conclaves that followed were exactly similar in character and personnel to those of the Quai D'Orsay. The decisions taken will probably leak out in due course. There is no reason to anticipate that they differed from typical decisions of Paris, e.g., planned extinction of Austrian people by a scheme less crude but more cruel than that adopted in Armenia, prohibition of import of medicines and anaesthetics into Russia, clauses in the treaty making Germany give up her milch cows and farm implements and compelling her to import champagne and silk, or the proposal to draft in 300,000 black conscripts from French Africa for strike-breaking. In one particular, however, the London conspiracy differed from the Paris conspiracy. The ironists of Europe called Paris a "peace conference"; then they made a more excellent jest; they called London a "League of Nations." The warped poetic genius of Thomas Hardy probably found material for another strain of circumstance in following out the thread from Mount Vermont Independence Day, 1918, to this secret, black and midnight mumbling of bad old men.

Wilson is the absorbing personal problem of the age. The personal element is paramount in history. Pearsa and Connolly were Easter Week; the death of Lenin in 1918 or 1919 might have meant the death of Russia; Wilson killed German Kaiserism, and was the Hope of the World. Probably no man has individually wreaked more harm or had better intentions, but who could now persuade the peoples of the starved and wasted lands that he meant them well? Or the people of Ireland, who so clearly see that had they put the cause of Ireland unreservedly in his hands, as he desired, Ireland would have been involved in the collapse of the fourteen points? The explanation of his utter failure is very obscure. Mr. John Maynard Keynes finds it partly in his rigid Presbyterianism—the Presbyterianism which is not so much a religion as a habit of thought, which neglects the spirit of a cause and holds like grim death to the letter. His intellect is of the slow and massive order; his thought moves up in heavy phylaxes to culminate after long meditation in beaten and moulded sentences that captivate the high brow equally with the man in the street by their beauty, wide range and simplicity. Mobile mediocrity outmatches him in debate; he is rendered helpless and silent by the low cunning of any trumpety-minded lawyer. Many years ago he took up university teaching because he was unable to gain a living in the courts. We know that his ignorance of contemporary European conditions was only matched by his intolerance of counsel. But still we are at a loss. Dr. Freud of Vienna may have some solution to offer. All we can be sure is that from the beginning of his crusade to his physical revival in 1920, Wilson played a lone hand, as unmoved by the fearful

* "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," by John Maynard Keynes (Macmillan & Co., 2s. 6d. net).

"overlap the capitalist epoch"? Is she not going the right way to do so? Can we not see these inspired men of the people leading the people on to a nobler form of social industrial organisation forthwith? Can we not see them making every Russian rural parish a Templemore? And are we to despair of doing the same in Ireland? Cannot we, too, hope to overlap capitalism?—to advance straightway to a loftier development?

But a certain note recurs in Mr. Goode's book that gives us to think a little leniently. He says: "It looks to me as if the Revolution has produced among the masses of the people an explosion of desire to eat of the tree of knowledge." He talks of "hunger for information," and describes the eagerness with which knowledge is welcomed. "The best proof is in the many hundreds of school buildings which have been recently built by the peasants themselves." "How bitterly does this remark set us thinking of the contrast in Ireland! Take the parish in which I write—Cloughareilly. There is not schoolroom for a half of the children. In some of the schools the little ones have to lie on the floor and write! Wet, unroofed barns that cattle would not be perched in are the places in which children withered in soul are sent (about one day in three) to gain the knowledge needed for the battle of life. And this is Christian Ireland! Protests were made because, to compel school attendance and provide proper schools, there would be a few pennies on the rates! What contempt Rusb must hold us in!

Russia is moving on towards light because her people hunger and thirst after knowledge—as we did, once, in Ireland. We read of the children being sent in colonies to the country in summer—a movement that tends towards physical improvement and relieves the food difficulty in the towns." "Fosterage! We read of Prof. Pokrovsky declaring that he never had better audiences than his peasant students, while the artists and actors say they prefer their appreciative proletarian audiences to the exquisites before whom they were used to perform. The folk-school is being made a means of national enlightenment, followed up with technical and artistic instruction. Popular universities are planned, and schools of ballet, theatre and painting flourish in the workers' republic. We shall never have a Workers' Republic, or any kind of workable republic in Ireland, while intellectual lethargy like that with which we are cursed to-day continues. We want an "explosion of desire" for knowledge in Ireland, but thus far it has not followed the Irish revolution. Only two members of our Dáil subscribe to "Au Brinnar." A Sinn Féin club sends threatening letters to members that attend a Gaelic League class. That is the measure of the enlightenment which the revolution has spread thus far. Eyes on Paris, eyes on America, shouting and demonstrating; these are the methods by which we try to do what the Russians do by study and labour. Spirit of Thomas Davis, Spirit of Pearse, were your lives of no avail?

The business of the Connolly College will be, I hope, to do for Ireland what the Soviet School is doing for Russia—to send out men of vision and men of knowledge to the rural areas, there to man new industries, new developments, that shall provide Ireland with a happy economy without ever harrowing her with capitalism. Let it not be afraid of "idealist experiments"—from co-operative sock factories to Workers' Republics. If some of the money that is spent to-day on propaganda in the ends of the earth were given to the Connolly College for educational work we might be nearer to liberty, and, incidentally, might feel that the prime doctrine of Sinn Féin, regeneration from within, had not been entirely jettisoned.

AODH DE BLACAM.

HOGAN and HODGES

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TERMS MODERATE

51, Henry St., Dublin.

sight of half a continent dying before his eyes as he was by considerations of hate, revenge or fear. 'No one can blame the Italian *Secolo* for comparing his dogged support of the Jugo-Slavs to a man who stood by and watched his mother, wife and children being killed and then seized an axe to defend—a little dog. Yet nothing in the history of that hectic year in Paris is so astonishing as the invincible fact that Wilson honestly believed he was carrying out the programme he had stated. He was with the old men of Versailles, but not one of them. He took no part in their choruses, but regarded himself from first to last as the performer of a sonata.

Mr. Keynes and other observers who lived in Paris during the fatal year agree that Paris was scarcely sane. Only one topic could be heard or would be tolerated—kicking the fallen enemy. The part of the young men was done, and the old men had come to secure the perks. Other wars had ended with ferocious revanches, but there had never been anything like the revanche of the old men. The hate they came to glut was saved up from a past age, and all but insatiable. The accents they wheezed and croaked in the clubrooms and Council chambers were the accents of an atavism. Throughout the war they sat in armchairs, guzzling beef and swilling booze, howling for the starvation of "enemy" children, gloating over the sons they had given, and incessantly piping for more frightfulness, meanness and inhumanity. "Squeeze the Hun like a lemon till the pips squeak!" was the message these obscene dotards sent to Paris, and who can say that Paris did not try?

Four years of war killed off the young, the generous, magnanimous and humane. The killing must go on "if Newton left his flaxious and Michaelangelo his marbles" (when Newton and Michaelangelo had no pull with the porocracies). The soldiers who lived in the mud and miasma of the trenches with the rats, in the barrage and the swirl of the poison-gas, who bent under the leaden rain when life stood still, had little use for hymns of hate. If they hated anyone it was the rich men who sent them out to be maimed and killed. There was the contrast that Sassoon and other fighters pointed out with such bitter realism. The fat clubmen—

"When the boys come home
They will not be the same, for they'll have fought
In a just cause;
Their comrade's blood has brought
New Right to build an honourable race;
They have challenged death and dared him face to face."
And the soldiers—
"We're none of us the same," the boys reply,
"For George lost both his legs and Bill's stone blind,
Poor Jim shot through the lungs and lies, to die,
And Bert's gone syphilitic; you'll not find
A chap who's served that hasn't found some change."

The soldiers had no illusions about the war, but they expected that at some time which so many of them could not live to see it would end, and that life after the war would be more tolerable than before it. They little knew how completely the old men had destroyed Europe. The old men had no use for peace. Their investments and public importance had leaped ahead; every morning's paper waved a pleasant banner of excitement into their nummified lives. They continued the starvation blockade, maintained the huge war armies, and kept the fighting going wherever they could. When the bewildered survivors of the war pointed out that they had fought for a better civilisation they were called "Bolsheviks," and many were put in prison or murdered. Before 1918 "pacifists" were derided and persecuted for saying that Europe could not recover from the war for generations; it is now the considered opinion, not of boom-

sters or scaremongers, that Europe may never recover from the old men's peace.

Those who like to find historical parallels may compare their work to the aftermath of Attila's march, the doom of Carthage, the end of the thirty years' war, or, turning nearer home, they may combine '98 and '45 and extend the result over an area twenty times that of Ireland. But the parallel of the past is complete, or can be complete, because there is nothing in the past like the complex of modern civilisation, the delicate organism knitting five hundred millions in all sorts of interrelations and interdependencies of culture and credit. Europe, before the war, relied mainly for its food on other continents and paid for it with production by massed industry. For many years to come it is extremely unlikely (the old men have seen to that) that Germany, the Central Republics, Poland, Italy, or even France will have industrial surpluses for export, and will the other continents consent to impoverish their growing populations by indefinitely supplying Europe with Charity? A quick peace two years ago might have enabled Europe to get on its feet again; it is doubtful if anything now can. No continental nation except Russia now hopes to make its revenue balance expenditure. The Polish Finance Minister, introducing his last Budget, made provision for an expenditure eight times his revenue, and the London Times calls his statement optimistic and reassuring. From Warsaw by the Rhine the feeling of deep hopelessness is universal, and over the heart of the continent we quote the words of John Maynard Keynes—"a bloodless race with weak joints, weak bones and weak brains." Already the capitalist speak of "roving" their achievement. They have written the Treaty of Versailles and seized their articles on quivering flesh with hot irons; the final comment on their work is the so-much-quoted quatrain of Omar Khayyam:

"The moving finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

JAMES CARTY.

(Continued from page 85).

"Every dollar subscribed either to the Victory Fund or for the Irish Loan, was given on the distinct understanding that the policy enunciated in Dublin on January 21, 1919, and reaffirmed for America in Philadelphia on February 23, 1919, would be firmly adhered to. "Any fundamental change now would be a breach of faith and would bring defeat and disaster."
"Granted that Dáil Eireann—and it alone—has power to change the policy and the objective, such a change would in my opinion, break up the Irish movement in America. It has the power, but not the right, for its members were elected on a specific mandate."

"The Irish in America loosened their purse strings, but in my opinion—and I know them as well as any man living—they would have neither enthusiasm nor money for a so-called free Ireland under an English Protectorate or an English Monroe Doctrine."
"I am convinced the only way to save the situation now is to promptly drop the proposition for a change and to reaffirm the regularly adopted policy."

"There is no man in America who worked harder to prepare the way for Mr. De Valera's coming here but I cannot, and will not support him in the radical change of policy which he now proposes. And, with all respect to him personally, I cannot give any kind of sanction to his Wilsonian conceptions of 'Presidential Prerogative.' I am convinced that 90 percent. of my Irish fellow citizens are in full accord with me. I have full faith and confidence in the young men of Ireland."

Jim Larkin's Passports.

With reference to your Editorial comment on the Simon MacAlpine's article appearing in a recent issue, I should like to point out that 16 members of the Sinn Féin Party in the Dublin Corporation voted for the resolution demanding passports for Jim Larkin, 14 being against. "That," I should think, sufficiently disposes of your query. How can a party pledged not to recognise English Law Ireland ask that English Government for passports? I understood the demand was not to be made to the English Government in the first instance at all, but to the American Government, hence the voting against demand by majority. We may as well be accurate in these details. The sentence "We don't believe any Republican would publicly support the English ban on Mr. Larkin" seems slightly odd meaning. Why the word "publicly" (and why not "Jim" instead of "Mr.")? I can assure you that the working class districts of Dublin—particularly in the divisions of Clontarf and Harbour—no one dare "publicly" say such thing, whatever their private opinions may be. Now as to the pledge not to recognise British Law, the Larkin passport question has been elected Chairman of the Public Health Committee.

The minutes of meetings of this Committee are submitted to the Local Government Board, of which Ian MacPherson, Sinn Féin Chief Secretary is President. Is not that a British Law? Another member has been appointed resident of the Trading Children's Court. The youthful members will be marshalled before the Bench by two stalwarts of the D.M.P. Surely that is not pursuant to any Act of Dáil Eireann. Before members can sit as representatives of the Corporation on the Port and Docks Board they must make a sworn declaration before a Justice of the Peace. Members of the Sinn Féin Party have made this declaration (as required by British Law).

And when all is said and done, what is the Dublin Corporation but an administrative body for British Acts of Parliament and Local Government Board orders? If we refuse to recognise British Law and British Government in the instance, why in the name of goodness are we so ready to obey it in very many others?

"Flinging a mace and sword into a Monument Room" get us very far on "the road to liberty," nor will it get British law-makers very many sleepless nights where they are put.

Invitations issued to "Ministry of Labour" officials to interfere in Labour disputes is surely recognition of British Law and British Government institutions. Yet we hear of protest from any quarter against such action. Does anyone imagine for a moment that were Jim Larkin in Ireland he would tolerate—still less invite—such intervention? Those who think so still don't know Jim. And were he some a different ending would be written to Belfast and to America.

The action of the minority in the City Council on this question of the Larkin passports has caused considerable

Graobh na gCúig gCúig!
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dissatisfaction amongst the Larkinites—and they are legion—in the Labour movement. Trusting you will find space for the above.

MICHAEL O'MOALAIN.

[We regret that this letter had to be held over from last week owing to pressure of space. One must admit inconsistency where necessity forces it, but an appeal to an English Government for passports is an admission that Irishmen are British citizens. We used "Mr." as a term of respect. We agree about Jim Larkin's widespread popularity; the number of Larkinites is legion, that was why we used the word "publicly."—Ed. O.I.]

Flotsam and Jetsam.
PARNELL AND "THE GAME."

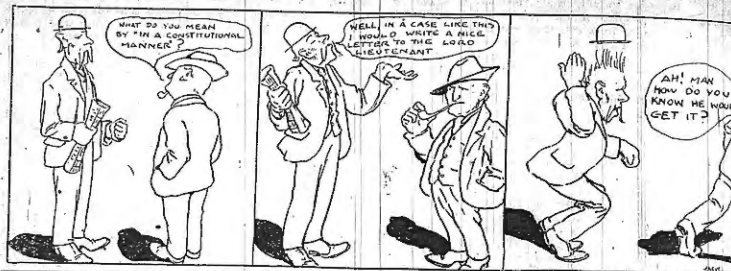
The verses referring to Parnell in a recent issue suggest some thoughts on the Leader of the 'Eighties. Time has on the whole dealt kindly with him. A tradition has grown around his name affording proof once again of Wilde's paradox that the tradition is often truer than the truth. What Parnell stood for, what he meant to Ireland is in some ways better comprehended now than when he walked among us; the extent to which he failed himself to realise what these things were is largely forgotten. It is not our purpose, unlike Mark Antony, to bury Caesar or to praise him. Rather would we speak a little of the mystery that enshrouded him in life and still encompasses his memory. Some may deprecate such doing. Tom Kettle has written:

*Signed with a seal, unbroken, unrepented,
His Calvary he trod.
So let him keep, where all world-wounds are healed,
The silences of God.*

Yet it is not all Calvary, and it is not as Judas that we would comfort ourselves.

Parnell has been criticised and blamed from nearly every point of view. Unionists have denounced him as a blunderer, Nationalists of stronger faith have attacked him as a recreant. In these days of Republican ardour his policy and aims seem to many alike feeble and insufficient. Let us ask one question of those who are thus dissatisfied. Had Parnell secured his goal in 1886 or 1892 would Ireland have been better or worse off in 1914? "Nothing is final in politics," he said once. "No man has a right to set bounds to the march of a nation" was another dictum. We *ultra credulam* may be given as his motto. And surely the cobbler did well?

It was Parnell more than any other of the leaders of the 'Eighties who awakened the soul of the Irish people. More than Davitt, Devoy or Dillon. At no time, even when the Land League was at its height, did he forget that the fight was for the Nation rather than the Land. This fact is often overlooked by those who criticise him for not pursuing the agrarian struggle on his release from Kilmainham. Other considerations undoubtedly weighed with him—some less worthy—but it must be borne in mind that the farmers as a whole had failed him by rushing into the new Land Courts against his advice, by paying their rents despite the "No-Rent Manifesto." We may take it that Parnell felt that



Cork Rural District Council.

ANNUAL REVISION OF VALUATION.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the above Acts, as modified by the aforesaid Order in Council, the Secretary of the County Council of Cork has transmitted to me a statement issued by the Commissioner of Valuation, showing all changes affecting value made in the Valuation Lists during the past year, in so far as they relate to this District.

This statement, received by me on 2nd day of March, 1920, is now open for inspection at my office, and can be seen any day between the hours of Ten o'clock, a.m., and Five o'clock, p.m., for the next twenty-one days.

Dated this 2nd day of March, 1920.

JOHN COTTER, Clerk of Rural District Council.

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LABOUR AND CATHOLICISM
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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"Irish Times" Walls.
 The *Irish Times* cries out with a loud voice and will not be consoled by Macpherson's assurances on law and order. From between the upper millstone of partition and the lower millstone of the more vehement expression—Irish Nationalism—that journal sends forth a pleasant wail. Thus:
 "Attacks in force were made upon eleven police barracks, several of which were captured and destroyed with bombs. There is no precedent for this campaign, at once so widespread, so audacious, and so successful, on the very foundations of the whole structure of British administration in Ireland. Its purpose is perfectly clear.
 Where there are no police—no visible proximity of law—terrorism is universal. The conspiracy seeks to reduce their (i.e., the police) strength and to compel their retreat from isolated districts; and its plan is working with truly alarming success. Will the Government tell us the effect of the recent murders on recruiting for the Irish police? Will it publish a list of the police stations which have been abandoned in the South and West since the beginning of the year?"
 Further in the same article comes the remark, "If the police go everything will go." And then follow the further cries:
 "There will be no popular help for them (i.e., the police) so long as their barracks can be stormed with impunity on any night in the week."

And again, referring to the English Government, this journal says:
 "They have yet to learn that three-fourths of Ireland rejects and hates the Bill and is confirmed in that attitude by the Ulster Unionist Council's vote for permanent partition. We are, therefore, in this tragic situation—that the mind of Great Britain is diverted from the deplorable state of Ireland. The voice of Southern Unionism in the House of Commons is faint, if earnest."

This appeal for more force and violence ends with a wail of despair; this wail will not fall on deaf ears. Hence we may look out for sparks. Here is the plight of Unionists described:
 "At this moment, when the Government is discussing solemnly their destiny under its Home Rule Bill, they are fighting a desperate and ill-supported battle against a conspiracy of annihilation."

Decay Sets In.
 At the root of England's political domination of the world was her financial strength and her financial pre-eminence. Since 1914 her position has completely changed. We have pointed out very often, even when Asquith was still Premier, and again when the Armistice was declared, the coming inevitable change. England is still rich, but decay has set in. No longer does she hold the position of pre-eminence in the financial world. As a State she is no longer a creditor nation, but a debtor to America. Her Government stock which hoisted so high at the end of the 19th century is low indeed. Consols are at 49½. In 1910 they were 82½. Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Argentina, Chile, are all in a more favourable financial position than England now. As compared to many nations, such as Germany, Austria, Italy, France, England still holds a favourable position, but that is not the significant feature of the situation. The real change in the financial position is the passing of the financial pre-eminence to America. London is no longer the financial capital of the world. New York is the financial capital. England is no longer a lender of money, but a borrower. America alone can lend; she is the great lender of money. But she is not going to lend England any more. England has sustained two heavy defeats, in prestige and finance since the Armistice. One in Russia, where Churchill has lost for her one hundred millions of money, and together with it the prestige of England as a sort of liberal protector of democracy. She is forever associated with the names and enterprises of Denikin and Kolchak in Russia, as she is with Horby in Hungary, and with the starvation blockade of Europe. The second defeat for England was recently in America, when she sought a new great loan from the States and was refused. There are other elements in the situation which we have pointed to before and which have received considerable attention from England's experts. The main volume of overseas traffic is passing into the hands of American shippers. The predominance of English imports over exports continues keeping English credit low in America. America has captured a considerable part of England's

export trade. Japan and India are supplying markets, which were an English monopoly before the war. The English cotton market is largely captured by America and India. These indications point to a steady deny of industry in England, which will reflect itself in permanent unemployment and with the rise in bread prices due to the removal of the bread subsidy there will be a necessary revision of wages with all the attendant circumstances of unrest. Thus the outlook is not exactly cheerful—for the Empire.

"Thin-End-of-the-Wedgers."

Any trouble which has arisen on the Irish demand is not due to any excess of the accredited leaders, but there is no doubt that misunderstandings have been created by unrepresentative people, thus certain people have said of Sinn Fein that whilst the leaders swear to stick to the uncompromising demand of a Republic, at the same time if a "good Home Rule Bill" were offered, they would accept it. This kind of talk has done considerable harm and has given people like Sir Horace Plunkett an excuse for posing as a representative of "moderate unorganised opinion." This kind of talk alone discredits our leaders as dishonest and as no better than the politicians that went before them. The Irish Republican Movement was founded in an ideal for which men paid the supreme price. That ideal is different not in degree, but in its very nature from Home Rule. To call Home Rule the thin end of the wedge of an Irish Republic is like calling the Insurance Act the thin end of the wedge of economic democracy. Follow this analogy. That Act enslaved the workers, but it could never have been forced on the people if it had not some good points, and an appearance of democratic progress about it. It was the good element in that Act—the concession to the popular demand, that made secure a measure whereby it is practically impossible for a worker with the reputation as an agitator to get employment anywhere. It is the attractive element in any Home Rule which will save the Empire and sell Ireland into servility. Solomon applied a curious test to find out which of two women had the genuine feelings of a mother towards a child—we need not recall the story. Home Rule is analogous to the offer to cut the child in halves. To accept it, is simply to prove that we are not serious, not even honest. To suggest that we should accept it is to injure the prestige established by the sacrifice of those who died for the ideal.

Terror in Ireland.

Some interesting comments appeared recently on the state of Ireland in the "Sunday Chronicle." They supply matter for deep thought to those who like that sort of thing. We quote it without comment. The article is headed "Terror in Ireland," and was quoted in part in the Irish daily papers. Here is the article in full:

Dublin, Saturday.

"Night and day have been filled with new terrors for hundreds of people in Ireland by the capture of the Dublin Castle mail bags. The monthly confidential reports of police officials, along with other communications of a secret character from private citizens, as well as officials, were included in the raided mails.

"The organisers of the affair are now in possession of what the Irish authorities are thinking and doing, and in that they have secured more effectively over the Government than by any number of raids on the police barracks.

"The strategic value of knowing what the other fellow is thinking of lies with the revolutionaries in Ireland. Incidentally, they know the names of the parties helpful to the police and authorities generally as revealed in the correspondence seized.

"Consequently, those persons who have relations with the Government in any form, and there is a large espionage organisation now in Ireland, and who have been mentioned in the confidential reports, are now in a state of frank terror. They feel that swift and terrible vengeance is hanging over them, and that its execution may take place anywhere, and at any time.

"One learns that within the past forty-eight hours urgent, and even pitiable, appeals for protection have been made to the Irish authorities.

"There is no doubt that those who organised the raid on the Castle mail have struck a blow that has had a demoralising effect on the secret service branch of the Government's activities in Ireland.

SECRET AGENTS EMPOWERED.

"The shooting within the past few weeks of two clever secret service agents under circumstances that leave no doubts they were the victims of planned and devious executions give the grim indication of the methods by which secrets are guarded.

"A more fearful estimate than ever before accepted of the strength of the revolutionary forces in Ireland was announced by Mr. Macpherson this week. His statement that there are in Dublin two hundred thousand revolutionaries organised as perfectly as the British Army in France is regarded as sufficiently alarming to justify the weak fears, but the public here appreciate the strain which has been imposed on the official nerves and prefer to regard the statement as the exaggerated result of alarmed police authorities, rather than ascertained facts.

"The public mind anyhow comfort itself with the theory that the two hundred thousand men would not risk much to get possession of the old rock rifles and rusty horse pistols if their equipment was equal to that of the British Army in France.

RAFFLING FACTORS.

"The fact is the raffling tactics, daring and resourcefulness of the revolutionaries in Ireland have been succeeding very effectively in accomplishing their object, namely, to break down the nerves of officialdom.

"Moreover, they have opposed brains to the time-honoured and traditional methods of Dublin Castle, with the quite inevitable consequences. One has reason to doubt if in the Castle precincts at present there is a single official who trusts another, a single clerk who does not smell the blood of a conspirator in every cupboard and under every table.

"This arises not only from the fear, but the fact, that the revolutionary intelligence department is well served from within the Castle walls. In the result the administration tends to become almost as chaotic as its enemies desire to make it, and the Irish public are left with the rather cheerless conviction that things cannot go on much longer as they are. The strain is such that something must break."

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Labour and Catholicism.

The recent statement of Rev. P. Finlay, S.J., raises the second greatest question in Irish affairs. The first is now, as always, the independence of the nation. The second is now, and will until it is settled, continue to be, the social policy of our people. Fr. Finlay has not done well with his lectures. It is true, that if the Labour organisations in Ireland are following a policy which is anti-Catholic it is good for them to know it and to be warned from persisting in it. But that the intervention of Catholic pioneers in sociology should be limited to such matters as have made Fr. Finlay's declaration a national one is almost as great a danger to the Church as could possibly be the adoption by the Labour Parties in Ireland of a program and methods opposed to Catholic teaching. When statements on the attitude of the Catholic Church to the condition of the worker and his attempt to better it are confined to condemnation of the attempt he is at present making, nobody need be surprised if the result is that such statements are regarded as a particularly horrible form of capitalist propaganda. A more serious result follows again from this. It is that the average man, not being used to separating in his mind the acts of the Catholic clergy from the doctrine of the Catholic Church, will come to look upon the Church as opposed to any liberation of the working classes from the unclean thralldom of capitalism. To pool-pooch this as an exaggeration of the case may bring a feeling of moral security to the pool-poocher, but the exaggeration remains unproven. The danger of the Catholic Church in Ireland being regarded as reactionary is not only present, but is being expressed by workers themselves in daily increasing numbers. It is easy to pretend that all anti-clericalism has its source in Satan. But it may be less of a pretence that some of it at least has, and has had, its source in the failure of the Catholic clergy to understand in time that the mind of the world is creating new standards and that these new standards will in Catholic countries find materialisation along Catholic lines if they are let, but if not, that they will nevertheless find materialisation.

Irish Labour had no special reason for attaching itself to the International. Among the workers the belief in solidarity finds nothing more than an ornamental or sentimental expression in an international brotherhood. It is the workers' equivalent to the capitalist League of Nations. For practical purposes Labour in each country is self-sufficient, and it is arguable whether, if the workers were as determined to overthrow each the capitalism within its own borders as they are in wanting to overthrow capitalism all over the world, the universal victory would not be accomplished the sooner. But Irish Labour joined the International because nobody took the trouble to tell them no, or even had the foresight to see that at a certain point in the organisation of Irish Labour the question of joining the International would arise. It is only when the thing is accomplished that the Catholic clergy become interested and hurry forth with their condemnations. The result is that Irish Labour is humiliated before its own world, and the man who is needlessly humiliated is not always the better for it.

This unfortunate result is due wholly to a carelessness among prominent Catholic clergy and laymen, which is fairly describable as really gross. For a generation the Catholic

clergy and the lay publicists of the Catholic Church in Ireland have had the opportunity to develop a Catholic social policy. During the last fifteen years it has become increasingly obvious that the decisive battle between the armed forces of Capital and the bare hands of Labour was being won. Nothing was done. The great Luckin Smith found the Irish priests as eloquent against "Socialism" as the beginning of the war found a great many of them against Prussianism. The Dublin workers took some time to reconcile the Catholic Church with democracy after the Larkin strike was lost. The war overwhelmed social unrest for a little while. The Russian Revolution—an event much more historical than the Great War which begat and gave birth to it—swung back the mind of the whole world to the question of the worker and his position in the State. Since the March of 1917 the social revolution has become the mighty thing in world politics. Again nothing was done in Ireland to discover within the doctrine of the Catholic Church a democratic policy for the people. Naturally Ireland, being among the nations of Europe that which is most democratically minded, looked with admiration upon the Russian people and rejoiced in their tremendous achievement. The interest in the question of the social status of the proletariat, which interested the Russian Revolution created and for three years has continued to create, has been allowed to pass by without being turned to wonderful account by popularising under its influence the social teaching of the Catholic Church. It is only when Labour—allowed to fight its own terrible battle deserted by that force which should be most ready to assist it to freedom—takes a false step that the Catholic publicists hurry into print—against it. The result is to create an annoyance that with earnest men who are not deep-thinking may easily develop into definite hostility.

Not one Irish worker in a hundred realises that the Catholic doctrine permits of State ownership of all the resources of a country if such ownership is desired by the people and is necessary to the life of the State. Not one Irish worker in a hundred is aware that the Catholic social policy in England before the so-called Reformation, and for a long period after it in other parts of Europe, was the development of a distributive State in which the producers were the owners and the profits went back to the people. Within these two facts can be constructed a social policy broad enough and democratic enough to attract the extremist Labour man who is not an unlearned crank. But the fault of the ignorance of the people and of the dangers to the Church that arise from it lies at the doors of those Catholic clergy and laymen who knew these things and who had the influence and position to direct the Irish workers on to the right road of democratic advancement and who refused to use either their knowledge or their influence for the general good, or who were unable to see the necessity for using it. That necessity must be now at last painfully clear to them, and yet the only thing it has produced is Fr. Finlay's denunciation.

What is needed is that Catholics, the laity as well as the clergy, should form an organisation in Ireland for the instruction of the workers in a Socialism in conformity with Catholic doctrine. This organisation should know its own mind and to be definitely democratic should select its members carefully, men who understand that for their teaching they may be denounced by their own bishops—as has happened with despairing frequency in almost every other crisis in our

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history, at each one of which the Hierarchy, with a propinquity second only to its unity, took the wrong side—and men who will not hesitate to undertake and carry through the drudgery necessitated by the giving of such enlightenment to the people. Personally, I think it preferable that this organisation should be comprised of laymen only, unversed in Catholic teaching but with the liberty of the laity. Its methods should be lectures and popular publications. At the present time there are articles on social policy appearing in Church monthlies and quarterlies which never reach the mass of the people except when such articles have an anti-democratic bias; then the capitalistic Irish daily press is rapid enough in pirating them and proving from them that socialism is a divine institution. We owe it to our people to do more for them than this. We owe it to our religion to do more for it than this. Those who have allowed the Irish Labour leaders to make a mistake against which they might have warned them, and who then strike at Irish Labour because its leaders made this mistake, may themselves be surprised that the respect of the people for them is waning. But others are not surprised. It is that something may be done to prevent the dishonour that is being reaped copiously for the Catholic Church by ministers of it who are careless to national and social progress that such an organisation of Catholic democrats is in the foregoing suggested. It is also suggested lest the lack of a social

policy on the part of the Catholic Church in Ireland may lead to a people having a social policy in spite of the Catholic Church.

The Dublin Drama League at the "Abbey."

"Judged by common standards," writes Professor Gilbert Murray in the introductory note to his translation of the *Troades* is far from a perfect play; it is scarcely even a good play. It is an intense study of one great situation with little plot, little construction, little or no relief of variety." This alone should have been a note of warning to those who selected "The Trojan Women" for performance by the Drama League. The presentation of Euripides' play as seen on Sunday afternoon at the Abbey Theatre was far from successful. A long monotonous half-chant from beginning to end, it had indeed "little or no relief of variety." The same monotony characterised the speeches of the principal personages, the strophes of the chorus, the darkness of the scene, and the half-lighted scene, and the colourlessness of the dark, spectre-like women as they huddled against the black background. The long, turgid dirge was unrelieved even by moments of passionate utter-

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ance or the wonderful lyricism of Euripides' choral odes. The limit of one artistic patience was reached to see the senseless, meaningless way in which these odes were presented. Andromache's appearance was a welcome relief. She brought colour and a new tone into the dreary scene. She seemed to put into her lines genuine feeling and almost a note of real passion. The scene in which the dead body of the child, Astyanax, appeared was meant to reach perhaps, the summit of tragic weep, but it left us cold. Nor were we purged of feelings of pity and fear when these grey figures, their dreary cooing ended, went—

Forth to the long Greek ships
And the sea's foaming.

Whatever may be the opinion to the contrary, we hold that Greek drama cannot successfully be adapted to the conditions and limitations of the modern stage. Better save it undue than mutilate it in the manner of the Drama League's performance. Greek tragedy deprived of the conventions of the classical stage is imperfect and inartistic. The classical chorus is meant to act as the "impartial spectator," taking no part in the enacting of the tragedy. Euripides, especially, divorced the chorus, in sentiment and thought, from the action of the drama more than did *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. But at the performance last Sunday we thought we saw, though the darkness of the stage may have deceived our vision on this, as possibly on other, points, the chorus take actual part in one or two scenes, as where, in the with the dead Astyanax, they actually left the scene to bring

Such poor garments hazardous
As these days leave

to wrap his limbs, though the stage directions does not require such. Then, again, they carried away the dead body, and returned immediately.

The parts were allotted as follows: The God Poseidon and Menelaus, F. J. MacGormick; the Goddess Pallas Athene, Christine Hayden; Hebe, Madame Maud Gonne MacBride; Cassandra, Elizabeth Noney; Andromache, Maire nic Shrubhlaigh; Helen, Cathleen Murphy; Polyxena, Arthur Shields. The chorus of "Trojan Women" was made up of: Anne Page (leader), Nell Byrne, Dyanma Daly, Una Hannigan, Christine Hayden, M. McShane and Columba O'Carroll. As by Xenocles in his own day, so by Tchekoff in ours Euripides suffered defeat. Tchekoff was more successful because his drama suits our stage and his art our conception of a dramatic representation within its limits. His one-act play, "A Tragedy in Spite of Himself," was an amusing comedy, not without that real feeling and human touch that we get in all Tchekoff's plays, whether tragedy or comedy.

This piece is the story of one Tolkaehov, described as the father of a family. He is a civil servant, that type of person on whom the monotony of his job falls. He longs for quiet rest, but, in his country home, he is beset with a thousand and one minor troubles, and when he comes up to his miscellaneous type for his wife and friends, and neighbours. Laden with innumerable packages and parcels he makes a call on his friend Murashkin, in Petrograd, and pours forth in a frenzy his troubles. His bachelor friend listens with a deaf ear, he requests him to bring some presents to a lady friend living in the country—a bird cage and a sewing machine! This is the final straw, and the curtain falls on the maddened rage of the exasperated Tolkaehov. The climax is well worked up, and the play ends in what would

be a farcical scene were not the note of tragedy so near. J. A. West played the part of Tolkaehov and Erter Nolan the rôle of Murashkin.

We hope that the next production of the League, "The Life of Man," by Andrejev, will not fall from the same cause as did the "Trojan Women"—an over-boldness on the part of the producer.

Beware of the Old Gang!

English newspapers are alluding to Mr. Asquith's election as member for Paisley in the English Parliament as "the return of the Old Gang." In view of the forthcoming Local Government Elections in this country it is a timely reminder that we, too, have an "Old Gang."

The elections are not due until June, but from now onwards the selection of candidates will take place. In some quarters they have already been selected; in others prospective candidates are carefully preparing the ground. It is very questionable whether some of the selections made, or likely to be made, are the best that Republicans could desire. The turning over of the greater part of our population from Parliamentaryism brought us not only the good honest mass of the people, but a fair share of the humbug, the wirepullers, the tricksters, and the "Eloquent Demagogues" who perverted the Parliamentary machine to their own purposes. The spirit of the Vicar of Bray has not entirely departed from our shores. Many members of this Old Gang are now in our midst and are preparing to use their Republicanism for their own ends if they are allowed. Their Law Guardianship or pine to see their names in print; some like to be in a position to influence jobs or contracts; some have businesses that would thrive better under a "public man." But they are all alike in one particular—self is the thing that counts with them. The interests of the nation are a very subsidiary matter; and although fine sentiments are always on their tongues they would be very slow to translate such sentiments into action involving personal loss or discomfort.

The Local Government machinery in Ireland is of vital importance to Republicanism. We must control it. The January elections were good, but could have been better. The June elections must be distinctly better. Not in the sense of counting heads and announcing triumphantly that so many Sinn Féinists have been returned, but in the certainty that the returned members are the "real stuff," and not merely camouflaged Mr. Féiners.

We must make as thoroughgoing an alteration in the personnel of the new Councils as the General Election did in Parliamentary representation. We want new, young and vigorous blood on the Councils; the poor man, the artisan, the wage-earner and small man must be fully represented. We do not want the Old Gang under another label; nor do we want another crowd of old and middle-aged men who ate not much better.

The carefully-played-up-to superstition that the Councils were fore-ordained by Providence as a close preserve for elderly shopkeepers, middle-aged graziers or advertisement-seeking collectors must be squelched.

Local men have told me that the only things that count in these elections are personal ones affecting the candidates or questions of the roads, the rates, lighting and the like. I do not believe it—or at most I believe it to the extent that if those are the only points put before the electors they have no opportunity of expressing an opinion on anything else.

I believe that if the importance to Republicanism of the Local Government machinery is clearly set forth the electorate will support the fully-pledged Republican candidates. The Republican issue is the issue that matters in this election. To suppress that issue would be an act of treachery to the Republican cause. To attempt to get Republicans in merely on gas and water questions is not honest and is totally at variance with the spirit of Sinn Féin. Suggestions that people are tired of politics or that they may not vote for individual Republicans if politics come into play should not be listened to. It is a distinct reversion to the trickery of Parliamentarianism, and we must set our faces sternly against it. The gas, the water, the roads, the rates and so dependent upon it. The country has accepted and adopted the Republican lead on the great question, and it will not fail on those that are subsidiary. It will not fail to carry out in detail that which it has endorsed in principle—so long as it gets an honest deal.

The first local elections held since Easter Week and since Dáil Éireann came into being is no time for diplomatic trimming for personal purposes. There is no indication or fear of this at headquarters.

There are some country districts where "bossism" is not yet a forgotten art. We broke with "bossism" when we broke with the party and all it connoted. We must not allow it to steal back in our midst in a more insidious form. We must make a final riddance of the important local man—the man "who has a lot of influence, you know"—influence obtained through his superior abilities as a wire-puller, and not because of any real national work he has accomplished. One of the chief factors in bringing Parliamentarianism to its wholesale smash-up was the fact that for many years the men in each constituency who manipulated the organisation to suit their own ideas.

The ordinary man got tired of being used as a human gramophone or a cog in an adding machine. And when he kicked he kicked hard. Let it be a lesson to us. The grammar, but any attempt by wirepullers to start the old game of humbug and insincerity will be strongly resented. We must put an end to "Eloquent Dempsey" and his less eloquent confreres. The Old Gang must go! The square deal is the best deal. Let us carry that in our memories—and we are bound to win!

JACK O'SHEEHAN.

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The Soul's Belfrey.*

Fr. Rope writes round ideas and actions that touch mind and heart of the reader. The intention is good. "Writer's Calling," perhaps, explains his purpose best:

"Write, ere the fire of youth hath passed away;
Before you write let reading store your mind;
Store up experience ere you speech essay;
Speak, for the speechless night is close behind.

The life so short, the craft so long to learn,
Than utter boldly when occasions call
The craft so weak to voice the truths eternal;
Nay, but the Will of God is all in all."

He has, obviously, lived up to his carefully versed maxim, and, find the craft weak "to voice the truths eternal." He has endeavoured to "utter boldly when occasions call," a little too boldly, perhaps, and one feels that he did indeed, find the craft weak "to voice the truths eternal." Occasions have called him to write on such subjects as we find in "The Titan's" "In Memoriam," "Major William Redmond, R.I.P."

Several poems reveal an interest in our own country "To Erin" is an Englishman's word for Ireland;

"To Erin" is an Englishman's word for Ireland;
To Erin is not the pride of world-wide sway,
Envy us not the riches seen afar;
By myriad slaves upgather'd day by day,
To glut a few with surfeit's unavail,
Nay, rather envy we thy martyrdom,
And thine enduring anguish that prevails
Till in the evening of the world there come
The triumph of the Cross and of the Gaels."

From Macedon "strikes a happy note";
"Cloudbanks wan and chilly,
Cold and shivering rain,
Clammy, slanting roof-slates,
Pent and aching pain,
And far in Eire the rocks of Kerry swept by the world-wide main.

Clanging, grinding tramways,
Retching, screeching cars,
Hollow, mirthless laughter,
Drifting human spars:
And Laver Scanie and Skellig's twain unbosom'd to the stars.

Holy land, where gently
Starry even falls,
Pity a folk faith-starven
Sad heart error's thralls:
Thy peace send swift over the drift of the waves
and the mountain walls."

The internal rhymings show the influence of the Hibernal English poets on Father Rope's prosody.

The verses on "Patrick Pearse," while revealing once more the writer's good intention, are not successful. His technique fails badly here and there, as in

"And Erin's champion ran his course aimin
Against the idols of the age of gain,
And dying in the midst of the press
Sent forth Saint Ende's "Story of Success,"
where the lines are poor in thought and expression.

Father Rope may yet express ideas that have not so far reached their full embodiment in his utterance, because he has the poet's ardour for the great things of the soul and for the aspirations of struggling peoples.

"Soul's Belfrey and Other Poems," by Henry E. J. Rope.
(The Stratton Press.)

Lessons from Serbia.

Without Comment.

The other day I picked up on an old bookstall a book entitled "The Soul of Serbia." It is a series of lectures delivered by a priest of the Greek Church, Father Nicholas Velimirovic, Professor of Theology at Belgrade, and, as it were, the British imprimatur—being issued in England in 1916 as propaganda against the tyranny of the "terrible Turk," and still "more terrible Austrian"—there can be no objection from any source to reproducing a few extracts without comment. (Without comment, I say, because these are expressions of Serbia's soul as uttered by one of Serbia's priest-patriots carry their own comment.)

Body Killers, Not Soul Killers.

In his introduction, Father Velimirovic says:

"Serbian history was a voyage on a long and thorny way—a very thorny way indeed. Physical force only, without being doubled—oh, much more than doubled—by the moral and intellectual force, i.e., by the soul itself, was certainly not sufficient, not even for a bigger national holy than the Serbian, to make such a thorny pilgrimage, ever struggling against oppression, and ever striving for an independent being. But KILLERS OF THE BODY ARE NOT KILLERS OF THE SOUL." (The capitals are *not* mine but those of the British propagandists.)

"It happened once after a long, long butchery that the Turks looked all around and saw only cripples and blind beggars in the Serbian country, in the Fatherland of the great heroes of old. The body of the Serbian nation was obviously killed. But still the soul lived. The cripples and the blind were certainly not representatives of the Serbian physical force of old, but they were always the representatives of the national soul. . . . The Serbian blind beggars, the miserable physical constructions they must have been, sang the national past, prophesied the national future, formulated the national rights and hopes, and spiritualised the terrible national suffering—widening their clairvoyance the horizon of history. Like the dark cellar in which the vegetables are preserved fresh and green during the winter until the spring, so our blind herds preserved the soul of the Serbian people throughout the cold winter of slavery until the spring of freedom. But the MODERN KILLERS OF THE BODY" (again the capitals are the British propagandists) "cannot kill the soul either."

Our Serbian history gives an experimental proof of how oppression of the body results in a revival of the soul. The more the Serbian body was oppressed the higher the Serbian soul was uplifted. During the time of our sufferings our Serbian soul was similar to the lightnings in the black clouds; the body was despoiled, the soul exalted. "My body belongs to the Turks and dogs, but my soul is mine" was a Serbian saying. The intensity of the life of the soul corresponded to the intensity of bodily oppression. The soul endured, survived, triumphed. That is the lesson of the Serbian past. That is the lesson of the present time in Serbia, too. Do not think that our belief in the supreme victory of good over evil is shaken by the present catastrophe. Believe that our hopes are banished by the present catastrophe. Many times in our history we have been cast by Fate to the very bottom of Hell. Yet on this bottom of Hell we still believed in Heaven."

Turkey and Austria's Paper Wall.

Telling how Turkey, and subsequently Austria, being great and powerful, put a paper wall round little Serbia, and on the outside of it wrote what they wanted Europe and the world to believe about the Serbs, Father Velimirovic says:

"We Serbs arose a century ago as a protest against Europe. We protested against the Turkish tyranny which abused us to stupid animals or dead things. Our blind bards incited the soul of the slaves against the inhuman dominators. They sang about the equal rights of all men, and consequently of Serbs also, to live freely upon the earth. They passionately condemned the Turkish pretensions to exploit Serbian property, to dispose of Serbian lives freely and irresponsibly. . . . We protested and we arose to fight. Yet the whole of Europe supported the Turk and applauded his intention of punishing the Serbian rebels. But our loud protest against the bloody Turk was at the same time a silent protest against Europe."

Later, the tyranny of the Turk was succeeded by the tyranny of the Austrian, and still the Serbians "protested and protested." Says Father Velimirovic—and the British propagandists endorse his sentiments—

"We did right, I am convinced, or at least we did what the English people would do if they had eight millions of their brethren under the yoke of any unscrupulous foreigners. Our protest was ridiculed by Austrian diplomacy and journalism, and, so ridiculed and caricatured, came to English and French ears. Self-sufficient and comfortable Europe was afraid only of any trouble, and therefore Austria, with her peaceful perfidy exclaiming 'troublesome' Serbia, found a more willing listener than protesting Serbia."

Results of the Insurrection.

I should like very much to quote, but as my space is running short must postpone until another occasion Father Velimirovic's exposition of the philosophy of Serbian patriotism. I shall now quote only his opinion on the insurrection and its results:

"Our history has always been greater than our geography. For about four hundred years we disappeared from geography, but never from history. History is often made under the earth. The first pages of the history of Christianity were written down in the catacombs. The history of millions of the working people in the mines is hidden in subterranean darkness. During four hundred years our Serbian history was written by blood and tears and hopes, in the darkness of slavery. We lived in the Sultan's State, invisible to the rest of the world, like the fire under the ashes. Strangers looked—if they looked at all—and saw the ashes but not the fire beneath. Then the insurrection came, the insurrection of the slaves, of broken hearts, and scattered the ashes—and the fire grew bright and was seen. . . . The Serbian insurrection has lasted a hundred years. It is now at the climax and at the same time in its final phase. The goal of this insurrection was designed and proclaimed from the first day as liberation from the yoke of tyranny. Our insurrection, like a volcano, produced several violent commotions for the greater part of mankind. . . . Our insurrection caused also this world-war, the greatest commotion in history. Too small a cause for so big a war, it may be said. Not at all. The national cause of Serbia, i.e., of a small spot on the globe, is the justice of the universe."

P. S. O'FLANNAGHAN.

Hatred of England in America.

The following very significant article appeared in the *Daily Herald* of Saturday, March 13. The author of the article ignores the genuine source of the Irish feeling towards England, and rather suggests that the hatred is paid for. We have often repeated, and we repeat again, that hate is the wrong word. Ireland is angry with tyranny and determined to get liberty. Only an enemy can call such an attitude one of hatred.

COULD THERE BE AN ANGLO-AMERICAN WAR? By HANNEN SWAFFER.

It is no use blinking the facts. Millions of Americans either hate or despise England; millions of Britishers loathe the United States and most of the things that it stands for. The war with Germany started with a peace just like that.

I have just returned from a tour across half the States of the Union; I have talked with thousands of people—Senators, millionaires, famous preachers, world-renowned film stars, actors and musicians, judges, writers, working men of all sorts and descriptions—and I am now choosing deliberately a newspaper which circulates almost entirely among thinking working men and women in order to publish a grave and an urgent warning.

I was lunching at the Bankers' Club in New York two weeks ago with a multi-millionaire whose name is famous in the smallest town in Europe. "The Americans came into the war, they thought, with the unselfish chivalry of the Crusaders," he told me. "They think they won the war for Europe, and now they are astonished to find themselves loathed by the European nations they think they saved. And every day American newspapers tell them that Great Britain has come out of the war more powerful, more strong. And the ideals they talked about are forgotten, except when some English paper sneers about the ideals they have turned into solid cash."

A Campaign of Calumny.

There is a powerful journalist, William Randolph Hearst—the Northcliffe of America—who would die happy if war between Great Britain and the United States broke out. His newspapers, morning after morning, and evening after evening, printed, too, right across the continent, egg on the American public to a hatred of which war is the only logical conclusion.

Nor is he alone in this campaign of calumny. In the *New York Daily News*, a newly-started imitation of our *Daily Mirror*, of London, I read just after Carpenter's victory in London:

"As fighters the English are no good. As Anatole France said after the Beckett fight, 'Nobody home,' or, as our own Henry Cabot Lodge remarked, 'Flat-footed hams.' They are burns. The English cannot fight. They never could fight. They never will be able to fight."

We are accused in the American Press of objecting to their belief that America won the war for us; we are accused of using the American money we owe the United States for building a navy to compete with theirs, the only one, they say, which is strong enough to fight ours; we are accused



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of preaching self-determination and practising oppression both at once. And the devil of it is that it is true.

Windsor McKay's cartoons illustrating all these things are unfortunately so brilliant, both in conception and in draughtsmanship, that they turn my indignation into a despair.

And what about us Englishmen? Here is Horatio Bottomley preaching to his millions of readers, every now and then, a similar doctrine of hatred of America and the Americans. A Western senator said to me: "Bottomley is only a demagogue. There is not the best thing about him, but the worst. He writes what millions of working men nearly think."

Hands Across the Sea.

The hands across the sea are full of dollars, I know, but why did the *Bystander* devote a whole number last week to reminding us about it? The only way to right the wrong of exchange is to save and work, not to sneer. The description of this *Bystander* number and its score of cartoons, sneering at America, was cabled to New York on the day the publication was issued. What America will think I hesitate to say.

A great American preacher, a man of unimpeachable character and honesty, told me, too, that last year he was dining with a Britisher whose name is often on everybody's lips, and who, when the coffee came, was in his cups at a truthful mood. "I have been trimmed in Wall Street," he said, "and I am going to devote the rest of my life to creating trouble between Great Britain and the States." This man's influence is enormous, and he has great possessions.

"What part of Ireland do you come from?" I asked waitress in one of New York's most fashionable hotels. "Ulster," she said. "What do they say in Ulster?" "Oh, we want Home Rule," she replied. "Do you hate the English in Ulster?" "But I come from Derry, I said. "That is in Ulster, you know." "Oh, well, it is no good telling you any lies, I can see," was the girl's comment. She was only one of thousands—thousands of men and girls paid to spread the story of Irish hatred, always in a subtly dangerous way.

"Why do you hate the English?" I asked a telephone girl in the same hotel. "I'm half French and half Irish. The French and Irish all hate the English," was her astonishing reply, obviously meant for an inquiring American.

Lincoln Day this year was used definitely as an anti-British occasion by newspapers, and by orators who at their living that way. Lincoln's phrases against European influence in statesmanship were read and heard all over the place. This is only one instance of many I could name only one case of thousands in which old misunderstandings are re-fanned into the semblance of a flame of hate.

"The London Press."

On my last night in New York I was in the manager's office at the Metropolitan Opera House when my friend Morris Gest came in and said: "I am glad there is an English journalist present, because I want to ask him why the London Press last night sneered at 'Tea for Three' at the Haymarket Theatre because it was an American play?"

I said: "You are a damned liar if you say 'The London Press.' It may be that some newspaper or another asked why we had to go abroad for plays of a type which could write quite as badly at home, which is true, but talk about it as a general Press attack is nonsense." On my return to London I find "Tea for Three" with it

Flotsam and Jetsam.

ST. PATRICK AND POLITICS.

St. Patrick's Day—or Patrick's Day as it is more usually called—is not so much the National as the Neutral Holiday. In the same way "Patrick's Day" as a song or a melody arouses no national feeling. Everybody sings it with just as much fervour as one might sing "Peaches in Georgia," or better still, "If you're Irish come into the Parlour." Indeed the latter ballad would be far more likely to kindle enthusiasm. "The West's Awake," or the "Boysie Water" will galvanise an Irish audience, will evoke cheers or hisses. "Patrick's Day" finds its sole place of honour on the Band Programmes of the D.M.F. or the R.I.C. The green, immortal shamrock decorates in these days every Irish bosom or hat. Nobody feels committed to any particular political faith by wearing this national emblem. Whereas some rejoice and others recoil.

It is held by many that one proof of nationhood is that a nation can rise above its politics. Examples were furnished in August, 1914. Liberal and Tory in England made common cause. Frictions in France became reconciled. Socialists in Germany renounced the Brotherhood of Man in favour of the Fatherland. The hope was expressed and even entertained that Ireland would drop her ancient quarrel and realise that, as part of the British nation, the foe of England was her foe, too. For a time it looked as if this hope was destined to be fulfilled. A change came, however. Sense proved stronger than sentiment; facts swept fiction aside.

There emerges from this happening a proof of what all who have any real grasp of essentials in Irish life are perfectly well aware—namely, that, paradoxically, what is commonly called Politics in Ireland is in reality National Faith, while that which, with equal ease, is known as non-

House Pull" boards outside; but the poison of Morris's remark is still spreading along Broadway.

Do not be led into the idea that the British and American agencies have anything more in common than Park Lane has with Park Lane. It was the German Socialists' failure to refuse to join with Prussianism when war came that broke Keir Hardie's heart.

The race for the America Cup will make things worse. Lipton's tea goes faster in the water than his yachts do when he loses there will be more jeering. They like Lipton very much; but they might not if he won.

The Olympic Games will cause more trouble, as they did in London. The Americans will win, of course; our great athletes nearly all died in France. It would be better if international sport stopped; the peace was lost on the playing fields of Eton.

On both sides of the Atlantic—I speak now as one of the hardest workers for that Anglo-American friendship which I believe to be the greatest hope of a stricken world—there are Anglo-American societies which are supposed to bring about an understanding, but which, so far as I can see, only give certain people cheap knighthoods and free advertisements. They do nothing except make speeches; and then make a knight of it.

And they are bottles of dissension themselves. If you don't believe me read this letter, sent by ex-President Taft, president, with Mr. Arthur Balfour, of the English-speaking Union, to Major Putnam, the secretary of the American branch of that society:

December 4, 1919.

My dear Major Putnam,—

"I greatly regret that I cannot be present at the meeting of the Committee of the English-speaking Union on Saturday of this week. . . . I would like to be at the meeting to protest in every way possible against the methods pursued by Mr. Gardiner in seeking to remove you from secretaryship and leadership of the Committee of the Union. . . . It would be an act of great injustice and gross ingratitude to remove you from your present position. . . . I do not hesitate to say that if the plan of Mr. Gardiner succeeds it will put the Union under such a management as evidenced by the methods pursued that I could no longer remain in the Union, and would immediately resign the presidency. Sir Evelyn Wrench has certainly been misled by representations made to him, and his suggestions should not be followed. I hope that you will read this letter, or have it read at the meeting."

"With great respect, my dear Major Putnam.

Sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) WM. H. TAFT."

William Taft is the most convincing, and the most earnest, of all our friends in the States. There must be something wrong if he protests.

If this sort of thing goes on in the unions of the stalwart Anglo-Americans, can one wonder that our opponents—those who would make a Transatlantic understanding impossible; those who would make war between two English-speaking peoples possible—have things out their own way?

Working men, do you realise the grave importance of my warning? It is time someone told some truth, even now that the war is over. The British and the Americans are not friends. How can you and I help to stop them from becoming enemies? Blood is thicker than water, and it makes much more mess when anybody spills it.

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political is undisguised Imperialism. A typical illustration of this well-recognised condition of things was afforded last week. At a meeting of the Royal Dublin Society, Mr. Wrench, in what might be termed an "all creeds and classes" speech, declared that inside the show grounds of the N.D.S. politics are unknown. True, at Horse Show or Spring Show the Union Jack waves proudly. The Lord Lieutenant is received with all pomp and circumstance. That, of course, is entirely non-political. Some may recall what befell Count Plunkett in the strictly non-political atmosphere of Leinster House. That, of course, was non-political also. And thus it goes.

Gradually, however, a change is stealing o'er the scene. Recently the orchestras at the Theatre Royal and the Gaiety ceased to play "God Save the King" (or "the National Anthem" as the management terms it) at the close of the performance. The reason assigned is the unpopularity of the measure with sections of the audience. It is not saying too much to assert that this particular piece of German music has always been unpopular with the bulk of "the guarantee of" respectability of the theatre it has been inflicted on audiences for close on six years. Still we may not expect that it will be replaced by "The Soldier's Song." That is politics pure and simple. The compromise is not unlikely to be "Patrick's Day."

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Enormous sums of money—estimated at £180,000,000—are lying on deposit in the Joint Stock and Savings Banks. This money is earning low rates of interest, and although it represents the hard-earned savings of Irish industry and agriculture, it is practically all

being used in subsidising the competitors of the people who earn it. This is one of the most serious weaknesses of Irish economic life, and it must be remedied if we are to make progress. Irish men and women must be patriotic in the investment of their money. The money deposited in the Joint Stock Banks is not used in Ireland; it is invested in so-called gilt-edged securities, from which hundreds of thousands of pounds have to be written off yearly in depreciation. Interest of 2½ or 3 per cent. is paid to depositors at 12 per cent. to 30 per cent. to shareholders. The National Land Bank asks for your deposits to invest them in Irish land and industry, and to make Irish industry and agriculture fruitful and prosperous.

The Bank offers 5 per cent. on deposits at call (nominally subject to a month's notice) and will issue deposit bonds at a bigger rate to those who wish to leave their money with it for a year or several years. As above mentioned the security is first mortgage on Irish land—which so far from being affected by depreciation becomes more valuable through the operations of the Bank.

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MARCH 30, 1920.

The Southern Unionists.

The Northern and Southern Unionists are equally English dupes in this country, with the difference that while Northern Unionists have really believed in the justice of their cause, the Southern Unionists never have. They are blind, willingly and consciously. England's garrison in Ireland. They are a contemptible collection of mercenaries, for whose jobs have been made and safeguarded in Ireland not by ability but by English money, and losing their favoured position according as England was compelled to yield ground in Ireland. Of late years they have made much play with that much-abused and "patriotic" When partition was mooted they cried out in horror. They are at it again to-day. It is all that is sheer hypocrisy which deceives nobody. The editor of the *Irish Times* is said to have made the point on one occasion, "I am said to write like a cad, and I'll go on writing like a cad until someone pays me to do so decently", and that, whether real or apocryphal, is a fair test of their mentality. They have been paid for two years, something less than the years of the last century on, but still something, for being England's instruments in this country, and all their shrieks about partition represent nothing more than an attempt to earn their pay to continue it.

Their sole and only concern is to keep Ireland at England's mercy for by that they live and by that they are paid. When the *Irish Times* shrieks against partition, it is that it cares a damn for Ireland, but that it sees that the Irish assembly, even in the Home Rule which Mr. George proposes to thrust on us, the standing of the Southern Unionists will be determined by their worth and ability, and it also knows where that would leave them. It is a matter of indifference to us. The doors of the Nation are open for them if they want to come in, and if they don't its parts are open to let them out.

But not any more shall there be in this island a traitor crew with a foreign allegiance. P. S. O'HEGARTY.

Requiescat.

Say not our thoughts are kinder, he being dead;
Say, rather, he in death hath silenced scorn,
Confused our cloudy issues—silent, shorn
Bitterness from our words. Aught we have said
To humble him, bring shame on his bowed head,
Makes him remoter now; whilst we, forlorn,
Repent, scarce even daring his fate to mourn
Who hath our thoughts to deeper reverence led.

He is past pride, past shame, past everything—
We cannot wound him now, we cannot please!
Alike to him our empty vagaries
Whereof not one or frown or smile may bring
Across his quiet eyes: though we now sing
Peace to his soul, 'tis for our own souls' ease.

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miserable lives are safe and their property and their trade. But still they are doomed, doomed henceforth to maintain themselves by their own wit and worth; doomed to find their own level.

If there is anything in Ireland which approximates to that sickly phantom of Mr. John Eglington's sibilious imagination; it is the Southern Unionists. They are an Anglo-Irish in spirit as he would have them be, and they have made affirmation of nationality, English nationality, as his Anglo-Irishmen would. And so long as they stick to that affirmation they are doomed. When I was a boy in Cork, Unionism elected one-third of the Cork Corporation; nowadays, it has to steal in' disguised as "Commercial". And all over Ireland it is the same. It maintained itself only by the aid of England, and as that aid weakened before successive Irish onslaughts, the Southern Unionist position weakened. And their days in the land are numbered.

They have yet a little time in which to make up their minds. If they elect to go on affirming English nationality, they will, in accordance with the precedent of the Peace Treaty, have to go and live in England. If they want to live in Ireland they must "opt," as the Treaty phrases it, for Irish nationality. There is no longer any middle course open to them. And, whatever their choice, let it be their own. It is a matter of indifference to us. The doors of the Nation are open for them if they want to come in, and if they don't its parts are open to let them out.

But not any more shall there be in this island a traitor crew with a foreign allegiance. P. S. O'HEGARTY.



Rural District Council of Cork.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Audit of the Accounts of the above named Council for the financial period ended the 30th day of September, 1919, will be opened in the Boardroom of the Cork Union Workhouse by R. J. BAKER, Esq., F.C.R.A., Local Government Board Auditor, on the 19th day of March, 1920, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, when and where objections to any matter contained in the said several accounts will be heard.

The Accounts will be open during office hours to the inspection of all persons interested for seven days before the Audit.

Dated this 9th day of March, 1920.

JOHN COTTER, Clerk of the Council.

Cork Union.

MEDICINES AND MEDICAL AND SURGICAL APPLIANCES WANTED.

THE BOARD OF GUARDIANS of the Cork Union will, at their MEETING, to be held on 25th MARCH, inst. consider TENDERS for Supply to the Workhouse and several Dispensaries of the Union of (a) Medicines, (b) Medical and Surgical Appliances, for the year ending 31st March, 1921.

The Tenders in sealed envelopes marked "Tenders for Medicines," and "Tenders for Medical and Surgical Appliances," respectively, are required to be lodged with undernamed Clerk of Union not later than 12 o'clock noon on Monday, 22nd instant. Tenders are required on the forms prescribed by the Local Government Board, copies of which may be obtained on application to me.

Medicines and Appliances requisitioned shall be required in each case delivered at the Workhouse or Dispensary within 10 days from the date of posting the requisition, otherwise substitutes for such Medicines and Appliances will be immediately purchased and Contractor charged with any cost of purchase in excess of cost of contract rates.

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¶ They will be obliged immediately to procure houses for themselves, for their catechists, and assistants. They will have to build schools and chapels: they will have to support their catechists and teachers. Immense sums of money will be required immediately to make the work of our priests a success. The Catholic people of Ireland are appealed to, to come to the assistants of their priests in China.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Patrit and Martyr.

The Lord Mayor of Cork, Alderman Tomas MacCurtain,
 (as even the daily Press put it) quoted by T. Burtis,
 Commandant of the Cork 1st Brigade of the Army of the
 Republic, has been assassinated under the most brutal cir-
 cumstances by an organised party. The act was carefully
 planned with full deliberation, at least twenty men, if not
 more, took part in this raid. The facts point to the number
 being very considerable, for the Lady Mayress counted ten
 in the house, and outside the roads being held up, and the
 passers-by being stopped and beaten, shows that there must
 have been a considerable party of armed assassins taking
 part in this act. Nothing save a diabolical hatred of Ire-
 land and of the Irish cause could have inspired such a crime.
 The circumstances are most terrible to think of. The
 unarmed, unclad man, with his child in his arms, after the
 child has been wrenched from him, is shot without warning.

This act is unique in the modern history of Ireland.
 Never since the brutalities committed by the Yeomanry of
 1798 has such an act been known. The results of this
 affair will be historic. Nothing will do more to damage the
 morale of Irish Unionism than the disgust engendered by this
 revolting gesture of the more aggressive Imperialists.

The enormous demonstration of mourning throughout
 the City of Cork shows that Lord Mayor MacCurtain was

loved by the people, and was in truth the choice of the
 people. He represented the national aspirations, and his
 loss is regarded not only in Cork but throughout the length
 and breadth of Ireland as a great national loss. In life, a
 patriot; a man of courage, resource and energy; in death a
 martyr, he takes his place with Tomas Aghus and the many
 martyrs who have fallen upon the Mr. Dolorous leading
 most inevitably to Irish freedom.

We are certain that sensible Unionist men who have
 lived their life amongst the Irish people, and who know how
 dependent they are upon the tolerance and the kindness of
 their national neighbours, will realise suddenly, under the
 terrible glare of this crime, how much their own interests
 are involved in the stopping of a regime, of which this crime
 is the latest result. No man in Ireland desires to see
 wanton murder carried out as this murder was. No one
 desires that such provocative acts should influence Irish-
 men to act hastily or in an ill-considered manner whilst
 labouring under the goads of this murder most foul. So
 sure are we that this episode will produce a rapid reaction
 against the Government that we feel certain that the
 regime at present in force will last but a short time. While
 it continues the hotter the persecution of Irishmen is the
 sooner Ireland will get her liberty.

The latest news to hand shows that public opinion is
 convinced as to the location of the criminals and who they
 are. Mr. O'Connor, solicitor for the Lady Mayress,
 objected to the presence on the inquest jury of an ex-pollice-
 man, on the ground that the evidence is such that no police
 pensioner could act as a juror. From the daily Press we
 also learn that immediately after the murder the house of
 the Lord Mayor was entered by military and searched. The
Freeman suggests that this act hampered the finding of
 clues. It has also been pointed out that this is not the first
 attempt on the lives of Sinn Feiners. A murderous attack
 on Professor Stakley, Sinn Fein Alderman, was made the
 night before by men with English accents. Two other
 attempts were also made, but the Sinn Feiners were not
 found by the gang. The Press points out that in the cases
 of attacks on the peaceful populations of Thurles and
 Fermoy by the military no one was brought to justice, and
 these crimes were palliated by the Unionist Press. When
 a young woman was shot on the bridge in Limerick, and the
 military declared the act inexcusable, the criminals were
 not brought to justice. No one was punished for the
 deaths of Lt. Boast and Lawrence Kennedy in Phoenix
 Park. The *Morning Post* suggested some time back the
 shooting of prominent Sinn Feiners in retaliation whenever
 a police constable was shot, and the *Daily Chronicle* fore-
 told the starting of similar retaliatory methods. If that
 aggressive Imperialism, which holds Ireland in its grip, is
 justified, the contention of the Imperialists themselves is
 that these acts are justified; thus we have in Ireland a
 sequence which is in the strict logic of Imperialism by force.

De Valera's Victory.

News from America this week is of the most encouraging kind. Eamon de Valera and his colleagues, together with our Irish American friends, have achieved a great victory for Irish self-determination, or, in a word, for the Republic. After a severe struggle against the many forces inspired by British propaganda, paid for by British gold, the Irish cause is forced by the vote of the Senate into the very front rank of International peace negotiations. Now the Irish cause is incorporated into the reservations of the Peace Treaty, but the Peace Treaty itself, owing largely if indirectly to Irish influence, is burst. Even English papers admit that the Senate could not carry the required majority to establish the Versailles Treaty as an instrument of American Peace. President Wilson and the Senate may now be forced to make a separate peace with Germany and Austria. The news which has come through is very sane, and we must wait for further information before commenting in detail on the victory achieved by Irish and our Irish American leaders.

On the whole very few mistakes were made, and in spite of the trained intrigues and in spite of British gold being poured out like water to drown the Irish movement, our leaders, borne up on the unselfish enthusiasm of the Irish race, have escaped the many shoals and hidden rocks which might have easily wrecked the cause. Such was their devotion and skill. Now we are informed the four courses open to Wilson are:

- (1) To accept the Lodge reservations and return the Treaty for consideration.
- (2) Return the Treaty in its present form to the Foreign Relations Committee.
- (3) Make the Treaty an issue at the Presidential elections.
- (4) Authorize negotiations for a new Treaty with Germany.

A careful perusal of these, together with a recollection of certain factors in American political life, point to a further great struggle before the goal is reached, but no Irish patriot or group of patriots have done so much in such short time as Eamon de Valera and his republican colleagues. The campaign for the election for the President of the U.S.A. will open very soon; the election takes place in November. Whether Eamon de Valera will remain in the States or come home we do not know, but if he does remain he will do so to be an inspiration and a driving force behind the Irish race in their effort to get a President who will recognise the Irish Republic.

Fr. Finlay Ex-communicates His Brother.

We have it on high theological authority that the common opinion of theologians is against Fr. Finlay's views on Irish Labour. Besides, it is perfectly clear that the vast mass of Irish Labour does not hold, nor do most of the members of the Irish Socialist Party hold, views condemned by the Church. Most European and American States have laws on divorce which are contrary to the teachings of the Catholic Church. If Fr. Finlay's condemnation of Irish Labour holds good, not only is Irish Labour ex-communicated, but also every Catholic throughout the world is ex-communicated who co-operates and gives their allegiance to Governments having such divorce laws. These include such men as Cardinal Bourne and Cardinal Gibbons. Tom Johnson comes forth from Liberty Hall, that place accursed in the eyes of Merrion Square and its hinterland of Irish landlords, professional traitors to their country, and politics, there is no reason why all Irish voters should not be capitalists. Tom Johnson, in a careful and reasoned statement, demonstrates the logical consequence of Fr. Finlay's

ex-communication. He proves to the hilt that his brother, Fr. Tom Finlay, is ex-communicated by the president of the great Co-operative Society in Ireland. From a purely Catholic point of view these statements of Fr. Peter Finlay, as well as those of some other clerics, should not be allowed to be printed. We know from direct experience that extremely earnest men who have had no opportunity of hearing themselves right on obvious theological disputes have been driven from the practice of their religion and from the benefit of the Sacraments by wild statements made by clerics, statements which are unsupported by any theological opinion. Some thirty or forty years ago Leo XIII issued his mandate for social reorganisation. If it is against certain very limited schools of thought, his direction to Catholics must also hold good. What have Irish Catholics done to obey the mandate of the Pope? What have they done to raise the workers from their most miserable condition? Lord Northcliffe, who cannot be accused of Socialism with the date before him stated that Irish Labour was the worst paid in the English speaking world. Absolutely nothing was done for Irish Labour on a large scale until Mr. Larkin raised the standard of proper treatment to the workers.

The turmoil of 1918 was an accurate reflection of the disobedience of Irish Catholics to the mandate of Leo XIII for social reorganisation, as the European War reflected the social and international injustice of Europe. In the vehement struggle of 1918 an Irish Catholic gained European fame as a grinding oppressor of poor workers. We find a condemnation of Murphysm in Fr. Finlay's diatribe against Liberty Hall. Indeed, we are, if anything, more angered by Fr. Finlay's pronouncements because we are Catholics (and because we yearn for the coming of Christian democracy and the Co-operative State. We are certain that if Fr. Finlay's views carry persuasion that a conflict much worse than that of 1918 will take place, because it is encouragement to the vile reactionaries who make a conflict necessary to the decent life of Irish workers. We are also fairly clear in mind that his views, if widely disseminated, will establish a large very vehement and anti-Catholic Labour movement if any are offended by what we have written we say, "Be kept unmanfully when Lear is mad." Further matter worth comment is that Fr. Finlay should patronize a paper like the Irish Catholic, which has been most treacherous to Ireland and out of sympathy with a vast mass of Catholics. For a long time this paper was subsidised by the proprietor of the Independent, that notorious Irish Catholic, who led the vanguard of capitalism against the workers in 1918. There was no ex-communication for him. Indeed one can understand how men brought up totally ignorant of the real spirit of Christianity will take it that religion is represented by the mouth pieces of reaction, and will cry out wider "the yolk well nigh intolerable" of capitalism, "away with religion." Thus, for instance, people may say when they hear the name of the Jesuit order mentioned that the spirit of that order is represented by things said by Fr. Finlay and Fr. Bernard Vaughan. Such reasoning is diabolical and illogical; but it is also human.

William O'Brien and Stockport.

The last thing we can do this week is to publish the advertisement for William O'Brien's candidature. Although Irish organisations, as such, do not take part in English support by vote and financially the fight for freedom which a Labour leader and a good Irish Republican is making from behind barred wire, iron bars, and jail walls. Irishmen may not have made up their mind yet as to

the wisdom of putting up Irish candidates in England, but there could be no question now that Mr. O'Brien is being put up, it is the duty of every Irishman to contribute to the success of the campaign. If the candidate succeeds in drawing off the whole Irish vote from English labour it will have achieved a great success. The following is an advertisement:

STOCKPORT PARLIAMENTARY BY-ELECTION.

ALDERMAN WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S CANDIDATURE.

ELECTION CAMPAIGN FUND.

IRISHMEN—IRISHWOMEN and lovers of Freedom everywhere. Rally to great fight for liberty. Financial aid urgently needed. Send donations, no matter how small, to Treasurer, Mr. George Clancy, 60, Cross Lane, Gorton, Manchester, from whom contribution cards can be obtained.

Cheques and P.O.'s to be made payable to George Clancy, and should be crossed.

"PUT HIM IN TO GET HIM OUT."

Any man claiming to be an Irishman in England who does not vote for William O'Brien better not call himself Irish any more. He is hardly worthy of the name Englishman. Let him call himself that abomination of desolation of British Imperialism. Remember that English Labour is not honest on the Irish question. It could have called a strike like the 89,000 Welsh miners of one day every week until all the troops were withdrawn from Ireland. It did not do this, and it refused to grant Ireland what Ireland demands. You can't support twistlers, with an Imperialist think in them. Better far that a Tory or Liberal (they are all the same) should get in.

English Financial Weakness and America.

Recent financial transactions have brought this home to many, though as usual the Liar Press makes out that what is a sign of weakness for England to be a sign of strength. A while ago certain representative English papers grew angry at the suggestion from America that England should export gold to pay her debt. This she is now forced to do, as she has no other course open to her. So she is about to pay off the first of a series of loans from America of £100,000,000. £50 million of this is to be paid in gold bullion in the immediate future. The effect of this has been to send up the value of the English pound by one shilling. A while ago it was worth 14s. 1d. on the New York market, now it is just over 15s. But the cure is very severe, because either England must buy gold at exorbitant rates and send it to America, thus merely shifting and increasing her debts, or she must ship gold from England. The value of paper money is entirely dependent on the gold reserve which it represents. Decrease the reserve and the paper money depreciates. If this were the end of the payment of a debt the matter would be of no significance. But England owes America still something over £930 million. Is this going to be paid in gold? Besides this debt there is another debt—the floating debt—this is money borrowed on treasury bills on short loans; this debt amounts to £1,000,000,000, as well as about £200,000,000 ways and means advances in addition. The

problem exercising the experts is how to pay this. The Controller of Finance to the Treasury admits that a levy on capital would mean a depreciation of Government stock and other trustee securities. It is also admitted that under the present capitalist system such a levy on capital will injure new industrial enterprise. Yet this controller, Mr. Blackett, says that unless a remedy is found and the debt reduced a crash is certain. These are the signs one watches whilst in the distance one sees how the money is spent in saving the Empire in Ireland, Egypt, India and Asia Minor. The deflation of English Imperialism may be fast or slow. America were not looming up in the distance as the dominant factor, England's difficulties might mean much or little; but the two factors, namely, England's decay and America's strength, taken together with Ireland's strength in Ireland and America, all these factors move slowly like planets towards a conjunction which will most certainly mean a great and decisive victory for Ireland.

The Leaders and the Supreme Authority.

The recent differences magnified by the hostile press between Eamon de Valera and John Devoy have left the public in Ireland interested, but absolutely undisturbed. The general attitude may be described as one of determined support of the principle of complete separation and a disbelief in any suggestion that there is the least sign of change in the attitude on the part of the leaders towards the enemy. Beyond this there is an easy sense that no harm is done by outspoken methods, and that there is only danger in too much secrecy. The final arbiter on any great issue touching the future of Ireland is the Irish people in Ireland, and no one else. This, of course, is realised fully, and the undisturbed attitude of Irish opinion is due to the conviction that the Irish people know its own mind and has declared its emphatically, and that in obedience to that mandate its representatives took certain irrevocable steps in establishing the Republic. That is the universal view.

Nua-Dhanta.

Anraan an Dochas.

Bimid ag caint a's ag stair-chur síne
Ar tairbhí ag teacht i mbóirach
A's fuadar fúinn go dtímeasach dian.
Ad' inrairdh gach sógha is fearr linn.
Bionn an saoghal go seandá a' go h-og fá seach
A's súil ag gach nos' ne do shior le reab.

Is dlóth, docht, dáingean an dóchas i gcroídh
A's in muynn gach ógáinigh:
Léannann an t'ógfhear solus a ghraic
A's ní sheachnann go fóin an draigh.
Os naigh a's deire le ruin a' reacht
Máicéar an dóchas ag beribhinn sa' leand.

Ní mearhall súd do gineadh le baiois
In aighbhí amádhána.
Ach téasag gach bhéim ó bhun gach croídh
Ar bhealach ar leas láithrigh.
Anois, siubhuigh, a mhí' anam, i muinghin ceacht
An ghotha istigh, ó's dó is beocht.
J. S. GOGART.

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

Governmental Hysteria.

It may be taken for granted by all concerned in the sayings and doings of the Scottish *arrivés* who think he governs Ireland to-day that he lacks all the qualifications of a statesman. He is first of all personally ambitious, like so many of his countrymen who have qualified for places in the queue awaiting the next Samuel Smiles, and this ambition often makes him seem more foolish than he really is. His ambition o'erleaps itself; he might remember that Cromwell, Foster and Balfour have each in their turn tried to overawe us in the same way and by the same methods that he uses to-day. It always seems that Arthur Balfour's "Don't hesitate to shoot" has become Ian Macpherson's panacea. We have been through it all before; he has not, so we have a very distinct advantage over him. Just as Cromwell failed and just as all the others failed, so must Macpherson fail. A second point about the man is the absence of both a sense of honour and a sense of humour. He never hesitates to ignore truth, and in a British House of Commons where truth is accounted for little Macpherson stands supreme. During the war his consistent and persistent perversion of fact made him an invaluable tool. When the facts were known to everybody Macpherson still lied brazenly and openly. He gloried in it; it was the only thing he could do well and he did it. No human being with any sense of honour or decency would have done it. He did it and earned promotion. He has so little sense of honour that his dignity is as easily ruffled as that of General Dyer, of Amritsar. An exaggerated sense of one's own importance, and the line dividing swelled head from delusional insanity must be very thin indeed. A thick head and a thick skin will carry one far in British politics to-day. They may carry an aspiring tyrant to Cairo, Delhi or Dublin, and in any of these three places he will be sure of a line in histories to be written.

It is a great world surely, if somewhat disturbed within. It is very good to be alive and perhaps making the history in which the name of Macpherson or Dyer or Allenby will get a due line place. It is good to think that for every million people who are quite familiar with the name and deeds of William Tell there is not one who knows the name of Gessler. That would be a comforting thought for the disturbed mind of Ian Macpherson. He may play the tyrant, the bully and the rogue as long as he pleases, but he cannot win. He and his army may prevent us from winning, but that assurance will keep us undisturbed by anything he can either do or say. He can put more men in jail, can put ten where he now puts one, but what can that avail him? He can bring a larger army of occupation, but how can that help him; it may perhaps kill some of us, but Ireland goes on. He may get larger, faster, heavier and more murderous tanks, but they only excite our curiosity, and we always were curious about the "resources of civilisation." He can bring warships too, and, as Mr. Tim Healy once reminded us, he can put one in Galway Bay and one in Dublin Bay and shell the Irish midlands. Why not? It would be so interesting and no Chief Secretary for Ireland has yet done it. It would be original and it would please so many of the "decent" people who are not yet quite extinct in this country. They must be there, because Mr. Macpherson has found some. We wonder how many people in Ireland, or even elsewhere, would like to be judged "decent" by his standards. For the sake of their own souls we hope there are very few. Seeing that in Mr. Macpherson's view the population of Ireland consists of such very interesting people as

"criminals," "conspirators," "murderers" and "assassins," not to mention several other varieties, would it not be better if he imported a little of the new British poison gas and tested it for the next war?

There is nothing more criminal in poison gas than in poison words. We do not suppose for a moment that the speech recently delivered by Mr. Macpherson about us was delivered solely for the instruction and benefit of Britain's legislators. They do not desire instruction; they have coupons instead, and they will vote upon the coupon, not upon the fact or the principle. We take it his speech was for the benefit of Europe and America; in both continents Ireland is now a matter of great importance. That being so it will, of course, be the duty of the British Government to make us look as devilish as they have tried to make the Bolsheviks look. It is an old game, tried and true and to every Government hard pressed upon a moral issue. It has been shown by Mrs. A. S. Green how the process of "poisoning the wells" has been worked by England to our detriment in the past and the old masters are still at the old game. But they are not so cool, not so complacent as they used to be. For instance, the other day Mr. Macpherson quite lost his head and became quite hysterical in his recital of the alleged iniquities of Sinn Féin. He is annoyed by the check of the Irish people in assuming that there are such things as national rights. The poor man is driven quite frantic by the mere word Republic. The darts of the bandleaders in a bull fight are no more exasperating to the bull than the words Irish Republic are to Mr. Macpherson. When he hears the words he not only sees red but he feels red as well. He lets himself go—he opens his throttle-valve and ignores his brakes. He is very serious to himself; to us he is so comic, so farcical that we cannot restrain our laughter and are apt to laugh immoderately. Could Mr. Macpherson not institute a system of permits for the right to read and laugh at his speeches? It would be difficult to deny oneself the privilege of so much laughter at such small cost. He might consider the matter, or better still, try the French system of posting his speeches on dead walls.

Why does the Puritanical Scotsman turn up his eyes in Ireland and his thumbs in Russia and Hungary? The British Government is at this moment supporting, aiding and abetting all the greatest murderers in Europe, yet Mr. Macpherson professes to be horrified by the "state of Ireland." His very dear friends Denikin and Keltchak massacred thousands of innocent people in the most heartless and ruthless fashion. Mr. Macpherson was not shocked nor outraged; he made no protest; he only aided the slaughter from behind. His Government is doing the same just now in Hungary, where it is helping Admiral Horthy to make Hungary "safe for democracy" by murdering the Socialists in wholesale fashion. But at home, "losing one's nerves" is the polite way of describing militarist actions. It is certainly very obvious to any observer that steady nerves are not much in evidence in the so-called Government of Ireland just now. Hysteria in a Government is much more serious than in an individual. When a Government becomes hysterical it ceases to be a Government and becomes merely a stray bullet in a Limerick street, a massacre at Amritsar or a cavalry charge in Cairo. We have lunatic asylums for individuals who become dangerous; how long must we wait for the League of Nations to open an asylum for mad governments? It is necessary now, but we are afraid there are too many "cases" and they are all in command. Truly it is "a mad world," but despite Mr. Macpherson we have a little time left outside where he thinks out normal patients to enjoy the frantic

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hysteria of himself and his friends. If he deprived us of the joy of laughing at his follies we might be compelled to become really serious, and what would he do then? His job might be gone, as it must go very soon.

ANDREW E. MALONE.

Mr. Lloyd George's Declaration of War.
An Irish Answer.

By Major Erskine Childers, D.S.O.

(The following was written by Major Childers for an American News Agency.)

The situation in Ireland is simple and normal. The Irish nation, like all other civilised nations, demands its independence. In pursuance of an overwhelming popular will, it has set up its own parliament and government. Proven as it is, these institutions function and will never be repudiated. Americans may ignore all shallow assurances to the contrary. They should understand that under no possible circumstances will the national demand for independence ever be relaxed or reduced. The English Government, with about 72,000 troops and police on a war footing, endeavours to stamp out this demand and the public opinion creating it by military force. Its method is to treat as criminal, under special coercive Statutes, all expressions of this opinion, and all activities nearly or remotely connected with it—political, journalistic, social, cultural and economic—above all, economic, and to fill the minds with respectable people guilty only of patriotism, and condemned to sacrifice liberty, health and livelihood for the sake of it. Legal formalities are optional. Where there is evidence a man may get a court-martial—a judicial farce. Where there is none he may be seized and imprisoned for an indefinite period on mere suspicion, without charge and without trial.

In a word, the Government makes war upon the civil population. The normal and the intended result follows. Nothing being left undone to goad the people into violence, retaliatory violence takes place—amazingly little of it on the whole—and is used by the Government with diabolical cynicism to blacken the character of the people and justify fresh violence against them. This fresh violence is assuming ugly forms—recently two towns have been methodically sacked or "shot up" by soldiers in one case, police in the other. Americans may have heard of Amritsar. That horror, given the opportunity, might be re-enacted any day in Ireland. I do not say this in criticism of this particular administration. Amritsar is the logical outcome of all military government, which in itself is an abominable crime. The situation was summed up in one sentence by the Prime Minister of England in a speech on December 22 last outlining a scheme for partitioning Ireland into two fragments. The scheme itself needs no serious consideration, and has received none from any section in Ireland.

After explaining that Ireland was strategically necessary to England, he went on: "I think it is right to say that any attempt at secession will be fought with the same determination, with the same resources, with the same resolve as the Northern States of America put into the fight against the Southern States."

The Irish answer to this declaration of war—this heroic defiance of the weak by the strong—is something like the following: We do not attempt secession. Nations cannot secede from a rule they have never accepted. We have never accepted yours, and never will. Lincoln's reputation

is safe from your comparison. He fought to abolish slavery, you fight to maintain it. As to "resources," yours are as infinite as zero. You own a third of the earth by conquest; you have great armies, a navy so powerful that it can starve a whole continent, and a superabundance of every instrument of destruction that science can devise. You wield the greatest aggregate of material force ever concentrated in the hands of one power; and, while canting about your championship of small nations, you use it to crush out liberty in ours. We are a small people with a population dwindling without cessation under your rule. We have no armaments, nor any prospect of obtaining them. Nevertheless, we accept your challenge, and will fight you "with the same determination, with the same resolve" as the American States, North and South, put into their fight for their freedom against your Empire. Ignoring transient issues, these are the permanent realities of the case.

You Always Can Tell.

They strolled leisurely, arm in arm, along a well-swept something of the blue of winter in it, waved the bud-studded boughs of the elms and sycamores, and tossed the yellow daffodils and the white and purple crocuses which grew in sweet confusion on the grass below.

From a little shrubbery came the harsh, saw-like notes of the giant-hit and the spring song of the chaffinch; and from some distant copse beyond the high wall to their right came the loud, exultant call of the mistle-thrush. The delicate fragrance of the early flowers was in the air, and the pungent smell of shower-drenched hay.

Presently from a tall yew beside them a thrush broke out into a gay and delicious melody. The girl pressed her companion's arm.

"Oh, Horace," she exclaimed in unmistakable Cookney. "Hark to that bird! . . . How ripping! . . . What sort of bird is it?"

"Dunno quite," the man replied, withdrawing his pipe from his protruding lips. "These Irish birds are likely different to our park birds." He listened attentively. "That's a robin all right," he said with conviction.

"Really? But isn't it rather loud for a robin? English robins aren't near so loud."

"Everything in Ireland is loud and uncivilised-like," he replied with bitterness.

The wind drove the fleecy clouds eastwards across the blue sky, and presently the warm sun streamed down through the trees and fell in bright pools on the grass. Round a little bend in the walk they came upon a seat sheltered from the breeze by some high shrubs and bathed in sunlight. The warmth and shelter were attractive, and instinctively they crossed over to it and sat down.

"How nice and quiet and lovely it is over here, Horace," said the girl after a pause. "No rotten air raids, no food cards, no bad bread, no food queues, no beastly darkness at night, — and no horrid old cops to come and take my Horry away from me."

She laid her head coquettishly on his shoulder and turned her dark eyes towards his.

"But what about the Sin Finers, kidlet (thousands of 'em in this place, you know)? They might murder us both at any old moment!" And he smiled at her half fondly, half petulantly.

"Oh, don't think of nasty things, darling. They haven't done so yet, nor they won't. Besides, there are

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heaps of loyal Paddies here and those fine big policemen to guard us. And the streets of the city are simply swarming with our soldiers. So, cheer up you old grumdammer, you! and she tapped him playfully on the jaw.

"Right-oh, sweetheart, I'll be merry and bright from this one on. Impulsively he put his arm round her and drew her closer to him.

"But seriously, Ethel, it'll be a bit risky for some months to come," he continued, growing grave again. "I see by the morning paper where the police raided a football match the other day and rounded up a lot of our fly-boys. Of course, we're in a different boat to fly-boys. We've got a bit of tin, and besides we're a thousand miles above them socially. Listen! Somebody's coming!"

"Ethel crossed over to the path and looked towards the direction of the sound.

"Nothing," she said, resuming her seat. "Only a lame man hobbling along on a stick. Besides, he has stopped and is talking to a lady on the next seat."

There was a pause in which Horace puffed his pipe vigorously, and tapped his patent-shoe toes thoughtfully with his cane.

"Jolly decent of the Pater to come up to scratch the way he did," he resumed. "I never thought he'd do so handsome. He didn't use to be so free with his tin. Poor old chap! They're giving him a beastly time since we left. Fancy raiding him twice in the one week! Huns, that's what they are! . . . I must start doing a bit of travelling on Monday next. They'll hardly suspect us for some time. Now that we're so well in with those officers in the hotel. . . . Jolly nice chap that Captain Cowlap. . . . and a bit of a toff, too. He's no Kitchener Army bloke. Did you ask him to dinner yet, darling?"

"Yes, sweetest. It's all arranged. Saturday evening, seven o'clock."

"That's right. The more we do of that kind of thing just at present the better. It's money well spent."

"The lame man hobbled painfully over to them. He was a thick-set man of early middle-age, with a square, blotched face and a drooping ill-kept moustache through which could be seen discoloured, irregular teeth when he smiled or talked. A shabby, gray cap hung over his large, swollen, colourless eyes; and he had a strip of medal ribbons sewn on his vest.

He saluted the couple in military fashion and grinned deferentially. "Pardon me, sir," he began. "Very sorry to disturb you, sir, and the lady. But could you give an old soldier a few coppers for a bite somewhere?" "His Dublin accent was much tinged with the consonantless jingo of the British Army.

"Were you in this war?" asked Ethel. "Yes, lady," he answered, and then added with a significant expression: "I should just think I was in this war, lady. . . . I aint an old man, lady, as you can see, but I've seen a deal more fightin' than most men of me time. I 'neted in '95 here in Dublin—(ran away from home)—and served in every campaign from the Boer War till the present war. I was at the Modder River when we lost two-thirds of our company, and Majuba Hill, where I was wounded in the neck. There, lady." He pointed to a seared spot on

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his throat. "And I was in some pretty bad scrapes in Somaliland and in the Thibet campaign of Ought-Three—but they were child's play, simple child's play, compared with this war."

"Of course. This is the worst war that has ever been," Horace remarked, authoritatively.

"Were you wounded in the leg?"

"Yes, lady; that's why I'm not in the trenches to-day. It was a shell that came and took away the calf of me leg, this one," putting his left leg, "during the attack on Hill 90. I've been invalided out three months now and haven't got a penny of me pension yet."

"Are you at work anywhere?"

"No, sir, no." He shook his head sadly. "I can see, sir, you're a stranger here; or you wouldn't ask that question. You're an English gentleman and you don't know the ways of this country—if I may make so bold." "Oh, no, sir, Ireland aint a heaven on earth for the man who's fought and bled for his country."

"But why can't you get work? Surely there are heaps of loyal people who would give you work?"

"Ah, I see, sir, you don't understand. The gentry and the quality in the county (your type, sir) would do anything for us, but they're all away at the war. All the loyal elements, the backbone of the country's, away fighting in the army, and everything is in the hands of the Sinn Fein pro-Germans. . . . A bad lot, a very bad lot, sir." And a sad smile crept over his face. "No use in a poor ex-soldier, broken by the war, applying to them for help!"

"Indeed, I'm sure not, poor fellow," said Ethel, compassionately. "Ireland's full of these blighters, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; and as an Irishman myself I'm sorry to have to say it. . . . Even if they'd leave you alone, blight, but they won't. Here in me own street I was beaten out by me neighbours about a month ago, and it would be asking for death to go back. Only the other day . . ."

"How perfectly awful, Horace. What beasts they must be!" said Ethel, with indignation. "Rotters! Barbarians!" exclaimed Horace. "They're worse than Huns. After all, the Huns don't ever turn against their own flesh and blood."

"Only the other day, sir, I was struck down and kicked on me lame leg in a pub—er, a little café where I go for a sup of tea an odd time. And a fortnight next Tuesday— But there I am again! I'm always giving out a lot of old talk about me own grievances." He smiled bravely. "You'd think there was no one in the world but meself. A queer kind of a soldier you must think me, sir," he added shyly.

"Not at all, my poor fellow, not at all. You're a jolly fine chap, a brave soldier . . . and you've done your bit, not half." He thrust his hand into his trouser's pocket. "As an Englishman I'm proud of you. One of our loyal, fighting Paddies—that's what you are." He selected a shilling from a handful of coins. "Here's something for you, and I hope you'll soon get your just rights. Anyway, the Sinn Finers won't worry you much longer." The Government's quite determined about squashing 'em."

"Much obliged, sir," said the lame man. "Very kind of you, sir, very kind, indeed. Thanks, lady." He saluted, and hobbled off, smiling broadly.

"Horace," he is a dear!" Ethel exclaimed, her eyes shining with admiration. "A real hero! There was some thing so noble about him I thought. . . . Such a fine, open face! You could tell by looking at him that he was no Sinn Finer."

"Yes, you always can tell," replied Horace. "I can

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OLD IRELAND

read a man's face same as I can a watch. . . . Nothing Sin Finer about him!"

"One o'clock, darling," said Ethel, looking at her wristlet. "We will have to hurry. I ordered lunch for half-past one."

They rose and made off briskly for the gate.

As they drew near the gate they noticed a little group of men standing by the ledge. Presently they saw that the group was made up of two long civilians in dust coats with caps and yellow canes, and two policemen holding a smaller man by the arms.

"An arrest, by jove!" said Horace.

"Yes, and . . . oh, look who it is!" exclaimed Ethel.

"Desertion and theft, sir," one of the long civilians explained.

"But he's crippled!" said Horace; and the four of them laughed.

"Come on!" He pulled Ethel somewhat roughly by the arm. "Make haste, can't you?" We must catch this tram." KEVIN R. O'GIBLIN.

Sagax Æternitas.

A mauve wind blustering in an undertone,

A mauve shore answering in euphony,

A mauve ship under full sail standing on

Her course in a mauve sea;

A sea ridged by a ground swell some far storm

Sends rolling up a hundred miles away

Out of the south-west the bell buoys to warn,

Moored in the lonely bay.

A nimbus falling from each cornice

In the mauve canopy of cloud, to lie

In rags and each on the mauve expanse

A golden oval eye.

Then twilight and a fresh sweet wind to sweep

The empyrean clear, when on the coast

Of the night's vast unfathomable deep

Appear the starry hoës.

Utter at last the peerless moon arrayed

In robes of light ascends her solemn throne,

Where, to her majesty and unafraid,

Candorous and alone.

From his low lodge within a cedar, he,

Fluttering his wings, the passionate nightingale

Pays homage while the fluctuating sea,

Where late stood the mauve sail

Of the mauve ship, a shining lantern shows,

Kindling the waters and beneath the land

With voice, like turtle doves communing, flows

The roller breaking out in one long, grand

Tremendous thunder peal, air-shaking and

With earthquake force down streaming on the sand.

O glamorous, O ecstasitic solitude,

Ethel, primitive, refinedly rude

Uncompromising in thy pulchritude,

Yes, savage in thy darling pulchritude.

Sagax Æternitas.

Wonderful thy ways, these have no ends.

Sagax Æternitas et Innocens.

PHILIP F. LITTLE.

Is Mr. O'Hegarty Right About America?

St. Ignatius somewhere laid down as a rule of action that to achieve an object we should ever exert all our energies as if everything depended absolutely on personal effort alone, at the same time with the vivid realisation that we can do nothing without God. All comparisons limp. But Irishmen should strain every nerve to reach their goal, should preach and practice Sinn Fein with all the vigour, energy, and persistency at their command, as though outside aid were impossible, with their souls encouraged by the conviction that friends, especially in America, will see to it that governmental pledges are strictly kept.

Mr. O'Hegarty declares: "It would be a great mistake to count too much on America." To count too little should be an equally great mistake. Extremes are dangerous. The Ignatian principle contains sound commonsense.

That the heart and arteries of activity should be in Ireland is a mere corollary of the concept, Sinn Fein. "Ourselves," Self-interest should dominate every Irish thought, every Irish word, every Irish deed. Just as certainly as Sinn Fein's exalted spirit and genius see above and beyond in least and purview, more time, country and party, will its practice spell success.

Mr. O'Hegarty points many conclusions that look like prophecies—conclusions based on premises unfair and sometimes false. No blame can attach to his seeing through Irish glasses, but his vision could be less limited. For the sake of historical truth and in justice I think it unfair to state baldly: "The Irish in America failed to prevent America going to war with Germany in order to save England from defeat."

This is horribly out of perspective. What is extremely complex some would make extremely simple. My point is this, despite their good intentions, I have discovered many intelligent people in Ireland who see but don't see far enough, with a proneness to appraise what Americans have done and are doing for Ireland at a level, to say the least, too low. They possess data, but not enough.

There can be no doubt, I believe, that only through co-operation between those at home and abroad can success be won. At the same time it is obviously to argue in a circle to lay the responsibility for failure at the doors of those whose great desire is and has been to achieve the common purpose. Instead of taking a too circumscribed view of the matter a straight, direct survey should be made.

To understand the situation and to judge the Irish in America, and to prove how far from the truth are these charges against them, requires careful enquiry into all the important circumstances that influenced and conditioned that situation and the Irish.

How did Irish-Americans did not prevent the entrance of their Government into the war? How is it that although the majority of the American people were opposed to the same, still their Government went in? The answer to these questions is difficult, and depends on elements of character and psychology and the peculiarities of the American Constitution, factors not always known or adverted to.

First of all, there is the American Constitution. It divides and apportions the power and duties of government among three branches, the Executive, Legislature, and Judicial. Especially between the Executive and Judicial, there are various intercrossings and interappings, and even potential conflicts of authority. Under normal conditions all is wont to go well, but as soon as any issue looms large and menacing, on the international horizon

particularly, there is hardly any end of struggle, misconception and animus between the President and Congress.

The Constitution gives the President the conduct of foreign affairs. He is to receive and appoint envoys and make treaties. Thus he shapes and directs foreign policy. But his power is not absolute and unqualified. Foreign envoys he may receive, but he cannot appoint any without the Senate's assent. He can negotiate treaties, but their ratification waits upon the Senate's assent. That is the extent to which the Senate participates in the conduct of foreign relations.

The House of Representatives may also participate. Frequently appropriations of money are requisite for the fulfilment of treaties, and they must be voted by the House of Representatives. The Constitution permits no coercion of that body, and therefore, evidently, it could, if it so decided, defeat a treaty by refusing the appropriation essential for execution.

Again, Congress alone, the two Houses concurrently, can declare war. The President cannot. Yet the President can commit acts of war, or acts which provoke war, and thus can coerce Congress into declaring war or recognising the existence of war which, through the President's acts, has been declared against the nation. When war is declared, it must be waged by the President as the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. Congress must declare war, but cannot wage it. The President cannot declare war, but must wage it.

All these peculiarities of the American Constitution must be steadily borne in mind if anyone should fairly pass judgment on the American people, and especially the Irish in America during pre-war and war days.

I believe that the American Constitution itself contains this serious defect—the virtually unlimited autocracy it confers on the President to map out foreign policy. There is a deplorable lack of effective checks on the President.

From the above, it is evident that the President, Constitutionally, can wield enormous power, especially during a crisis. Once war is declared he becomes practically a dictator. Long before Mr. Wilson was even thought of for the Presidency it had been pointed out by commentators on the Constitution that a President bent on war could easily force Congress to do his bidding.

Now let us look at what manner of man W.W. was who came into the Presidency. No President was equipped with so full and exact a knowledge of the Constitution. No serious student of events will deny that none of his political contemporaries ever approaches him in his subtle knowledge of the intricacies and complexities of Congressional Government. Away back in 1885 Professor W.W. published a book entitled "Congressional Government." Though impregnated with Wilsonian interpretations, it was and is a classic on the subject. It is worthy of remark that this was many years before the future President had even entered the political arena. Once President Mr. Wilson assumed command, as leader of his

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party, maintained his personal authority in every move, and supplemented all by a discriminating use of patronage.
KEVIN SWOGA, DUBLIN.
(An American.)

(To be continued.)

Flotsam and Jetsam.

("BATTLES" LONG AGO.)

Sham battles mostly. A little while ago I discoursed in these columns on Parnell and in relation to all Parliamentary agitation of the 'eighties, and the theme has presented itself to my mind again as a result of perusing Mr. Michael MacDonagh's "History of the Home Rule Movement." The author does not confine himself to the Parnell period, but starts his story with the inception of Butt's movement in 1870 and carries it down to the passing of the Bill for the Better Government of Ireland in 1914. More than two generations are dealt with in that spell of time and it covers Irish politics for half a century. History has been made more rapidly in the six years following.

There is nothing new, we are told, under the sun, and it must be admitted that there is very little, if indeed anything, new in Mr. MacDonagh's book. None the less, it is of very considerable interest to all who derive either pleasure or profit from a record of the Irish Parliamentary Party. The author is at some pains to be impartial, and though he may show a disposition to extenuate, he sets down naught in malice. From the comparative detachment of the Prospect Gallery in the House of Commons he surveyed the work of his compatriots "on the floor," and when he writes of scenes he has actually witnessed, his narrative is piquant and entertaining.

Thus, his description of the famous debates on the Parnell leadership in Committee Room Fifteen (which description I fancy I have already read elsewhere) brings that lamentable wrangle clearly before the eye. Old, woe-happy, far-off memories are awakened. Painful also is his account of the hounding of Parnell from his seat in the Commons by his erstwhile colleagues one night in the following year. This miserable episode has not to my knowledge been recorded hitherto, and clearly it discloses the depths to which the "atmosphere" of Westminster had caused Irishmen to sink. Mr. MacDonagh derives no pleasure evidently from telling this particular story.

It will be inferred that the book deals largely with the movement under Parnell. This is only natural, since it could scarcely be termed a "Movement" at all, when led by Butt, and, save for a brief space, stagnation is the fitting term by which it may be characterised when directed by McCarthy, Dillon, and John Redmond. For particulars of Parliamentary activities in Butt's time, Mr. MacDonagh has to rely on the printed pages of others. The ineptitude of that campaign, no matter what records one consults, is painfully patent. We get a good account, however, of the "obstruction" tactics as employed in the late 'seventies, and, incidentally, we are given to understand that Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell had not quite so large a responsibility therefor as he has modestly claimed.

"The Home Rule Movement," by Michael MacDonagh.
Dublin: The Talbot Press. Price, 5/-.

Psychology in Industry.

By Anthony Clyne.

The science of psychology is not neglected in commercial life to-day. On the contrary, in certain spheres its principles are applied with great thoroughness and effect. These are the spheres of retail selling, in advertisement by newspapers, posters, circulars, and the other modes, in personal papers, and in the sphere of production, industrial administration is largely oblivious of the science, and, where it knows a little of the methods which are advocated, contemptuous and antagonistic. For the English employer these matters, suspicious and mistrustful.

Psychology is indeed prostituted extensively to ignoble ends in commercial advertising and "salesmanship." Immense businesses, not in the real sense of the word industries, have grown up not in answer to any real need of the community, but to supply a demand artificially created by expert "salesmen" trained in all the devices by which people can be persuaded to think they want something they do not. An enormous part of the trade in clothes, for example, consists of this unessential and wasteful activity. Fashionable dressmakers, milliners and all the host of their workers are engaged in fulfilling a demand created mostly by this psychological "salesmanship" assisted by hundreds of all kinds of journals whose contents must wait on the advertisements by which they live, in producing the necessary delusion in the community. This is but one example out of many. "The art of salesmanship," with its professors and lecturers," said the *Athenaeum*, in discussing the problems of reconstruction, "has given those behind the counter a technique to assist them in palming upon the customer things he does not want." But those behind the counter can do little damage. "It is the unscrupulous men in control, with their multitude of servants talented in art, trained in devising allurement, in concealing and confusing values, who know that they can sell commodities to thousands who do not really want them, at prices far above the legitimate level by skillful and lavish advertising campaigns and the employment of expert "salesmen." Advertising and "salesmanship" have their proper place in commercial distribution, but it is to discover and make conscious an unrealized want, and to deftly and adequately satisfy that want, not to evoke a demand which has no cause apart from their determination to take advantage of it.

When we turn from these wealth-consuming activities to the wealth-producing, we find far less application of psychological science to industrial organisation. How much attention, for example, has been paid in this country to the discoveries of Dr. Frederick Winslow Taylor? For twenty-five years, Dr. Taylor has been engaged not only in investigating factory organisation, but in installing throughout the United States that form of organisation which his research has evolved and which he calls "Scientific Management." His "Shop Management" and "The Principles of Scientific Management" are not the works of an academic theoriser, but of one who has been constantly in actual contact with the problems they treat of, who has reached his conclusions by the strictly scientific methods of experiment, observation, and analysis, their validity demonstrated beyond doubt by practical and extensive results. Not only throughout America, but largely in Germany, including the immense works of the Allgemeine Electricität Gesellschaft, in the foremost automobile factories and the great Creuzot arsenal of France, wherever "Scientific Management" has been applied, it has been continuously successful.

Mr. MacDonagh's admiration for Parnell is equalled, if not exceeded, by his affection for Redmond. He asks—answers—a question, which has been often put since the memorable August Bank Holiday in 1914: How would Parnell have acted on that day? Mr. MacDonagh does not hesitate to say that had such a crisis arisen between 1886 and the quarrel with Gladstone over the leadership, Parnell's attitude would have been similar to Redmond's. Good Parnellites may shudder at such blasphemy, yet Mr. MacDonagh's theory is not lightly to be dismissed. The tone, for instance, of Parnell's speech at Edinburgh, on receiving the "Freedom" of that ancient city, is almost dove-like in its cooling. Conciliation was all the rage in the late 'eighties, and rage was considered neither good taste nor good tactics. A change came later, and Parnell's latent hatred of England found fresh fuel to make it burn fiercely. Redmond never hated England, few Catholics from Trinity College, Dublin, ever do. Parnell was a Protestant, and from Trinity College, Cambridge.

We are given a full description of the circumstances in which the Royal Assent was given to the Home Rule Bill of 1914. "Ye Heavens! what a mockery!" It is plain, however, that Mr. MacDonagh regards this scene as the culminating triumph of Redmond's career, though how he has succeeded in persuading himself so to deem it is difficult to understand, especially at this juncture when a Bill to repeal that measure is passing through Parliament. The whole of that forgotten piece of mummery is recalled. Redmond's enthusiastic cry of "God Save England," Mr. Will Crooks's blatant chanting—in which Irish members joined—"God Save the King," and (we may imagine) the sardonic mirth of Unionists and many Liberals at all this solemn nonsense.

It is not my intention to cast stones at Redmond, or for that matter at the once-famous "Irish Party." Other times, other measures, is an ancient dictum, and Ireland cheerfully and steadily supported these men for close on a quarter of a century. When we ensure them we censure ourselves. Nowadays, however, even the golden age of Parliamentarianism does not glitter. Irishmen now are of John O'Leary's opinion, that it is not by keeping the Speaker out of bed that the liberty of Ireland can be achieved. Those courses have been adopted towards the British Parliament: But and Redmond appealed to it, Parnell attacked it, Sinn Feiners abstain from it. Those who seek the danger shall perish therein, is a scriptural warning we do well to heed.

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What advantage have British employers and workers gained from the investigations into industrial fatigue? It is true that the main principles, which students of these problems are trying to bring before the industrial world, are gaining wider acceptance now; but so far the application has been but scattered and partial. Dr. Charles S. Myers some time ago, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, exemplified the value of rest periods not only in lessening liability to accidents, but in improving quantity and quality of the product, by the results of a trench-digging competition between two companies during the war.

The officer of one company allowed his men to work uninterruptedly until their condition demanded a rest. The officer of the rival company divided his men into three sections, of which each section successively worked their utmost for five minutes and rested for ten minutes. This systematic arrangement resulted in an easy win for his company. So, too, in a certain munitions factory, the interpolation of a fifteen minutes' rest in each hour is reported to have yielded a definite increase in the output of work, despite the initial objection of the men, who were paid by piece work.

The basis of "Scientific Management" consists, besides establishing rest periods and determining their extent and position, in functional organisation, in analysing every possible industrial movement or process or act, in order that all that is wasteful and exhausting may be eliminated, all movements that are ineffective improved, and in deciding the true vocation of each worker. The methods of the first, of the discarding of useless, unnecessary movements and the commendation of efficient ones, especially the method of "time study," from which striking results have been obtained, are known fairly generally, though there is no wide application of them in our industries. The second is a system of vocational guidance based on psychological tests, by which each worker is not only trained to perform his task in the quickest, most efficient, least wasteful, least fatiguing manner, but is allotted the task for which by intelligence and physical condition and temperament and texture of mind he is best suited. Its doctrine is to give the task which a man can do best to that man. Such, of course, is the doctrine of all reasonable industrial administration, though by no means always the practice even in intention. But without this functional organisation, this vocational guidance, the right task for each worker cannot be determined, except within very wide limits. "Scientific Management" alone can distribute with rapidity and certainty industrial occupations with accuracy.

It must be emphasised that the application of psychology to industry is for the benefit of the community as a whole, not a scheme for the multiplication of the profits of capital. Increased production is the supreme need of the nation today, to build up our export trade, to lower prices, to correct

adverse exchange rates, to lighten the burden of the national finances. It may be that we ought to work harder and longer, or it may not. But certainly these are not the only methods to increase production. There is also the method of working more wisely. The workers must not stumble over the old fallacy that increased production means increased unemployment, entails decreased wages. Neither must they confuse industrial psychology and "Scientific Management" with the vicious policy of "speeding up" or "sweating." "Scientific Management," wherever it has been thoroughly applied, has inevitably enhanced wages.

The employees must be educated to see that different individuals are innately fitted for different kinds of employment, that it is for their own benefit, not in order to restrict their freedom of choice, that advisory vocational offices will be established, and that the abolition of needless movements no more involves spending up than the introduction of shorthand necessarily involves severe "sweating" than ordinary writing.

The subject is of special importance now, when we are on the eve of a great competition for the markets of the world, and it should be discussed fully and, above all, practically applied without delay.

Current Blasphemy.

Father Vaughan's Address.

Father Vaughan, addressing missionaries recently, said: "The Catholic Church was like England in that she has been on the job for two thousand years, and had delivered the goods all the time. She knew what she was about and she trained her men as England trained her sons. How splendidly she trained them! They remembered their khaki boys and boys in blue going out to be exposed to shot and shell; perhaps doomed to ruin by gas; perhaps to be shot in a trench or when 'going over'; perhaps up to their necks in mud; short of rations; short of every comfort; and yet cheery as a song. They were made of that sort of stuff, and he thanked God for it."

The British Empire was the only empire in which there was perfect freedom for the Catholic Church and encouragement for her missionaries to carry out their work. In this work they were helped by "the Government at home and officials abroad. That was his experience."

"In a land belonging to England," Father Vaughan continued, "you see no evidence of soldiers or police, but you will find freedom. What a wonderful thing it is to live under the banner of Christ and the banner of England!"

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What De Valera Really Said.

De Valera Corrects Summary of Interview.

The following official statement has been issued from President De Valera's Headquarters in regard to the interview with the correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, which the *New York Globe* reprinted, and which was reproduced and commented on in the *Gaelic American* last week:

Kanon De Valera, President of the Republic of Ireland, gave an exclusive interview to the *New York* correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* (London) on February 5. The article was reprinted in the *New York Globe*, February 6, under a misleading headline.

The passage quoted from the Platt amendment made it clear that President De Valera had in mind that passage and nothing further.

The *New York Times*, hastily scanning the interview in the *Globe*, misled by the headlines, in feverish haste requested a copy of the interview containing the "concessions." But when the *Times* read the article—minus the scare-head—it decided not to print it. There was nothing in it but a statement of what Ireland had always been willing to concede—equality of rights between nations.

The statement in full, of which the interview as given to the *Westminster Gazette* by President De Valera was a condensation, is as follows:

The Plea of Britain's Security.

"You hear it sometimes said that England cannot let Ireland go—that Britain's own security demands that she should hold on to Ireland.

"Now, I am more than ready to admit that if the concession of Ireland's right conflicted with the equal right of another nation, that other nation would have a right to object until there had been a proper adjustment between the rival rights. But is it a question of an equal right in the case of Britain—is it a right at all—this so-called security of Britain?"

"Is it security England really wants, or is this not a word carefully chosen to deceive, by giving the colour of right to what is fundamentally not right at all, but narrow, selfish interest?"

"It may be to my interest to deprive of his liberty a possible rival or competitor, or even one whom a possible rival or competitor might in conceivable circumstances make use of against me—but surely it isn't my right. It is not here that my security (in the accepted sense of the word) is in question, but my dominance."

"And so it is not England's legitimate security or safety that is in question in the case of Ireland, but rather England's dominance. And that England may continue to hold Ireland's markets as a commercial monopoly to profiteer upon, and that she may continue Irish harbours as a pirates' rendezvous, from which to issue forth on the adjacent trade routes, and strangle any commercial or imperial rival she may have come to dread—no these interests of England good and just reasons why Ireland should be deprived of the most fundamental of all a nation's rights—the right to be free? To me such a doctrine is so immoral that I cannot understand how any normal conscience can support it."

Where Would This Doctrine Lead To?

"I have frequently pointed out that if once admitted, that plea would justify aggression everywhere, would destroy the fundamental equality of right between all nations, and would subordinate the most sacred right of the small nations to the selfish interests of the great—and this simply because the great were powerful enough to make their interest prevail. On the basis of this so-called security, Germany might have claimed to hold Belgium, and France might also claim to hold it, particularly now, as she could point out that it was through the gate of Belgium she was attacked during the last war, and Britain might claim to hold it on the basis that Antwerp is a pistol pointed at England's heart. On the same basis, England might claim, too, the Channel ports in France. And so round the world, every spot of earth might be grabbed up to make the world safe for empires—and no small nation would have any right to existence whatever."

"To me, England's attitude appears morally on all fours with that of a timorous tyrant, who tries to secure his own domination by bastarding and guilting everyone who, under circumstances which he can conjure up, might prove either a source of danger to his person or his power. If this plea of England's be admitted now, it is certainly a strange commentary on a war fought for the rights of small nations—and it is an indication of how far mankind has yet to travel before even the elements of morality find a place in the rules of international behaviour."

England's Way Out.

"On the other hand, if it were really her independence and her simple right to life as a national State that Britain wanted to safeguard, she could easily make provision for that, without in any way infringing upon the equally sacred right of Ireland to its independence and to its life."

"The United States, by the Monroe Doctrine, made provision for its security without depriving the Latin Republic of the South of their independence and their life. The United States safeguarded itself from the possible use of the Island of Cuba as a base for an attack by a foreign Power, by stipulating:

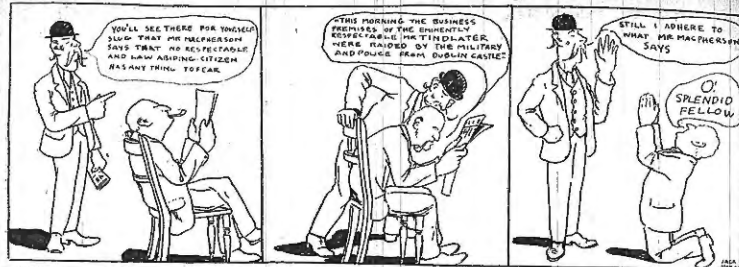
"That the Government of Cuba shall never enter into any Treaty or other compact with any foreign Power or Powers, which will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorise or permit any foreign Power or Powers to obtain by colonisation, or for military or naval purposes or otherwise judgment in, or control over any portion of the said island."

Why doesn't Britain Do This in the Case of Ireland as the United States Did in the Case of Cuba?

"Why doesn't Britain declare a Monroe Doctrine for the two neighbouring islands? The people of Ireland, once free, so far from objecting, would co-operate with their whole soul."

"But there are even other ways in which Britain could safeguard itself if this plea were really an honest plea. An international instrument could easily be framed—as in the case of Belgium—an instrument that meant more for the safety of France, as the last war proved, than the actual possession of Belgian territory, especially if such possession were against the will and despite the protests of the Belgian people."

"Again, the Peace Conference and the creation of a League of Nations gave England another opportunity, if England or Britain were minded to avail of it. In a genuine League of Nations, the contracting parties could easily, by mutual compact, bind themselves to respect and defend



the integrity and national independence of each other, and guarantee it by the strength of the whole. But England preferred—and prefers—a League of Empires—an unholy alliance to crush liberty, not a sacred covenant to maintain liberty, even when such a covenant would perpetuate her own.

Not Safety, But Domination.

"No! It is not her national safety nor her legitimate security that England wants to safeguard. By any of its four methods indicated, she could have made provision for these. What she wants to make provision for, I repeat, is the perpetuation of her domination of the seas by her control of the great Irish harbours. From these, her ships of war can issue forth on the Atlantic, and in twenty-four hours can strangle the commerce of any trade rival she may wish to attack and completely cut the communications between the Old World and the New.

"She wants this and she wants further, as I have said, the perpetuation of the present commercial monopoly through which she exploits Ireland to-day, as she exploited the Colonies here, till the cup overflowed in '70, and the exploitation was ended for ever.

"England would have Americans believe that Britain's safety would be threatened by the presence of an independent Ireland on her flank. Well do England's statesmen know the contrary. Well they know that thus England and Britain would be safer as regards their legitimate national rights than they have ever been since they first started on their campaign of aggression against Ireland.

"Human nature is human nature. Natural forces will produce their natural effects. If certain strong ones seem not to do so it can only be because there is some equally strong disturbing or interfering force. With a free Ireland, the preservation of its independence would be as strong a moving force as the recovery of that independence has been a moving force in every generation since the coming of the Norman.

Independence No Menace to England.

"An independent Ireland would see everything to lose, in losing its independence—in passing under the yoke of any foreign Power whatsoever. An independent Ireland would

see its own independence in jeopardy the moment it saw the independence of Britain seriously threatened. Mutual self-interest would make the peoples of these two islands, if both independent, the closest possible allies in a moment of real national danger to either.

"If they are not so, to-day, it is because Britain's selfishness has robbed Ireland of every natural motive for such an alliance. The fish in the maw of one shark does not trouble about the possible advent of another shark. The mouse quivering in the jaws of the cat does not fear the approach of the terrier, but if anything, welcomes it.

"And so Ireland, deprived of its freedom by Britain's dependence, and persecuted because it is not satisfied to remain in dependence—is impelled by every natural instinct and force, to see hope in the downfall of Britain and hope, not fear, in every attack upon Britain. Whereas in an independent Ireland, the tendency would be all the other way.

"Who is to blame? Is it not England? Who can remedy this state? Is it not England? If the obvious remedy is not applied, is it unreasonable to suppose that it is because the will to apply it is absent? And yet England pretends to be solicitous about her "security" simply because a dependent Ireland is hostile, an independent Ireland would also necessarily be hostile." She carefully hides that Ireland's present hostility is due solely to England's persistent aggression, and that when the aggressive causes, its effect—the hostility—will cease also."

NOTE.—As we quoted portions of John Devoy's criticism already, and as there is no space at our disposal for lengthy quotation, we shall content ourselves by pointing out that John Devoy emphasised the vital importance of no split in the Irish movement, and he further emphatically stated his remarks were intended in the nature of loyal criticism. In that reply Mr. Devoy had in mind, not so much the simple clause of the Platt agreement quoted by Eamon De Valera as the other clauses. He argued rather against what he thought were dangerous diplomatic implications. We consider that in the main both were right, and that with a full readjustment both statements could be made to supplement each other.

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VOL. II. No. 9.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1920

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Twoedtoes.

Mr. Asquith's attempt to oust Mr. Lloyd George would be of little interest to Ireland were it not that one of the things which he attempts to use against his rival is the Irish question. In that, he is, of course, only carrying out the great tradition of English party management. To them Ireland is merely a convenient utensil on which to dish the other party; and just as in the pre-parliamentary age the various parties in Ireland were worked upon in the interests of the or that English interest, so in the parliamentary age the various Irish parties at Westminster were worked in the interest of this or that English party. Mr. Asquith now denounces Lloyd George's Bill as "the most fantastic and impracticable scheme of the greatest travesty and mockery of real self-government that was ever offered to a nation." When we come to consider what Mr. Asquith himself has to offer, however, we find that he has nothing to offer save partition, with a different coat on. He demands a settlement "consistently with the pledges we have given to Ulster, but consistently also with the pledges we have given to the great mass of the Irish nation." And beyond that vague partition declaration Mr. Asquith will not go.

The Irish Vote.

What troubles him, of course, is the Irish vote, and he is out to catch it as he catches it when Mr. John Redmond and Mr. J. P. O'Connor had the giving of it. We do not think that he will catch it again with the same bird-lime.

Nor do we think that Labour will either. Its Irish record is a worse one than that of either Liberal or Tory.

Labour Guilt.

The mass of the English people have no feeling either for Socialism or for direct action, or for anything else which spells a radical revolution. They are essentially evolutionary and property-loving, and they are more subject to phraseology than any other people, more easy to make drunken with words. Who that has ever gone into one of the London parks on a Sunday and watched these people jawing at each other for hours at a time from adjacent platforms has not felt that here was a people who would never again cut a King's head off. In its recent evolution Labour proclaims itself as essentially English as the old Tory party. It stands on both sides of the Irish question. On the one hand it denounces militarism—that is to say, the party which it wants to oust from power—and declares vaguely for self-determination; on the other hand it will not have a Republic, which is self-determination. It presents Ireland with self-determination, provided that England may supply the determination. But it presents us with more than that.

Labour's Army of Occupation.

When, at 4 a.m., you are pulled out of bed and taken off to the Scrubs: when a motor lorry insolently turns a corner without a toot and more by luck than design just shaves you: when your friends are shot down in a crowd: whenever anything brutal or Hunnish is done in Ireland, who does it? The army of English Labour. Recollect that 90 per cent. of the rank and file of the present British army and 50 per cent. of its officers come from the people who are now composing English Labour: and recollect also that that army in Ireland is maintained and is sustained by the labours of the rank and file of English Labour. They it is who make the lorry that shaves you, and the bayonet that pricks you, and the powder and bullets that daily threaten your life: they it is who give the moral sanction of the people of England to the Prussianism that is rampant in this country. English Labour is still in the dark ages; it imagines that it has only to pass a pious resolution to discharge its duty towards Ireland. But those days are past, and while its pious resolution may satisfy its hypocrite conscience it will provide no bird-lime for Irish votes. Nor will it eradicate the record.

For every deed of blood and tyranny which is being enacted in Ireland, the Fainseant policy of English Labour is directly responsible. We shall not forget that.

Irish Votes.

And if Irish votes in England are to be cast as all as an Irish matter rather than as an English matter, then it is far better to cast them as they are being cast at Stockport, for a distinctly Irish matter, than to swell the votes of either of the English parties. If English Labour were honestly desirous of doing justice to this country it would repudiate the claim made on its behalf by the Government of England to interfere in this country, and it would instruct

its members to refuse to manufacture, or to load, or to transport munitions of war to this country, or to transport to it soldiers to use those munitions. It could end the Irish question in a week by a general strike and a general refusal to be brutal. But it is only a political party, and as such it will play the game. It represents neither hand nor brain, but only ambition. It wants place and power, it wants privilege, it wants what the Liberals and Tories have. It does not care whether it gets them with clean hands or not, with a clean soul or not. Its leaders have betrayed the cause of Labour. English Labour leaders always do.

Creating an Atmosphere.

Here in Ireland the business of creating an atmosphere for the Partition Bill goes on, "according to plan." Every morning the morning paper announces a series of raids, arrests, and provocations of all sorts. Mr. Shortt, early in his brief Irish career, promised to "ram down our throats" the Government's Irish Bill. Mr. Lloyd George improved on that: for he proposes, if we interpret him rightly, first to go as near to strangling us as he can and then, when the pressure is relaxed and we naturally gulp for air, to ram the Bill down with the air. No Bill, no air! In other words, Mr. Lloyd George is playing for a reaction, and thinks he is sure of a reaction if he can sufficiently disorganise Sinn Féin. And we invite everybody concerned to be prepared for further and further coercion. Five years ago the Ireland of to-day would have been unbelievable; six months ago even we should have thought that we had had as intense coercion as we could get; but to-day Ireland has a regime which surpasses anything that has been imposed upon her since '96, and it shows a tendency to become more intense instead of the contrary.

The Final Spurt.

In all these contests the victory is to those who hold out longest, those, as Ludendorff put it, with the strongest nerves. In the present contest the weight of metal is altogether against us, but we have the advantage of position. For a century we fought England at her pleasure, and on her chosen ground, and we fought haphazard and without a clear principle in us. That has all been changed. Now we fight her at our pleasure and on our ground, and she has all the disadvantages of position. As time goes on her position must necessarily disimprove as ours must improve, provided our nerves stand the strain. She is fighting for terms, for terms; but she must eventually, if we hold out, come to terms on our terms. If we maintain our resolution, our unconquerable will, no physical mastery that she may obtain will be anything for her but dead sheat fruit.

Therefore, courage and endurance.

William O'Brien.

As we go to press it is announced that Alderman William O'Brien has been released from Wornwood Scrubs in ill-health and is in a nursing home. We congratulate him on the courage and determination which has secured for him release.

Laurence Ginnell.

Mr. Laurence Ginnell has the distinction of being, outside Parnell, the only Parliamentarian that this country remembers with anything approaching warmth. In the dark years Mr. Ginnell in Westminster never lost his essential nationalism; never became English, and remained always nearer to his constituents than to his colleagues. So far as the publicity of the British Parliament could be used in the interests of Ireland he did one man's part in using it. And when it became plain that Ireland had left the old hopeless policy behind, he came in with the young men. The news

that he has again been arrested, though he is in very bad health, will surprise nobody, in view of England's record, but it will shock everybody. Mr. Ginnell has suffered considerably in health since his last bout of prison, and further imprisonment now is likely to have a deplorable effect upon his weakened frame. This is essentially hitting below the belt, Mr. Lloyd George.

Proinnsias O'Gathchobhair.

We learn that our friend and contributor has gone to jail. Our readers will miss his very trenchant articles. Let's hope it won't be for long. But we may be sure wherever he is he will give a good account of himself to his country.

Tomas.

To those who did not know Tomas Curtin, the paroxysm of grief and anger which has swept over Cork will hardly be understandable. He was not an intellectual, but a man with an All-Ireland reputation, not a man with any kind of fireworks, and yet we feel that Cork has lost one whom it could ill afford to lose, one who stood very near to being the typical man of the New Ireland.

The strength of Sinn Féin is akin to that of Fenianism in that it is the strength of the people and not that of the intellectuals. Leadership and direction have come rather from the people up than from the leaders down. Not for nothing is De Valera, whose post begins at Easter week, spontaneously chosen as Leader by a wave of popular emotion centring upon a man whose strength was the strength of the people—honesty and integrity and inflexibility of purpose. Sinn Féin instinctively distrusts brilliance and dash, and the instability of the intelligentsia is so plain to it that it chokes its leaders, where at all possible, elsewhere.

When I think of Tomás now my mind goes back instinctively to a wet day in the autumn of 1913, when a column of about 70 young men, marching in fours, issued out of the Corn Market for the first route march of the Irish Volunteers of Cork. Tomás was in command, and as we passed through curious lethargic crowds, up past his own house, and on to Blarney, one could see him everywhere, and hear him too, issuing directions in Irish, keeping his eye on everything.

For many a year he had worked alone silently in Cork, amongst the Fiance and in the Gaelic League, combining the two things, the language and the political tradition of Toine, upon which Sinn Féin has built impregnable foundations. And as he was the most typical man of the Volunteers then, so his election as Lord Mayor of Cork was the election of that citizen who was most fit to fill that position.

In good years and in bad years he remained the same, smiling imperturbably at the slings and arrows, and when a gleam of sunshine appeared falling as naturally into his position as Commandant at Cork as if nothing had ever occurred to disturb his tenure of the office.

Tomás was not an intellectual, but he was pre-eminently a citizen. His principles were simple, but they were clear, and he brought to an interpretation of them, and to every question which arose, a mind which was swayed neither by rhetoric nor by pettiness, a mind which was essentially the mind of a good administrator—judicial, reasonable, impartial, and especially understandable by the common run of men.

Ireland has lost not alone Cork's first citizen, but one of the best men within her borders. And his life has been given for her as truly as if it had been taken in Easter week. Mourning, ye people.

P. S. O'HIGGINS.

Cairde Nach Cairde. Sinn Fein Agus an Teanga.

Ba mhór ay míneadh do lucht coisanta na teanga náisiúnta gur tighdadh dnoine bhí fabhrach do'n teanga sin ar na Comhairl Catharlú ar fud na tíre dhá mhí ó shoin. Agus gobhfuil fórmhór na gComhairl eadna faoi n-a smacht ó ghoin. Bhí árduinghin ag lucht na Gaedhilge ar na Sinn Féin so tighdadh, agus súil againn uile go léir, ní amháin, go mbriaf ar smacht bhí ag an Bliatas Gallda ar na Comhairl tríd an L.G.B., ach go mbéadh a h-ionad ceart féin ag 'ar dtéanainn i gcearta náisiúnta na gComhairl. Ní mar siltiar litiar go móir-mhór i gcearta polaitiúchá na tíre seo.

Mo léan, ní ach corrdhúine é do na daoine tighdadh thuigann eadna na teanga, ní thuigann siad cé'n eabhaibhair n-a bhfuil sí, nó céard is socair le n-a ghlair traid, nó cé'n leighas atá ar an ggal. Tasháidh an bhrión sin go soiléir i mBaile Atha Cliath le goird; tháidh an 'chóir ó' ionsaigh' Sinn Féin an ohair i gComhaltas Atha Cliath nach bhfuil sin tuigint ag a bhfómhór cé'n ohair mhilleacht atá rannhain leis an teanga chor n-abnoina ceart i gno na Comhaltais sin: a sin nó rud níos measa—mucht eadna é'n teangaíad ach cé'n bhfúicid amuch ar nóis léid leannaimh Sháoin thidhín.

I dtosaigh báire chuimsedar i gcéill do eadaraid agus do haidhbair nírbh i an teanga guedhúge a dtéanga dhúibheasach féin, nuair nírbh shluigh ach aon duine amháin an anrolla oifige san náisiúilge: ach rianadh rud níos measa ná sin ag tighdadh bhí acá le goird. Óir do gheill do do lucht an Bheárla, agus dá lucht aim síre féin, agus dá dhúibheasach, trí ghloinn, gurá i teanga na atáid 'ad admhúicéad, trí ghloinn, gurá i teanga na atáid 'ad admhúicéad, trí ghloinn, gurá i teanga na atáid 'ad admhúicéad é sin i n-gaillidh ar dtéanga, agus sé an eadna is eadúiche dón agal, gurá iad ar goirda féin thug an buile sin.

Ar eagla nach bhféad léighéidre. 'Ar féin éadna eadna bhí or na páipéir faoi'n agnóitir seo, anséadhad céard a thárla: Adhbhair rún bhí do comhair an Chomhaltais, agus thug sin ghlúhbair sé "bhóth" i Phóil, a ghlúbh i nGaedhilge na Cathrú, an-ionad "yes." Ansin ní chigh Clóireach na Cathrú, an fear adhbhair nach agaladh sé le aim i nGaedhilge an bhéil éadna Comhaltais sgótharh roimhe sin, agus dhúibhair an Clóireach seo go gairbh an ohair uile go léir dhéanamh as teanga oifigeamhail an Chomhaltais i as an mBheárla. D'eirigh amúint idir lucht an Chomhaltais. Dubharrbh a lán—a lán seafóide. Caineadh an teanga. Meladh í. Siftadh an seagal do réiditidh ar an gceol seo agus ar an gceol eile. 'Ach, ní rúbh' an mháit aim. Orlach ní gheillidh Clóireach na Cathrú, ná naimhde na teanga. Ní ghlacfaid le aistriú. Ní ghlacfaid le coingthar ó don Ghaedhilgeoir bhí ar pháidhe agus ar

aimir ag an gComhaltas—ní ghlacfaid an Clóireach seo atá ar pháidhe ag na gComhaltas le don tseort: tá rúib é n-nann mo chuid oibre féin dhéanamh, ar ceisear agus é tábéidit do'n saopháil na mach rúibh' Agus nuair nach goifíofadh Clóireach na Cathrú eadna an chóir an ndéanhu an bhéil, nírbh thóad an t'Ar-Mháor thad ar aghaidh leis an ohair. Bhí an Comhaltas n-a istad. Céard bhí le déanamh?

Ach, ní céard bhí le déanamh, ba chóir dhom a rúib ach céard a rianadh? Rianadh an tuathail. Rianadh an bhfaileamhair. Rianadh an bótda. Mac Uí Phóil, an fear a rúib sé do dhánuacht ann "bhóth" a rúib i n-ionad "yes," tharraing sé siar, ghlúib sé, nírbh sheas sé fód, ach amuch as sheadma na Comhairle, ar comhairle lucht Sinn Féin, ar chomhairle an dream, atá faoi mháid ar dtéanga thabhairt ar ais! Agus sin mar goineadúlar Béarla Shasana mar gnáth-théanga oifigeamhail i gComhaltas Atha Cliath.

Ní móir dón uile dhúine go bhfuil a chroidhe i geis na teanga, agus a thuigeanann cé'n chomhairle atá rímpí, agus cé na comhairle móir atá n-a n-aghaidh súl m'bhíonn sí ó zhaighal a m'chóir i nBrianna, maectharr nírb dhéanamh ar an seagal náisead seo.

Má tá aon rud níos mó ná a chéile, bhain an spreudadh agus an boradh agus an fuinneamh as ar dtéanga sé an rúib é gur dírbheidh i as goch an ghnó púilbhé i nBrianna. An dream tighdadh ag an Toghá Mór, agus ag tighdadh na gComhairl i dtosaigh na bliadna seo, táid faoi gheallum go bog do'n ghaill. Ach, ar an gceol fhúig san púilidh na tíre. Ach, ar an gceol fhúig san goisadheacht leis an maibhair, i bpróin—chathair na hBrianna, ní amháin ná sheasadar nárbh ach gheillidh go bog do'n ghaill. Ba mhór an ceannas de dhéanann na ggeillidh sin. Ba mhór an ceannas de dhéanann na teanga—an lán n-a aghaidh ní léigí do Ghaedhilge a théanga féin do bháir ar Comhaltas Bheárla, aic nuith ná dona, cé gur labradh ann ceasna í. Agus eadúidh sé ar an teanga i gComhairl na tíre ar fad mur tu a lán seoir ar na Comhairl eadna agus gan uathia ach an leithéad. Agus is truagh líon é rúib, ach thug lucht Sinn Féin ar Comhaltas Atha Cliath an leithéad bhí uathia do na buic ádá i geis againn nírb sheasadar fód agus gur aicéadhar do neimhde na teanga.

An Phoblacht a bhuan i nBrianna ar bhuanbhóit an Ghaedhailais, an ohair atá le déanamh ag Sinn Féin, ach tá a lán daoine a águmh Sinn Féin fóir féin anséadhad dhéanann é sin. Dair síod gur eadna do'n teanga ná sead féin, ach má 'eadh' ní théardre an teanga na sead naimhde. Na céirda seo nach céirda, eadúidh eadúidh ar nóg an teanga, nó an modh dhair síod do'n teanga, ar nóg an cúlacha penucha bhios ag an A.O.H. Má bhíonn a focal beag Ghaedhilge ar tháir a bháirpí sgróhbhna, nó a léidhíd, bhann síod' áiká lei féin, agus ceapann síod go Aithnéach ís an leabrd-a náisiúnaíochtíofa seo. Aithnéach ís an leabrd-a ís seo go rúib; tá fórbhde aca ar lucht Sinn Féin

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indiu, ní mar gheall ar Sheasbas Sinn Féin, seó mar gheall ar fhorbairt an phobail bhéith ar an nbarumhail sin. Ná bítear ag súil le cabhair uatha i n-obair na teanga mar ní innt: seó guid ach brágan, nó gléise chum bhótaí do bhailiú.

Dréagán ag cuid mhaith de lucht Sinn Féin ar Chomhaltas Atha Cliath an teanga. Is ionann aea gaelechas agus órnáidochas; órnáidochas ag an geuid is féarr aea an teanga, gléise chum bhótaí a bhailiú ag an geuid is moasa aea an gaelechas seo is eanámh droma dá n-áisiú.

Teanga bhí mar órnáid agus mar órnáid amháin ag cime, níor mhair an teanga sin ariamh agus ní mbairfidh choíche. Más órnáid, agus órnáid amháin ar ár sgoth an teanga ghaedhúige, ní fada a ré. An teanga nach bhfuil sgaráidh léithe, an teanga nach labhartar solé do daoine go bhfuil teanga eile seachas í aea, an bás atá i ndán do n-teanga sin. Teanga órnáidoch den tsórt sin dhéaymá dhé ghaedhúige atá ó'n geuid is mó nó na daoine atá i n-ainm bhéith ar thaobh na teanga indiu. Sin ó atá ó'n geuid is mó do mhuaintir Sinn Féin, agus go mó—mhór ó na sluaighthe gléice lo'oisgáidh Sinn Féin ó n-áisiú an Éiríoch Amach. Is ionann an t-órnáidochas seo i gceirí teanga, agus na briathra binne meada chleacuighendáil an Sasanaigh linn san aimsir atá thart i n-ionáir í gceirí thabhairt dúinn.

Is iomdha cath fullteach agus deargheoga cuireadh ar fud na hÉiríoch sma soiseanna chuidh thart ar son teanga náisiúnta: beidh orainn-ne i nÉiríoch an cath céadna thabhairt uair éigin, agus daoine atá linn indiu ó'n bhféacail amach, mar na Comhairteoirí Sinn Féineacha ghéill do naimhde ár dtéanga i nAth Cliath le goirid, is n-ár n-aghaidh bhéas an chuid is mó aea síúd lá an chatha.

PADRAIC O'CONNOR.

Rebellion by Order of the Castle.

All the signs are that we have stepped into the amphitheatre, the world in thrilled tiers encircling us, the iron grid about to be raised for the angry entrance of the hot-fanged lions. Whether that which is coming is to be the final combat only the Fates have knowledge. But that which is coming is clearly a test, on the one side of strength, on the other of endurance, which, whatever result it has, will not leave things as they now are. The Republican movement is about to be assailed with a desperate bitterness which it will require all the organisation at our command to withstand. Those who are about to die—may have to.

The murder of Commandant Tomas MacCurtain, first Republican Lord Mayor of Cork, is the measure of what steps may be taken to drive us into the Rebellion which the Castle, after many visits of the English Viceroy to Downing Street, has advertised for next Easter Monday. Amritsar has been definitely adopted as the British Government's policy towards Ireland, with this difference: that whereas in India it was a peaceful meeting which was turned into torn flesh, in Ireland the young men are to be prodded into arms that

England may escape the fulness of the odium earned for her in the Punjab. England is defeated in one other skirmish of the great battle if this plot does not succeed. If there be no Rebellion on Easter Monday, if there be no Amritsar on Easter Monday, the Castle will have failed, and the mere unarmed will of a sparse people have once again routed an Empire into ridicule.

Happily there is no need for this nation to strike with arms at present. The measure of our bloodless victories is full and overflowing. The universal crucifixion of nations, so that for the elders of the English Cabinet their undan domination of the world may be preserved, has been prevented by the Irish in America. The Capitalist-Imperialist Peace Treaty has been torn to ribands in the States. The World War, which began with the English howl of a "scrap of paper," has ended with an American reply in more apt terms, if of a different treaty.

"And here," says an American correspondent in the current issue of the London Nation, "is the central fact of the crisis at Washington: The Treaty and the Covenant have been killed in America by Irish opinion. . . . From time to time in America the English visitor is assured that Sinn Féin and De Valera and the whole Irish agitation have accomplished nothing new: that is, that while they have stimulated the Irish irreconcilables, they have not convinced a single "straight American" that Ireland is an oppressed nationality, or that there is a case for Sinn Féin. It is impossible to accept any such view. The evidences are overwhelming. There is abundant proof to the contrary in the Senate situation alone, and in the extraordinary response which Press and public alike have given to the downright anti-English speeches in which almost every Senator opposing the League Covenant has indulged. . . . Since the spring of last year the Senate has rung with denunciations of British policy. . . . But for Ireland such a manœuvre would have little significance and probably no success."

Yet this correspondent is neither Republican nor anti-English. A second quotation from another pro-British source is all that is required to prove out of England's own mouth the resounding defeat of all her venal diplomacy in the nation next in power to herself.

"In America," said Sir Horace Plunkett on March 4, "I found, as I have said, publicly a more bitter anti-English feeling than in all my forty years of observation. As usual, although due to many other causes, it was tangled up with the Irish trouble, and was generally expressed in what I may call Irish terms."

We have killed the Anglicised Peace Treaty, we have stolen from future generations of Englishmen the glory of being British, and made it a humiliation, we, tiny as we are, have knawed the cords of the net in whose meshes it was planned that America should be entangled for ever. The mountain that went into labour for such a mouse has not had its labour in vain. For these achievements alone we have deserved an Amritsar. And it is being prepared for us. But these have not been our only achievements. Without claiming that it was Ireland which contributed most to the destruction of British prestige in Europe—a destruction coeval almost with its destruction in the United

States—we can claim that Ireland to that end contributed much. For three years our propaganda has been tireless in every important city in the important Western nations; and it has borne much strange fruit. Although in Europe anti-British feeling may not have expressed itself in what Sir Horace Plunkett might call "Irish terms," it is not the less true that here, as in America, it had part at least of its source in the bed of Irish agitation. These be our achievements overseas—undoubtedly deserving of Amritsar.

At home the successes of the Republican movement have earned us an English gratitude which languishes to express itself in the peculiarly militarist terms of reddened rifle butts. For four years England's writ has, in the Morning Post's admission, "ceased to run Ireland." A determined people in the vitalising name of liberty have so completely broken with the past that this confession is wrung from a trained English observer writing in an English magazine.

"The Irish people do not regard the Republic as something to come. It has already been declared. . . . Sinn Féin has not stopped at theorising. It has chosen Cabinet Ministers and heads of Public Departments, and appointed Ambassadors to act in its name at Washington and Paris, with other Embassies and Legations under consideration. It has nominated consuls, some of whom are already at work in European countries, floated a State loan, and established Arbitration Boards, which, throughout the greater part of Ireland, are superseding British Courts of Law."

"These be their sins," says the Viceroy, visiting, "Name, O Prefter, their punishment." There is a moment's whispering, the nodding of men who understand one another; and in a few hours the English Press—which long before this has had its telephone lines converging upon Downing Street—discovers an Irish Rebellion which must be crushed ruthlessly. The whole horrible plot has only one flaw. It has overlooked the fact that the Irish people may be too strong to fight—to-day. By stronger weapons than those of war it has humbled an Empire before the world it would dominate. By stronger weapons than those of war it is winning its own liberation. Patience is the cry of a coward if there be no justification for it. But with victory as the reward of patience the proverb is true. When Ireland needs the dealing of blows, dealing of blows there must be. But when it is England which calls for the dealing of blows, then, unless it be our day too, there must continue unbroken the Peace of Preparation. Savage assaults upon our people are being arranged. But they are only the confession of an enemy's despair. That which he can no longer possess he has determined to destroy.

Commandant Tomas MacCurtain, first Republican Lord Mayor of Cork, has been done to death. He is not the first of our dead. He will not be the last. But the noblest tribute we can give to them all is the laurel crown of a victorious people. Tears off for to-day and to-morrow. But the mourning that will live is the resolve to make the Irish Nation worthy of those who have passed from it.

PROINNIAS O GALLCHOIBHAIR.

Is Mr. O'Hegarty Right about America?

(Continued.)

As a presage of the high-handed way in which he was going to conduct foreign affairs, one need only recall how, in the very early days of his first term, W.W., on his own initiative, and with scarcely even the pretence of consulting either Congress or the country, withdrew the U.S. from all participation in the Chinese Five-Power Loan.

To be brief, an unbroken series of victories is the most accurate description of W.W.'s first term, as between himself and Congress: He swept all before him. He lost no battle. Every victory made him more formidable. During this term Congress was a Party Congress, i.e., the Democrats were in the majority. The President dominated it completely. This idea merits stress because it makes for the intelligibility of subsequent events.

Should anyone be inclined to impugn the veracity of this view of W.'s first term, let him remember how the President committed the Democratic Party to various new policies, e.g., the advocacy of a large army and navy, government of Hayti and San Domingo by protectorate, the purchase of the Danish West Indies. Previously, the Democratic Party had always been anti-imperialistic, evinced by its record on the Philippines, and it had consistently opposed the maintenance of a large standing army. In the espousal and adoption of these, as well as of all his policies, Woodrow Wilson frequently didn't even take the vote of his Cabinet. Throughout even his first four years in the White House, therefore, W.W.'s was a one-man Government—a dictatorship.

Time and time again the whole country was astounded at the President's success in compelling Congress to take the legislative road that he dictated. Time and time again the voice of complaint rose loud against the subserviency of the Congress. No opposition, no matter how recalcitrant apparently, daunted W.W. Demolished it was invariably by his ingenuity or shattered by his superior skill. Now it was "advantages" he would point out, whose speciousness missed weaker eyes; then it was defects, whose dubiousness lay far deeper than ordinary thought penetrated to. It was like a game. The Congressmen were all adepts—many of them acutely adepts. But W.W. was the expert. He could out-play any adept or any group of adepts. He possessed very consciously the enormous handicap and vantage point given him by the constitution. The aplogia of challenged Congressmen has been tantamount to this: They had looked ahead. But the President has seen beyond.

Of all the Presidents, he had proven himself the least accessible and the most aloof. Congressmen he summoned only when he wanted them to do something for him. So changeable he did he show himself that he gained the sobriquet of the national weather vane, and was so caricatured. In the matter of Trade Commission, Woman Suffrage, Child Labour Law, and Tariff itself, W.W. completely reversed his policy. Again, all without party consultation.

It is a matter of record that members of Congress were actually deterred from making their usual campaign speeches in Congress during the last few months previous to recess out of fear that the President might change his policy overnight. When the critical hour came—to war or not to war—

Congress's awe of Wilson, far from having waned, had almost grown into pusillanimity.

Look at the state of affairs in America from the day the Great War broke out until the United States entered. While affectedly professing neutrality, the President permitted munitions and war materials of all kinds to be shipped to the Allies. And one cannot ponder or meditate too long or circumspectly on the fact that the ubiquitous slogan of W.W.'s party—the slogan which secured his re-election was: "He has kept us out of the war."

The elections were only over when it became more and more evident that the President's attitude was verging from indecision to bellicosity. The Press wrote and exchanged notes. The American Press, subsidised by the English, clamoured for war.

The doubt, the anxiety, and the tense excitement of those days we distinctly recall. Nobody knew whether war was imminent or not. Nobody could say. Vacillating to such a degree had the President shown himself, and so unlimitedly inconsistent, that judgment became a game of hazard. As for Congress—presiding from the bow or the why or the wherefore—it had yielded so often to the President that most people had small hope Congress would or could think and decide for itself.

But despite all the anxiety and uncertainty of those momentous hours, one thing is certain, and that is the fact that the majority of the American people were opposed to their Government declaring war. The truth of this statement President Wilson has since admitted. His testimony should quell any doubt. Mr. Frank P. Walsh put the question directly to the President: "Mr. President, did you not realise that the majority of the people of this country were opposed to the declaration of war?" "Yes, I did," was the President's admission.

Mid a veritable storm of British propaganda bidding for war, in all the darkness of doubt and fear and anxiety created by his own Presidential conduct, mid all this, the clever, wily, astute, yet, hypocritical Wilson comes out flat for war. Congress capitulates. Doubt goes. With lightning speed the President becomes dictator in a very large way. Now he uses every inch of the authority—and more—conferred on a war-President by the constitution. Before long it is manifest that the President will stop at nothing to accomplish his purpose. There is intermittent complaint and protest here and there, but it quickly vanishes before the withering multiple tyranny of Wilson.

Again—the American Government is essentially representative. Once that war was declared there were many intelligent people who shaped their views and policies on the President's. They believed that as the constitution charged the President with the conduct of foreign affairs that his superior knowledge of facts and details of the involved situation must have driven him to urge the declaration of war.

AN AMERICAN—KEVIN STROMA DORRISSE.

(To be concluded.)

President Wilson and Ireland.

(From an American Journal.)

Private advices from Washington report that President Wilson is at last "going to do something for Ireland," and the politicians and busybodies who have been insisting that we "leave it all to Wilson," and telling us for several years that the Irish Cause has been injured by "antagonising the President," are in great glee.

These people know absolutely nothing of what is in Mr. Wilson's mind, but they profess to have Joe Tumulty's authority for the statement they are whispering around the National Capital. They whispered and shouted such things before, but their prophecies never came true, and there is only one reason why they may be better informed this time. That reason is the Presidential Election next November. Politicians who are in desperate straits are always prepared to do desperate things, and the whole world knows that Mr. Wilson's fortunes and the fortunes of the Wilsonian policies are at a very low ebb. He has turned against him millions of native Americans and hundreds of thousands of Irish citizens, who have ever been the backbone of the Democratic Party, not only by breaking solemn promises and making a mockery of his repeated Declarations of America's Objects in the War, but by ruthless persecution of those who stood for the Independence of Ireland, which disgraced and dishonoured his Administration. His trusted lieutenants, undoubtedly with his consent and approval, betrayed to the British Government the information, obtained by a violation of American law, and at a time when America was neutral, which deprived the men who founded the Irish Republic in Easter Week, 1916, of the arms which would have enabled them to start the fight under conditions giving strong promise of ultimate victory. And from that act of treachery until the war ended, his Department of Justice and his Post Office Department waged an unrelenting warfare, in the interests of England, on the movement for Irish liberty, stopping at no outrage or injustice to destroy the men who dared to work and speak for Ireland. It is the blackest chapter in American history.

His antipathy to Irish Independence and his implacable hatred of the leaders of the Irish movement in America are known to all men who have real knowledge of the situation, and he is a man whose animosities grow with the years. He is an Anglo-Saxon with an intense admiration for England and the English system of government. He wants to see the British Empire grow and flourish, and to have its Mastery of the Seas preserved and perpetuated. The principal means of perpetuating it is the possession by England of the great ports on the south-west coast of Ireland, and he will oppose as resolutely as any British imperialist any change in Anglo-Irish relations that would deprive England of control of them. That he wants England to grant Ireland a measure of Home Rule, which would retain for the British Navy this domination of the seas, and that he thinks that England, in her own interests, ought to grant it, has long been known. But the last thing in the world he wants is a Free and Independent Irish Republic.

or an Independent Ireland under any other kind of Government. No man who has ever talked to President Wilson can quote one word he ever uttered that will alter by a shade this description of his attitude towards Ireland. It challenges contradiction.

President Wilson has never made a clear or definite pledge in his public career. He is a past master at phrase making and all his public statements are full of generalities, innuendo and indirection. His nearest approach to definiteness was his Declaration of the Fourteen Points, but he took good care to avoid saying that he would insist on them. And where are they to-day? He traded them at the Peace Conference for consent to his other hobbies and the League of Nations Covenant, with its pledge of American support to maintain the existing boundaries of the Member Countries, is the result. That pledge was undoubtedly made with a view to the preservation of the British Empire more than for any other purpose. His action at the Peace Conference and his whole career as President, make it ridiculous to suppose he would deliberately make a proposition to upset all the plans he made or agreed to in Paris. So that the idea that he will ever recognise the Republic of Ireland is preposterous.

It is utterly improbable even that he will ever make a clear and specific public demand for any kind of genuine Home Rule for Ireland. If he makes a public statement at all, it is safe to say it will be a hint or an implication that he would be pleased if England did something or other in this line—which would have no effect at all on the British Government, but which the speculators who surround him: would use in the Presidential Election in the hope of convincing Irish citizens that it meant something real, and that Woodrow Wilson was a "great friend of Ireland." It would enable the Phelans and the Montforns Walshs and other Irish-American slaves of his to make speeches favouring his re-election, or the election of a man who would carry out the Wilson policies. And it would also enable them to plead with Irishmen to be "practical," to drop the Irish Republic, and to accept a "reasonable" compromise, on the half-loaf theory.

But whatever President Wilson may, or may not do or say in regard to Ireland, this whole story about his "going to do something for Ireland" is a shabby political trick which will not deceive any intelligent Irish citizen. Wilson is the implacable enemy of Irish Independence and the Father of the League of Nations Covenant, which would keep Ireland for ever in England's grip and make the United States the slave of England. The one way to save America from demoralisation and prepare for the ultimate Independence of Ireland—to make her a sister Republic of the United States—is to defeat the League of Nations and beat Wilson, or Wilson's man, in the Presidential Election. Instead of throwing down an Irish leader as a sacrifice to Wilson, we must sacrifice Wilson on the altar of True Americanism, and that will do more to free Ireland than any other possible action we could take.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

(Sense—Common and otherwise.)

With the excellent criticism of "The Trojan Women," by Creon, in the last issue of OLD IRELAND, I am in complete agreement. I cannot say, however, that I altogether share his views in regard to the little play of Tschokoff which preceded it. To Creon this appears to be a comedy, with tragedy lurking close by. To my mind it is intensely tragic, with scarce a gleam of humour in it at all. Or, if there be humour, then that of the most sardonic kind. Indeed, in its bearing on everyday life, on commonplace existence it seemed to me better calculated to scar the souls of a modern audience than the wailing of the women of ancient Troy.

Fait Illium; but Petrograd, London, and Dublin still stand. The harassed clerk, maddened by monotony, persecuted with petty cares, is a modern type with which we are all familiar. He may be a dull figure in our community, lacking all those qualities essential in most minds for dramatic treatment; devoid of anything romantic or heroic, but, when such a one finds his reason tottering as a result of the drab conditions of his life and its perpetual petty worries, there is nothing amusing, nothing comic in such a situation.

"A Tragedian in Spite of Himself" is not, of course, a play, still less a drama, in any order acceptance of these words. It is merely a monologue.

Tschokoff pours his trouble into the ears of his friend. He recites a litany of sorrows. He has no tragic events to record, events have no place in his existence. Unlike a nation, he is unhappy because he has no history. A civil servant, his work is drudgery. For seven or eight hours a day he is herded with his fellow-drudges, following the unvarying routine of official life. When his day's work is done he sets himself to the discharge of the domestic duties imposed upon him by an unrelenting spouse. He has to "shop"; he has to carry "parcels"—the heaviest burden a man can be asked to bear. Even his friends request him to do "commissions." These labours done, weary and laden, he seeks his suburban home to sleep until his daily round begins once more.

No doubt the thing is laughable enough in a sense. One feels inclined to shout at Tschokoff and tell him not to be a damned fool. But a damned fool can be a very unhappy man, and an unhappy man is not a proper subject for mirth. Nor is he economically, socially, nor morally good for the community. Rather is he a menace to its peace. That this is true is being perceived at last in connection with those who, in the good Victorian phrase, are styled "the lower order." People, even well-off, educated people, are grasping the wisdom of Wilde's bitter gibe at those misguided philanthropists who aim at "keeping the poor alive." I have as

little sympathy with pious persons who encourage, by a gospel of self-abnegation, the unhappiness of others.

Although we have some acquaintance in Ireland with men of the type of *Tolkachov*, they are not present in our midst on a very large scale. For this there are more reasons than one. In the first place, fortunately we do not possess huge hives of humanity such as London, Paris, or New York. The man is not separated from his home by wide distances as in these cities, the woman does not live so remote from the chief shopping centres. Nor is the average Irishman quite so domestic in temperament as, let us say, the average Londoner; the average Irishwoman is not so disposed to be a domestic despot as her equal Christian in Great Britain. It was aptly observed to me by one who had also seen Tchekoff's play that it suggested the Cockney husband; the wretched wight who travels by tube from some remote suburb to the city daily, and returns in the same underground fashion at night exhausted by work and embarrassed by parcels.

At the same time, the application of this play to Dublin life is not altogether wanting. Unfortunately, a vast number of people must be content with an existence which is more or less humdrum. The cultivation of some sort of hobby is the remedy proposed by many. The cultivation of some sense of humour is infinitely more essential. As one listened to the dreary diatribes of *Tolkachov* it was forcibly borne in on the mind that this primary quality was one which he completely lacked. His perspective had become entirely distorted. Molehills had turned into mountains, and the most absurd of mice were all they brought forth. Yet, in this way it is perfectly possible to become thoroughly wretched. Each man has in his own life the "star" part, and if he casts himself deliberately as a tragedian the result is bound to be hopeless.

It cannot be denied that life in Ireland at the moment provides sufficient distractions of a public nature to preclude the necessity of any intelligent man developing into a self-centred monomaniac. Even civil servants should be able to find alternatives to work and worry. For all men, however, whose lot is cast in a narrow groove, the salutary counsel is development of a sane outlook, and a sense of humour lies at the root of this.

What is euphemistically called common sense is the cause of much human misery: Better far an uncommon sense of humour.

WESTLAND ROWE.



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Ireland Solvent—England Bankrupt.

From the daily Press we learn the disastrous effects on Ireland's trade because of her compulsory economic and financial identity with Great Britain. Ireland is a creditor country. Her exports for 1918 (the latest figures available) amounted to £135,000,000 and her imports to £126,000,000. In the year's trading account she placed £27,000,000 to her credit. Since 1915 she has accumulated a trade balance of £75,000,000 to £80,000,000. The case is different with Great Britain. Last year the British and Irish foreign and colonial exports amounted to £798,000,000, and their imports to £1,632,000,000, showing an adverse balance of £834,000,000. The adverse balance accumulated during the war amounted to £3,300,000,000. This explains why the value of the English pound has fallen to thirteen shillings in New York. This fall in English credit affects Ireland's exchange owing to her financial union with England. It means that she is compelled to pay 44 per cent. more for all goods she buys in America than she would if she were fiscally independent. These goods include wheat, flour, meat and meat products, cotton goods, leather, tobacco, maize, all cake, feeding stuffs, petroleum and other oils. Were Ireland fiscally independent she could have maintained the American exchange in her favour, as her exports to the States last year balanced her imports.

This is not the only aspect of the situation. With a favourable balance in general trade last year equivalent to 21 per cent. of sales over purchases, an independent Ireland would have established a credit which would reduce the value of the English pound in Dublin (to, at most, 17/-). Ireland would then be able to sell at 18 per cent. higher profits and to buy at a reduction on the exchange of 15 per cent. At the lower percentage on last year's prices Ireland, by her economic and financial identity with England, has lost in that one year alone about £52,000,000. This is leaving out of account the war-time accumulated favourable balance of £80,000,000, and the fact that this accumulated balance would have been much greater had these higher prices for exports and lower prices for imports prevailed.

These figures leave out of account also the fact that Ireland as a producer and vendor of food and food-stuffs has been subjected to a rigorous control of prices for all her commodities exported, and has been cut off from the war-time profits which all non-belligerent countries shared because she was excluded from all but one of the world's markets.

Ulster Decaying Under the Union.

The claim is made by pro-English writers that Ulster has prospered under the union. The emigration statistics tell a different story. The following is from the *Freeman*.

"As was usual before the war, the biggest flow of emigration is now again from Ulster. Fifty-six per cent. of the emigrants from Ireland during the year 1919 were emigrants from Ulster. The number from Ulster was

two and a half times that from Leinster, four times that from Munster, and ten times that from Connacht. Since these returns were first officially collected, in 1851, no fewer than 1,192,177 emigrants left Ulster. More than half of these, namely, 658,378, were male emigrants. The emigration from Ulster was equivalent to 75 per cent. of the present population of the province, and the number of male emigrants is equivalent to 85 per cent. of its male population. During the decade preceding the last census in 1911 the emigration from Ulster was equivalent to one-third of the emigration from the whole of Ireland. The emigrants from Ulster during those ten years were double the number from Leinster and double the number from Connacht. The history of 'Ulster under the Parliament and Government of the United Kingdom' is a history of decay in its population. The emigration from Ulster last year shows that history up to date."

The Irish Land Bank.

Mr. Gordon explained to the *Freeman* representative that the National Land Bank, although only recently established at 60, Lower Leeson Street, Dublin, was dealing with a vast number of applications for loans for the purchase of land. They came from all parts of the country, Mayo, Meath, Fermanagh, Tipperary, and Kerry.

Four purchase schemes had been practically completed. The legal formalities were not completed, but the sum involved would amount to about £55,000, "and we are not yet much more than a month in existence," added Mr. Gordon.

Proceeding to explain, Mr. Gordon said the directors only intended to advance loans to landless men and small farmers who were organised in Co-operative Societies. Money would not be advanced to large farmers, the object being to help persons not employing paid labour.

Their system provided for the repayment of capital and interest through annual instalments. The borrower would lodge 25 per cent. of the purchase price. All the money

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would be regarded as an advance, but they would take 25 per cent. as security.

The aim was to convert each man into an economic holder, but money would not be advanced for any holding above 50 statute acres, and the borrower should be a resident of the locality.

Asked how their system would fit in with the activities of the Irish Land Commission, Mr. Gordon replied that there were practically no Land Commission activities at the present time. The Land Commission commenced their operations, he said, when money was worth 24 per cent., and it was accordingly financially difficult for them to operate at present. There was, of course, a possibility that the Land Commission might exercise their compulsory powers to get land for ex-service men.

"Though the country is crying out for land purchase," he continued, "it is not being carried out, and we think we might help to solve the problem by our activities. I don't think we will have very serious competition from the Land Commission, at any rate in respect of small holdings."

The bank, Mr. Gordon intimated, was prepared to advance money to ex-soldiers or anyone who complied with their conditions, provided they resided in the district.

Mr. Gordon said the bank accepted deposits and opened current accounts, paying 34 per cent. interest on the former and 34 per cent. on the latter at call, and 4, 4½, and 5 per cent. on longer terms.

The money deposited would be used entirely in Ireland for building up Irish agriculture and industry. When they had accumulated funds it was proposed to grant loans for industrial purposes.

More Extracts.

Last week I gave some extracts from Father Nicholas Velimirovic's "The Soul of Serbia," published in England as war propaganda in 1916. This week I give some more. The whole book, indeed, holds a wonderful lesson for Irishmen and Irishwomen, but, as it is impossible to quote it all, I take here and there passages, that, especially as they are published with the imprimatur of the British Department of Propaganda, have a peculiar intrinsic and extrinsic pertinence in this, our, day in Ireland.

Serbia's Geographical Position.

In assigning the reasons for Serbia's long-continued subjection under both Turkey and Austria, Father Velimirovic says:

"Our national tragedy, as the tragedy of every hero man, is caused by our external situation and our internal qualities. What is our external situation? We are in the routes, the only good route, between Europe and Asia. Remember, please: a tragical person is always in somebody's pathway. The birth of tragedy is conditioned in the first place by geography. A man in a corner is never

a tropical hero like his fellow in the middle of the street.

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Father Velimirovic goes on to tell how Serbia retained its national spirit throughout its night of slavery by dreaming and singing.

"You have heard that the Serbians are a poetic people. It is true. But it was a necessity for the Serbian slaves to sing so as to transform the reality into dream, and so as to get the necessary strength to endure in suffering—to be strong in suffering and in doing. . . . We dreamed and dreamed and we sang and sang; and the more we dreamed and sang, the further we stood from the ugly reality. Like an animal which sleeps all the winter through, dreaming two summers—the past and the coming—we Serbians also, living a cold and dark winter of slavery through, dreamed two summers—the summer of the past glory and the summer of the coming freedom."

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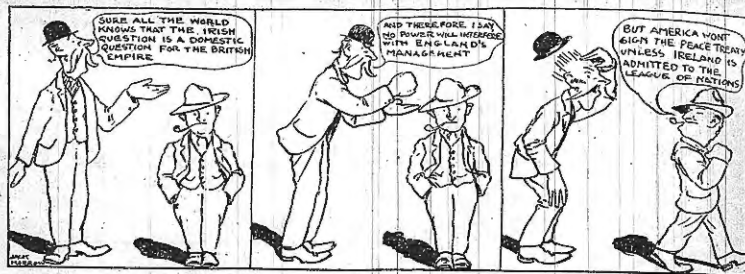
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If I Were a Noble Bird At All,

A HINT TO THE POETS.

If I were a thrush in Monivea
 I'd rest not a day in its craven trees,
 But I'd take my fling and my way I'd wing
 Over the hill on a westerling breeze.

And in Cammore I'd find a store
 And songs go, *leav* among the bushes;
 The *Béarla bradách* of Baile na Modach
 I'd hear no more from Saxon thrushes.

If I were a hawk in Creagán town,
 O! I'd sweep down on the ugly sparrow
 Who shouts aloud to a gaping crowd
 And sells old clothes from his English barrow.

If I were a swan on Calla lake,
 No nest I'd make, but I'd take the risk
 And rear my brood beyond the wood
 Where *poitín* is made beside Pollisk.

If I were a blackbird in Loughrea,
 O! I'd not stay with their English crutches,
 Nor stir my throat to make a note,
 For I'd hate the gabble of *seoinín* clutches.

But I'd go West to Camus hill,
 Where I'd hear my fill of Freedom's song,

And I'd not forget to pay back the debt,
 And leaving Loughrea would be no wrong.

If I were a noble bird at all,
 A wren, tho' small, a linnet or finch,
 I'd ask no pay, I'd sing no lay
 For English *bodach*, or *seoinín* winch;

But among the Gail I'd raise my whistle
 And feed on thistle till times grew better,
 My breast would vibrate with a note of hate
 To shatter for ever the foreigner fetter.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

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other enemies. Her attacks upon all the representatives of
the Irish nation, whether they be members of the Dail or
members of local Councils are relentless and unceasing.
There is no Irishman of National principles to-day who does
not go with his life in his hands and his liberty and property
constantly menaced.

 Just as against Germany England's propaganda is used
to vilify Irishmen, and the attempt of the *Daily Mail* to
dishonour the dead patriot, Tomas MacCurran, might well
be likened to Lord Kitchener's denunciation of Egyptian
Tomb, but the most insidious weapon used by the Allies
against Germany was the promise from so-called Liberals
and Labour men, declaring moderate terms, if Germany
surrendered. These promises culminated in Wilson's four-
teen points which proved the most terrible of all weapons
against Germany. They smashed the morale of the German
people. Having served its purpose as the most monstrous
engine of deception, the fourteen points were put aside, and
the German people were humbled to the dust and decimated
by the starvation imposed on them by the British Navy.
Certain elements in England and America are trying a
similar method of propaganda in Ireland. Correspondents
in America to English journals, with little regard for the
truth, make out that our leaders are willing to compromise
on the Independent Republican demand. At the same time
ornamental persons, absolutely unrepresentative of the
Irish people, talk of reasonable moderate settlements. It is
even rumoured that President Wilson is going to attempt a

 settlement of the Irish cause on the basis of Dominion
Home Rule, but the Irish people have learnt from the
episode of the fourteen points, that to allow compromise
talk to influence them is to march straight into ruin. The
reason why the Irish movement of to-day is so much more
powerful is because the ideal aimed at has the tremendous
historic appeal of complete independence. Any departure
from the great ideal would undoubtedly injure the move-
ment irrevocably. This is a commonplace now. We only
mention it here to emphasise the fact that the enemies of
Ireland are putting forth a supreme effort to shake the very
foundations of the Irish movement by suggesting com-
promise at every point. Thus we recognise the object aimed
at by the *Times* Washington correspondent when he utters
the lie that Eamonn de Valera said in private that he was
willing to accept Colonial Home Rule. This lie is on a par
with the *Daily Mail* lie about Thomas MacCurran, it is an
insult to the living as the latter was an insult to the dead.
All the world knows to-day that Ireland aims at complete
Independence and intends to make that Independence
secure. There is no security for Ireland in Colonial Home
Rule or in any other form of settlement to which England
alone is signatory. Any settlement to be permanently
secure must be guaranteed by some power more powerful
than England, namely America. Another commonplace
in Irish opinion is that the English will grant us Colonial
Home Rule exactly at the time when she would be too weak
to refuse a completely Independent Republic. It is the
long-sighted politicians in England who back Colonial Home
Rule because they know they are digging the last trench for
the British Empire in Ireland. Within the next few months
Ireland's leaders and friends in America will put forth a
supreme effort to add victory to victory, and to get from the
United States complete reconstruction of the Irish
Republic. That is the direct road towards a really Inter-
national settlement of the Irish question.

 The election of the President of the U.S. is just six
months away. So far as Ireland's foreign policy is concerned
this struggle will be the severest, hence the necessity of
nailing every lie of British propaganda, and our leaders may
rest assured that the real driving forces of Irish nationality
will stand by them through thick and thin in the uncom-
promising demand for a complete independent Irish
Republic.

Three Irish Martyrs.

 The assassination of Tomas MacCurran, Lord Mayor of
Cork, has been followed by the assassinations of Thomas
O'Dwyer and James McCarthy in Thurles. Until the
inquests are completed and verdicts brought in, we must
refrain from further comment. One thing is quite
apparent and that is, that all these dastardly assassinations
are part of the same campaign. The
of true Irishmen are part of the same campaign. The
attempt on Professor Stockley's life, the letter threatening
the lives of Dr. White, Mayor of Waterford, Michael
O'Callaghan, Mayor of Limerick, Professor Rahilly, and
O'Callaghan, Mayor of Limerick, Professor Rahilly, and
Leah de Roiste in Cork are all part of the same campaign.

 It is a campaign against the moral authority of the
Irish people and aims at destroying the forces fighting for

In our country a rich harvest by the sword of the Kaiser, as it did five hundred years ago by the sword of the Sultan.

With a smile we are asking: "Is what regard to our century better than the century of Nebuchadnezzar, the great ox-king or king-of-Babylon?"

His concluding declaration for Serbians is also the declaration of Irishmen and Irishwomen to-day.

"And still we hope. We are fighting for Freedom and Justice. Our fighting for such ideals could be a definite failure only in the case if there were no God. But there is a God; the whole of Serbia believes in a God. Our fighting cannot be a failure, as our God cannot be a chimera."

P. S. O'FLANNAGAN.

Rum.

Nuair a chloisim daoiné ag cáineadh an óil agus ag inniúchadh na sagoil cón, doibhídháil mhór dhanann sé, cumhinnim ar an sinnir mbeidhreach chruaisé isteach shiar i gCill Adáin agus an cogadh mór ar suill.

I for an tsamhraidh bhías ann, ach má seadh, ní coimeadhach an tsamhraidh bhí ar an sinnir ach a mhairt. Baisteach: "Ná bí ag quinn ar bhaistigh go dtéighe tú siar go Cill Adáin. Is sin bhíos sé ag cur agus ag siar-chuir ó duibh dubh, ó muaidín mhocht go faoi dhia; agus an bhaisteach bhías ann, ní coimeadh i le son bhaisteach eile ba dhóighe leat, ach i ag teacht arís arís anéas aduaidh san ann céadna, baisteach d'fhuichadh go crácaisinn thú i gceann ceathróm uaire, do chuirfeadh creathadh agus fúcht ort, do mhéadóidh fonn marbtha ceard i gceoidhe an duine ba chosnaí fú mífí."

An bháisteach seo is sioicéir le gach plannar agus scathann bhíos i gCill Adáin deirtear: dream crosta caula-leach muinnir na h-áite sin gan ion amlreasa gan fáithoimhacht gan féil na bant léo. An stróisearu tháidheann am ar mháid, glanann sé leis fóimh meadhon lae má fheadann sé; an duine go dtéiteann an óideche air ann, déanann sé cáineadh agus aoc ar an áit go lá a bháis. Ach ní thuigeann an stróisearu, ná muinnir na h-áite féin, gurab i an bhaisteach mhúlteach is ciontach le gach cáineadh agus aoc é; thúill Cill Adáin ná a muinnir ariamh, marach má féin agus an chéad d'heire thugas ar an áit, ní m'óide go dtuigfeas é. Ach chruichuig an chéad sin nach bhífuil an leath ar an áit ná ar na daoine má ann, ná ar an sinnir féin.

Nuair bhuaill mé isteach ar an mbaile an uair dhoineannach, bhí sé ag cur go tron ar ndóighe, agus ó bhí áithe agam ar mhúinnir na scáid, agus ar a gail, shocrúigh mé gan aon rú, mhóil dhanann ann.

Ag intréachd de sibhalh aon bhíos, agus mé leath phreachtá leis an mbáistigh agus leis an bhífeucht. An chéad teacht d'áta bunaidh liom, isteach liom ann. Bhí áithe agam ar thiar a t'ighe—fear beaf dubh dorcha bhí ann—ach má seadh féin, chualí mé isteach ann, mar ba sheacht n-uairé níos dorcha fear an héite eile.

Aniar as seóma bhí, ar chúl an teopa tháinig sé nuair chuala sé san áit mé. "Tabhair dom gloine uisce beatha dún stuif is féar dá bhfuil agat," arsa mise, agus léngas as mo sheambhúrad.

Níor chorrúigh fear a t'ighe. Níor labhair sé. "Gloine uisce beatha tá uaim má sé do shuí," arsa mise.

"Ansin chuala mé an meanga gáiridh uaidh Gheit mé. D'fhead mé ag teacht ar an sgothail ar chor ar bith?"

"Gloine uisce beatha tá uaim má sé do shuí," arsa mise.

"An ndéanfadh glóineam thú?" ar seisean agus suasáid aic.

"Mara bhífuil an stuif eila agat... B'íodh an rúg agat." ar seisean, agus do chosach sáil orm go h-óisáas.

Rún, arsa mise, "má sé is goire do do lámh... Tháinig meanga, áiteann gongantach ar a bhéal, agus siar leis san seóma go breagh foráidh agus é ag rabhadh amháin foel rún agus a bhuaidh. Fear as Cill Adáin gabháid fhuinn."

"Ní b'óg a rádh go raibh iongnadh orm féin. An bhí liom i dtosach na h-áite i gCill Adáin bhíse ar chor ar bith, ach ní tháinig chomnóic mé an bháisteach mhór, agus an sinne gránda sách na mhéighe gur eadh. Ach céard bhí leacht ar an áit?"

"Ní raibh an ocheist sin socrúighthe agam, go bhíse mo dhúine sa doras agus jug breagh mór, n-a leim léag agus an meanga bhí ar a bhéal agus an meanga bhí foel s'huil, níos glanann ná ariamh."

"Gá i leith isteach, anseo go dtéighe tú agus d'riomó" at tú tháinig, "ar seisean go fáiltéach, féilidh mé."

Bhuail mé isteach. Bhí an seóma áitbhadh dorcha ná ní raibh aic ach an t-ionn fhuinneóg amháin, ach n'orbh fad gur thugas faoi deara go raibh ochtar nó neombar, fad gur coimeadh uil dh'arth ar an teinidh. Tháinig meanga d'óighe, agus i n-ionad foel dorcha éigin do gceoladh fad gur ba gráthach léa, do bhéanúightheas dhom go muinnir agus go glé. Ní hé sin amháin, ach thug fear seo a t'ighe h'or féin dom i n-áire na teine.

Tháinig fear a t'ighe i leith-chugam, agus do shéar na gluine mór plonna dhom. Thosaigh sé ar an ngloine sin d'lionadh go raibh sé cionn leithphionta síge ann.

"Céard tá anseo agat?" arsa mise.

"Rum ar ndóighe—céard eile bheadh ann?" arsa mé dhúine.

Ní raibh aon mháid dhom bheithe ar rádh leis go raibh an ionnere ann, agus go mbéinn óta; ní árb'óidh sé ach. "Cáth siar é, cáth siar é a dhúine," le gach foal deartaimh.

D'fhead mé thair ar an gcomhludair, agus do shéar na gluine mór mhóilbhí ar an drocheabla bhí san áit thug mé faoi deara níos fear na daoine bhí ann. Bhíodh uile ná d'óst, ach bhí meanga gáiridh ar bhéal gail d'raibh ann!

Seadh, bhíodh n-a dhéist cinné, ach ní le drocheabla ná le croctacht é, mar ó an go h-ann, do chumá gáire lea sona ag fáid ó bhéal duine seo, agus é ag iarraidh uile gáire sin choimeadh istigh; agus nuair do shéifid an t-ann, nuair d'oirighendh na leasir in áirde aic, d'fhead an teasacht agus an sona céadna n-a n-éadann, agus an uil ó dh'áta faoi n-a suil. Agus is i gCill Adáin an duine bhíse."

Bhías mé de'n stuif bhí sa ngloine agam agus do fáithuigh sé liom.

Bhí na fir bhí thair orm ag cur na síl thiom agus mé gáil ó, ní i fhuas agam ar bith, é an chaoi go dtáinig an chosmhóilbhí mbeidhreach céadna ar m'áid, agus mé bhí orm féin, ach tháinig mé coimeadh bhíse, agus bhí mé ar an chaoi ar bith, agus bhíse agus creathadh mé, do chéile go nuair glanann agus gocht aon fíoch m'áid agus measa uatha.

Agus tháinig an fonn céadna nárdóis orm féin, agus mé leathar gnúilann ar an bhfear ba measa dhom, agus tháinig mé ag inniúchadh do go-bóg glanannbhí, agus mé sáil ar leath-chuaidh agat: céad measa mór bhí liom féin agus ar a mhúinnir, ar muinnir Cill Adáin, agus ar an uile dhúin uaidh, san áit bh'éagraigh fáiltéach ar amháin. Agus éisean ann ag comhúilbhí uile cóna, agus le cait mór beatháidhe bhéidh ga gáiridh aon comhúilbhí oide gáiridh."

An teine thar éis na bháistigh h'éidh, Seadh an teine— an rún—ach mb'íochuighes féin go raibh mál beng m'áit ag teacht orm. An ghaib bhí ag síge ar seóma d'áighe fhuil, bhí sí n-a céad thair orain n-a géine; ach go dtáinig na seon ghobal chomnóic mé féin ach gáiridh, agus dé bhíseas nó dá gáiridh fear áiridh; ní balogh ó áilus an bhfeor fúil bhí mo shúid, ach cumhírach na bhfeor, go m'ionnó sé n-a shamhroadh i geomhúidhe bhíse; ní muinnir dhordha immhítheach Chill Adáin bhí dh'arth orm, ach dream suas nárdóis ó n'áiridh amháin an saoghal bráonach seo, mar tháinig sé.

D'eirigh, éisean áitea, ar n'ós éisean cait de comhair teine, ó na feararbh. Méadúighidh ar an górdán go raibh sé ar an saoghal. Chroch 'on fhear amháin sua é (fear beag górdha go raibh oic síge ar an saoghal, agus a raibh beo ar an saoghal, do chroch suas an t-amháin agus sé t-amháin aduairt sé ná ceann ag móidh muinnífearta; agus nach ann bhí an creathadh lann nuair bhí an t-amháin thair). Nach iad bhéidh céirdeannáil le chéile arís go déo!

Téacht na h-óidhe, bhuaill euid agáin amach ar an téidh. Gach uile dhúine casadh liom, bhí meanga méidh-mór glúidh ar a bhéal, agus an meanga sin! Do bhéar feadh sé ar ionndúil de chroiche aon dhúine go raibh crochea ann. Sean Fannóg ó Glástaí féin, ar té ba chéileáidhe dar shíubhal bhí aréamh. bhí sé n-a sheansamh le úrsáin a dhórais agus meanga Chill Adáin ar a bhéal.

Gloine sé orm agus mé ag dul thair, agus thug sé isteach sa teach mé.

Bhí tríd leith róimhann ag ól agus ag moladh a chéile. Nuair bhí áitea Shean-Eamonn, agus áitea an chomhludair óta agam féin, d'fhuairuigh mé díobh car fírothadh an rum.

Rinne Sean-Eamonn gáire. "Rum," ar seisean, mór dháid h'orann ar an mbaile seo le seachtáin ach-rum. Níl fear beann ná páisde ar an t-ubhló seo nach bhífuil agat ó tháinig sé i dtír chugainn, caithe tharailte dhé. Agus níor tháinig sibh faoi thair ar an oileá? Long mhór leis na Seasmáigh cuiradh thair ar an oileá? Long mhór leis agus lucht rum ar b'fóid go raibh pull thair ag Ceann Adáin agus lucht rum ar b'fóid aic le h-áir. Na Gearmánaigh aic le h-áir? an airm Ghallá? Na Gearmánaigh chuir go t'áin pull i agus ba oheart go mhéidh muinnir an bháile seo bhítheach doobh, mar is ar éigin go n-áiridh céadna Cill Adáin ná a muinnir ó seoladh chugam ar an tuinn an rum breagh.

D'filleas féin ar an teach óta an oideche Síu, agus é thógas orm é má d'fhan mé ar fáil san áit agus an t-áthró iongnaithe bhí ar Cill Adáin agus a muinnir ó seoladh an rum chusa ar an taiclé."

PADRAIC O'CONNOR.

Is Mr. O'Hegarty Right about America?

(Concluded.)

The nature of the complex situation in America I have briefly outlined. Hence, as from evident premises an inevitable conclusion flows, not indeed with the inexorable logic of mathematical demonstration, but with all the cogent force of moral certitude. What is that conclusion? That conclusion is that it was Woodrow Wilson alone who brought, yes, coerced America into the war. Quickly let me repeat. Any President could have done this. And from the given characteristics W.W. easily did this. As none of his predecessors, he possessed the knowledge and had the itch for straining executive power upon the margin of conscience he stretched the constitution upon

his procrustean bed, and cut it to suit his every purpose shamelessly.

Not that there were not other agents working for Mars. There were. But all combined, their influence was inconsequential. There was British propaganda—tons of it. There were the American Tories; they have always been with us. There were some very influential international bankers, as Morgan and Co., etc. No comment is requisite for the first two. The last were strong and powerful. To declare, however, or to fancy, as many people do, that these control Wall Street is a mistake. And the vast majority of American financiers were neither eager nor inclined for war. Business projects preoccupied them. The common accusation that Wall Street pressed America into the war is, as a matter of fact, I believe, without foundation. America was driven in, W.W. dictating.

The question naturally arises as to why W.W. joined the Allies? The answer is not far to seek. All his life he betrayed a distinct, not a British bias. Just because Wilson's British propensities Tammany Hall opposed, almost prevented his nomination at Baltimore. In this, by the by, as in many another instance, the remarkable political instinct and foresight of Tammany Hall was evinced. (As of historical value it is worthy of remark that Judge Cohan, at the time exerted great influence with Tammany. Years prior to his residence at the White House W.W. had shown his slope of mind in defining the character of the Revolutionary Fathers. "Everything apprises us of the fact that we are not the same nation as we were when the Government was formed. In now that we were when the Government was formed. In looking back to that time, the impression is inevitable that we started with sundry wrong ideas about ourselves. We deemed ourselves rash democrats; whereas we were, in fact, only progressive Englishmen.")

Again, it is not a little significant that Viscount Bryce in his "American Commonwealth" cites and lauds W.W.'s interpretation of the constitution. And at the close of his First Administration, a British writer of repute in the "Nineteenth Century" commented thus: "Mr. Wilson had revealed what was in America an original vein of legislative leadership." His mind shows familiarly amidst English Constitutional and Parliamentary practice. He connotes of the American Presidency as on its legitimate side comparable with the British Premiership."

All these facts, all these factors, all these circumstances make for perspective in the formation of proper and just judgment not only of the Irish in America, but of the American people in general. If one examines history one knows that the latter have never been better than anti-British.

In his first term W.W. was a political dictator—in his second he became the most absolute of military dictators.

The Irish race in America? Our people did their best. There was human nature—a truism—but one too often pushed aside by the Socialist. Our people did their best. Our people were sincere. Our people know no slacking in their zeal for the Cause of Ireland. He who says or implies otherwise does not know what he is talking about. Our people, with the majority of their fellow-Americans, were the victims of circumstance. They, and our people among them, were forced to war. Let that fact never be forgotten. Reluctantly they went in, with a strong sense of being wrong. To battle on the side of the ancient enemy of their race and of humanity was the idea. Here they went in with remonstrance, there with loud protest. Unmitigated suspicion was the attitude of some. But we declared the great bulk of our own joined the colours, feeling morally certain that W.W. was sincere, that he meant what he said without mental

reservation or exceptions they threw themselves into the war, brave, noble, chivalrous, as the race ever, with the invincible conviction in their heart of hearts that they were fighting for justice and for Ireland's Independence.

Did not W.W. and his henchmen have a keen realisation of the tone and temper of the American people and of our people among them? Did they not send out an appeal for France, who had helped us? *Appeal for England they dared not.* They knew its futility. The appeal went out for Belgium. The appeal went out, as the whole world knows, and as posterity will know, for *oppressed people everywhere.* Without distinction of race most Americans had faith in the President's sincerity. Some had no trust in the man from the beginning. Among these "some" was I. And the conviction has hardened with time.

How this? Ireland was taboo in all the President's pronouncements. Not one word, definite and determined, did he utter during the war on Ireland. Meditating and weighing possible reasons for this with all care and caution, I came with others to the conclusion that there was none, nor a particle of one, to justify this ominous and cruel silence and injustice. All subsequent events have corroborated this judgment.

I affirm that through it all W.W. was *hypocritical.* Against hypocrisy there is hardly any certain antidote. The hypocrite at any time may deceive. The more exalted, mysterious, and complex his personality and position, the wider is the scope for subtle fraud, dishonesty, and chicanery. This view I am stressing because it is a strong statement involving a transcendent fact. On the view we take of this man, W.W., hinges the gigantic future. The truth should be our aim. I don't think we can be indifferent without being culpable.

W.W. knew Ireland's case. Before he compelled Congress to declare war he could have easily secured from the British Government the guarantee of the Independence of Ireland. I don't admit that that assertion is questionable. *He did not.* He did not wish to. The same W.W. at Paris could have made certain and immediate Irish Independence. *He did not.* He did not wish to. *In the light of all these facts juxtaposed with W.W.'s war principles* the inescapable conclusion, to my mind, is that the President's was a conscious, purposeful insincerity and inconsistency. All the threads gathered together make the hideous skein of hypocrisy. Results are not accidental—they arise from the very nature of deliberate action.

Mr. Keynes, in his masterful book, "The Economic Consequence of the Peace," holds the would-be charitable theory that Wilson was eclipsed and out-distanced by the superior skill and dexterity of European diplomats. But the reasons he alleges for the theory won't hold water. Many of his admissions support my thesis. He concedes, for instance, as all truthful men must concede, that never in the history of the world did a solitary individual enjoy the prestige and the moral influence and have the power right in the palm of his own hands that W.W. did upon his arrival in Paris. And all the elements of his character and the history of his life, his stubbornness, his swiftness of vision, his *sensibility of power*, his penetrations go to prove that W.W. was the last man not to sense this extraordinary being of our time. He was the last man not to be over-whelmed by the ordinary prestige, influence and power very intensely. Talk of being out-classed! In the name of reason, what rank nonsense! Mr. Keynes, after all, is a Britisher, first and last. He was in the "know," but, as the scholastics put it, "secundum quid" he had access to the atmosphere and thought of an inner circle, but let it not be imagined for a moment that there were not several more inner circles within which were game-preserves where he could not

Just here let us interject a comment fiercely relevant. Mr. O'Hegarty talks of Horace Plunkett. I fear the latter like many another entity, receives too much mention. But as he were better ignored. Is he not an individual who is either an insincere man or a mere puppet? He is a tool of the Cecil's, we believe—whether a conscious or an unconscious tool is quite immaterial. As competent students of the British Empire have reiterated again and again there can be no doubt that this Cecil family have been the actual rulers of England since the days of Elizabeth. They are the *immortal ring.* The British Empire is ruled by the Privy Council. In the Privy Council the voice of the Cecil is first, and there is no second. *Did anyone say Cecil Society? The most damnable and nefarious Secret Society on God's earth is this Privy Council.* Open covenants openly arrived at! *Vix haruspex haruspicum,* Mr. Wilson. O Arthur Balfour! And today, as yesterday, the Cecil's are still its Lloyd Georges, Laws, Carson's, Plunketts, DeLinas, and Hendersons. Progress we will by recognising these stubborn things—facts—the truth.

Mr. O'Hegarty says: "America will no more go to war with England for the sake of freeing Ireland than she went to war with Germany for the sake of freeing Belgium and Serbia." . . . The Irish abroad can give us no more direct assistance than they were able to give at Easter Week." The supposition here is all false. Why? (You know that we are fond of giving reasons for the faith that is in us. It is used to be a good old custom, but appears to be going the way of all flesh. Blank, categorical statements are quite the vogue.) Why? Because of a simple fact, but a fact of tremendous importance. Because there has been a magnificent change in America from pre-war days. Before we engaged in the European conflict there were comparatively only a small minority of even the Irish in America who were informed on Irish history, especially recent events. This minority were intelligent, energetic and localised. But they were in so vast a population of a hundred and ten millions a comparative few. It would be unfair to state that the majority of the race were not all right "at heart." Knowledge they had of the burning wrongs of dear old Ireland, but it was too vague to eventuate in practicality. The best that can be said of it is that it dwelt in the world of veillities. They should like to help, but their interest stopped there. But ever since America declared war the knowledge of Ireland's history, of interest in the cause of her independence, has extended in geometric progression so as to surpass the hopes and prayers of the most sanguine of what used to be called the extreme section, the minority who always steered for independence. *That progression is phenomenal.* I should almost go so far as to say that the Martyrs of Easter Week are now better known in America than in Ireland. Through the great length and breadth of the United States, in the north and in the south, in the east and in the west those glorious and noble dead are spoken of with rich praise and deep reverence. We who have lived up to a few months ago, through that change can hardly comprehend its vastness or predict what achievements lie ahead. The picture of the warmth and ardour of the enthusiasm for Irish Independence, and what is more vital and practical, the inflexible determination to see the thing through, to secure recognition of the Republic through the keeping of governmental solemn pledges, can hardly be overdrawn. No passing fever of enthusiasm, no ephemeral passion of devotion. Irish Independence through American recognition has become their first principle dominating their life and their thought. There is no fear of their turning back.

Change there has been—I had almost called it a revolution.

The British Raj.

"I suppose you'll have to bleed them soon. There's nothing like it. Next time they may have a demonstration ride then down, and if that is not enough pour in a volley. You'll bleed a few thousands of them, but it will be better for them in the long run. There's nothing like bleeding!"

—A British Colonial Premier to Winston Churchill.

The above illuminating admission is no more than the putting into words of the principle that has created the British Empire, and that holds it together. Very many people appear to think that we are only witnessing the application of it within the last two or three years: public opinion connects the Hun outbreaks at Arrisrart, Cairo, Thaurles with a governing method that used to be possessed exclusively by Prussia, but has now been grafted in some way on Britain. Public opinion in all matters not immediately domestic, though more alert and better organised now than at any time in history, is still greatly dependent on what news the capitalist sheets choose to print, and how they choose to interpret it. How many people who read the war news, knew about the great French mutiny at Verdun, knew why the French Fleet was withdrawn at Archangel? How many people heard of the fighting in Siberia between the Allies, of the plot to flood Western Europe with millions of Chinese labourers, and how nearly it succeeded, and of the Secret Council eight days before the war ended, which killed the Wilson peace and talked Gurman into the Armistice? How many Irish newspaper readers know that the French Government has released an army corps of black barbarians on the Palatinat, the homeliest and most civilised countryside in Europe? And of the conscript drafts from Tropical Africa, torn from their homes and naturally full of savage resentment against the white race, which are to be sent to Europe every year for strike breaking?

The existence of the British Empire, the last surviving Imperialism in the world, is the mainstay of capitalist ascendancy everywhere, and the main hindrance to a league of self-determining nations. The tabals in London control nearly fourteen million square miles of territory, either directly or by protectorates, suzerainties and mandates. Outside that they have varying and indeterminate influences on the policies of various "independent" States. They can suit themselves and their "raj" to every circumstance and every climate: some parts of the British Dominions possess institutions as democratic as Dakota's, whilst in Matabeleland and East Africa there is unmitigated slavery, and in the Punjab 2,000 unarmed citizens are shot down to adjust "Pooka Sahib" Dyer's "dignity."

Dominion participation in Imperial policy is now no more than a public fiction. No one has any real share in the government of India, Egypt, and Ireland, except the Jew K.B.E.s, the shipowners, a few newspaper proprietors, a small inner governing council, and certain pornographic magazines which have grown out of Big game women. The new nations in Australia, Canada, and South Africa, whilst nominally self-reliant, more disposed to transact business without using England as an intermediary, and more dissatisfied with a connection, which brings them neither honour nor profit, it is hardly necessary to say, are becoming more self-reliant, more disposed to transact business without using England as an intermediary, and more dissatisfied with a connection, which brings them neither honour nor profit. It is a men's General Herzeogs electoral struggle. It is a symptom of a beginning.

The real test of the rajs permanence was whether it could retain the allegiance of the Dominions as active partners. We do not now believe that it can, and that, in spite of its appearance of immense power and

misitation of outlook, of attitude. The new attitude of the majority has none of the indolence, impracticality, or apathy of the old. Where the intensely earnest and zealous (no half-measure minority) numbered scattered thousands, they are to-day millions on the *qui vive*, serious as impelled by a sacred responsibility, concentrated, organised, united by a singleness of purpose. The goal is clear as the noon-day sun. Until Irish Independence is secured they shall be sleepless.

Ireland's cause in America has acquired all the irresistible momentum of the inevitable. Of that assertion I feel as morally certain as I can about anything.

"They (the Irish in America) will never induce America to go to war with England." It is all very well to be a prophet. But events wait more upon the inexorable law of cause and effect than upon prophecy. "America cannot help us." This is simply an untruth—and an untruth never gains anything worth while. America can help. America has helped. And if Ireland practices the Ignation principle with which I started this article; America will be the aid sine qua non securing Irish Independence soon.

Abstracting, as one should, from bunkum, rot, and imperialistic nomenclature, is the case for which Emmet died a question? Have the immortal martyrs of Ireland died to "settle a problem or question"? Emphatically not. As elsewhere we wrote: There is no such thing as the Irish "question." To any unbiased mind it is neither "question" nor "problem." From the standpoint of history, from the standpoint of logic, of justice, of philosophy, of liberty, of unfettered thinking, we should never speak of the Irish "question" or "problem," but of the Irish cause. The former are of British usage, the latter is redolent of pure patriotism. By British mentality, obsessed with imperialism, Ireland's sacred cause is misnamed a "question" or "problem." Should Irishmen speak or think in terms of the Sassenach?

There is an element of truth in Mr. O'Hegarty's distinction that the Irish people in the past fought against and repudiated English rule more by words than by deeds. But we feel bound to protest against this half-truth. We deny that the tolerance and patience of the Irish people were in any sense a political assent or acquiescence. *Human will cannot be coerced.* The will of the Irish people was ever for complete separation. In justice to the generations gone, with due regard to history, with consideration for the human factor, we must affirm that the usurper's fist of mailed covetousness shackled their intellectually, imprisoned and handcuffed their human activities in ten thousand ways. Just as to-day the vice-like grip of the foreigner holds the banks, the railroads, the industries, the giving or the forbidding of the very commercial breath of the country, etc., etc., so that the nations elected representatives are practically powerless to loosen that grip. Yesterday the Irish people could scarcely function as human beings because of the weight of oppression. To-day there is great, marvellous progress, but it is practically impossible to function politically.

We have been long. Circumstances have made us unite scrappily. But we have posited the facts as we know them. We believe in the power of Truth, the whole Truth. We think with Mr. De Valera that this year will not set before the Day of the Dawn.

Our fathers fought the good fight, else we were not! We are blessed with decidedly more fighting opportunities. We are believers in the psychology of optimism. The last lap should arouse our utmost energies.

A very little, little let us do.

And all is done.

KVIN STROMA DORRIN

(An American.)

dominance, it is nevertheless deprecating and will soon end. Potentially, there is hardly a square-mile of the "governed" portion not in revolt. Simultaneously, the increased territorial responsibilities acquired at Versailles have made Churchill's garrisoning tasks still more heavy. In addition to continually reinforcing the Irish, Indian and Egyptian fronts, the British hold Constantinople, West Syria, and Mesopotamia, the Bagdad Railway, and the Batum-Baku route, and may be compelled to send troops to Persia or the Caucasian Republics at any moment—not from choice, but because it is the paradox of the raj that it must either be always aggrandising, or else cease to exist. Churchill is faced with the task of indefinitely keeping down all these insurgent populations with a small army of mercenaries, for the English people, subservient enough in all else, will not have conscription. Can he do it?

Why at this stage of the Empire's history there should be a "languor" in Ireland constituted for the purpose of turning Ireland into a British dominion defies the understanding. Laying aside every conception of Ireland as a historical European State, a separate nation with a distinctive language and institutions, a voluntary affiliation with the Empire would carry no single material advantage, and certainly no moral advantage in the eyes of the world. The time has passed when England controlled the world's carrying trade and owned more ships than all the other nations together. The centre of banking and credit has shifted from London to Wall Street. English mercantile ascendancy is gone and English naval ascendancy going. Lord Fisher's ghost of ten years ago would hardly impress anyone now. Are you aware that there are five bays of the world—the Cape of Good Hope, the Straits of Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, the Straits of Malacca, the Torres Straits, and that we hold them all. Aren't we the lost tribes? The Panama Canal has been completed in the meantime. Submarines got through England's keys during the war, and the commercial air routes will go over and around them. Finally, the development of wireless telegraphy and telephony must soon nullify England's grip on the cables.

We hardly expect Horace Plunket's mugwumps to know much about history, we do expect them to know something of economics, and from the most frank utilitarian point of view the Dominionisation of Ireland would be bad business—for Ireland.

JAMES CARTY.

The Economic Consequences of the Peace.

By John Maynard Keynes (MacMillan & Co.).

We have already published a review of the volume, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace." This book has proved to be an epoch-making work, influencing the policies of States and public opinion generally. In view of this fact the following series of quotations of vital passages will be read with great interest by our public. The author represented the British Treasury at the Peace Conference, his knowledge therefore is intimate and personal, and his authority to speak unquestionable.

It is a book about which all England and America are talking and thinking. Competent and honest, Mr. Keynes tells what went on at Paris with all the rare quality of candour.

The following extracts are notable.

Paris was a nightmare, and everyone there was

Clemenceau was by far the most eminent member of the Council of Four, and he had taken the measure of his colleagues. He alone had an idea and had considered it all its consequences. He had "objectivity and a definite outline in an environment of confusion" (20). According to Clemenceau's "vision of the future," Europe was to be a perpetual prize-fight, of which France has won the round, but of which this round is certainly not the last (31). Clemenceau's idea was a Carthaginian Peace (31-33).

The declared purpose of the author is "to show that the Carthaginian Peace is not practically right or possible" (33).

"... the collapse of the President has been one of the decisive moral events of history" (34).

"When President Wilson left Washington he enjoyed a prestige and a moral influence throughout the world unequalled in history" (34).

"In addition to this moral influence the realities of power were in his hands" (35).

"In the language of medical psychology, to suggest to the President that the Treaty was an abandonment of his professions was to touch on the raw a Freudian complex" (49).

"... political considerations cut disastrously across economic" (91).

"... the fraud, chicanery, and dishonour of the whole proceedings." "Lloyd George had pledged himself and his Government to make demands of a helpless enemy inconsistent with solemn engagements on our part, on the fulfilment of which this enemy had laid down his arms. There are a few episodes in history which posterity will have less reason to condone—a war ostensibly waged 'in defence of the sanctity of international engagements ending in a definite breach of one of the most sacred possible of such engagements on the part of the victorious champion of the ideals'" (134).

"Europe, if she is to survive her troubles, will need so much magnanimity from America that she must herself practice it" (136).

"Two different kinds of false statement had been widely promulgated, one as to Germany's capacity to pay the other as to the amount of the Allies' just claims in respect of the devastated area" (146).

"At 5 per cent. compound interest a capital sum double itself in fifteen years. At the end of any year in which Germany has less than this sum (the interest), she will owe more than she did at the beginning of it. It is in my judgment, as certain as anything can be, that Germany cannot pay anything approaching this sum. Until the Treaty is altered, therefore, Germany has in effect engaged herself to hand over to the Allies the whole of her surplus production in perpetuity" (153-154).

"The 'just treatment' of the subject of reparation does not wholly depend on our own pledges or on economic facts. The policy of reducing Germany to servitude for a generation, of degrading the lives of millions of human beings, and of depriving a whole nation of happiness, should be abhorrent and detestable—abhorrent and detestable ever."

if it were possible, even if it enriched ourselves, even if it did show the decay of the whole civilised life of Europe. Some reach it in the name of Justice. In the great events of man's history, in the unwinding of the complex facts of nations, Justice is not so simple. And if it were, nations are not authorised, by religion or by natural morals, to visit on the children of their enemies the misdoings of parents or of rulers" (209-210).

"An inefficient, unemployed, disorganised Europe faces us, torn by internal strife and international hate, fighting, starving, pillaging, and lying. What warrant is there for its picture of less sombre colours? ... the malady of the body passes over into the malady of the mind. ... Economic privation proceeds by easy stages, and so long as men suffer it patiently the outside world care little. Physical efficiency and resistance to disease slowly diminish, but life proceeds somehow, until the limit of human endurance is reached at last and counsels of despair and madness air the power of idea is sovereign, and he listens to whatever instruction of hope, illusion, or revenge is carried to him on the air" (233-235).

"I do not perceive in England the slightest possibility of catastrophe or any serious likelihood of a general upheaval of society" (237).

"The existence of the great war debts is a menace also financial stability everywhere. There is no European country in which repudiation may not soon become an important political issue" (231).

"If I had influence at the U.S. Treasury, I would not spend a penny to a single one of the present Governments of Europe. They are not to be treated with resources which they would devote to the furtherance of policies in repugnance to which, in spite of the President's failure to assert either the might or the ideals of the people of the U.S., the Republican and Democratic parties are probably united" (207).

"The impulse ... is now strong in the mind of the U.S. to be quit of the turmoil, the complication, the violence, the expense, and, above all, the unintelligibility of the European problems" (237).

KEVIN STROMA DORRINE.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

Men and Manners.

Are Irish people well-mannered? I confess that I cannot answer my query. So far as my experience of them goes I should be inclined to give an affirmative reply, but that experience is, on the whole, limited. My lot has been cast almost altogether in Dublin. I have no hesitation in saying that the inhabitants of our city are lacking in good manners. Now, I will go further, I will assert that their manners are actually bad. They—, I should say, perhaps—are downright rude.

I have no doubt that many will dissent from this sweeping, but none the less sincere, statement. A disinclination to admit the truth of something disagreeable is probably at the root of this unwillingness to assent to a proposition which is really so patent as not to need proof. There is a feeling also, no doubt, that quite enough folk take pleasure in making profit from abusing (or themselves) as to render such a proposition. But I hold that it is both patriotic and

praiseworthy for us to take stock of ourselves, to face our failings, and to see in what particulars we are in need of improvement. Too long have many of us been content to abide by the comforting theory that our virtues are our own and our vices the result of alien intercourse.

Before proceeding further I should like to state emphatically that I do not for a moment think that whether we are rude, drunken, slovenly or superstitious—to name but a few of the qualities we are frequently said to possess—makes the slightest difference to our claim to exercise to the full the rights of nationhood. We are what we are, and no one but ourselves has any authority to dictate to us. We may, however, very properly consider what is that we are, and for that reason I think it not out of place to comment on the ill-manners which seem to me a feature of Dublin life.

I stress the word "manners." It will be urged that a true politeness, that innate good taste which is the hallmark of "Nature's Gentleman" is an essentially Irish characteristic, and that is to be found in Dublin as well as elsewhere through the country. I shall not dispute that. None the less, our manners are bad. We lack grace, we lack at least outward culture. We are deficient in social tact, that quality which Wilde so aptly described as an exquisite sense of the symmetry of things.

This want of good manners is not distinctive of any one class of the community. To express myself more accurately and more grammatically I should say that bad manners are common to all classes. In a theatre, for instance, one is quite as likely to be struck by it in the dress circle as in the gallery. Indeed, in the former place it frequently finds more ample opportunity to display itself. Members of the audience come late and leave early. They talk during the performance. They smoke (where allowed) with a total disregard of the convenience of their neighbours (not that I would object to smoking where this pleasing practice is permitted, but there is such a thing as a suitable choice in the matter of pipes and tobacco). They munch ill-odoured sweets (a similar parenthesis here applies). Entrance and exit is made an opportunity for displaying "hostling" qualities which, if applied in other directions, might ere this have led to a higher condition of efficiency in our affairs.

The tram-car affords another example. The *navvies* is reached in this conveyance. The driver who will not pause for a would-be passenger if he be not in the mood; the conductor who collects fares with a courtesy only matched by that of a British officer conducting a raid; the voyagers who vie in displaying a want of consideration for each other's needs; all combine to make a journey by tram a most unpleasant experience. There is the same amount of "push" manifested in getting on or off a car that characterises the entering or quitting of a theatre. As for "moving-up" to accommodate a fresh entrant, this is about the last thing that enters into the mind of anyone who has secured a seat.

In churches too, things are just as bad. Here, where a spirit of holy humility might be expected to actuate the congregations, the same self-centredness is apparent. Rudeness in its essence is, after all, nothing more than "selfish indifference to the feelings of others." Naturally, I cannot speak with authority of the manners of worshippers who frequent temples other than those dedicated to the Faith to which I adhere, but I must state my conviction that the manners of Catholics are not to be regarded as superior to

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incivility extends even so far as discourtesy (unintentional of course) to the priest. To wait, for instance, until the Celebrant has left the altar is a refinement that comparatively few Catholics think of practising.

The man in the street, the man in the drawing-room, the man everywhere in Dublin seems to me to be a victim of this vice, and the term man must, I fear, include women also. Perhaps it may be conceded that women have a certain veneer, a superficial politeness, but it rarely ever stands a strain. Some there are, I know, who take pride out of this condition of things. They regard it as a display of vigour, of manliness, of virility, but personally I do not share this view. I have known geels, for example, who positively rejoiced in being made.

But perhaps I have said enough, if, indeed, not too much on this subject. In the interests of good manners it is time to stop.

WELSHLAND ROWE.

Shantung—How Like Ireland.

The following, which is a portion of an article from the Peking special correspondent of the *New Republic*—John Dewey, is remarkable for many reasons. Our readers will recall the secret treaties entered into by the Allies during the war, securing "rights" for Japan in China of the most imperialistic kind. Britain being a close ally of Japan and a supporter of the treaty is one of those responsible for the conduct of the Japanese in China. America has washed its hands of these treaties and in spite of Wilson is free of guilt. The methods adopted by Japan are apparently based on England's treatment of Ireland. Even the Conor's case is recalled by a similar treatment of a Chinese schoolboy. Many of our readers take a special interest in China to-day owing to the China Mission falling on the shoulders of Irish missionaries. It is curious that just at this moment Ireland is linked in close sympathy with the three great continents, China, Russia, and America; the basis of sympathy is different in each case but the bond of sincere feeling is stronger than at present realised. In Japan's excuse for invading China she even imitates England's excuse for holding Ireland.

American apologists for that part of the Peace Treaty which relates to China have the advantage of the illusions of distance. Most of the arguments seem strange to anyone who lives in China even for a few months. He finds the Japanese on the spot using the old saying about territory consecrated by treasure spent and blood shed. He reads in Japanese papers and hears from moderately liberal Japanese that Japan must protect China as well as Japan, against herself, against her own weak or corrupt government, by keeping control of Shantung to prevent China from again alienating that territory to some other power.

The history of European aggression in China gives this argument great force among the Japanese, who for the most part know nothing more about what actually goes on in China than they used to know about Korean conditions. These considerations, together with the immense expectations raised among the Japanese during the war concerning their coming domination of the Far East and the unswerving demand of excited public opinion in Japan during the Versailles Conference for the settlement that actually resulted, give an ironic turn to the statement so often made that Japan may be trusted to carry out her promises. Yes, one is often tempted to say, that is precisely what China

fears, that Japan will carry out her promises, for then China is doomed. To one who knows the history of foreign aggression in China, especially the technique of control, railway and finance, the irony of promising to keep economic rights while returning sovereignty lies so on the surface that it is hardly irony. China might as well be offered Kant's Critique of Pure Reason on a silver platter as sovereignty under such conditions. The latter is equally metaphorical.

A visit to Shantung and a short residence in its capital, Tsinan, made the conclusions, which so far as I know every foreigner in China has arrived at, a living thing, gave a vivid picture of the many and intimate ways in which economic and political rights are inextricably entangled together. It made one realise afresh that only a President who kept himself innocent of any knowledge of secret treaties during the war, could be naive enough to believe that the promise to return complete sovereignty retained only economic rights is a satisfactory solution. It threw fresh light upon the contention that at most and at best Japan had only taken over German rights, and that since we had acquired them in the latter's arrogations we had so far to make a fuss about Japan. It revealed the hollowess of the claim that pro-Chinese propaganda had wilfully misled Americans into confusing the few hundred square miles around the port of Tsing-tao with the Province of Shantung with its thirty millions of Chinese population.

As for the comparison of Germany and Japan one might suppose that the objects for which American nations entered the war had made, in any case, a difference. Aside from this consideration, the Germans exclusively employed Chinese in the railway shops and for all the main positions on the railway itself. The railway guards (the difference between police and soldiers is nominal in China) were all Chinese, the Germans merely training them. Soon as Japan invaded Shantung and took over the railway Chinese workmen and Chinese military guards were at once dismissed and Japanese imported to take their place. Tsinan-fu, the inland terminus of the ex-German railway, is over two hundred miles from Tsing-tao. When the Japanese took over the German railway business office, at once built barracks, and to-day there are several hundred soldiers still there—where Germany kept none. Since armistice even, Japan has erected a powerful military ward within the grounds of the garrison, against, of course, the unavailing protest of Chinese authorities. No foreigner can be found who will state that Germany used her ownership of port and railway to discriminate against other nations. No Chinese can be found who will claim that Chinese ownership was used to force the Chinese out of business, to extend German economic rights beyond those definitely assigned her by treaty. Common sense should also tell us even the highest paid propagandist in America that there from the standpoint of China, an immense distinction between a national menace located half way around the globe and within two days' sail over an inland sea absolutely controlled by a foreign navy, especially as the remote nation has other foothold and the nearby one already dominating

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territory of enormous strategic and economic value namely, Manchuria.

These facts bear upon the shadowy distinction between the Tsing-tao and the Shantung claim, as well as upon the old distinction between German and Japanese occupancy. There still seemed to be a thin wall between Japanese possession of the part of Tsing-tao and usurpation of the wall crumble. For the Japanese wireless and the barracks of the army of occupation are the first things that strike your eyes. Within a few hundred feet of the railway that connects Shanghai, via the important centre of Tientsin, with the capital, Peking, you see Japanese soldiers on the main Chinese street, guarding their barracks. Then you learn that if you travel upon the ex-German railway towards Tsing-tao, you are ordered to show your passport if you were entering a foreign country. And, as you travel along the road (remembering that you are over two hundred miles from Tsing-tao) you find Japanese soldiers at every station, and several garrisons and barracks at important points on the line. Then you realise that at the shortest possible notice Japan could cut all communications between northern China (together with the rich Yangste region) and the capital, and with the aid of the Southern Manchurian Railway at the north of the capital, hold the entire coast and ascend at its good pleasure upon Peking.

You are then prepared to learn from eye-witnesses that Japan made its Twenty-one Demands upon China, machine guns were actually in position at strategic points, throughout Shantung, with trenches dug and sandbags placed. You know that the Japanese liberal spoke the truth to you, after a visit to China and return to protest against the action of his government, that the Japanese had had such a military hold upon China that they could control the country within a week, after a minimum of fighting, if war should arise. You also realise the efficiency of special control of information and domestic propaganda as you recall that he also told you that these things were true at the time of his visit, under the Terauchi cabinet, but had been completely reversed by the present Hara ministry. For you have yet to find a single foreigner or Chinese who is conscious of any difference of policy, save as the end of the war has forced the necessity of more caution, since other nations can now look China-wards as they could not during the war.

An American can get an idea of the realities of the present situation if he imagines a foreign garrison and military wireless in Wilmington, with a railway from that point to a fortified seaport controlled by the foreign power, at which the foreign nation can land, without resistance, troops as fast as they can be transported, and with bases of supply, munitions, food, uniforms, etc., already located at Wilmington, at the seaport and several places along the line. Reverse the directions from south to north, and Wilmington will be for Tsinan-fu, Shanghai for New York, Nanking for Philadelphia, with Peking standing for the seat of government at Washington, and Gientsin for Baltimore. Suppose in addition that the Pennsylvania road is the sole means of communication between Washington and the chief commercial centres, and you have the framework of the existing picture as it presents itself daily to the inhabitants of China. Upon second thought, however, the parallel is not quite accurate. You have to add that the same foreign controls also all coast communications from, say, Raleigh southwards, with railway lines both to the nearby sea and to New Orleans; Port (still reversing directions) corresponds to the position of Imperial Japan in Manchuria with its railways to Dairen and through Korea a port twelve hours sail from a great military centre in

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Japan proper. These are not remote possibilities nor vague prognostications. They are accomplished facts.

Yet the facts give only the framework of the picture. What is actually going on within Shantung? One of the demands of the "postponed" group of the Twenty-one Demands was that Japan should supply military and police advisers to China. They are not so much postponed but that Japan enforced specific concessions from China during the war by diplomatic threats to reintroduce their discussion, or so postponed that Japanese advisers are not already installed in the police headquarters of the city of Tsinan, the capital city of Shantung, of three hundred thousand population where the Provincial Assembly meets and all the Provincial officials reside. Within recent months the Japanese consul has taken a company of armed soldiers with him when he visited the Provincial Governor to make certain demands upon him, the visit being punctuated by an ostentatious surrounding of the Governor's yamen by these troops. Within the past few weeks two hundred cavalry came to Tsinan and remained there while Japanese officials demanded of the Governor drastic measures to suppress the boycott, while it was threatened to send Japanese troops to police the foreign settlement if the demand was not heeded.

A former consul was indiscreet enough to put into writing that if the Chinese Governor did not stop the boycott and the students' movement by force if need be, he would take matters into his own hands. The chief tangible charge he brought against the Chinese as a basis of his demand for "protection" was that Chinese storekeepers actually refused to accept Japanese money in payment for goods, not ordinary Japanese money at that, but the military notes with which so as to save drain upon the bullion reserves, the army of occupation is paid. And all this, be it remembered, is more than two hundred miles from Tsing-tao and from eight to twelve months after the armistice. To-day's paper reports a visit of Japanese to the Governor to inform him that unless he should prevent a private theatrical performance from being given in Tsinan by the students, they would send their own forces into the settlement to protect themselves. And the utmost they might need protection from was that the students were to give some plays designed to foster the boycott!

Japanese troops overran the Province before they made any serious attempt to capture Tsing-tao. It is only a slight exaggeration to say that they "took" the Chinese Tsinan before they took the German Tsing-tao. Propaganda in America has justified this act on the ground that a German railway to the rear of Japanese forces would have been a menace. As there were no troops, but only legal and diplomatic papers with which to attack the Japanese, it is a fair inference that the "menace" was located in Versailles rather than in Shantung, and concerned the danger of Chinese control of their own territory. Chinese have been arrested by Japanese gendarmes in Tsinan and subjected to a torturing third degree of the kind that Korea has made sickeningly familiar. The Japanese claim that the injuries were received while the men were resisting arrest. Considering that there was no more legal ground for arrest than there would be if Japanese police arrested Americans in New York, almost anybody but the plainest Chinese certainly

would have resisted. But official hospital reports really lay beyond wounds and the marks of flogging. In the interim, where the Japanese had been disconcerted by the student propaganda, they raided a High School, seized a school boy at random, and took him to a distant point and kept him locked up several days. When the Japanese consul at Tsinan was visited by Chinese officials in protest against these illegal arrests, the consul disclaimed all jurisdiction. The matter, he said, was wholly in the hands of the military authorities in Tsing-tao. His disclaimer was emphasised by the fact that some of the kidnapped Chinese were taken to Tsing-tao for "trial."

The matter of economic rights in relation to political domination will be discussed in Part II of this article. It is no pleasure for one with many warm friends in Japan who has a great admiration for the Japanese people, a distinct from the ruling military and bureaucratic class, to report such facts as have been stated. One might almost say, one might positively say, from the standpoint of Japan itself, that the worst thing that can be charged against the policy of Japan in China for the last six years is its immeasurable stupidity. No nation has ever misjudged the national psychology of another people as Japan has that of China. The alienation of China is widespread, deep, bitter. Even the most pessimistic of the Chinese who think the China is to undergo a complete economic and political domination by Japan do not think it can possibly last even without outside intervention, more than half a century at most.

To-day, at the beginning of a new year, the boycott is much more complete and efficient than in the most tense days of last summer. Unfortunately, the Japanese policy seems to be under a truly Greek fate which drives it to concessions that would have produced a revulsion of feeling in favour of Japan a year ago will now merely save its surface of the wound. What would have been welcome even eight months ago would now be received with contempt. There is but one way in which Japan can now restore herself. It is nothing less than complete withdrawal from Shantung, with possibly a strictly commercial concession at Tsing-tao and a real, not a Manchurian, Open Door.

According to the Japanese-owned newspapers published in Tsinan, the Japanese military commander in Tsing-tao recently made a speech to visiting journalists from Tokyo in which he said: "The suspicions of China cannot now be allayed merely by repeating that we have no territorial ambitions in China. We must attain complete economic domination of the Far East. But if Sino-Japanese relations do not improve, some third party will reap the benefit. Japanese residing in China incur the hatred of the Chinese for they regard themselves as the proud citizens of a conquering country. When the Japanese go into partnership with the Chinese they manage in the greater number of cases to have the profits accrue to themselves. If friendship between China and Japan is to depend wholly upon the government it will come to nothing. Diplomats, soldiers, merchants, journalists should represent the fact. The change must be complete." But it will not be complete until the Japanese withdraw from Shantung, leaving their national flag there upon the footing of other foreigners in China.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

War in Ireland.

The Editor of the *Irish Times* has made a discovery.
He writes: "The British Government and the Irish
Executive must look facts in the face. Some 80 or 90
public outrages in a single night scattered over the whole
country represent far more than lawlessness or disorder.
They represent a state of war." It is nearly time that the
Editor of the *Irish Times* should look facts in the face. If
there is war in Ireland, what has he to say of the treatment
meted out to the Irish prisoners of war by the British
Government? In Mountjoy Prison our men are dying, and
we are not going to forget that or forgive it. What civilised
power is there in these days which throws its prisoners of
war into prison?

Commenting on a phrase in the *Friseman's Journal*,
the Editor of the *Irish Times* says: "Patience is perhaps a
curious synonym for incendiarism." But there are even
more curious synonyms than that. There are "moderate
men of all sections," which is Mr. Healy's synonym for
the Kildare Street Club, and there is "law and order,"
which is his synonym for brutality, deportation, and every
variety of punishment from single arrest up to murder.

The Question of Killing.

No man of Ireland, of any party, likes the taking of
human life, no man, let us say, save Mr. Healy. This is
what he wrote on the 1st of May, 1916: "The State has
struck, but its work is not yet finished. The surgeon's
knife has been put to the corruption in the body of Ire-

land, and its course must not be stayed until the whole
malignant growth has been removed. In the words of
history weakness to-day would be even more criminal than
the indifference of the last few months. Sedition must be
rooted out of Ireland once for all. The rapine and blood-
shed of the past week must be finished with a severity
which will make any repetition of them impossible for many
generations to come." To kill in fair fight is one thing,
but to kill as England killed after this recommendation, to
kill in the cold-blooded and deliberate manner that shocked
all Ireland, is murder. Who began it, Mr. Surgeon's
knife, Healy? Who maintains it?

The Morality of It.

The morality of killing is a thing which in the present
circumstances we cannot discuss. The dice are loaded.
But this thing we may say. That there is in Ireland no
"terror" save the terror that expresses itself in tanks and
armoured cars, and that all the things which have
happened in Ireland and which are grouped together by
English journalists and Irish cravens like Mr. Healy and
labelled "crime and outrage" are things which have the
full moral support of the people of this country, and which
this country is prepared to justify before its peers. More
we cannot say, and more we need not say. It is not Ire-
land but England which is at the bar of opinion; it is not
Ireland but England which has elaborated a terror in this
country and calls it law and order. And it is Ireland, and
not England, which is going to win this war.

The Next Offensive.

The offensive conducted by Lord French and Mr.
Macpherson having failed, the new offensive has been
entrusted to Mr. Eamon Greenwood and Sir Nevill
Macready, the qualifications of the one apparently being
that he is a brute, and of the other that he is a fool. But we
have dealt with other brutes and other fools, and when the
particular specific of this couple has been tried and found
wanting they, too, will go the way of their predecessors.
Mr. Greenwood, who thinks that his appointment will be
an earnest to America that England means well, must be a
champion idiot. It isn't America he has to persuade, but
Ireland. Whereas Sir Macready, who proposes to have
20,000 of us in prison or in the Scrubs or in some other
Scrubs in a month or so—what a coldly stupid brain he
must have!

Disinterested Advice.

To the English Government, and their advisers and
spotters in this country, we give sound advice. There was
an English soldier who, in the seventeenth century, con-
descended to justify the killing of Irish babies. He said,
tersely, "Nits will be lice." It is the only way of settling
the Irish question in a way which will be satisfactory to
England. On the other hand, should this advice be dis-

asteful, or should it become impracticable, we offer alternative advice. Take up that which is "the particular pride and glory of the English-speaking race," the English Bible, and turn to the second book of Moses, the book of the Exodus, and read the story of him who "would not let the people go," to wit Pharaoh.

England will let us go, or, before God, we will break up her Empire, so that there shall be not one stone of it on another.

Then shall the heathen people say,
The multitude being at ease;
Lo, this is that Abolition
Whose name was blown among strange seas,
Grown old with soft adulteries.

Her raiment was a strong man's spoil;
Upon a table by a bed
She set mine incense and mine oil
To be the beauty of her head,
In chambers walked about with red.

Therefore the wrath of God shall be
Set as a watch upon her way;
And whose findeth by the sea
Blown dust of bones will hardly say
If this were that Abolition.

The Ireland of to-day has set its teeth hard, and will not be cowed. Lloyd George and Bonar Law have declared, in effect, that the British Empire must be broken up before Ireland is let go. If Ireland be held till then the British Empire will be broken up. The time has gone by when this country would bargain with England, or would compromise with her. We demand the evacuation of Ireland by England absolutely and unconditionally. And the longer England persists in interfering here the worse it will be for her Empire in the long run. England may be Lord of the far-flung battle line, but we also have a somewhat far-flung battle line. And in the last year we have done England far more damage than she has done us.

A Long War.

England is evidently prepared for a long war. So must we be. We have a definite and a clear objective, an objective which, once reached, can be so consolidated as to be practically impregnable. Let us always remember that objective, and let us always make it clear that that is our objective. No line short of that line can be safely consolidated, for a line short of that line will be clear of the enemy artillery. In that, and not in militarisation, the danger lies. The lesson of history for this country is that so long as there is any political connection between Ireland and England, be it ever so slight, there is danger to Ireland. The Times is at present straining every nerve to induce the Government so to alter the Partition Bill as to make it what is called a settlement satisfactory to reasonable opinion, knowing well that if Ireland can be induced to accept a settlement which is not independence it will be an easy matter to upset that settlement whenever it shall seem necessary. It advocates turning the Republican flank by the grant of "a generous measure of self-government," not because it believes in self-government in Ireland, but because it sees that unless the majority of people here can be induced to accept some sort of Home Rule, Ireland will gain complete independence. There is some foundation for the belief that a generous semi-Dominion scheme would

regalvanise into life the "Constitutional party," but any body who imagines that Ireland is going to accept anything less than independence is living in a fool's paradise. There is no longer any disposition anywhere in Ireland to accept any offer from England, any trust of England. We want to be done with England and her insolence once and for all.

The Shame of France.

As we read the account of the murder of six German civilians, including two women, at Frankfurt, it almost seemed to us that we were reading of the Berkshire explosion at Portobello Bridge. France sent coloured troops to occupy German towns, and these troops proceeded to maintain "law and order" in the manner in which British troops here are accustomed to do it. We can foresee at when this will be not the least of the things for which France will pay.

The Joke of the Week.

"I am able to tell the truth about Ireland as I look at the authority of the Lord Lieutenant"—the young man in the Daily Express.

We find it necessary to offer our apologies for the error in the spelling of the names Eamon de Valera and Liam de Roiste. One phrase from the Notes, owing to a unfortunate error, requires repeating here. It is: "Within the past few months Ireland's leaders and friends in America will put forth a supreme effort to aid victory, and to get from the United States complete recognition of the Irish Republic. That is the direct road towards a really International settlement of the Irish question."

An Ulster Presbyterian in America.

WASHINGTON.—The Reverend J. A. H. Irwin, Presbyterian Minister from a large parish near Belfast, in the north of Ireland, has come to this country to present the case of the Irish Protestants who are in favour of self-determination for the Irish nation. In the statement which he gave of yesterday from his hotel, Dr. Irwin attacked the Carson delegation, recently in this country, on the grounds that they had made a deliberate attempt to raise a religious issue which does not exist in Ireland. He said that Sir Edward Carson had attempted to raise the religious issue only when every other effort on his part had failed. "It is absolutely untrue," said Dr. Irwin, "that all Catholics in Ireland belong to the Nationalist party, just as it is most obvious untrue that all Protestants are Unionists." Dr. Irwin said that the so-called Unionists would not be afraid to attempt to protect their own rights in an Irish Parliament. "Do you mean to say that we could not look to our own in a Dublin Parliament, even if we were in a mere minority?" said Dr. Irwin. "You bet we could and more. Further, it is stupid to think that a Dublin Parliament would legislate to the detriment of any part of Ireland." He said that at present Irish Episcopalians hold eighty per cent. of the positions of honour and emolument in Ireland, despite the fact that they form only ten per cent. of the population. Dr. Irwin, besides being Minister of the congregation of Killead, a large parish in the County of Antrim, near Belfast, is manager of four National Schools and interested in the vital social problems of Ireland to-day. He

is held by only one other man.

I have come to the United States mainly because I feel that the Irish issue is likely to be misconstrued to the American public, and especially to the Protestant American public. I knew that a deputation was sent to represent the extreme Unionist opinion, and I knew that the Southern aspect was capably presented by Mr. De Valera and his friends, but I felt that there was an entirely different aspect before the American people. I am here entirely on my own initiative, and I am most anxious to put before my colleagues in America what I consider the true Protestant position. I am not a politician, and I belong to no political party or organisation of any shade or colour. I have tried to free myself from all prejudices and preconceptions, and look at the question from the standpoint of the ordinary Protestant Irishman.

It is absolutely and entirely false to say that the issue is a religious one. True, the majority of Irish people are Catholics, and true the Catholic element is largely in favour of independence, while the Unionist support largely comes from the Protestant element, but here the whole truth and the real religious aspect of the question ends. It is not at all true that all Catholics are in favour of self-government. We have such a man as Dr. Denis Henry, a staunch Catholic, representing a mainly Protestant constituency in Unionist interests.

It is still less true that all Protestants are Unionists. Many of the Irish leaders of the past were Protestants. Isaac Butt, the son of an Irish Presbyterian Minister, and Charles Stewart Parnell, an Irish Protestant, held the confidence of all Irishmen as few have ever done, and thousands of Protestants are strongly in favour of self-determination and of an immediate and permanent settlement of the Irish question, which is polluting and corrupting the whole public life, not only of Ireland, but of the world. Again, all the English Catholics, including the late Duke of Norfolk and his brother, Lord Edmund Talbot, who were the staunchest Catholics probably in the world, were also equally staunch Unionists. If the question were a religious one in the sense of Catholic and Protestant, these men would have undoubtedly been on the other side.

The question is purely political and economic. There is, of course, a moral and religious side of it in which I am most interested, and of which I wish to speak, but there is no sectarian difficulty whatever, absolutely none, and all this attempt to cloud the issue by stirring up sectarian strife is to my mind the prostitution of religion. Sir Edward Carson, whose credit he said, never appealed to sectarian passions until now. He has allowed himself and his followers to use it as the last refuge of a defeated politician. He knows that it is the only weapon he can use with effect on the American people, who are lovers of freedom and justice, and who he knows would resent any form of Catholic aggression. More than half of our Unionists refused to sign the Ulster Covenant, and many of those who did sign it did so under protest for fear of persecution on the part of some of their influential members. Less than five per cent. of my own congregation signed it.

How could Ulster fare in an Irish Parliament?

In the first place nobody knows where or what Ulster is. If you take the ordinary Province, nine Counties, the majority of these are for self-determination. If you don't take the nine Counties, what can you take? County Armagh is all but equally divided. Derry, South Derry, is on the balance. Derry City is overwhelmingly Nationalist. Donegal, is almost entirely Nationalist. Antrim, North, swings between Nationalism and Unionism at different elections, and Belfast has its Fall Division almost solidly Nationalist. You cannot cut up a country in this way. If you mean, however, by "Ulster," not a geographical area, but a religious designation, meaning the Ulster Protestants—how would they fare?

What do you take us Ulster Protestants for—a pack of cowards who will only fight when assured of sufficient support behind us? Do you mean to say we could not hold our own in a Dublin Parliament even if we were in a three to one minority? You bet we could, and more. Further, it is stupid to think that a Dublin Parliament could legislate to the detriment of any portion of Ireland.

The opposite is just the case at present. The British Government occasionally discriminates in favour of Belfast to the detriment of the rest of Ireland, and especially of rural Ulster, as, for example, on the flax question. If, under an Irish Parliament, more positions of trust and importance should be filled by Roman Catholics, it will become Irish Protestants, and especially Irish Episcopalians, to protest, as they at present hold over eighty per cent. of the positions of honour and emolument, although they are only ten per cent. of the population. Is it any wonder that certain Protestants object to self-determination?

So far from expecting ill-treatment, we as a Church have, from our unbroken experience of our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen for generations, good reason to expect the contrary treatment. We have small bodies of Presbyterians in every part of the South and West of Ireland, and these people and their Ministers have experienced nothing but kindness at the hands of their Catholic neighbours, and very often they have got substantial help for their Church funds from Roman Catholics. And no matter what tomfoolery was being carried on by the extreme Protestant sections in the South, where the facilities for retaliation were so easy, were never disturbed.

No Protestant in any part of Ireland to-day is living in fear and trembling lest he may be murdered or attacked, as he is sometimes represented, and in fact he is no way intimidated on account of his religion. There can be no difficulty in this respect, as there is a common standard of morality held by all sections of Irishmen, and I say it with pride that the standard of sexual morality in Roman Catholic Ireland is the highest of any country in the world. Note.—Reverend J. A. H. Irwin, M.A., B.D., Ph.D., Minister of the congregation of Killead, a large parish in the County of Antrim, near Belfast, Ireland, is associated with the general Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church. He is manager of four national schools and has succeeded in building, even during the war, what is generally

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He is a member of most of the leading Committees of the Irish Presbyterian Church (including the Committee in correspondence with the British Government), and takes an active part in their work. He is also Synodical Convener of the Sustentation Fund of the Irish Presbyterian Church, the mainstay and support of three-fourths of its Ministers. He is also a Director of the Widows' Fund of the same Church, the fund which maintains the widows and orphans of its Ministers.

He has long been in close touch with vital social problems in Ireland in his capacity of member of the Presbyterian Health Insurance Society, which administers the benefits of the Health Insurance Act for the greater part of the Presbyterian insured persons throughout all Ireland. He is also Vice-President of the County Antrim Insurance Committee, which is combating tuberculosis throughout the County, both under the Irish Commissioners of National Insurance and the County Council. He is also Treasurer of the Women's National Health Association, Antrim Branch, under the presidency of Lady Aberdeen.

In regard to his scholastic standing he took first place in Ireland in the M.A. Degree, and secured the B.D. Degree from the Irish Presbyterian Faculty. He obtained the Ph.D. Degree of the National University, a distinction only held by one other individual in the world.

He led a debate in the General Assembly last year in favour of excluding from membership in the Church all who were engaged in the liquor traffic.

In addition to his ministerial duties he owns and operates a large farm of almost 200 acres, over 60 of which are this year under the plough. He is also a member of the Ulster Farmers' Union, and has been asked just before leaving to allow himself to be nominated a member of their Executive Committee. He has spoken frequently at their public meetings.

An Creabhar.

"Nunc est hibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus."

Lá n-éigin dá rhabhas na cúigeair.
Fear n-aerach ag díogach gan tús
Do thugas fé ndeara creabhar fuadach
Ar folumhain tmeach an chláir.
Diaibh éigin, más cruán é mo thuaign
Ab'eadh an creadóir sin dá g'radh.
Agus rithoit í mar pháistín droch-éistreach,
Ní bínn liom im' chlais do chrónán.

A dhaoine, an Bíobla do thabharfáinn
Nach creabhar é sin thús, mar do mhéadham,
Acht an Chiall do tháinig dáir mhéidíní eadh
I mb'éigriocht creabhar shuaráigh gan áird.
Féach air í mar chladhair ag tur míc
Anachán éirigh as áir!
Rith ort í mar pháistín droch-éistreach
Ní bínn liom im' chlais do chrónán.

An Chiall gur' áil léi ár rúsairt,
Adeir sí, "Cuir suas de í d'áth."
"Is am áit, a chéitic gan mhéineadh
"Bhéith tursach d'áir ós mo áit!"
Cómhairle nach annámh do chuala
Nuair ba mhó a's ba shuairce an pháistín—
Acht, rith ort, a pháistín droch-éistreach
Ní bínn liom im' chlais do chrónán!

An chiall atá ann agus fonn dírtí
A caig gan dhírtí do sráth!
Leadhó í mar ábhaithín duairceach í!
A Chupid! do chongranná do'n dáimh!
Im' baiste! ní fada a cúrsa
Má bhualleann, cómgar do lám,
Rith ort, mar pháistín droch-éistreach
Ní bínn liom im' chlais do chrónán!

Máth an ball in a raibh tu an uair sin!
Sídd an áitid do bhuaidhir sinn dá háth!
In san ghloine mhaith fionn, a mháthúr,
Do scárdas gan chéintín im' dháil.
Seo í dísimis sláinte fé thuarim
An ábhaithín d'fhag creabhar duibh ar áir
Agus rith ort! a pháistín droch-éistreach
Ní bínn liom im' chlais do chrónán!

Ar maidín í n-brách do bhí chógáinn-né
Lar ndáisceacht bhí panta im' chnámha
Agus mise, deanteann no chógir!
In ár spreabán ar fuaid an uiridí.
Mar bhár ar gach mlotha bhuarh mé
Cad d' áirciochtaigh ag gluaiseach go b'árd
Acht an creabhar úd do mhóstuigh in suaicéas
Nó a thaidhbhise agus samhair a chrónán.

L. S. Gosset.

"God Save Ireland."

By Henry W. Nevison.

Portion of article from Foreign Affairs.

It is a prayer that I suppose even an Englishman may use, and there was never more need of it than now. For, indeed, the present condition of Ireland under England's violent repression is both pitiful and threatening. Speaking to the Equity Club on March 9, Mr. Asquith said: "We have reached a stage in the history of the nations of these two islands in which it makes all the difference whether you take a wide and generous or a foolish and grudging course." Foolish our present course certainly is, but you can hardly call a course grudging when you begin to confer an undesired favour upon a man by bludgeoning his head. Worse agents of English policy could hardly have been chosen than Lord French and Mr. Jan Macpherson. Lord French has done high service in his time as a soldier, and would still retain a high military reputation if he had not written a book. But he has no conception of national or political life. He has no conception of peace but under armed suppression, and his ideas of statecraft may be judged by his saying that the disturbed condition of Ireland is due to the presence of 200,000 young men who, in ordinary times, would have emigrated, but were kept in their country by the war. Mr. Jan Macpherson possesses the temperament most at variance with the Irish nature. His speech during the war about providing "clean women" for our soldiers in France would by itself have set all Ireland against him, and in administration he has shown himself ill-tempered, suspicious, and fearful—just the defects that Ireland most despises, and is happily free from. He also talks of 200,000 men. He really forms an armed force in Ireland. It is a queer coincidence.

I need not dwell upon the present persecution of Irish patriots—the midnight searches in private houses, the arrests and imprisonments without charge or trial, the brutal treatment of my friend, Mr. William O'Brien; the Labour leaders

Such incidents recall what I saw of the Russian tyranny under the Tsar. Equally characteristic of tyranny is the suppression of public meeting, of association, and of newspapers. I do not know the exact number of British troops now employed to hold Ireland as a conquered country. The lowest estimate is 35,000, the highest 70,000. They are provided with tanks and aeroplanes. They hold the bridges and tactical points with fixed bayonets. They are used in searches and arrests. It is a terrible position for kindly and good-natured men like our soldiers. In excuse our Government pleads disorders and assassinations. There were no disorders or assassinations when the process of suppression began. If the Government stamps upon a nation like the Irish, what does it expect? Are members of the Cabinet as ignorant of Ireland as of Russia? Or when they are smiling upon the "self-determination" of peoples whom few in Government or other circles had even heard of before the war, do they expect that the Irish, of whom I suppose they have heard, will sit still and say nothing?

From Abroad.

I.—The Case for Egypt.

By Saad Zagloul.

(Quoted from Foreign Affairs.)

(Saad Zagloul Pasha was the Vice-President of the Legislative Assembly in Egypt before it was dissolved. He has been Egyptian Minister of Education and was the head of the Egyptian Delegation to the Peace Conference in Paris. He is one of the most distinguished of living Egyptians.—Ed. Foreign Affairs.)

Egypt is an ancient country, with ancient history and traditions and a civilisation which she has never to this day lost. At one period of her history Egypt was one of the Turkish dominions. The Egyptians, however, wished to be independent, and so ardent was their wish that they went to war against Turkey, in which war Egyptian arms triumphed over Turkish arms. But when the victors were about to enter Constantinople the Powers intervened, and compelled them to withdraw their troops on the plea of preserving the "balance of power." The treaty of 1840 was made, and Egypt was granted complete independence so far as the management of her internal affairs was concerned. Ever since Egypt enjoyed that independence, and expanded it, until a time arrived when Egypt's connection with Turkey became purely nominal.

In 1882 the Egyptians rose against privileges accorded to certain alien races, such as the Turks and Circassians, privileges which guaranteed to them certain high posts in the Government of Egypt, and the granting of titles, etc., and which aimed at the control of Egyptian affairs by these alien races. The rising ended in what has now become widely known as the Arabi Revolution. The British intervened to restore order, and to maintain the Khedive in power, declaring at the same time, as indeed they had promised before the Occupation, that the Occupation would be only temporary. More than sixty such declarations and pledges have been made in all, each one pointing to the same thing, viz., that Great Britain undertakes to withdraw from Egypt once quiet and order are restored. Although this Egypt once quiet and order have been long since restored, British promise and pledges in Egypt have not been kept.

When the world-war broke out in 1914, England declared a British Protectorate over Egypt, on the understanding that it was only a war measure, i.e., a temporary measure, deemed necessary at the time, but which would be abolished immediately British arms triumphed over Germany and Turkey. It was a measure to provide for the independence of Egypt.

(Vide His Britannic Majesty's cablegram to the late Sultan Hussein, which appeared in the Times of December 21, 1914: "I feel convinced that you will be able, with the co-operation of your Ministers and the protection of Great Britain, to overcome all influences which are seeking to destroy the independence of Egypt.")

When Great Britain declared war against Germany Egypt immediately followed her example. The Egyptians were in entire sympathy with the ideals in defence of which the British nation took up arms. They felt sure that the great conflict between the forces of democracy and the forces of autocracy, between principles based on rights and fiat based on a brighter future. They believed with Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George that the triumph of Great Britain and her Allies would establish the world on a new foundation. For this reason they were glad to fight until the sanctity of treaties, the rights of small nations, the existence of an international morality were recognised throughout the world. In appealing to her Dominions, her Colonies, and the non-European races, over whom she was suing for aid in blood and treasure, Great Britain made it perfectly clear that in her opinion the world was no longer big enough to contain two moralities, one for Europe, and another for Asia and Africa.

During the long years of war, in which Egypt suffered with the British, and helped them to bear the burden, she was repeatedly told that when the final settlement came, none who had helped in the common cause would be forgotten. Field-Marshal Lord Allenby—the most competent man in the world to make such a statement—declared publicly that the aid of Egypt was the most important factor in the success of the decisive British campaign against the Turks. Was she not entitled then to look forward to the defeat of Germany as her day of Independence?

When the Armistice was declared a delegation composed of representatives of the Legislative Assembly, and of notables, was formed to claim Egypt's independence. The members asked to be allowed to go to London, but the military authorities in Egypt not only refused their permission, but forbade any Egyptian to leave the country, and when the delegation persisted in their demand four of them were arrested and deported to Malta.

At this the Egyptian people became alarmed and angry, and demanded the immediate release of their leaders. Peaceful demonstrations were held in protest against this illegal act, and against the refusal by the military authorities to allow the other members of the delegation to leave Egypt. The demonstrators, however, were met with the rifle and machine-

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gun fire of the British troops, and, as if all this were not enough, aeroplanes were also used to suppress these peaceful demonstrations. The military authorities were ruthless, and many were the casualties. Such was the treatment Great Britain accorded to her Egyptian allies. The Egyptians, however, were not to be turned from their purpose, indeed the treatment meted out only served to make them more determined, but no opportunity was missed through which publicly to manifest their feeling. Eventually, these feelings reached such a pitch that the British Government were compelled to set free the leaders it had deported to Malta, and permission was at once given to the other members of the delegation to go to any destination they chose. But it was too late. The British Government had already used its influence at the Peace Table, and the Egyptian delegates were refused a hearing.

The Milner Mission.

The next move of the British Government was to pretend ignorance as to the real causes of the disturbances in Egypt, although it will know that the only object of the Egyptian movement was the demand for complete independence. A commission under Lord Milner was, therefore, formed to go to Egypt to investigate the causes of the rising, and incidentally to see what sort of self-government in Egypt could be granted under the Protectorate. The Egyptian people, however, realised the essential difference between their object and the object for which the Mission was to be sent to Egypt; they realised that the Mission's object was nothing less than to rob them of their independence, and to establish the Protectorate, and consequently they decided unanimously that the Milner Mission was to be boycotted, and this decision was declared publicly. Again, the British Government turned a deaf ear, and treated the declaration with contempt, and their Mission at last arrived in Egypt. Means—crude means—were employed to compel the Egyptians to meet it, but not a single Egyptian could be persuaded to do so. So unanimous was the boycott that it cannot be said that there was even one exception, and the Milner Mission, both as a body and individually, absolutely failed to gain access to or win over a single Egyptian. In the unanimous boycott of the Mission, the Egyptians have shown wonderful solidarity; all classes were agreed and united—Moslem and Christian, peasant and labourer, merchants, men and women—all were of one and the same mind. Crestfallen, the Mission was compelled to return to London after three months of useless absence. Its members must surely by now be convinced that nothing less than complete independence will satisfy the inhabitants of the Nile Valley.

I have no doubt but that the Mission after its experience has come to one proper conclusion regarding the will of the Egyptians, and I do not doubt but that when it lays its report before the British Government and public the Mission will frankly and honestly tell them of the lesson it learned from its visit to Egypt. I have no doubt but that it will make clear that nothing can be gained by treating Egypt unjustly, and that the most satisfactory solution of the Egyptian question would be for the British Government to respect the rights of these weaker nations, and the fulfilment by Great Britain of her promises and pledges to Egypt.

SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN OR WINTER.
SHAVING WHILE U WAIT.
J. MALLON, 30, Eden Quay.

De Valera's Quotation of Cuban Treaty Proves his Statesmanship.

(Editorial in the New York Journal, March 1, 1920.)

Anyone who talks to President De Valera feels the profound sincerity of the man. He is composed of candour and integrity. And if ever the fire of enthusiasm for a noble cause burned in a fearless heart and a sane, capable mind, it so burns in the heart and mind of Eamonn De Valera.

When the Irish chieftain speaks from the public platform no audience of his is free from the agents of England listening to every word, in the hope that some careless phrase may be uttered which can be twisted or misrepresented to convey a false impression of the speaker's meaning. It is an old, old trick of politics, at which the English are past masters, and at which many Americans, too, are adepts.

And it is remarkable how the Irish President has succeeded, in the course of hundreds of speeches, in presenting the Irish argument for freedom with powerful emphasis, and in avoiding at the same time the traps of his enemies, all set to catch a sentence, a clause, a word, that might be represented to his disadvantage, or used to shake the confidence of Americans and Irishmen in his devotion to the cause of Irish independence.

The only attempt to use one of President De Valera's public utterances to discredit the sincerity of his devotion to Ireland's demand for her complete liberty and complete independence of England has been very recently made, and we are bound to say, very cunningly made, and also, we are glad to say, very unsuccessfully made.

Argument of English Security.

The occasion arose in this way:

The only argument made by the advocates of English rule over unwilling Ireland that appeals at all to Americans is the argument that England's security demands English control of Ireland.

Replying to that argument, President De Valera very sensibly conceded that no Irishmen could reasonably deny that Englishmen acted naturally in wishing to insure the safety of England, just as any other people naturally desire to insure the safety of their own country; first of all, and proceeded to argue that England's safety could be far better secured by the neighbourhood of an independent, free, sovereign, satisfied Ireland, than by the neighbourhood of a sullen, resentful Ireland, occupied by an English army, hated with a deadly hatred, and resisting with every possible device of desperate men and women the alien rule and the alien occupation of their country.

Illustrating this sensible reply and this sensible appeal to British self-interest, the Irish President cited the first paragraph of the recognition of the independence and sovereignty of Cuba by the United States, and asked why a recognition of the independence and sovereignty of Ireland by England in the words of that paragraph would not afford England security and Ireland her rightful place among the free nations of the world.

We cannot imagine a more statesmanlike or sane suggestion. Yet this very suggestion gave a handle to the British enemies of Ireland, and to some Americans, who were deceived by British cunning, to misrepresent the clear meaning and intent of President De Valera, and to foment dissension in Irish ranks which might have been disastrous to the Irish cause in America had the confidence and trust

of the mass of the Irish Americans in President De Valera not been so unshaken.

President De Valera quoted only the first paragraph of the recognition of Cuba's independence, which is:

"That the Government of Cuba shall never enter into a treaty or other compact with any foreign power or powers which will impair by tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorise or permit any foreign power or powers to obtain by colonisation of, for military or naval purposes, or otherwise, lodgment in or control over any portion of said island."

There are other stipulations in the articles of recognition, especially applicable to the relations then existing between Cuba and the United States, but NOT applicable to the relations between Ireland and England—and these stipulations which are not applicable to Ireland and England, President De Valera did not quote or endorse.

Nevertheless, here was an opportunity—no matter how strained—for misrepresentation which his enemies had long sought, and with which they temporarily deceived some excellent Irish-Americans.

It was shouted from the house-tops that De Valera was willing "to Cubanise" Ireland; that De Valera was willing to submit Ireland to British Suzerainty; that De Valera was willing to sacrifice the substance for the shadow of independence, and so on and so on, to the end of the false chapter.

Now, President De Valera did nothing of the kind, suggested nothing of the kind, and—if we know him aright—would die as bravely as he fought and risked death in the Easter Revolution, before he would even listen to anything of the kind.

Recognition of Sovereignty.

The paragraph of the recognition of Cuban independence which President De Valera quoted—and which was the only paragraph he quoted—is as full and complete a recognition of independence and sovereignty as any nation could grant to another.

The only stipulation as to independence is that Cuba shall never agree with any foreign nation "to impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba;" and the only condition is that Cuba shall not permit any foreign power to rule any parts of Cuba, or to make Cuba a base for foreign military or naval forces.

[NOTE.—Here follow certain statements which have been covered by remarks made in a recent issue, and in particular a portion of E. De Valera's statement, which we published in full the week before last.—E.P.O.]

President De Valera proved his courage and capacity as a fighting man when he faced death for the Republic in that famous Easter week.

And by the statement here quoted he proved his calibre as a statesman and wise leader.

No honest man, honestly seeking an honest meaning, can possibly see in President De Valera's words, any hint, or suspicion of a hint, of abating Ireland's demand for full independence by so much as the breadth of a hair.

The whole argument is that if England were sincere she could offer a recognition of the Irish Republic and obtain perfect assurance of her own safety in four different ways, and that since England refuses to do this, she is shown to be insincere by her own act, and her argument that Irish independence would be fatal to her own safety is proven to be a subterfuge and a falsehood.

It is fortunate for the cause of Ireland that this unwarranted effort to injure President De Valera and discredit him with his own people has only caused all who admire and trust him to admire and trust him still more.

If such a palpably false accusation could disrupt the Irish people, the supporters of Irish independence in America would feel much astonished and much disheartened.

NOTE.—We are genuinely delighted to be able to publish the above. We think it opportune to add here a quotation from the Washington correspondent of the *London Times*. He is angry and thats the best sign of all.

Mr. De Valera's Methods.

The New York correspondent of the *Times*, telegraphing yesterday states: De Valera speaking last night before a meeting of the *Clan-na-Gael* supporters, who began their proceedings by passing a resolution protesting, "we are loyal to the United States," declared that he intended to return to Ireland as soon as "the mission for which I have come to America is accomplished." The so-called Irish President, appealing daily to the Legislatures and other public bodies of this country for the recognition of "the Irish Republic," supports his appeal by infamous stories which go entirely uncontradicted and are, therefore, believed by the great majority whom he incites to demonstrations against the British Empire.

I repeat one of these stories as an illustration of the incendiary character of De Valera's propaganda. He declares that the English ordered the Irish Divisions to Gallipoli and Mesopotamia for the fell purpose of having them exterminated. In Mesopotamia, for instance, an official order forbade soldiers to leave their barracks between 8 a.m. and 6 p.m., because it was death to move in the heat. In the face of this order 1,100 Irishmen were marched at noon to a point forty miles distant. There were no Turks there; 409 Irish died on the march. The next morning they were ordered back. Of the 1,100 not one lived to see the post they had left. Yet not a shot had been fired. It is England's hatred of us that breeds this strife. With uncontradicted statements of this nature as a background, De Valera proceeds to argue that America is helping England to murder Irishmen by neglecting to demand interest on her loans, thus providing money with which England is able to maintain oppressive forces to bleed India, to bomb Egypt, and to crucify Ireland.

Our readers can choose for themselves between the veracity of the *Times* correspondent and the honour of E. De Valera.

Dan Dochais.

I Márta 'n tseoin
Nuair bsaann an spóir
Tar áis an cheathra
I ngach linn té réalt.

Do bhí an ród d'orchas,
An uchtsteach bhí gear,
Anois féin chosa
I ngach linn té réalt.

Séamus ó h-Aodha.

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Resentment.

Little Georgie was very angry. He was resentful and consequently disposed to be what his aunt would describe as naughty.

He was restive and fidgety, moving uneasily from place to place in the room as if in search of something he knew he would not find. He disturbed the careful symmetry of the room, pulled the table cover away, misplaced chairs sometimes very noisily disturbed the fire-irons, destroyed a gorgeous Temple just recently erected by his aunt with his building bricks to please him, and then walked through the debris. This was more than the good lady, his aunt, could stand. She had done her level best to please him, and she had failed. She had lavished her ingenuity upon that gorgeous Temple, with its spires, domes, and minarets, and he had taken no notice whatever of the grandeur of its architecture. She had failed to please, she would try to repress. "Georgie, what on earth are you doing? Why can't you sit still and be quiet? Sit down and play with your toys and don't be so noisy." Georgie subsided. But only for a moment. Suddenly he asked, "Auntie, will Georgie not come back again, never?" Auntie was visibly annoyed, she frowned in a most menacing, formidable manner, and snugged out in a shrill voice her answer, "No, Georgie is gone for ever." "I am so sorry, auntie," Georgie said, "I want Georgie again, I do really." "Well you can't have him," replied his aunt in a frigid tone, which was supposed to convey finality, but which did not in the least crush young Georgie, who asked quite innocently, "Well, can't we get another Georgie from Uncle John?"

Georgie was a large, black cat, which had been Georgie's playmate and plaything for two years since he had come to live with his aunt. It had been given to him by that Uncle John from whom he thought another might be procured. His aunt had never liked the cat, which was somewhat odd, old maids being supposed popularly to be partial to cats. And Aunt Teresa was an old maid. She was over sixty, and she had never married, and it was young Georgie's misfortune to have to live with her, because his mother had died and his father had given way too easily to her importunity. She was very kind to the child, much too kind, indeed. She rarely let the boy out of her sight, because he was so very young, only six, she said, and he only saw other children at very long intervals. On these rare occasions his two cousins, Jack and Tess, were taken by their mother to visit their aunt, and the duration of their stay was always short. Georgie knew that neither Jack or Tess liked their aunt, and possibly their mother knew that, too, and perhaps she showed their dislike. Anyhow they came very rarely and stayed but a short time when they did come. It was not that Aunt Teresa was unlovable, she was certainly somewhat forbidding of aspect, but she had many excellent qualities. She was very kind, very attentive, very religious and comparatively well off financially. She had tried to mould Georgie into what she thought he ought to be, but without much success, for he was like his father she said. And she heartily disliked

cats. She thought them dreadful creatures, somehow resembling the Devil in their stealthiness and their inherent wickedness.

Georgie did not continue the discussion with his aunt, he hoped his Uncle John would come, and then he would ask for another Georgie. So he held his peace, was quiet, and earned the warmest approval for his good conduct. His interest in bizarre architecture grew with great rapidity, and with such effect that many necessary cooking utensils were pressed into service as domes and cupolas.

When his cousins visited him again they were interested, but only very languidly. They preferred to knock down his magnificent structures merely to see how they had been erected. For them, too, something seemed to be missing, for a time they did not quite know what, but that there was something missing was quite obvious. They were restless, uneasy, their eyes seeking something expected, but yet not present. Soon Tess asked excitedly, "Oh, Georgie, where's Georgie?" and Jack echoed the question. "Gone," was Georgie's only word of reply. "But where's he gone? Can't you find him? Did you look for him?" These queries came in rapid succession, but Georgie only replied, "He's lost." "Can't you get him again?" asked Tess. "Did nobody see where he went to?" asked Jack. "I don't know," said Georgie. "Aunt says he's lost and gone and won't come back ever." "Did you pray to Saint Anthony to find him for you?" asked Tess. But Georgie had not, and said so. "Saint Anthony finds everything that gets lost," said Tess, gravely. "His found mother's purse once, and he found Cissie Kavanagh's rosary beads, too." "Rosary beads is different," said Georgie unimpressed. "Well, let's pray to Saint Anthony and ask him to find Georgie and send him home," was Tess's next suggestion, which seemed to find unanimous acceptance as they all knelt and prayed. "Dear Saint Anthony," they said, following Tess's lead, "please find Georgie O'Brien and send him safe home to Georgia." The two ladies found them still praying when they had concluded their gossip and it was time for departure for Tess and Jack. They did not grasp the significance of the kneeling posture, however.

During the next few days Georgie was particularly good—good as gold—his aunt said he was. And he was really. He disturbed nothing, made no noise, asked no questions, did not upset his cups or plates at meals, but sat for hours with his bricks and other toys. At intervals, however, when he remembered it he said, "Dear Saint Anthony please find Georgie O'Brien, the black cat, and send him home safe to Georgia." His aunt was rather astonished, but she was nevertheless pleased after she had questioned him and discovered that really he was not ill. Aunt Teresa had suspected illness, but he ate quite well, and his replies to leading questions were reassuring.

And then Georgie came back. He walked quietly into the room where Georgie and Aunt Teresa were having breakfast. Having crossed the room he lay down upon the rug in front of the fire, stretching himself as if he were tired. Upon seeing the cat Georgie, his mouth full of food, shouted, or tried to, "Ah! Georgie," jumped from his seat and ran towards the cat. The cat purred slightly as Georgie hugged and fondled it, and a new frown settled upon the

face of Aunt Teresa. "Put that beast down, Georgie," she commanded, but Georgie did not hear. He did not obey, anyhow. His aunt heard the end of a sentence which was obviously addressed to the cat: "and so Saint Anthony found you and sent you back home." "What's that?" asked Aunt Teresa. "What's that about Saint Anthony?" "Yes, Saint Anthony found him for me and sent him back. You said he wouldn't come back, ever, but Saint Anthony found him for me." Slowly she extracted from Georgie the full story. She was amazed, resentful. And that's why she now extinguishes all the candles before the shrine of Saint Anthony in the Dublin Church she frequents. ANNEX E. MALONS.

North-East Corner Verse.

For some time past we have been getting such a variety of Ulster prose and poetry that we look with interest to all publications which have their fountain spring of inspiration in Ulster. Our rational interest in the north is always ripe, so that a book of such importance as Padraig Gregory's "Ulster Songs and Ballads," expressing, as it does, the whole-hearted patriotism and life of those whose ancestors fought and fell in the memorable battlefields of the North-East, is likely to be well received. A further interest in this little volume of verse is that it is written in the dialect of the North-East Corner. There are fragments of well-worn ballads and snatches of old songs amongst the original poems. And in these latter we find the poet using the County Down dialect, and thereby contributing something new to contemporary verse. His use of dialect shows him a disciple of Burns, whose Scotch verse he resembles in many lines, though he has yet something to learn from the Scotch poet's verse craft and lyric effects.

Padraig Gregory is, undoubtedly, a master of the ballad form. This we see when we compare the "Anonymous Folk Songs" with the songs and ballads based on old folk-song fragments and again with his own original verses. The differences are but slight. One could easily mistake an old folk ballad for Gregory's own.

"The Death o' Padraig" is a particularly fine ballad. The inversions we find in the verses are characteristic of many ballads:

For Padraig near Ballynahinch, was hung,
O, a coul, coul' corpse was he,
An' his body out in the night wind swung,
While at home by the hearth sung she!

On the other hand a mastery of the simple and direct form of ballad is shown in "The Ghost":

At Cloughy Hill he met a girl,
She wrung her hands an' cried:
Stop, Father John! you're late! you're late!
Dan Grogan's wife has died.

He reached the house; the peasant moaned:
" 'Twas just God's Holy Will!
She died about the time you reached
The foot o' Cloughy Hill!"

Such verse brings the poet into line with such ballad makers as Wordsworth and Padraig Colum. In his songs we find here and there an outburst of pure poetry. "The Bacach Man" is a delightfully simple little poem:

"A hush-a-bye song 'twas playin',
Now risin', now fallin' low,
'Twas a song my mother sung me
In the old days, long ago

"What a Country Poet Told Me" ends with a happy expression:

An' I sail in the heavin' seas,
In a boat w' milk-white sails unfurled,
Bearin' away a flower fraill woman
Over the blue rim o' heavin' world.

"1916" is a passionate song of love and patriotism as this little verse shows:

Oh, gallant it was the fight, John,
Tae unfurl the Green on high;
An' 'twas brave to show
Ivery friend and foe
That you war'n't afear'd the die.
An' 'tough for Ireland again, John,
I would bid you dare an' do!
(I'm foolish for cryin' this night) but
I want—just you.

Of the songs, the "Ardglass Boat Song" (which has been effectively set to music by Dr. J. F. Larchett) is, undoubtedly, his best. The refrain gives it a happy note and a lyric effect:

Wind o' the south, my love's at sea,
The hills are dark, an' the skies are gray,
O blow him safely back home tae me!
Wind o' the south, my love's at sea,
An' I cannot rest when he's away.

Wind o' the south, my love's at sea,
An' O, the waters are dark an' deep,
He's slavin' sore for the weans an' me,
Wind o' the south, my love's at sea,
An' I cannot take a wink o' sleep.

Wind o' the south, my love's at sea,
The night's past, vondher's the mornin' star,
A wee while more an' he's back tae me,
Wind o' the south, blow wild an' free!
His long boat's crossin' the harbour-bay.

Padraig Gregory's little volume is a welcome contribution to contemporary verse, which has not yet produced much real poetry. That there are many touches of poetic feeling in his "Songs and Ballads" is undeniable. We would like to have more of the poetry of the "Ardglass Boat Song" where the poet finds his truest vein.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Enemy at the Gate.

There was a good deal of scoffing in what for the want of a better word one may call the anti-ministerial Press at the military activities which marked Easter-tide in Dublin.

One of the greatest errors it is possible to make in any species of warfare is to underestimate your enemy. This is an error to which the English themselves are particularly prone.

In like fashion it has been, and still is, our practice to laugh at the hopeless imbecility of our English Rulers. We have cheered ourselves in this way for a century, and they are our Rulers yet.

It is no harm to ponder on that question. I will not deny that the official actions of the Government in Ireland and elsewhere are frequently open to criticism, both as to their wisdom and their expediency.

Now the militarist proceedings at Easter were in all probability not as devoid of sense as it pleases many to

APRIL 17, 1920.

imagine. I have heard the theory put forward that the military authorities had been subjected to that tantalizing process known as "leg-pulling."

But it strikes me that whoever is, or was, responsible for the Easter fuss has a perfectly good answer to make to his employers who, in the ultimate analysis, are the English people.

Writing as I do in all ignorance of what was in the minds of those who surrounded our city with an armed force on Easter Saturday, or what may have been contemplated (other than what happened) by those whom they sought to check, I think my theory is as good as any.

That the nerves of these good folk were upset I was afforded a pleasing instance. On Easter Monday I formed one of a crowd waiting at a certain railway terminus for the booking-office to open.

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nervous tones what the people were assembled for. I volunteered the rather obvious guess that they were waiting for facilities to travel by train.

Decidedly the official nerve is becoming jumpy. WESTLAND ROW.

Cost of Living in Ireland.

Amongst trade unionists a good deal of doubt has been thrown on the figures published by the Board of Trade in respect of the increased cost of living.

Their latest official figures published in the Labour Journal for March show that as compared with July, 1914, the cost of food for the average working class family has increased by 139 per cent.

Do these figures represent fairly the position in Ireland? Ask any working man's wife and she will answer that the increase she has to pay is greater than the figures above quoted.

When, in discussing the demand for increases in wages, the representatives of the workers assert that the Board of Trade figures understate the increase of prices, employers and arbitrators invariably answer that the statement of the men is an exaggeration.

With the object of testing the actual state of affairs, inquiry has been made by the Irish Labour Party in a number of towns in different parts of Ireland respecting the cost of food in 1914 and the cost of the same articles to-day.

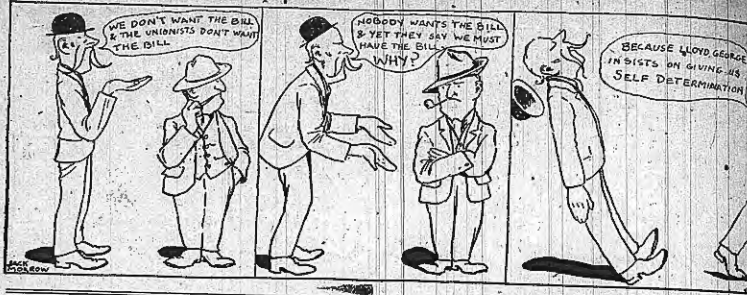
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It is unfortunately true that every other item of working class expenditure, except rent, has increased to even a greater extent than food. Oil, soap, coal, matches, sewing cotton, boots, tobacco, crockery, and clothing have all increased by sums varying from 200 to 300 per cent.

An Branar.

"Sé deurfáidh gach aoimne a léigh an "Branar" nuadh sé tar éis theacht amach ná gurb é an t-úimhir do b' theair fas é, agus, dar ndóigh, ní beag mar míleáid ag brath ar a feabhas a bhí ar na huimhreachaibh roimh, géillfead gur éiríthead iad go léir an bháta seo, agus lasmuigh de'n scríbhneáireacht ar fad, ní dóigh liom go bhfuil an-iriseabhar de'n lyoc cheudna i mBeurla atá comh slachtmhar leis, ar chrot agus ar ohló.

"Bás Eoghain Rusaidh" is tódal dón cheud aiste thug Dambhall O Corera do lucht léighthe an "Branar," agus cé nach bhfuil sé ar fad gan lecht béidhmá ag brath ar a thuille dá shaothar Gaedhlice gan mhoill. Meudfear go mór an chláidh le Seumas O h-Ardha de bharr an léirneasa do scríobh sé ar sculleaibh an Fhairsigh leis an aiste éilinn dá "An Ruadh is an Dall." Bhí ead ar Gaelgheiribh Coraige gur i mBl'ath Chláth a tugadh ar dóib é, ach, ó's rud é go bhfuil sé élan fé chló againn anois, is féidir d'gach aoimne aruth bin na cháinte do thaisceadh. Ach, dar ndóigh, tá níos mó ná cháint bhinn agus léirneasa gear ins an aiste seo—tá sár—litríocht ann. Tá ainm-áirde ar Sheán O Chonochubhair mar gheall ar na h-aistrúicéin-a dhaib sé ó'n bh Fraincis, agus mar sin beidh fáilte ag gach aoimne roimh scéilín deas éile aistríthe ó'n Ghearmáinis. Tá aiste an-mhuith ag Máire Ní Cumáide ar

"Réne Bazin agus savi na tuaithe." Is dóigh liom féin go mbeaith an rud dá dtábarfadh Máire alt eile anois do dhán ar shaví na ngáth dhaoine ina na cathrachaibh ó seachtlaibh an údair ceudna. Cád deir sí? Tá seán Shéarais Uí Oheallaigh pas fad—ghaoitheach, ach mar sin féin an té a téighidh tríd aios é tairneceadh sé go maith leis.

Tá aiste spaisula eile ann ag an "Buachaillín Buidé, Mícheál Mac Lámhbóir, agus E. O. agus ché nach bhfuil an meud fáilteacht ann agus ba chóir tá an dá dhán a chuireadh isteach ar sheabhas an domhain.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Battle of Mountjoy.

Mountjoy has up to the present been a name of ill-omen
in Irish history, associated particularly as it is with the first
general triumph of English physical force. It was Mount-
joy whose ability restored England's falling fortunes in
Ireland in the last years of the sixteenth century and paved
the way for that fight of the Earls which seemed to the
imagination of the men of that day the end of the Irish
nation. The recent battle of Mountjoy, the victory of
Mountjoy, bids fair to assume in current history an importance
the magnitude of which most of us will only realise
as the years pass.

A Decisive Battle.

We believe that the victory of Mountjoy will prove, in
its ultimate effects, a decisive one, and that England has
lost the decisive battle on what the *Times* now terms "the
Irish front." They provoked the battle: it was fought on
their own ground: they had all the advantages which
physical force could give them: and yet they were beaten,
beaten ignominiously and completely. They were outlasted
in this battle, as they will be outlasted in the war generally.
Remember that victory is always at first a small
thing. When the army of the Bulgarians was beaten by
the Allies on the Salonika front in the autumn of 1918 it
proved to be the decisive battle of the war. Victory, which
all then had ascribed within Germany's grasp, proved to be
beyond her grasp, and her nerves gave out. The battle of

Mountjoy was on all fours with that little battle on the
Salonika front. The enemy's flank is turned.

A Question of Nerves.

There has been no more severe test of courage and
endurance than the test which the men of Mountjoy passed
successfully. And recollect that they were not a picked
phalanx, but a scratch crew selected on the "hand in a hat"
principle, which seems to govern the Castle, gathered
together from all over Ireland, and of all conditions and of
all ages. One thing they had in common, their Republican-
ism, their "courage never to submit or yield," their
obedient adhesion to a principle. There was hardly a well-
known Sinn Féin leader amongst them. There was no con-
certed plan of action. They did not provoke the battle,
but they won it. England provoked it and lost it. Even
when, within a few hours of death their resolution never
flattered. But England's did. Her nerves gave out.

Recollect.

That England's Government in Ireland had declared,
months ago, that any prisoner adopting the hunger strike
would be regarded as committing suicide, and would be
allowed to die: recollect that England's Government in
Ireland, in order to induce a hunger strike, bullied and ill-
treated her prisoners of war: recollect that Mr. Bonar Law,
on the day before his nerves failed him, said:—

"The decision has been taken by the Government,
and I do not believe there is a chance of its being
reviewed."

And that later on, on the same day, he said:—

"We have deliberately come to the conclusion that
the steps which we have taken in this matter are right
and justified. We have deliberately come to the con-
clusion that by showing weakness in face of this kind of
intimidation, outrage, and murder, we should make things
worse. We take this course to make it quite plain that
the Government understand all the evils of it and have
counted the cost, and are prepared to the utmost extent
of their ability to see decent conditions restored in Ireland.
It is for that purpose alone we do it."

The Purpose.

It is plain enough that the Government deliberately
provoked battle in order to break the spirit of the people
and to re-establish in Ireland England's spiritual dominance
—which is what Mr. Bonar Law means by his synonym of
"decent conditions"—and that the whole business was a
Government move to give them the decisive victory. When
the psychological moment of the battle approached, they
surrounded Mountjoy with an army with full war equip-
ment, including tanks and armoured cars and barbed wire
entanglements and aeroplanes and searchlights, so as to
make victory doubly sure. And then, suddenly, the British
Providence failed them, and their nerves gave out, and the
victory was to those who were strong of soul.

The Moral of It.

Is there a moral to it? Oh, yes. It strengthens the whole Sinn Fein philosophy, the whole Sinn Fein position. It proves that the Soul of Man is greater and of tougher fibre than the Soul of the Carthaginian, it proves once more what the last four years have proved time and again—that the government of this country by England is impossible so long as Ireland refuses to help her to govern. RECOLLECT that the maintenance of every machine of government depends upon one thing—those who are governed must suffer it. If they refuse to suffer it, its maintenance is difficult, but if they also refuse to work it, its maintenance becomes impossible. In the old days we both worked and suffered England's government in Ireland. Since we have scrapped that policy we have been on the right road. The *Times* learns that, even though its way of confessing it is to write "government conducted without a thought for the susceptibilities or desires of the governed is a costly and vicious process." But when it is conducted as English government in Ireland now has to be conducted, against the whole moral force of the community, it becomes an impossibility.

Mr. Denis Henry Says It.

On the night before the nerves of the Government broke down, Mr. Denis Henry was very clear as to the position. He also, like Mr. Bonar Law, was for the strong hand, and he put the position bluntly thus: "The question was were the Government to walk out of the country, or were they not?" Now he knows about it all. We believe that the victory of Mountjoy is the first letter of the answer to that question. It is a victory with a moral of far-reaching significance. We in Ireland have marched from victory to victory since we cut ourselves clear of all the network of constitutional devices which England had fashioned for our bondage, and this is the clearest and most overwhelming victory yet. It strengthens the whole people of Ireland and every one of them individually. It sets a standard.

Letting Things Out.

Mr. Denis Henry said: "No man of real position and character gives evidence to the police, but makes terms that he is not to be brought forward in a Court of Law because his life would not be worth anything. It is not the difficulty of getting evidence; it is the difficulty of getting it proved in Court."

On the other hand, Mr. Bonar Law: "Is the Government justified, in circumstances such as exist in Ireland, in arresting men . . . when they have the strongest suspicion that these men are taking part in the murders that are taking place in Ireland."

"Everyone of these men, if it was known that he was in any way implicated in giving evidence, would be a dead man in Ireland."

In many cases the police are satisfied that they know the men who are instigating these murders, but you cannot bring them to trial, or you cannot get anybody to give evidence on account of the risk of terror."

Mr. Henry talks boldly of definite evidence, whereas Mr. Bonar Law talks of "strongest suspicions," "police are satisfied that they know." We know that "evidence" which cannot be produced. It is of the same nature as the Greek Kalends. It comes to this, that either this country is being run on the principle that any man who works to get any other man out of the way, need only go to Dublin Castle and whisper a word—we do know that money has been poured out like water in buying "evidence" writ

in water—or that the police draw names out of a hat on the lottery principle and then "are satisfied that they know," or else, which is the more likely, that Mr. Denis Henry and Mr. Bonar Law are liars.

England in the Dock.

A Cork jury, fairly empaneled, has returned a verdict of wilful murder against the British Government in the case of the murder of the Lord Mayor of Cork. That verdict will stand in history when England's charges against the men of this generation are recognised everywhere as the foul libels they are.

Our dead shall be the seed of their decay."

Padraig Fogarty.

Another young soldier of the Republic has passed away in death. With an unexpectedness that shocked, as his loss has saddened, his comrades and friends Padraig Fogarty, an N.C.O. of F Company, of the 2nd Batt. Dublin Brigade, died at his residence, Clontarf, on Sunday. He met his death in the discharge of his duty as a soldier in Ireland. During the early days of last week he was one of the guard on Mountjoy. On Wednesday he was of those who in the pouring rain held the cordon while the released heroes of the hunger-strike were being removed to hospital. From the wetting he here received pneumonia developed, and in three days carried him off. Padraig Fogarty was a young Irishman who, from the formation of the Irish Volunteers, gave his every available moment to the service of his country. In Easter Week, 1916, he was one of the first to answer the call to arms, and fought with great gallantry at Colra. Following the surrender he was court-martialed and sentenced to death, and on the commutation of the sentence was imprisoned in Portland and Lewis. From the moment of his release in 1917, he renewed his activities in the cause of Irish liberty, but his constitution never recovered from the sufferings he endured in the English convict prisons, and when pneumonia gripped him he fell a victim. Padraig Fogarty died as he lived, not merely a devoted son but a faithful and unflinching soldier of the Republic, and his death adds another noble name to the long and glorious roll of martyrs who have given their lives that the Irish nation may live. Beannacht Dhe ar an anam.

"Concessions Be . . ."

As I write the great fight in Mountjoy for Principle and Right seems drawing to a close. A few of the gallant men are still "carrying-on," and are this evening finishing their thirteenth day without food. They will not be released until further torture would mean death, and the prison doctor has not yet certified that they have reached the verge of the line of earthly dissolution. The struggle of the last fortnight in the worst of England's jails in Ireland has furnished the supreme act of heroism in all the world's history, and, more than anything else in our time, has commanded the attention of the peoples of the world and compelled their admiration for the unconquerable character not only of the heroes themselves, but of the country that produced them and the cause for which they stood and suffered. No nation and no age presents anything comparable to this hunger strike in Mountjoy. The defender of his country who met death in the heat of battle, the patriot-martyr who bared his neck to the executioner or faced the firing party of his country's enemies, the early Christian who swelled the spring of the lions in the Roman amphitheatre

or the lighting in Nero's Imperial Gardens of the torch that consumed him, were heroes, but not such heroes as the men who this week in the loneliness of their prison cells fought and beat the British Government. The former saw a time limit of minutes at most to a violent severing of soul and body; the latter had a full and clear knowledge that they were entering on a slow, grim, and calmly terrible struggle in which death would come only after a long drawn-out torture in which their souls would be tried to the uttermost and their spirit, their resolve, and their determination put to the supreme test ever set before man. Nor was any previous hunger-strike like to this. On the present occasion, different from the great protests that preceded it, the men were given distinctly and decisively to understand—and the sentence was frequently reiterated and emphasised by their tyrants and torturers—that their only release would be death. "Surrender or die" was the brutal fiat of the British Government. "Death" answered not one, not a few, but all of the hundred and four men and boys, and with a sublime courage they entered upon their voluntary martyrdom for Right and Justice, for a Principle that was to them as sacred and as immutable as their Faith in God, and dearer far than their earthly lives. These brave men, ranging in age from fifteen to forty-five, and drawn from all parts of the country, from the farthest north to the extremest south, from Dublin to the wave-washed West, were the representatives of the resurgent and insurgent Ireland of to-day, and their fight and their victory should teach the British Government, if it can or wants to be taught, that the Irish nation of ours, any more than its heroic soldiers in Mountjoy, is can neither bend nor break, that, on the contrary, if it persists in its forcible occupation, it itself will sooner than later be broken just as surely and as completely as the mighty waters of the Atlantic are shattered into foam in their world-old war against our rock-bound coasts.

The Release.

What brought about the release of the majority of the prisoners? Let no man or woman think, as some of the British Press allege, that it was any act of clemency, any sense of humanity, any tardy awakening to justice or right on the part of the British Government. Clemency and humanity, like justice and right, are foreign to the British Government in its treatment of the peoples whose government it usurps and whose countries it occupies by reason of its military might. Expediency, political or international, is the only canon, divine or human, that has ever governed the conduct or ordered the actions of the British Government since the British Empire began to be.

The first factor that contributed to the release was the heroic resolve, the unflinching constancy, and the unbreakable determination of the prisoners themselves. Everything that tyranny, strong only in might, could devise to shake them was tried—but in vain. The ealons declarations of Bonar Law, the dirty falsehoods of Denis Henry, the brutal messages of Viscount French, all sedulously conveyed to the gallant men, weakened not in one iota their unyielding resolution. In the end the British Government was forced to realise how impotent was brute materialism, with all its bayonets and guns, and tanks and aeroplanes, in conflict

against dauntless souls, and with very bad grace and just in time to save itself from a verdict of wilful murder, it surrendered.

The second big factor in procuring the release was the National Strike of Labour. Never in its history did Labour act with greater swiftness and solidarity, and never did action of its so earn the thanks and the gratitude of the nation. If we except the minority of misguided dupes of British capitalism in Ulster—racial mongrels without themselves being conscious of the fact—the stoppage was complete. If I be pardoned for singling out any one section of the workers where all were so splendid, I would mention the British Government's own employees. To give but one instance—in the whole Dublin area, outside the exempted services—only one postal official reported for duty. The British Government's official dispatches from London and from the provinces were held up. There was no one to handle them, to carry them, to sort them, or to deliver them. The British Government could have endured this compulsory stoppage of its work in Ireland for one day, but when the National Strike extended it to the second and the workers were prepared to carry it on until the prisoners were released, it had no option but to yield.

Another factor in bringing about the hurried release was the international resentment that the British Government's treatment of the prisoners was evoking. The Press of the world was commenting on the hunger strike, the eyes of all nations were centred on Mountjoy, feeling in Europe was growing strong, and a formal protest against this outrage on national and international right was being framed by the United States Government. England cannot afford any increase in the hostility that her conduct has already aroused amongst those who a year ago were her friends and allies, and she bowed to the decree of the only god she officially worships—Expediency.

Last of all there was the advice of the legal adviser of the British Government in Ireland that the British Government's treatment of the "unbribe" and uncharged prisoners was contrary to British law itself, that in this view the contention of the prisoners was correct, and that in consequence the British Government could not evade responsibility for the tragedy that might ensue. The delayed delivery of this information at the Viceregal Lodge completed the consternation of the British powers that be, with the result that the Lord Mayor of Dublin was urgently summoned to discuss "terms of release."

The "Terms."

About the release there is a mystery that is still unexplained. In normal circumstances the Lord Mayor should not have gone to the Viceregal Lodge after the insolent rebuff of Monday, and, knowing with whom he had to deal, he should not have treated with the British Government's representatives without at least one impartial witness present. The circumstances were not, however, normal, some of the prisoners were on the point of death, and the Lord Mayor's chief anxiety was to save their lives. What transpired at the interview no one exactly knows. The Lord Mayor came away with the news that the release was unconditional; the British Government maintained that it was

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release on parole, and the refusal of the prisoners to sign a promise to return to prison in six weeks caused a hitch in their removal to hospital. Then the Lord Mayor went again to the Viceregal Lodge and more were released, but the following day saw a further hitch. So the huffer-muggery has gone on, with the result that some of the men are incarcerated and hunger-striking still. The initial mistake was verbal negotiations. The Lord Mayor should have known the British Government too well to consent to that. A Government that never yet kept the written and signed word when it found it expedient to break it is not the Government to be trusted on its spoken promise only. It was right to get the men out, but, as Tom Johnston, I understand, advocated, the National Strike should have gone on not only until every man was released, but until the British Government had given into the hands of the representatives of the Irish nation its signed and sealed pledge to abide by the international regulations governing the treatment of prisoners of war.

Nothing is more annoying these days than the Press misinterpretation of the prisoners' case. To talk of their wanting "trial," and "concessions," and "political treatment" is an outrage on the heroic fight of hero-men and an insult to the Irish nation. The British Press in England and in Ireland—even the *Irish Times*—now admit that a state of war exists between this country and England. Every man and woman that the British forces capture, whether they are taken as soldiers or as citizens merely, whether they are uncharged or whether they are "tried" by British courts, martial or civil, whose right to "try" them they repudiate, are prisoners of war. In that status the British Government can in international law make no distinction between those whom it casts into its prisons without formal charge and those whom, contrary to that same international law, it "convicts" of acts of war. They are all prisoners of war, and they must be treated according to the regulations internationally laid down, to which regulations the British Government has itself subscribed. It was for that treatment that the prisoners struck, and until England pledged herself in writing to accord that treatment to every present and future war prisoner of the nation the National Strike should have gone on. As it is, nothing is settled, nobody knows what was "agreed," everybody concerned in the "negotiations" is excusing himself, and we have a repetition of Mountjoy in Galway, and next week may have it in Cork and Derry. What the nation must secure once and for all, and what the gallant men hunger struck in Mountjoy to obtain, is prisoner of war treatment for Ireland's prisoners of war. That is simple. That is clear. Let there be no more talk of "political treatment"—this is a question of international war law, not of internal domestic politics. Let there be no more whining about "trials" by courts that Irish Republican soldiers and citizens do not recognise. Above all let there be no mention of "concessions." "Concessions" in our relations with England is a damned word and a damned thing. It has damned our cause only too often in the past; therefore let it by the Irish people be forever damned itself. To apply it to the treatment of the prisoners is, as I have said, to insult them and the nation whose gallant protagonists they are. The Irish prisoners of war do not ask "concessions." They demand their right—the right that international law lays down and that the nation must compel the British Government to respect and accord.

P. S. O'FLANNAGAIN.

Na Buid Agus Ar Dteanga.

Bhí peapadh ag cuid againn nuair do tháinig Dáil Éireann le chéile i bPárlaimint ar son de dteanga. Tá gceannas oibrí mhór dhá-namh ar son de dteanga. Tugadh sonraí maith do Bhórdairí Poblíche na tíre seo le géad chruinnid agus leanadh an n-oibrí go tréan. D'bhí leis na Sinn Féin ag togha na gComhairlí Cathrach, ach ná d' éirigh, is beag atá déanta aca ó shoin leis an teanga a chur ar aghaidh. Is beag an leat-dó na Comhairleoirí nua a bhí ann ar teanga aca; i mBaile Átha Cliath féin níl thar seisear nó mórshéisear atá i ndán i l'abhairt; agus eithne sgór ar an gComhaltas. Is ordáir an gceol é sin ag lucht cossanta na teanga agus níl iongnadh ar bith é go bhfuil an Coisde Gnótha ag iarraidh an gceol do leigheas. Bhí cruinnid faoi leith ag an gCoisde seo le goid le socrú dhá-namh i dtobhí toghadh na gComhairlí Cathrach le gComhairlí Dúthaige agus Comhairlí Thighthe na mBooth, agus do ghlacadh leis an rún seo n'f' n'iaidh d'nom ghubh.

Is mian linn a chur i n-áit do lucht ceannas Dáil Éireann agus do lucht ceannas Sinn Féin ná fuilimid ábata leis na gurra gur deineadh adhbhair comhairleoirí Sacraetáit teach do cheapadh i gcomhair na gComhairlí Cathrach le deireannach i an abair ar fad thagairt faoi Chomhairlí Ceannairí Sinn Féin agus faoi Churamann Sinn Féin agus é bhíth d' fhiasca orainn-ne glocadh le ps ádhbhair Comhairleoirí ba mhian leo bhábhair d'áin, bídis ina n'gceolairí nó ina mBeairleoirí, bídis ina ndéagáil Ghail nó gan súim aca na gceolairí. Tá baint oigearnaid na dhá-namh i dtobhí toghadh na gComhairlí Cathrach le oibrí bunghithe agus bunghithe an tSacraetáit agus mar tá ag Sinn Féin, agus níos mó; agus tá dlúthbhairt ag ar nobair le ceist na gcomhairlí poblí. Tá níos mó organisation againn ná mar tá ag Sinn Féin, agus is dóig linn gurab é ba luatha ba ghiant an oiread ceadna gutha bhábhair dúim agus mar tá ag Cumannabáí Sinn Féin i gceapadh na dhá-namh comhairleoirí ar fud na hÉireann.

Nílimid toiteannach nirt ar gceannas do chur i bhfeidhm ar son áinne ach daoine do fuair ar géad ughdara saoh féin mar ádhbhair comhairleoirí chomh maith le cead Sinn Féin. Dúine ar bith thuigean an gceol is maith is oíl do cin gádh mór bhí leis an rún sin. Ach nior fhóg an Coisde Gnótha an oibrí mar sin; do ceapadh bealach leis an rún do chur i bhfeidhm. Seo é an bealach:—

- (a) E bhíth ar na comhairlí a miontuairisí bhíth i nGaeilhe.
- (b) Comhfhreagairt na gComhairlí bhíth i nGaeilhe.
- (c) Pógraí agus fásadna na gComhairlí bhíth i nGaeilhe.
- (d) Seiceanna na gComhairlí do bhíth i nGaeilhe agus a gultais do choimead i nGaeilhe.
- (e) Lucht oifig na gComhairlí do bhíth ina nGaeilheoirí is tré go bhfeidhfidh an pobal a ghabhóir do dhá-namh le d' Ghaeilhe agus gan oifigair do thoghadh feasta gan eolas maith aige ar an nGaeilhe.
- (f) Na Comhairleoirí go bhfuil Gaeilhe aca do labhairt na Gaeilhe i gceolairí gnótha.
- (g) Gaeilheoirí do thoghadh mar chathóirleach ar gach comhairlí.
- (h) Gach comhacht atá ag na Comhairlí i gceolairí oideachais do chur i bhfeidhm gan móil d' fhoru m'áinid na Gaeilhe agus stáire na hÉireann do chur chun cinn.
- (i) E bhíth ar na Comhairlí tosgairí do cheapadh chun oigearnaid do dhéanamh ar mhíneadh na Gaeilhe ina n'gceolairí nua adhbhair féin.
- Má nílteann leis an gComhairlí an plan seo chur i bhfeidhm is cinnte go mbeith oibrí mhór déanta ar son na

Gaeilhe. Is truaigh nár tosuightheadh i dtábh, roimh togha na gComhairlí Cathrach faoi Eanáir, ach níl leigheas ar an geid sin den agéal aoin. Iarair ar gach dúine go bhfuil súim aige an teanga a chur ar aghaidh seo. Tá bhábhair na Buidí Poblíche ar fud na tíre dhá-namh Gaeilhealach ar an uile bhealach níl fada go mbeadh an báro linn. PADRAIC O'CONNOR.

The Democracy of S. Thomas Aquinas.

What is democracy? To say it is that for which the world has been made safe is unsatisfying, and to deduce a definition from the acts of its present self-constituted champions leads towards despair.

The question is important to us in Ireland, who may at any time be called on to stop platitudinising about democracy and to live it instead. To help us to clear thinking on the subject a consideration of the teachings of our really great democrat is useful. In this connection Professor Alfred O'Rahilly has, in the current number of *Studies*, given us a powerful stimulus by expounding the moral and political teachings of S. Thomas Aquinas.

Professor O'Rahilly's nineteen-page article is so closely woven that to summarise it would be unfair—and impossible. All we can do is to indicate baldly its trend and some of its conclusions.

There is a peculiar appropriateness at the present day in the ideals of S. Thomas. During his lifetime the Empire was in its last decline. He is democratic and living precisely because he takes no account of the inclusive imperial conception which the world was destined to outgrow. He lays no stress on the idea of the absolute and sovereign State whose birth-throes he dimly glimpsed, and whose demise we are beginning vaguely to anticipate.

Looking beneath historical forms Professor O'Rahilly discerns in the medieval struggle between Church and State, in which S. Thomas was so notable a participant, merely a phase in the perennial struggle between the forces which uphold "the primary truths of human personality and man's right to spiritual freedom on the one hand, and on the other their enemy, the State—autocratic or bureaucratic. The view of S. Thomas, modernised, may be thus expressed:—Every community which, as a fact of social psychology, acts as a moral entity, is a complete society. For purposes of public order and international adjustment it requires, and to meet its needs creates, an organisation known as the State. This organisation has no claim to a monopoly of its human life and culture. Man is not referred to the political community according to his whole self and all that he has. In fact the State is, like a sword, a necessary but not intrinsically desirable convenience to life. By some modern political pundits the means is greater than the end, the State is paramount to life, faith, culture, everything. Of these perverses, one Dur Bosanquet has delivered himself of this dictum:—"The State's function is to maintain the conditions of life as a whole, and it is the sole guardian of rights and moral values."

Passing from statutory, the limits of the rights of rulers are considered. "Man is bound to obey secular rulers only in so far as the order of justice requires. The State has a limited authority to represent the community in certain aspects; outside this ambit its action is *ultra vires*, and inside it its conduct is subject to moral criteria."

Every system of government is simply a means for securing the common good within a certain sphere; per-

verted from this end it ceases to be a government bending in conscience. *To disturb a tyrannical government is not sedition. It is rather the tyrant who is seditious.*

Not all the wisdom which has its apotheosis in D.O.R.A. has evolved a finer ideal of government than has S. Thomas. He says:

One man is according to merit set at the head to preside over all, and under him are other rulers according to merit. Yet such a régime is the concern of all, because the rulers are not only elected from all but also are elected by all. Such is every good polity combining monarchy inasmuch as one is at the head, aristocracy inasmuch as there are many rulers [elected] according to merit, and democracy, i.e., the power of the people, inasmuch as the rulers can be elected by the masses and the election of rulers is the blessing of the people.

This is surely a very uncomplimentary championship of democracy: *Ad populum perinet electio principum.* The divine right of Kings he denied. Government, like private property, was introduced by the human law, and consequently is revocable in like manner. Developing this idea S. Thomas was led into a consideration of the rights and duties of rulers, and the obligations laid on communities over whom tyrannical or usurped power is exercised. Living as we do in a democratic age, freed from medieval tyranny, we abstain from quoting the views of S. Thomas on this point. Some people are so very touchy.

A dictum of S. Thomas that "Human law is for people amongst whom many are lacking in virtue, yet it is not solely intended for the virtuous," give rise to a discussion on that much-abused word, "equality." That all men are naturally equal is a commonplace of the schoolmen. But they meant something very definite and logical by that natural equality. "When you hear," says O'Connell, "that men are equal according to nature, understand this not of the equality of dignity or nobility, for one is found superior to another in mind or body, but rather of the equality of power, for no man has any power over another in those things which relate to nature." Surely this is a more ideal and, at the same time, more practical, definition than that used in the French and American revolutions—equality of burdens and abolition of special exemptions. It takes us very near the modern claim for equality of opportunity, and it negates the modern English, and Aristotelian, notion of counting heads—without weighing them. Thus the principle of natural inferiority was reduced to the axiom of competence. "Those who are pre-eminent in wisdom naturally dominate. In human government," says S. Thomas, "ordination arises from the fact that someone rules not on account of intellectual pre-eminence, but by

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power usurped by brute force. It is impossible that the common good of the State should progress, unless there is virtue in the citizens, at least in those to whom the government is entrusted. We must bear in mind that these words were penned in the Dark Ages, when tyrannical and usurping governments existed and rulers were sometimes not selected for their "intellectual pre-eminence," virtue, and ability, and thank heaven that these abominations have passed from life into history.

To those who really believe in law and order, not as empty words, but as a means of forwarding human happiness, we commend the quotation with which Professor O'Rahilly concludes his article: "All should have some part in the government, for thus the peace of the people is preserved and all love and observe such a régime. When people see that the commonweal is not in the hands of one person, they do not regard the common good as a thing belonging to someone else, but each looks upon it as if it were his own. Hence experience teaches us that a single city, State administered by annual [elected] rulers, can sometimes do more than a king even if he had three or four such States, and small services exacted by kings are borne with more difficulty than great burdens imposed by the community." E. W. PAOUR.

Putting Ireland in Touch with the World.

(From an American Journal.)

What the Irish Republic is doing to break down the barrier which England has erected between Ireland and the outside world is described by J. L. Fawcett, Irish Consul in the United States, in a most enlightening interview given by him to a correspondent of the Boston American. That the removal of this barrier will be of great advantage to the United States and to other countries Mr. Fawcett proves very convincingly. He says in his interview:

Ireland offers an extremely valuable field for American enterprise. It is a field that in the recent past was utterly neglected by American capital and by American shippers. To-day, American financial and commercial interests in Ireland are small and inconsiderable and exercise no perceptible influence on the economic life of the Irish people. And this is so despite the very evident fact that the people of Ireland, more than those of any other European country, are highly responsive to American influence and example.

The past neglect of the Irish markets by American producers was due to the lack of correct economic data relating to Ireland. This data was not forthcoming owing to the political subjugation of the country by England. There being no government in Ireland responsible to the Irish people, no officially accredited representatives of the Irish nation were present in this country to disseminate accurate and up-to-date information concerning the commercial affairs of the Irish people. Besides, it was the considered policy of the English Government to do everything possible to them, to hide Ireland away from the close scrutiny of foreign nations. Where she could not effectually represent them, England consciously suffered misrepresentations to be uttered and published broadcast giving wrong impressions and inaccurate information covering the political, economic, and industrial life of the Irish nation.

So it came to pass that producers in this great land were without officially authenticated information bearing upon Ireland, and very frequently where any information relating to Ireland was available it was of a highly mis-

leading and depressing character. All this is in process of being corrected to-day.

Ireland now possesses a native government responsible to the people of Ireland. Officially accredited representatives of the Elected Government of the Republic of Ireland are resident to-day in the United States, in South America, in France, in Switzerland, in Germany, in Italy. The Irish Consulates in those countries have been established, among other objects, to promote closer trade relations between Ireland and the countries in which they have been opened.

It is the duty of the Irish Consuls to disseminate full and accurate information about Irish commercial life in the communities they have been placed in, and to do everything within their power to cement the commercial ties of Ireland with friendly foreign peoples. The Elected Government of the Republic of Ireland have called Ireland forth from the obscurity into which English policy had placed her. Ireland stands to-day before the intensive gaze of the plain peoples of the world, and English diplomacy is rendered powerless, in the new circumstances, to continue to work to the destruction of the Irish Republic.

The activities of Consuls of the ancient Irish Nation, have already caused an awakening of interest in Ireland and its markets by commercial men in the countries named. Direct shipments of goods from Spain, France and Belgium to Ireland have begun. These goods have been welcomed in Ireland, and have found a responsive market there. Representative delegations of Irish business men have proceeded to the continent to attend the great national fairs at Lyons and Leipzig. The French Government have sanctioned their intention of buying Irish cattle to help to replenish their depleted herds.

The great movement of direct trading with Ireland was begun here in America, and so far America continues to lead the way. The Commercial Irish Line, inaugurated by the United States Shipping Board between New York and the Irish ports of Cork, Dublin and Belfast has more than justified its existence. It has proved a financial success viewed merely from the shipping aspect. There is now a fleet of six steamers, representing approximately 80,000 d.w.t., engaged on the service, giving a fortnightly communication between the two countries. Each boat on this route carries cargo to its full capacity from America to Ireland. And the development that has taken place in this trade since its opening is significant. It began by providing connection between New York and the Irish ports of Belfast and Dublin.

The port of Cork was not included in the itinerary of the ships. It was not expected, in the minds of the promoters, that the trade into and out of Cork harbour would justify ships calling there. In a report on the subject made by the United States Consul at Queenstown, this view was supported. This Consulate, however, succeeded early in its career in having Cork made a port of call for the steamers on this route. To-day, the cargo to Cork has exceeded that to Dublin and equals that to Belfast. Indeed, indications are forthcoming which support the view that more cargo will offer for Cork than for Belfast in the approaching months. And already there is far more cargo out of Cork for the United States than from either of the other two Irish ports named.

When one considers the fluctuating and depressing rate of exchange between this country and Europe, and when it is borne in mind that the quantity of goods which ordinarily flows in large volume between this country and Great Britain has appreciably fallen off, most of the large liners going light of cargo, and many of the tramps returning in ballast from England; this growing trade between America and Ireland on the one part, and between Ireland

and America on the other, is not alone encouraging but is highly symptomatic of the closer drawing together of the two countries that has followed the establishment in Ireland of a government directly responsible to the people of Ireland and actively engaged in promoting the true interests of the country. With the provision of direct passenger service between American and Irish ports, with United States ships, flying the American flag, it is expected that the ties that now bind America and Ireland together will be considerably strengthened and to the permanent advantage of the American and Irish peoples.

Ireland is inhabited by less than four and one-half million persons. The external trade of the country, however, measured in monetary values, is of unusually large proportions. And this trade is growing in importance as year succeeds year. The following figures will indicate the value of Ireland's external trade and its yearly increasing importance:

Year	ESTIMATED VALUE IN POUNDS STERLING OF IRISH EXTERNAL TRADE.		
	Imports	Exports	Total
1904	£ 55,944,969	£ 49,794,790	£ 105,739,759
1913	£ 65,480,954	£ 55,895,900	£ 121,376,854
1917	£ 120,621,682	£ 194,562,448	£ 315,184,130

These figures show an increase in the total external trade of Ireland of £150,054,984 in those fourteen years. Furthermore, they show that, whereas the value of the trade in imports exceeded that of exports in 1904, the position had been reversed in 1917, exports exceeding in value the imports into Ireland that year. From being a debtor Ireland has become a creditor nation, and recognition of the new Irish Republic by the United States of America would be followed by the stabilising of the rate of exchange between the two countries and to the financial advantage of both.

These figures convey two other lessons that are of singular importance at this juncture when American traders ambition supremacy in the world's markets: (1) Practically 95 per cent. of this enormous trade was the monopoly of England, and (2) almost all of the commodities represented by these figures were carried in British shipping.

Perhaps here will be found still another reason why England so strenuously resists the international recognition of the Irish Republic. An Ireland subjected to Britain is a country impotent to conduct its trade along channels advantageous to its own national interests. Ireland so held is not free to enter into trade relations with friendly foreign peoples. No foreign country, at peace with England, is at liberty to offer Ireland favourable commercial conditions for the exchange of trade. Nor, on her side, is an Ireland so situated, in a position, officially, to offer or to propose advantageous trading terms to or from friendly outside nations. Whilst England continues in possession of Ireland, Irish trade and Irish markets are to all intents and purposes the exclusive possession of England. And England, recognising the importance to her of this monopoly, will endeavour to secure it as her absolute possession for all time.

In each Home Rule offer she has made to Ireland, England always reserved from the proposed Irish Parliament the power to regulate Ireland's external trade with foreign countries. In other words, England's policy is to keep and control for all time the valuable trade and commerce of Ireland, and to secure that no foreign power, however friendly to Ireland, or for that matter to England herself, will displace the economic grip that she now exercises to her own advantage in Ireland.

The Gael at Bay.

That which causes laughter in the English Parliament arouses feelings, in a Gaelic breast best expressed by "malloch agus míle."

But to a Scottish Gael there is added to the pride we have in Fríomiasa's Gaelic choir, and the other heroes of our race a feeling of shame and humiliation at the absence of any effective assistance ever rendered to those who on your side of the channel are fighting the battle of the Gaelic peoples, more especially at the present crisis of the fight when the best of Ireland's young manhood are offering everything but their unconquerable spirit at the shrine of suffering and death. We have hoped and schemed and worked for union, the best-known Gaels in the language movements of both countries and the advanced men in labour circles of both North and South of Ireland and the West of Scotland.

Resolutions have been passed with acclamation, even the I.L.P. meeting at Glasgow, with its large contingent of English delegates, was constrained to pass a resolution recognising the Irish Republic.

The National Committee of Scotland engaged at present in the organisation of a movement for complete independence sends its fraternal greetings to Arthur Griffith and the representatives of the Irish Republic at the Albert Hall meeting in London.

And so on, but what more? Where is the help, active or passive, which at this moment should ensue, as our Gaelic proverb has it, "the deed that proves the word."

The Clyde is said to be electric, Glasgow has the most Gaelic population of any community in the world, the heart of the Scots worker is sound and steadfast in favour of his Irish comrade, the whole population of labouring Scotland is permeated with Irish blood and Celtic feeling, then why no move?

The solidarity of labour, foremost; why, away back in 1794, when there were no trade unions, no newspapers for the workers and very little intercourse between different districts, the Scots labourers, crofters and peasantry generally stood up as one man against the Millitia Bill, which was to draft them as fencibles to fight the friends of freedom in Ireland, and went so far that the Lieutenants of counties fled for their lives; parish records were destroyed, and regular troops routed, and so this scheme fell through for the time.

But then England had only ruled Scotland 87 years and had only put down, as she alone knows how to do such things, the armed rebellion of the '45 some 60 years previously, while now every crank, every wheel, every screw in our national machine fits in and moves in accordance with the adjusting levers of English Imperialism. This is a sad confession, but true, that even organised labour in Scotland, with all its talk of Second or Third Internationalism, is bound hand and foot to the English boss.

Fancy the Scots railwaymen having to submit the Protest of Scotland to the Peace Conference to their secretaries at Unity House, London.

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May Irish workers who read this realise the sorrowful plight of their Scotch comrades. May Scotch workers resolve to remedy the state of affairs and without delay.

If they are in earnest to start out on their own campaign for freedom, they could not do better than set as their fathers did on like occasions, and smite the common enemy of their race when such action would be of inestimable advantage to their fellows in Ireland. Then as to the academic and, shall we say, intellectual Gaels, we hear a meeting of the Pan Celtic Union is to take place shortly in Edinburgh, where doubtless Ireland will be represented by Lord Ashbourne and Mr. A. P. Graves!

Should such a gathering take place at the present time while the champions of the Gaelic cause lie dying in Irish goals or hunted through what a Scottish poet has just termed "the true motherland of our race," then the Scottish Gael who attends or takes any part in such a fraud is a fit companion for Monteith or Ian Macpherson!

Rather would I translate as a true index of the feelings of the Fior Ghaidheal a stanza of D. M. N. C. in a recent issue of "Alba."

"O Eire, Fogha who has ever kept thy Royal soul as a precious legacy above every other obligation, thy handling is severe by the son of everlasting darkness, for thou hast not burnt offerings to his Empire, to his god, oh unspcakable contempt, this filthy smelling ditch, this empire on which the sun never sets and on which it never arises!"

LEAM MACGILL IOGA.

Central Europe a Slave Colony for Allied Finance.

(From the "Labour Leader," April 15, 1920.)

By H. N. Brailford.

The Austrian newspapers which arrived last week contained the vital statistics for the city of Vienna during the month of February.

In round numbers there died during that month 4,000 persons, while the living births totalled 1,800.

The mortality, according to the city's chief officer of health, must not be regarded as exceptional. Save for some influenza, tending to pneumonia there was nothing in the nature of an epidemic, and the figures for the previous winter were somewhat higher. The arresting thing about these figures is not so much the high mortality as the proportion of births to deaths. The war is long since over, and its direct influence on the birth-rate came to end a year ago. These totals say in plain figures what many of us have tried to say in words. This peace has doomed Vienna to a slow death.

Vienna's Slow Death.

Its population is dying out under our eyes, and it wants little mathematical skill to reckon in how many years, at this rate, the great city with its two million inhabitants will take to become a village in the midst of a cemetery.

It is a slow and painful process, for a dying people will struggle desperately. Massacre might have been, when all is said, a more merciful fate.

The children and the young men and women endure the miseries of tuberculosis before the end comes, and the old, who die in one form or another of hunger and cold, have first to watch their children starve. The survivors, moreover, grow up with stunted bodies and half-developed minds.

The cruelty of it all is obvious. The waste and the loss realised only by those who know this kindliest and best-loved of cities in the days before the war.

It was often my good fortune to spend a few days in Vienna after a journey in the Balkans. One breathed there after the cruelties and savageries of South-Eastern Europe. The very horses in the streets told you as they trotted past that here men were a kindly race.

Humanity's Debt to Vienna.

Nowhere else had so much been done for the children of the poor. Nowhere else did the flowers in the streets and the architecture itself speak more plainly of refinement and of joy in beautiful things.

Let any lover of music reflect on our loss if Vienna had been destroyed by the Turks as it promises to be by the latter-day squire of Christian democracy. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms—more than half the world's treasures of sound are the work of this one city.

Rumania will survive and flourish—a land which has contributed not one solitary entry in art, music, literature or science to the records of civilisation. The half-baked allies of the Balkans will survive and multiply while this city, which held within its walls the greatest modern civilisation of the Continent, with the doubtful exception of Paris, is doomed to slow extinction.

But there is hope—a paradoxical sort of hope. Vienna begins at last to interest our capitalist society.

There is, after all, no profit in allowing this great city to perish utterly.

It contains much costly and elaborate plant. Its population is highly skilled. The city itself rivalled Paris in producing a multitude of tasteful and elaborate things—leather ware, boots, gloves and much metal ware. Outside it, even in the little that is left of Austria, there are many well-equipped textile factories and some first-rate iron works.

All Europe cries out for locomotives, but nowhere were better engines built than in Vienna.

This population, which is dying out, was highly skilled and from its technical experts, with their scientific know-how, down to its deft-fingered girl workers, it has still its value in the labour market.

There is, to be sure, plenty of labour to be hired in England and America, but its demands are high, and it must be satisfied in dollars and pounds. These Austrian workers can be paid in kronen. With the krona it is possible to be worth 10d., exchanging for less than a farthing in the great possibilities here. The krona is only a farthing on the foreign exchange, but its purchasing power in Vienna itself is still 3d., or thereabouts. To buy a day's labour even of an unskilled worker, you must give many kronen; but that for the foreigner will be only a matter of pennies.

Labour Cheaper in Vienna than India.

Labour, in short, if you come with pounds or dollars to change, is cheaper than it is in India. The cost of a day's cheap labourer, but he is not sturdy, and he is illiterate. These Austrians are white Europeans, of a vigorous, industrious race, the equal of any and the superior of most in education.

It is amazing that the capitalist world has been so slow to seize its advantage. Not in Austria alone, but in Germany and Holland it has allowed superb factories to be built up. Millions of the world's best workers to go unemployed, who might have bought their labour at 900 marks or 150 kronen to the pound.

The Slave Traders Begin to Move.

Rather slowly the idea has penetrated that a great opportunity is being lost. Many months ago some Dutch syndicates got to work.

They sent raw material into Central Europe to be manufactured on commission, and the finished goods came back to them in due course to be sold for their profit. They paid, of course, for the labour and for the manufacturer's trouble, but they paid in marks and kronen while they cashed their profit in good Dutch florins.

Some Yorkshire firms followed their example, though only as yet on a small scale. It must have been a highly profitable speculation.

At length the opening is being used by American and British syndicates. The Americans were first in the field, and they are operating on a really big scale with no less a man than Morgan, the great banker, behind them. The British venture is probably smaller but still considerable. In general idea the American plan is to buy labour at almost invisible cost in Austria and to sell the produce in some dollars in the New World. There are, of course, risks to be overcome, but tariffs with the exchange in this direction are a trifle.

It is also a part of the American scheme to buy up businesses or to acquire controlling shares in businesses so that the whole profits of this gigantic adventure in exploitation will go to the foreign capitalist.

The small man goes about like a ghoul buying rings and snuff from the corpse. The big man buys factories.

Some British, and also some French and Italian financiers, are following the same plan, not in Austria only but in Hungary, and in Central Europe generally.

Capitalist America's Conquest.

In a few years, if the present political conditions continue, Central Europe will be one huge colony working for the victorious Allies, but above all for America. The conquest of Asia and Africa is a trifle in comparison to this gigantic exploit.

It is not the worst thing that could happen. The workers will be fed, and gradually, as their first sharp hunger satisfied, their battle for a share in the profits of this gigantic operation will begin—for magic it is that transmutes paper into gold.

"The Austrian factory," as the *Neue Freie Presse* said, "will be able to employ its workers, and the anxiety over raw materials will be eased. The biggest enterprises will probably fall under American control, and the independence of industry will be further limited. But starving men have no choice."

The Socialist onlooker will watch this process with crest, but he will not, if he is wise and humane, attempt to stop it. He would certainly fail if he tried, and he would court the awful responsibility of dooming a whole continent to final despair.

Classic Chapter.

But as a chapter in the history of capitalism this episode serves to become classic.

The amazing thing is that while few, if any, of the workers in it, whether politicians or financiers, can have had any conscious perception whatever of the whole chain of uses and effects, the results have none the less worked

out to the gain of the victorious capitalist societies with an almost mechanical precision.

First the war is prolonged by "bitter-end" fanatics until Central Europe is ruined.

Then the process is completed by a prolongation of the blockade for nine months (in the case of Germany) after the war.

Next the peace itself is framed as if with diabolical skill to destroy all hope of economic reorganisation. Germany is robbed of her iron and coal, loaded with indemnities, fettered with coal tributes, denied the rights of reciprocity in trade, deprived of her mercantile fleet, and cut off from all her foreign outlets of trade. Austria is dismembered and skillfully cut off from her comrads and co-fields, while six quarrelling systems of currency, transport and tariffs replace the former economic unity of the Hapsburg Dominions.

Then comes a period of talk, in which politicians and economists plead for an international loan to enable Central Europe to obtain raw materials and restore her currencies.

Nothing comes of all the talk.

At last, when the ruin is complete, when every other hope has failed, when the currencies are scarcely worth the paper on which notes are printed, private finance steps in to buy up the plant and the labour of half a continent at the rate of a farthing to the shilling.

The queer thing, as we said, about it all is that it was mainly, if not wholly, an unconscious process.

The statesman acted sometimes from vindictive passion, often from military grounds, often from sheer ignorance. The worst things were due to M. Clemenceau. Yet France will profit least by his brutality. The best record (poor as it is) was Mr. Wilson's. Yet it is American finance which will draw the main tribute from a conquered continent.

Of the financiers some are actuated by philanthropy.

It seems to be an impersonal fatality which arranges that finance shall profit from conquest.

A sub-conscious logic guides the hand that writes the treaty, and statesmen act capitalism while they think strategy and talk democracy.

The Allied Workers' Part.

Some months or years hence, when the exploitation of the vanquished has gone somewhat beyond the present experimental stage, the workers of the victorious allied countries will awaken to realise what they did when they voted capitalism into the saddle for the pleasure of "hanging the Kaiser."

Labour paid in kronen, worth a farthing, will be competing with labour paid in shillings.

Goods produced at a negligible labour cost will soon begin to penetrate first neutral, then American, and finally our own markets.

If this produce were sold here at the high exchange for the benefit of continental industry the exchange would soon begin to right itself and conditions would be gradually levelled up. But it will be sold to benefit American and British finance. That will not affect the exchange in the same degree, and the levelling up will be inordinately slow, and in the end only partial.

The Continent, partly because it cannot trade for its own account and profit, and partly because it is loaded with indemnities, will be unable to buy from us anything but raw materials. Yet to compete with it in neutral markets, and

even it may be in our own, our capitalists will attempt to lower wages, and if in that they fail they will inevitably clamour for high tariffs, which will mean continued high prices.

These things have happened and will happen because International Socialism was too weak and too divided to shorten the war, to end the blockade at the armistice, to influence the peace, to make a true League of Nations, and, above all, to ensure that the world's raw materials should be apportioned to each according to his need.

II—

If from November, 1918, onwards the embryo League of Nations could have distributed raw materials for the general good to a workless Europe, it would have escaped not merely the famine and the White Terror but the tender mercies of the capitalist Good Samaritan, who combines mercies in his own person all the rôles of the parable. He knocked the victim down—he held him down lest he should rise unaided—and now he sells the oil and the wine at an untold profit per drop.

As the vanquished worker begins to stagger, maimed, tuberculous, rickety, back to a semblance of health, the same practitioners, with the same sub-conscious logic, will get ready to operate on the victorious wage-earner. We have much yet to learn about war.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

Prayer and Fasting.

Last week was easily the most thrilling one experienced in Ireland since Easter, 1916. It eclipsed in tension and excitement even the momentous days when the menace of Conscription first loomed over the country. As for the week of the Armistice and its hectic sensations, noticeable as they were, it pales completely in comparison with the emotional stress and strain so evident during "Mountjoy Week." In these days, however, we pass so rapidly from one startling episode to another that it is impossible to foretell what new event may have occurred even before these words meet the reader's eye.

The innate good taste which Irishmen possess (even if they lack good manners) was afforded an opportunity of displaying itself; more particularly while the strike, that is, the labour strike, was in progress. Of course the sympathy of the preponderating bulk of the people was with the men within Mountjoy. None the less there were many who did

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TERMS MODERATE.

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not share this point of view, yet these did not on this occasion quarrel with their neighbours. A curious silence reigned as the ethics of the hunger-strike prevailed. Anxiously, yearning in undisguised relief when the successful climax reached, was the dominant note.

Nor do I personally recall a time when there was "grousing" on the part of those inconvenienced by the standstill, and who is there who did not find himself in that category? In 1918, when the Anti-Conscription Strike was on, there was loud grumbling from many people. Last year, Labour Day evoked not a few angry protests. Perhaps we are getting more accustomed to these demonstrations of the power of democracy, or perhaps the issue involved Mountjoy touched all hearts more, but, at any rate, he is reason what it may, acquiescence in the state of affairs seemed to me less grudging even on the part of those whom Sinn Fein is a thing accursed.

Wonderful are the comments of the simple folk in a city on phenomena that manifest themselves in these hours of crisis. A man of my acquaintance recited one of these to me quite lately. On last Monday week when the Cur indulged in a search-light display, an old woman said to me as she watched the lights sweeping the heavens:

"Musha then, if it's God Almighty they're looking sure they'll never find him."

The other day I happened to be in what is called "Sinn Fein shop"—a small establishment where papers, sweets and cigarettes are sold. A little boy behind the counter had succeeded in tying up his hands with a lead strap. Suddenly his irate mother turned upon him, and said, "Tommy, take that strap off your hands at once, you hear me? Sure, it's soon enough you'll be getting handcuffs." An easy prophecy, truly, as Mr. Denis Healey might say.

Strangely appropriate, too, chanced to be the name of the picture at one of the cinema theatres, which was advertised in huge letters on a hoarding close to Mountjoy. On the heads of the vast multitude praying for the men in there stood out on a flaming poster the words:

THE UNSELFISH SINNER.

which, in the circumstances, it was not too great a stretch of the imagination to render as "the Unselfish Sinner."

Speaking of prayer suggests a point in this story "Battle of the Rosary," this Lepanto with the British. And that point is the alarm which recurs to prayer struck into the heart of English rulers. It has always been when they were dealing in uncountable and unending wars against Dervishes, Afghans, or Indians. Anything in the least resembling a religious, a holy war, terrifies a peo-

ple. When engaged against the "savage" tribes in Ireland we find this also. It was so in the days of the Anti-Conscription Movement. It was so in the great Hunger strike. Apart from the efficacy of prayer in securing the dictation of Divine Providence, there is to be reckoned with well its unnerving effect on the mind of despotic powers.

It may be urged that England had free and plentiful recourse to prayer during the war. True; but that was "official" prayer—as much part and parcel of the machinery of the war as was the blockade or the tank. Spontaneous prayer from the hearts of the people such as was witnessed day and night outside Mountjoy is a phenomenon impossible in Protestant England.

And it causes "the authorities" to think—and shrink.
WESTLAND ROWS.

De Valera and Cuba.

The article in the *New York Journal* of March 1, quoted in *OLD IRELAND* of April 17, on this subject, exposes all the ingenuity of the Dominicans effort to divide and conquer Sinn Fein by asserting that De Valera had offered to Cubanise "Ireland; that is, to put her under British suzerainty, or, worse still, "protection" in the sense England understands that word.

If a treaty between Ireland, England, and other nations (England a nation, by the way?) were entered into, embodying *mutatis mutandis* the only clause in the American treaty quoted by the President, its operative part would run thus:

"That the Government of the Irish Republic shall never enter into a treaty or other compact with any other Power or Powers which would impair, or tend to impair, the independence of Ireland, nor permit any other Power to obtain, for any purpose whatever, recognition in or control over any portion of Ireland."

How that clause could bear the interpretation Britain's card-mongers seek to put upon it we cannot understand. It asserts our independence unequivocally. It denies the desirability of strategic unity, which would be as fatal in the future as it was in the pre-Union decade. It would stop England from using arguments similar to those now employed by her in reference to Egypt, and lately by Germany in reference to Belgium. More than that, it would exclude England's retention of control over our material resources, and break the economic stranglehold she hopes to retain when her physical grip on us has been broken.

R.W.F.

An Australian Poet.

I suppose there are many readers on this side, who have read Adam Lindsay Gordon; the name of Kendall may be familiar to a few; but how many have heard of Bernard O'Dowd. His position in Australia is paradoxical. He is the poet of democracy, yet in comparison with Gordon, Lawson, Paterson, and other poets of the plains, he is not very extensively read. In years to come he may be looked upon in the light of a prophet; but beyond the borders of his own country, he has not yet become known as he deserves to be. There is perhaps a reason for this: O'Dowd is a profound thinker, and his message is not always clear. He has a tendency to laden his lines with learning, and thus in some of his poems there is more thought than emotion; but in poems, such as "Love and Sacrifice," "Bacchus," and "Resurgent," and other pieces the lines flow harmoniously to the end. Fastidious in his choice of words, he rarely writes a slovenly line; his best is the best in Australian literature; and he ranks first, as the most philosophical writer, that the country has produced.

It is not easy to give examples of his works. To do the poet justice, one would need to quote him at some length. But it will allow the reader to get some idea of his style, if I give a few brief extracts. Here are some stanzas from his poem called "Proletaria":

Nay, when your world is over-tired,
And Genius comatose,
Our race, by Nemesis inspired,
Old Order overthrows:

With earthquake-life we thrill your land,
Refill the crust of art,
Revitalise spent Wisdom, and—
Resume our weary part.

The palace of successful Guild
Is mortared with our shame;
On hecatombs of Us are built
The soaring towers of fame.

We are the grooves of Titan works
Whose throbbings never cease;
Our unregarded signet lurks
On every masterpiece.

If you want his message summed up in a few lines, I cannot do better than quote these concluding stanzas from "Young Democracy":

That culture, joy and goodness
Be th' equal right of all;
That Greed no more shall those oppress
Who by the wayside fall:

That each shall share what all men sow;
That colour, caste's a lie:
That man is God, however low—
Is man however high.

Besides being a fighter who has always had the courage to write as he felt; there is a gracious side to the personality of O'Dowd. As a lover of his fellow-men, he is always ready to help his brother writers; and in the cause of

Socialism he has devoted much of his time, as teacher, writer and speaker. He has a fiery eloquence that literally lifts him off his feet sometimes; his eyes burn with a concentrated fervency; and his arms and legs tingle with movement. But there are no affectations in his style of oratory; he is intense, strong, sincere. The following from "Love and Sacrifice" is an example of the human side of the poet's work:

Can we not consecrate
To man and God above
This volume of our great
Supernal tide of Love?

'Twere wrong its wealth to waste
On merely me and you,
In selfish touch and taste,
As other lovers do.

This love is not as thine:
It came from the Divine,
Whose glory still it wears,
And print of Whose design.

Ah, Love, the earth is woe's
And sadly helpers needs:
And bill its burden goes,
Our work is—where it bleeds.

It may be readily understood, that this writer has definite ideas as to the mission of the poet. I may be permitted to quote from a report which appeared in the *Melbourne Herald*, of an address in which he descants on the duty of the man of letters: "That duty," he remarks, "can best be done in the cell, under ascetic discipline, and the robes of our poets' asceticism. The walls of their cell are poverty, neglect, solitude, heartbreak. As the greatest poem in the English language was produced, not when its author was the greatest councillor of the greatest man in Europe, but when he was poor and lonely, and blind, and almost a skulker from the hangman, so shall our great poetry, that is to be, be glad for the sad and sober garments in which her youth is attired to-day.

"It is such writing, devoutly done, reverently done, done with an awful sense of responsibility to something beyond the ordinary human, that will bring out of the silence; the forms, the ideals, the ideas, the principles and the sacrifices; that shall go to make Australia what we creamers intend she shall be—the Hy—Breal of humanity. The thought, that we here, that every little happening in Australia, are and shall be, the materials and the heroes of the romances of a thousand years hence, should have a sobering effect on us all, and an elevating effect, too. Many of us think, that if Western civilisation is to mature at all, it shall be here."

This idea of the future of Australia has since been emphasised in his long poem, "The Bush," the last published work from his pen. I would like to quote two stanzas:—

Where is Australia, singer, do you know?
These sordid farms and joyless factories,
Mephitic mines and lanes of pallid woe?
Those ugly towns and cities such as these

With incense sick to all unworthy power,
And all old sin in full malignant flower?
No! to her bourne her children still are fairing
She is the temple that we are to build:
For her the ages have been preparing:
She is a prophecy to be fulfilled!

All that we love in olden lands and lore
Was signal of her coming long ago!
Bacon foresaw her, Campanella, More,
And Plato's eyes were with her star aglow!
Who tolled for Truth, what'er their countries were
Who fought for Liberty, they yearned for her!
No corsair's gathering ground, nor tyrant for schemes,
No chapman Carthage to a buccaster Tyre,
She is the Eldorado of old dreamers,
The Sleeping Beauty of the world's desire.

The same belief was held by Henry Kingsley: "This the desert where God is at work to found in future ages, new places for the Boy in Grey's plough!" (The dove referred to was Australia; and the Boy in Grey, a symbolical for Democracy.)

WILLIAM MOORE.

Correspondence.

Dear Sir,—On the 7th inst. a paragraph appeared in the *Independent* under the title: "National Catholic Chimes." The people of Armagh parish have subscribed £1,000 towards the fund to provide a chime of bells for the National Cathedral. Drogheda subscribed £810, Ardee £170. And that it would require an average of £100 from each of the parishes in the diocese to complete the work. The bells are already in course of construction and it is hoped to have them installed before the end of summer.

Perhaps the public are not aware of the fact that the order is in the hands of an English firm. Why not another one? Should not money collected in Ireland be spent in Ireland? Surely our few Irish industries should be supported.

S. E. HAMILTON.

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On SUNDAY, April 25th, HOLY MASS will be offered for the repose of the Souls of our Martyred Dead of 1916.

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VOL. II. No. 13.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Truth About the Mountjoy "Parole."

We have had the privilege of an interview with one of
the victors of Mountjoy, and he told us exactly what occurred
with reference to the parole which Bonaer Law asserts to have
been given by the gallant hundred and four as a condition
of their release.Knowing the incurable shiftiness of their opponents,
the prisoners suspected that the promise of unconditional
release which was made to them would, if possible, not
be observed. However, all went well until the stretchers,
bearing the prisoners, had reached the open jail door for
removal in the waiting ambulance. At this supreme moment,
when the end of many days' torment was apparently at
hand, the now famous and eternally infamous "parole" was
produced, and the men required to sign it before passing
out of bondage. Half dead, tortured, but unconquerable,
they refused. They were turned back from freedom and
hope seemed dead. But the morale of Dublin Castle was
broken, and within two hours the battle between the spirit
of national liberty and armour-plated tyranny was over.Such is the story as we gathered it from the matter-of-
fact narrative of one of the victorious leaders. Our readers
have to choose between the word of an honourable Irishman
and a Right Honourable Anglo-Scot.**Leadership.**Poinssais O'Gallechobar once contributed to OLD
IRELAND an article entitled "Down with Leaders." Withhis companions in the Battle of Mountjoy he has exemplified
the true meaning of his article, which we take to be that
we need not sheepishly follow our leaders whithersoever they
think fit to lead. In our present leaders we have the utmost
faith; but should they ever divagate from the narrow path
to freedom we need not despair. For we have seen how
one hundred and four men of all ages and conditions, kid-
napped haphazard from the four provinces, have, without
preconcerted plans and without a single failure, attained,
and maintained, despite devilish torments, the highest
national ideal. And we believe that there are hundreds of
thousands more who, inspired by the same spirit, would
come through the same ordeal unscathed. That spirit is
our lead, and we will follow any man or woman who embodies
it, but none other.**The Lord Mayor of Dublin.**We think P. S. O'Flannagain is too severe on the Lord
Mayor. His Lordship, believing that the lives of the men
in Mountjoy were at stake, pocketed his dignity and trusted
the word of a British official. For the first offence we honour
him. The second we believe to have been due to his knowl-
edge that every minute was valuable. It is hard to draft
legal documents when men are dying during the process.**The Prisoners' Fund.**The sympathy and admiration of all loyal Irish men
and women went out to the prisoners during their grand
struggle. An opportunity of giving practical demonstration
of these creditable emotions is now afforded. We appeal
to our readers to subscribe liberally to the Prisoners' Fund.
Subscriptions may be sent to: Mrs. Wyse-Power, 21,
Henry Street, Dublin.**The New Prison Rules.**We believe the newly-pronounced prison rules to be
a mean fraud. They make great display of concessions to
"political" prisoners, and then proceed to define as non-
political almost all the so-called offences for which Irish
republicans have been, and are, imprisoned. To show the
utter humbug of the thing we need only point out that
"unlawful assembly" is expressly stated not to be a political
offence. We all know that under D.O.R.A. any collection
of more than two persons may be, and has been, treated
as an "unlawful assembly." Pah!**The "Freeman" and the Vicereignty.**With the *Freeman's* insistence that "French must go"
we are in complete accord, but when our contemporary asks
that Irishmen shall unite in demanding that Lord Granard
should be appointed in his stead, we wish it would use more
discrimination in its selection of sticks wherewith to belabour
Dublin Castle. The united demand of Irishmen has already
been proclaimed. It is that our own duly-created Govern-
ment shall be permitted to govern without foreign inter-
ference. French must go, but Granard must not come.

Irish Labour's Embargo on Exports.

English Labour passes resolutions and leaves it at that. Irish Labour possesses resolution and does things. Having given notable aid in the Mountjoy victory, it has now made a stand for sound national economics. It has always been a lamentable paradox that Ireland has exported foodstuffs whilst the people starved or existed on imported substitutes for their own products. Now Irish Labour says, in effect: "Large quantities of Irish butter and bacon are being exported whilst the Irish people have to do without these commodities, or use instead imported margarine and inferior bacon. This won't do. In future, the home market must be satisfied and only the surplus exported." This is, sound sense and good economics. Well done, Labour.

Loreha Lorander.

John J. Madden, a Tipperary boy, was tried for his life in Dublin last week. He was charged with the murder of Sergeant Brady, R.I.C., at Loreha, Tipperary, on the night of September 2, 1919. According to the full reports in the daily Press, the case for the prosecution rested on the evidence of an "informer" called Gilligan, who joined the R.I.C. two days after the Sergeant was shot. This wretch swore positively and circumstantially that Madden fired the shot. Under cross-examination, however, he broke down completely and was proved a perjurer. The prosecution threw him over and admitted that his evidence was false. Chief Justice Molony told the jury they would be wrong to accept his evidence. A verdict of "not guilty" was brought in, and the judge expressed his approval of this finding.

So much for Gilligan. But anyone acquainted with legal procedure knows that the police and their advisors must have known months ago the character and means of the prosecution proceeded. Further, the reports assert that a statement made by the accused the day after the shooting, accounting for his movements during the preceding night, was entirely suppressed, and one by Gilligan (differing utterly from his evidence at the trial) made on the 7th February, 1920, was held back from the defence until the second day of the trial.

We should greatly like to know what Madden's political faith is, and why Gilligan came forward to swear away an innocent man's life. Was it from an abstract love of justice? And who, as Counsel for the defence asked, "laught him to commit perjury?"

San Remo.

It is hard to feel interested in the doings of the supergamblers at San Remo. By the way, Monte Carlo would, from its associations, have been a more suitable venue for this continuation of the Versailles tragi-farce.

Lloyd George thought it desirable to travel to the Riviera by sea, and so avoid Paris, the scene of his pettifoggery triumphs. This fact, and the evasiveness of the official reports, indicate that there is something like a "split" in the Entente. No doubt it is a little rift about the loot.

The Joke of the Week.

"I look upon myself as the champion of the liberties of the world, and I view all questions from this standpoint."
—Lloyd George.

An Explanation to Our Readers.

For the past few months we have been subjected to a particularly mean form of persecution, and we think it our duty to disclose the facts to our readers, leaving them to draw their own conclusions.

Old Ireland" has never been suppressed. Frontal attacks have been abandoned. But notwithstanding the fact that we appear with what Bonar Law would call the "tacit" permission of the British Government hardly a week passes but copies of our Journal are confiscated (a less euphemistic word might be used) from retailers in different parts of the country. No reasons are vouchsafed, and one agent informs us that Dublin Castle refused to tell him whether or not it was an offence to sell the paper. These sporadic seizures may be the uninspired work of local rajas, or they may not. At any rate they disappoint our readers and disorganise our distribution.

An even more serious matter has arisen in connection with our last issue. The usual number of "parcels" were dispatched by our printers on the 22nd inst. Some of them reached our distributing agents on the 23rd, but up to the evening of the 24th inst. other parcels (including that addressed to our own offices) have not arrived. The non-arrival may be due to an accidental delay in transit, but somehow these accidents do not occur to the tons of anglicising piffle that are poured into Ireland.

The House with the Greasy Windows.

(A Novel by Brinsley McNamara.)

We take the following from Aosh de Blacum's "Songs and Satires."

Chapter CXXXVIII.

He walked slowly down the road. A mangy dog got in his way. He kicked it. He wondered why. . . . And now it had gone. He remembered that it yelped as it with pain. He had not noticed things very clearly since his wife ran away. Why had she gone? Perhaps it was to catch a train. She preferred a train to him. . . . Or was it really his wife? Was it all a dream? Anyhow, it did not matter now. He would go to the Post Office and send a wire. . . . The postman coming out had chilblains and snivelled when he talked. The girl behind the counter had inky fingers. The blotting paper was covered with inky fingers. There were many notices on the wall. Most of them were frayed and out-of-date. No, he would not send a telegram after all. Sometimes he thought he would be an author and describe the life of Ballymisery. But was it worth while? What ink always made blots, and the roads were dirty. What was the good of anything? He had walked this way every day for the past ninety years, and things were just the same as when he first came to the village. A little shabbier perhaps. . . . drabber. . . . dirtier. The time had come to make a change. He found his revolver. It was rusty, and the magazine moved stiffly. But at last he found a cartridge. He blew out his brains.

He felt better then.

THE END.

*Published by the Talbot Press, price 1s.

Against Powers and Principalities.

Streets of shops, close-shuttered; a pale frosty-blue sky, with little angry clouds that spit and hiss in sudden showers; an aeroplane circling like a hawk above the close-packed houses. People everywhere, moving up and down, silent, with tense faces—a city that is silent, for the trams are not running and all traffic has ceased except the traffic of the news-boys. They shout incessantly, "Stop Press! Stop Press!" They swoop round street corners in small battalions, shouting and waving newspapers: "Stop Press! Prisoners! Stop Press! Prisoners!" A city, a whole people, is waiting breathlessly for their news. "Are the prisoners dying? Has one of them died?" That is the question in every heart. Nobody asks "Have they given in?" That they may die is possible, even probable; that they will give in is unthinkable—it is impossible, for these men have allied themselves with the soul of Ireland. The soul of Ireland has pitted itself against machine guns, and whippet tanks, and armoured cars, and the "resources of civilisation" as interpreted by "Might"—and the soul of Ireland is going to win, for though spirit can be crucified, can be laid in the grave, it cannot be killed: it cannot be defeated!

A procession picks its way through the crowds—many hundreds of women carrying banners. They are going to pray for the prisoners. The people in the streets are praying for the prisoners, Ireland is praying. The procession slowly passes. Its banners are mere strips of sheeting, hastily nailed to broom-handles, or whatever comes handiest. White strips with black lettering, hastily painted. One inscription stirs the crowd as wind stirs the sea: "Remember Ashe." The exultant surge, the tumultuous cheers, the proudly lifted faces of the people show how well they remember. In such another fight Ashe had endured to the death, and dying had won victory for his comrades. Does he too pray as martyrs are empowered and pray, or does he cry exultantly, "Courage, courage. There is no defeat!"

The rain spits and hisses; the mud is ankle-deep in the streets; the wind is edged; darkness is closing in—and to-morrow? How many men will be alive to-morrow?

Ah! night; a city deserted and in utter darkness save where the armoured cars and motors of the military patrol, poor, fiery-eyed, like night-searching beasts of prey.

Ah! morn; blue sky and a gentle wind, a day that grows towards warmth. A shuttered city—anxious, exultant, heart-wrung, hurrying crowds of people. All day the shouting of the news-boys, but towards evening a stir, a tremor,

a change in everything. The prisoners are being released! They are being carried on stretchers to the ambulances. They are at death's door, but they have endured to the end!

It is victory! victory! victory—a thousand times victory! But there is no cheering. Those wan faces on the stretchers have not strength to lift themselves, they can barely smile! As they are carried out one by one the people are thanking God that they are carried out alive. No one now is afraid that even the weakest may die. They could not die surrounded by so much love! Man does not live by bread alone, nor do nations; it is not these worn-out boys and men who have triumphed here, it is the incorruptible spirit of man.

ELLA YOUNG.

The Invincibility of National Principle.

Four years have elapsed since on April 24, 1916, the Irish nation, through its hereditary representatives, proclaimed the Irish Republic in the streets of the capital and reasserted its separate independence as well as its distinct nationality. In that act, and through the self-sacrifice in blood and life and imprisonment with which it was accompanied, the reborn nation had its baptism, and the mass of the Irish people of to-day found regeneration. The cataclysm of Easter Week cleared away the rubbish of compromise and expediency that for so long had hidden away the unextinguishable and inextinguishable spark of National Principle, and that spark, freed from the debris of Westminsterian bartering and bargaining under which it had lain, leaped up into a bright flame that illumined the whole land and purified and strengthened the whole people. Since that Easter Monday the nation has steadily advanced towards the realisation, in internationally recognised fact, of the *de jure* independence it then proclaimed. The unflinching steadiness and unbroken success of the advance, the by-election victories, the General Election triumph, the municipal election sweep of the Councils of the country, the conversion of honest opponents, the obliteration of unationally factious opposition, and the union of the nation in fixity of purpose and determination, are all due to Ireland's restored allegiance—restored by the awakening of 1916—to National Principle and the unyielding and uncompromising National Sovereignty that it represents and implies. National Principle has also been the basic factor in Ireland's frustration and defeat of every plot and plan of the British Government. Taking their stand on National Principle, and refusing to abandon that position by one inch, the Irish people have met and beaten

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every onslaught of the enemy, have left England with but two alternatives—evacuation of our country or extermination of ourselves. Evacuate she will not until further occupation is impossible; exterminate she is internationally afraid to without a plausible pretext, and that plausible pretext Ireland, through the discipline and self-control begotten of National Principle, has not given her, and will not give her, in the days to come. If Ireland remains true to National Principle, England must eventually evacuate, because National Principle is invincible. Against Ireland's National Principle England has nothing to oppose but Expediency, backed by the bayonets, the artillery, and the tanks that are Imperial Expediency's only moral support, and the opposition of these, despite the further death and suffering they may cause, will in *ultima res* be fruitless. Ireland's success thus far, and Ireland's certain triumph in the future, is, and will be, the unvarying victory of Principle over Expediency.

The End of Expediency.

Compare the progress to national independence of the past four years with the digress to subject degradation of the half century that preceded, and we have an unforgettable lesson not only in the unflinching potency of National Principle, but in the depths of slavishness to which a people can fall once they have, by the smallest fraction, compromised that Principle. The moment that a section of Irishmen surrendered for policy's sake their belief in Ireland's Sovereignty by participating in England's councils in Westminster and, *ipse facto*, acknowledging England's own alleged right to legislate for our country, their ruin and the ruin of the case they represented were assured. From that date their downfall was rapid. When England got them into her Parliament she played them with all the confidence with which a cat plays a mouse. She knew that, once they had compromised with Principle, all other compromises were easy, and she drew them along from one degradation to another, and deeper. When she got them to forswear Principle and set up Expediency in its stead, she knew, from her age-long worship at that pernicious shrine, that she could out-master them in their new religion. And she did. With them the irreducible minimum of yesterday became the idealistic maximum of to-day, and the heresy of to-day the orthodox faith of to-morrow. They sought to barter and bargain their country's birthright (because, fools, they thought they had the power) in the breakfast-rooms and legislative chambers of their country's enemy. Duped by the experts in political trickery with whom they were dealing, they, even of themselves, allowed their interpretation of the cause, for which generations of Irish men and Irish women suffered and the best and bravest gave their lives, to be made a pawn in the game of British party politics. God! It was a horrible outrage on the great dead of Ireland and

the greater cause for which they died. From compromise these miserable wretches descended to compromise and in the end, like mongrel curs, they were prepared to wag their tails in gratitude for any dirty crumbs that were cast to them from the tables of their British Imperial masters. What would have been the finish of the pitiful business it is impossible to say had not a few brave men, inheritors of the national tradition which they had, in spite of sneers, and revilement, and persecution, kept alive during all those years of darkness, realised that the nation's condition was becoming desperate, and that her soul was being murdered as well as her body. These men saw that the salvation of the nation's soul urgently demanded such a supreme sacrifice as Christ on Calvary made for the souls of men, and with the heroism that only great and holy Principle can inspire, they agreed to immolate themselves on the altar of liberty that the soul of the nation might be saved, and the people of the nation rescued from the false worship of Expediency and led back to the old National Faith of Ned Hugh, Eoghan Kuadh, Tone, Emmet, Mitchell, and O'Leary. They gave their lives in 1916, and their sacrifice was with a quickness and universality almost miraculous followed by the blessed fruit for which they offered up their heart's blood. The idol of Expediency was pulled down and crushed in the dust, and in the wake of National Principle the Irish people are in suffering, but yet with victory marching to the goal of *de facto* independence.

No Compromise.

"No compromise and no surrender" is the watchword of the Ireland of to-day. It is also Ireland's answer to England's every overture. Whether she applies coercion or "conciliation," whether she sends us bayonets or Bills, our answer is the same. On Principle we take our stand, and with Principle there can be no compromise. We deny England's right to offer us anything, because she has no moral right in our country at all. In the present position of the two countries we refuse even to discuss with her our future mortal relations. A condition precedent to discussion is England's evacuation. When that is effected we can discuss as two independent nations our dealings with each other. Meantime, there can be no compromise. The sooner England recognises this as final the better for herself. We can afford to wait; she cannot. Time is increasing the measure of international support that is rolling to our side; it is weakening her position amongst the nations. For four years now we have not flinched, because we are standing behind a Principle. For four years now our leaders and our policy are unchanged, because our leaders merely represent a Principle, and our policy is the translation of that Principle into practice. For four years England has resorted to a score of expedients to defeat us, and every time she has failed, because each expedient was but the

immediate urgent requirement of Imperial Expediency. In four years England has changed her instruments in Ireland four times, and every instrument has proved a mere lamentable failure that his predecessor was, and has taken his departure in deeper disgrace. Her expedients have failed because we have refused to permit any infraction of National Principle; her instruments have equally failed because we regard and treat them not as particular persons, but as impersonal ministers and agents of British Government in this country. In the old days, when Westminster Parliamentarians made Ireland a question of British party politics, the personal character of every official England sent to this country was exalted in the inspired Press, and in discussing the man a misguided people overlooked the hand in which he was but a tool. Those days are gone in Ireland. Our fight is with the British Government, and in every British official from the Viceroy to the police constable, from the Commander-in-Chief to the private in the Army of Occupation, we recognise only the Government that sends them here and the orders of which they are carrying out. To us there is no difference between Macerady and Maxwell, to us Greenwood is one with Macpherson. It is not the man or the office that we regard, but the Government that created the office and appointed the man to fill it. Our fight is with the British Government alone, and to the British Government and all its policies we say: "No compromise and no surrender." In 1919 the elected representatives of the Irish nation called on the British Government to clear out of our country, and until it obeys that call there can be no discussions between it and us. It must clear out sooner than later, and it knows it. It may cause us much more death, and suffering, and imprisonment before it goes, but such things will merely serve to shorten its stay. It must go. For us, we have only to stand firm by National Principle and meet every overture towards compromise and conciliation as we have met every onslaught from tank and bayonet. We are winning because of our adherence to National Principle. We may suffer for that same adherence, but we cannot be beaten. Sticking to National Principle we are invincible and victory is assured.

P. S. O'FLANNAGAN.

Roinnt Irisleabhar.

Roinnt blianta ó shoin sé an glárán is mo gloistí fada n-é gúid leabhar agus irisleabhar go raibh sgáth ar na sgríobhadáirí aon chéad d'ionneal ach ceann do pléad cheana san teangeán Gaedhilge. Ach má bhí bunús leis an ngeardán sin na uair sin, bí athró ar an ngeál ó shoin. Is léir sin ó na hirisleabhair is deireannál tháinig chugainn; i mBrainis an earraigh tá an-áos beocht cruim ar abhaiséanna

aimhréiseach, ar litridheacht, idir litridheacht Gaedhilge agus Francaise; tá agéala gearra ann, flihdheacht agus feallsamhacht, agus an léighthéoir nach gearmóidh é, agus nach léighfeas é thar éis é cheannaíocht dó, is truaigh liom a neamhahum. Tá a fhias ag lucht léighthe an pháipéir seo gur cuireadh an Brann amach i n-aghaidh na míosa i dtosach, ach do éigin do bhocht a stiúrtha é chur amach i n-aghaidh na ráithe gan aon achar, beag leige agus spadácht ar muintire. Bhéidís násta é chur amach goib ní, anois féin; dá mbéidís an glodhadh ceas air, dá mbéidís máis dúine násta facha an irisleabhair chur isteach roimh ré, ach mo léal ní raibh an míle le fágháil go dtéann, agus deirteas doim go bhfuil suim ag an Bheanach i gúineál libridheacht. Tá a lán doime atá ar bheagán Gaedhilge agus ar móran airgid san tír seo, agus fonn ortá euidid le gúineacht na teangeán. Ní fheidísidís auid gúineál níw féar dhéanamb ná aintús chur ag trall ar lucht ar Bhrainis. Do chabrochadh an aintús sin le míodál Gaedhilge thabhairt do Ghaeilibh, agus amach amseo nuair d' fheidísidís na leabhair bhroegh slachtmhara. cuirfí abús ós a gcomhair amach, gach uile áiteas go gormáidís ar an nbeadhilge d'fhoghlaim. Ba chóir go bhféidísidís gach léighthéoir d' Ar. n-Éire daime d' fhigháil chuidéochas leis an doaghbhair atá ar sibhail ach lucht an Bhrainis ag 19 Plá Eil i mBaile Átha Cliath.

Irisleabhar atá anochosambail leis ar móran bealaigh Gúth na Bliadhna seóitar anois chugainn gach ráithe ó thír na mbeann. Tá an uimhir áiteas do chomacamar, uimhir an Geimhridh, chofh mairt le aon cheann dár tháinig amach fé. Cífeir ón gelár míngithe atá i dtosach an irisleabhair nach bhfuil sgáth ná eagla ar ár mbráithre i nÁlbanin ceistanna móra d' ionnuighe: Na Beas Cheiltescha agus an Fearann le A.M.E.; Co-mhóthachadh a Thocht Gaeil; An tSiornuig le D.M.N.C.; Na Gineascha Ceiltescha le Óis Uad; Cultúr agus an "Saoghal Nodha"; Comunn na Gúidheal; Lan Lom (1620—1710) le Mórag C. Nic Dombhail; Garbh-chríochan Australia le Alasdair MacLeoid; An Saoghal a ta ri Teacht le Andress Mac a'

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Is léir ach na hadhbhair egríobhta seo a lundh cé 'n teuin mhór chuireann lucht egríobhta na hAlbain i gedras an tsochail, as mbéile agus iogéin. Tá sé curtha n-a-leith ag cuid de na daoine i nEirinn gur mó an teuin atá acu sna ceisteanna ainmbréidseacha seo ná i nglaine a geuid Gaedhílige; ní féidir sin a rádh ach *Guth na Bliadhna* do léigheadh. Tá sé le fágháil ar coit bhiginn déag ó 'n mbainne ag 12—14 Sreid a Mhuilinn, Baile Pheirt i nAlbain, agus is fuí a dhá oiread sin é.

Is fada an bealach é ó Bhaile Pheirt i nOirthear Albain go Gaillimh i nIarthar Eireann, ach tá irisleabhar curtha amach ag o'lbainn agus ag maca léighinn agus Béarla ann. Tá trácht ag Tomás O'Máille ann ar Mbíchéid ó Cadhain, file, agus ba bhreagh linn dá dtuabhradh an Máilleach tuille éolais dúinn faoi. Ag trácht ar shoghal an Choláiste, agus ar chláidheacht na maca léighinn, deir Liam ó Briain gurab é an diabhlaidheacht an rud is mó atá i n-éasbáidh orra. Ag eaint le na maca léighinn deir sé, "tá ad marbhántacht n-a trom-luige orraibh. An iomarra déa umhlaidheacht ins na bhacailibh agus breis bheag bhídeach déa aingídeacht ins na cailiáibh féin," agus seatóchar leis san méid sin, agh tá faitechos orm go bhfuil an treith sin ins an tír go léir, nó bhí go dtí le Horghoirid. Mara bhfuil a ndoibhin déa diabhlaidheacht ag baint le maca léighinn na faillimne, tá cuid mhaith déa ghreann ionnta, rud is léir ón irisleabhar maiseamhail seo.

Cois Laoi cuireadh amach an *Greanáin*, "irisleabhar cinn bliadhna do Ghaedheabhaibh Chorcaige" ach taith-neo-chaidh é le Ghaedheabhaibh i ngach áit. Níl air ach trí píghne agus é le fágháil ó 3 Skáid na Bainsiógna. Tá cail mhór ar fuí na hEireann ar na daoine go bhfuil aistí acu ann-an t-ollamh Stockley, Tórná, Maurice Dalton, agus Domhnaill ó Corcra, cuir i gceas, agus cuirtear suim mhór i ngach rud a sgríobhann siad.

FADRAIC Ó'CONAIRE.

The Mene Tekel on the Wall.

(A Little Lesson in History for Lloyd George.)

Lloyd George and his fellow imperialists have declared in their recent speeches that the Irish "question" (sic) is an entirely domestic affair of England, adding immediately that under no circumstances could their Government recognise an Irish Republic. When we hear a declaration like that from the lips of a leading statesman of a world-power, we fall into ever-increasing astonishment at the blindness and obstinacy which refuse to learn a lesson from the history of the last hundred years—a lesson that cannot

escape the most superficial consideration of the observers of human affairs.

During that period more than twenty races have escaped from the yoke of their conquerors, often only after a fight resembling that which Ireland now wages. In every instance the ministers of the ruling or tyrannising Power met the "rebel cry" of freedom with a threatening "Never!" History tells us of Turkish viziers who, in the early years of last century, heard the wishes of the Greeks for freedom and stiffly maintained their right of suzerainty over the Grecian archipelago. But all the vast array of the still mighty Ottoman Empire was not strong enough to stifle the aspirations of the Grecian people for liberty, and the Sublime Porte was in the end forced to let it escape from slavery.

The latest anapniss "Never" came from the lips of the German, Baron von Kúblmann, and related to Alsace-Lorraine; but to-day the Tricolour flutters from the town halls of Strasbourg and Metz. Greece fought its way to freedom with the help of Russia, England and France. Serbia, Rumania, Bulgaria and Montenegro later followed its example, again not without encountering on the part of Turkish Sultans and their councillors—worthy predecessors of the present-day Balfours and Cecilis—bitter opposition and bloodshed. Belgium separated from Holland in 1830, and that in spite of a strong array of occupation and the accompanying chorus of "Nevers" from Dutch ministers. Norway introduced into the history of the world a new method of revolution. It dispatched to Oscar II, its king till then, whose ministers had likewise frequently asserted they would never consent to the dissolution of the union between Sweden and Norway, a letter of separation.

How often have the statesmen of Russia, Austria, and Germany insisted that in their eyes there was no Polish question, and that there could be no mention of the restoration of Poland? How often has Finland's claim of independence been rejected by their Muscovite neighbours and oppressors? How often have Austro-Hungarian chancellors met the demands of the Czeches and Jugoslavs for native rule with derisive laughter? Yet to-day these peoples live in free republics, and the mighty empires of the Romanoffs and Hapsburgs belong only to history.

We all remember the heroic fight that Cuba fought for



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liberation. The Spanish Lloyd George of that day sought, just like his imitator, to root out the revolting patriots by fire and sword, and proclaimed in the Cortes that the links binding Cuba to the mother country could "never" be broken. This same "never" had been heard before—many years earlier—when a dozen Spanish colonies threw off the yoke of the mother country and announced to the world that they were henceforth free and independent States.

If in 1914 anyone had prophesied that in 1920 Poland, Bohemia, Jugoslavia, Finland, Courland, the Ukraine, Livonia, Georgia would be recognised as free republics, he would have been shut up in an asylum. And we may here remark that sly England often, either openly or covertly, gave these little peoples encouragement, as opportunity offered, to shake off their rulers. Now that England so acted out of selfish love of the neighbour no sensible person will believe. She always assisted revolution with her gold where it meant removing governments that opposed her lust of world domination. But the proverb says tersely and tartly: "What is wholesome for one won't harm another." The medicine that England so copiously and energetically forced on other nations she must now swallow in her own turn—for improvement or repentance.

Shall Ireland, after 750 years of uninterrupted fighting for liberty, be the one white race under the sun to pine on in the fetters of slavery? Shall the principle of self-determination, to which Lloyd George paid such healing homage, be withheld from the Irish people, and that, too, simply because Ireland fills the pockets of British capitalists and imperialists? It is high time that Lloyd George and the Balfour-Cecil clique took the teaching of history to heart. If not, then very soon the foundations of the British Empire will begin to tremble.

"Is it not one of the greatest absurdities of this world-war, so full of incongruities," asks R. L. Orhelle, the well-known publicist, "is it not one of the most pitiable symptoms of the soul-sickness from which the world suffers to-day, that just the one nation, which above all others has practised the oppression of small peoples, that just England, which makes a regular custom of breaking treaties and starting wars, that this insatiable Bluebeard of the little nations, should to-day, in spite of its criminal past and present, dare to assume the rôle of the white-robed Paladin of humanity?"

Millions of Indians, Irishmen and Egyptians still groan under the tyranny of the old wastrel, and pine in every fibre of their hearts for the joyous day when the head of the hypocritical and disgusting toad shall be crushed.

—T. St. John Gaffney, formerly Consul-General of the United States in Munich, writing in the "Freiburger Nachrichten" of Switzerland, March 21, 1920.

British Labour's Last Chance.

The British Labour Congress which assembles in June may be the turning point in the history of British Trade Unionism. Also it may have important consequences for us. We make no apology for saying that, because, in spite of the capitalist oligarchies which still dominate Western Europe, the Labour International has been making steady progress, and the Labour International is the one hope of a general peace to rebuild civilisation. British Labour is a pivotal unit of the International. The workers' leaders everywhere are watching it very closely now, not because it is admirable, but because it unfortunately is not. The outraged millions of three continents trace all their ills to a widespread and malignant conspiracy, displaying many forms and having many names, which they call Imperialism. Imperialism (reverse Gilbert Murray and call it Satanism) took the African negro from his home in the wilds and set him down unchecked among the city populations of Germany. Imperialism crowded the underground dungeons of Budapest with women and children. Imperialism killed Tomas McCurtain. Imperialism brought famine and massacre at worst, inflated currencies and intensified struggle to live at best. Imperialism is the incarnate evil of the world. And the incarnate Imperialism is Great Britain. Britain, a great industrial nation; has a larger percentage of Trade Unionists than any other nation. It is manifest that the leaders of British Labour hold a knife in their hands which they can plunge into the eye of the octopoid whenever they like—to loose automatically, and at once the tentacles that bind Ireland, bind Egypt, bind Africa, bind India, bind Germany, bind Austria, bind the Near East, and bind England. The problem is, not whether they can do it, but whether they will. A Briton who speaks of waiting for the return of the Labour Party in a Parliamentary election as a necessary preliminary before radical change is either a fool or a knave. The industrial power of England, and consequently the function of the British Empire, is within the absolute control of the Triple Alliance at all times. The men who direct British Labour could be the means of freeing the earth and building a rational and peaceful civilisation, had they but the vision and the courage to see it.

Twice within the past fifteen months conditions arose in England which, though not revolutionary, were capable of being utilised to effect considerable changes in the social and political order. The chief leaders were unable or unwilling to avail themselves of these conditions. It is agonising to have to say it, but we cannot discern anything in the characters, past records, or public statements of these men which would bring us to suppose that they are aware of their high responsibilities or of the duty before them. Some of them are dull and facid men, servile at heart, incredibly limited in outlook and stubbornly Imperialist.

Others, who have acquired a shallow dialectical cleverness, attitude and scintillate on "the floor of the House." They are happy to mingle with the superior class that winters in Mentone and buys February strawberries at two guineas a pound. Their ambition is to be highly salaried Cabinet Ministers, moving in an atmosphere of secrecy and awe, as much as possible beyond popular control.

There are others, honest and sincere, practical idealists tainted with what we may call Pacifism. If some great good is to be achieved by a defiant action, perhaps by the loss of some lives, they will not take that action. Men might be torn by iron and lead and steel, defenceless people die, and it seems to them that nothing that happens could be worse than that. But there is something worse than it, and that is the daily procession of disease and suffering in any great English city, the military terror in Ireland, the hideously attenuated children that the American Red Cross found in Vienna.

The British Labour leaders did not secure the places they now occupy by mere accident. There is no doubt that they actually represent the temper of the British working man, which is the most conservative, undecisive, and particularist in Europe. The English people have practically not changed in essentials since the Wars of the Roses. The introduction of cheap reading caused them to become more hysterical and more flamboyant. Their reading is the Delli-Corelli school, that strange world in which people are always turning white to the lips, drawing their lips in pain, gasping, quivering, croaking, and hissing. They give you authentic messages from the next world (six columns every Sunday in the *Weekly Dispatch*), and their periodical literature is filled with advertisements of abort and cheap ways to become a newspaper editor, public speaker, artist, or superman—all in so many lessons. Unaware that the Bastille fell in 1789, they retain a hereditary monarch, a class of hereditary lords which is a part of their legislature, and a number of badges, titles, and distinctions based on the usages and nomenclature of the Middle Ages. Alone of the great Labour movements of Europe, Britain still adheres to the impossible and obsolete Second Internationale, which has been abandoned by Russia, Ireland, Germany, Italy and France. In typical working-class conjunctures the Labour candidate, seldom a revolutionary, is continually defeated by the Militarist-Proletarian. One might suspect some subtle method of discrediting Parliamentaryism, but the British, to give them their due, are not subtle.

We have been examining the position of British Labour from the international standpoint. The result is somewhat discouraging. Revolution never happened in any country without a revolutionary atmosphere before it, and there is little of the revolutionary atmosphere in Great Britain

to-day, except on the Clyde and in South Wales. Some of the younger leaders, Williams, Hodges, Bevin, and Gump are sound, but their influence seems much inferior to that of Thomas, Henderson, and Clynes, and they continually have to adopt an attitude of "moderation" in self-defence.

We cannot forget that the present relationship between Great Britain and ourselves is a state of war. If there is one definite act that official British Labour did for us in our time of need, a load of ammunition stopped in transit, one company mutinying when ordered to shoot Irish citizens, one Labour M.P. who recognises the Irish Republic, for the sake of human nature and the goodwill of nations let us hear it. It is difficult for an Irish Republican to write without bitterness and difficult too not to regret that many Irish workers are still affiliated to Unions headquartered in London, an anomaly which is inconvenient for the Republic and no real gain to the Internationale either. Fortunately, however, we happen to possess a national Labour Party which, for discipline and unity, is unequalled in the world. It was the first Labour Party to successfully promote a general strike and the first to cause a reduction in food prices by direct action.

Should British Labour decide to help us we should welcome that decision, chiefly because it must weaken British Imperialism, but we are not basing anything on it. Three-quarters of our battle was won without any British help, and we have every certainty of winning the remaining quarter without it, but if help comes from the British workers our task will be much lightened.

JAMES CAHILL

The Perversion of Words.

The Thing's Debasement of Words.

"Our foes are strong, and wise, and wary," concludes Padraic Pearse in his classic oration at O'Donovan Rossa's grave. Pearse was a thinker—his was a telescopic and microscopic intellect. His words were sanctified by the grace of pure thought. The truth, obvious or reconnoitered, Pearse loved. The philosophy of things, the profound and ultimate reasons, effects far and remote from their causes, this true Noble among men dug for with all the energy, patience and persistence of the scholar. One strict criterion alone guided him as erect he advanced through life—Truth. And his intellect was too steady, too well balanced, too sound to play the fool about and degrade very simple, palpable facts. He saw that the many, scorning simplicity often missed or distorted the truth, saw they did this to their intellectual degradation, the foremost among the lovers of Truth the never ran away from it in times of danger for the shelter of selfish philo-

By his death he sealed his devotion to Truth and its sister Justice. Pearse saw life clearly and he saw it whole.

The enemy Pearse gauged comprehensively all the enemy's ramifications of wiles and ways. Would to God that all Irishmen shared that deep and penetrating knowledge!

Well did the Immortal Three—Tone, Mitchell, Pearse—hold up the British "Government" as a thing for utter contempt. As Mitchell called it, so should we call it, the Thing. The Thing is the man-devouring Octopus of the world. It is the growth of centuries of cunning, meanness, hypocrisy, unscrupulousness, of "Murder Practised as a Fine Art." Instruments the most refined the Thing has prostituted. It is well worth while pointing out a few of the most common of the countless instances where the Thing has debased words.

At first sight this debasement of words might appear a trivial matter. But reflection shows that in this the Thing has a deep seated and far-reaching purpose, a subtle and full purpose, the commandeering of our very medium of expression to further their nefarious imperialism. Because it is subtle and apparently innocent should not put us off our guard and render us dependent on the denotable coinage of imperialism.

The language of the Thing reflects its ethics just as certainly as does the language of the individual. A perverse government will use perverse language, and the converse is equally true. There is such abundant evidence to sustain this contention re the Thing that I scarcely need labour my point.

Superfluous almost it is to state that the object of language is to express thought, not to deceive. Yet deception, direct and indirect, has been the object not only of the language of the Thing, but of specific words and phrases which the Thing has almost succeeded in robbing of their genuine meaning. There is such copious proof of the former, in the past and to day, and it is so notoriously known and condemned by all honest men—(Cardinal Newman called the Thing's parliament the greatest school of evasion in the world)—that to delay by illustrations were to light a candle to show the sun's.

The "Irish question" or "problem" or "difficulty" are words you will perpetually find on the lips of officials of the Thing. The "government" of Ireland by foreigners, by aliens, always has been, is, and would be a question to those foreigners, of course. But, objectively, there is nothing whatsoever of question, problem or difficulty about the government of Ireland. To characterise the government of Ireland (or of any nation, for that matter) a problem or question is to insult and malign the intelligence of Ireland, it is a slur on Irish intellect, Irish manhood, Irish morality. It is a slur deliberately concocted and fettered by the Thing,

promulgated and propagated by the Thing all over the world. We must stop, out to pieces and destroy that slur: First destroy the Thing's instruments, then will follow the Thing's destruction.

Look through Hansard. On every page where the eye meets Ireland, you will find similar or analogous abuse of words. When this particular corruption first was perpetrated is difficult to discover. But more than a hundred years ago Charles Fox, the then Speaker for the Thing, declared: "I have tried to solve the Irish question (sic); I have been unable to do it, and I confess I do not see how anybody can ever solve it."

Re-tobing this stock, stereotyped perversion of words, the present spokesman of the Thing insincerely ranted: "We are fighting for the principles Ireland has struggled for . . . the Irish problem (sic). It has baffled many Governments (sic). . . . One Government after another has been baffled by this eternal problem (sic). . . . You are dealing with a problem (sic) of governing (sic) a country without ever having had the full assent of its people. This is the most difficult problem in the world. It would be a difficult problem for an autocracy. It is almost impossible for a democracy (sic) (!!!) But that is the problem that is entirely baffling every attempt made in the direction of the governing (sic) of Ireland by the United (sic) Kingdom." Thus have these "statesmen" of the Thing kern and dislocated words from their true denotation as far as they could.

But I doubt whether you will find such clear thinkers as the immortal trinity talking about the "Irish question," using the terms of the Thing. To them, as to all true Irishmen who think, that for which they lived, struggled and hoped was the Sacred Cause of their people, their race, their country.

Unhappily many of the Irish race at home and abroad have taken up the perversions which the Thing's machinations have verily embedded in English literature. You will see the "Irish question" in foreign books, journals and moutns. So the Thing has succeeded only too well in its conquest of the sacred province of human expression. Hence it has done its worst to depose words from their lawful functions and thus corrupted the very vehicle of thought itself and, psychologically, the very wells of rationality. For expression and thought are most intimately connected. Corrupt the one and you corrupt the other.

What blatant falsehood to any mind that is not dull lies in "The United Kingdom," "Dora," the "freedom" of the colonies; the "self-governing dominions," "law and order," etc. And now that their backs are no longer to the wall, the Thing would make a joke out of the phrase, Self-Determination and talk of Self-Determination within the Empire (within the clutch of the devil's—I beg his

pardon—the lion's paw). Bounds there are not to the Thing's reckless scorn, for they have ever spoken of independence within the Empire! To such polluted depths do they drag the purity and sanctity of human expression.

Irishmen should study Pearse more—ponder his words and thoughts more—his principles, his expressions, his beliefs, his methods, his ways of looking at things. Tone, Mitchell, Pearse, should be read by every Irish patriot diligently, carefully, frequently. Every good Christian reads and meditates the Gospels and gathers strength, courage and hope. Every good Irishman fortifies often his patriotic conscience with the teachings and the motives of this trinity of noble, wide-visioned, high-minded men. Gazing upon these rehabilitates the mind, tones and refreshes the instinct for all that is best. It is like a fine breath of pure Alpine air.

Not that we of this generation, of this hour, should not think for ourselves, with independence, and carve our own way to freedom. These men would be the last to have us mental slaves. But these are the experienced experts in Irish National history. They have explored far—they have analysed deeply the enemy.

If Irishmen will neglect no means, they should slough off these terminological inexactitudes and perversions of the Thing. When we use such debased expressions we are aiding the enemy and hurting Ireland's Cause. Correct thinking always wins. The truth is always right and will prevail.

KEVIN SAROMA DOBRENS.
(AN AMERICAN).

Britannia's Praying Carpet.

Then spread the carpet. Here am I
The prophet who would pray.
Keep on the gunpowder an eye,
And give the cannon play.
I'm fond of praying, but much more
I love to hear my cannon roar.
My cannon are not competent
At housewifery, nor frisk
As those who are accomplished
At every drawing room trick.
But oh! my cannon they can skelp
The welkin till the echoes yelp.
Then spread the carpet. Let it be
A square of crimson blood.
'Twill vouch for my sincerity,
So much misunderstood.
My cannon to myself are true
And with the Bible we shall do.

Then spread the carpet in the sun.
Let none dare speak of shade.
Humility? The thing's not done
By me upon parade.
I teach humility to those
Whom I include amongst my foes.

Then spread the carpet. I'm the grand
Arch-architect of truth.
'Tis I command on sea and land
In pompousness from youth.
What I've not learned, that I teach.
What I've not practised, that I preach.

Why ask the Lord to pardon me?
What evil have I done?
And be it (as my foes agree)
That I'm the eldest son
Of Satan? Shall I not condone
His sin as if it were mine own?

Why ask the Lord to pardon me
My sins? What sins have I?
Am I not sole residuary legatee
Of all beneath the sky?
My cannon speak, my cannon roar
A thunder sermon from my shore.

The publican who stood far off,
Who struck his breast and prayed—
I tell you we are heter off,
Of tougher substance made.
'Twas Martin Luther gave the bluff,
And "Pecca fortiter's" the stuff.

So spread the carpet. Down I pop
Upon the bended knee.
If not on knee—why, then, on back,
And soon the world shall see
How I conceal my hoof and horn
And birthmarks with which I was born.

PHILIP FRANCIS LITTLE

HOGAN and HODGES



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The Onus of Ignorance.

The various phases of Irish history have in due course manifested their own heroes and heroines who periodically came into the sunshine of public life or entered the field of fame in some form or another. Of course, this country's history has been so dotted and blurred by deeds of heroism and has known so many geniuses who raised the banner of skill aloft that we always feel delightfully pleased with our past and fail to see the need to uproot other personalities for the purpose of bringing them to the limelight of public opinion. Now and again, however, we find relegated to some backway a hero in every sense of the word—away from human kind, soiled and unknown in his poverty, who crosses and attracts our minds and causes us to give him scope in the world and to allow him to shape his career. Warriors, writers, poets, and artists have all been found in wretched-stricken surroundings, where they remained incarcerated until fortune bestowed upon them a lucky smile. This thought awakens another of a very displeasing nature. If we revive an artist from the slumber of inactivity and furnish him with the means to display his paintings—what a poor consolation it is to think that there are possibly a score more skillful than he scattered throughout the country and who will never arise out of the common herd with whom they eke out a scanty livelihood.

In other countries on the Continent the man in the street—the humble scavenger—has in youth the same opportunities as the nobleman's son. During his school life his accomplishments are carefully scrutinised, and if he shows signs of becoming a master-hand at an art he is given every encouragement to further his knowledge and to perfect his skill. It is well known that the very countries that have advanced socially and economically during the past half-century, exclusive of England, were those countries that encouraged and lavishly extended pecuniary assistance to be development of art and science. Some of these Powers have lately been branded "militaristic," but if one studies the matter it will be seen that in the war that has just terminated the various nations engaged allied themselves with either one of two principles—the development of human skill or the development of ignorance.

England has always shown herself an enemy of education. She always recognised the power and control a cute Government would have over an ignorant people. It was this *modus operandi* that won for England all her battles. She kept her people ignorant and led them to battle fortified with a camouflaged plea. They never knew when they were beaten, and generally managed to "scramble" through somehow. She still believes in the old slogan of "live in ignorance—live in bliss," and tries to dope us with the same concoction, under the guise of an "Educational Programme." However, the people of this country refuse to give anything to do with Séars Cújo or his so-called "educational" schemes. What every Irish heart yearns for is a chance for the Irish youth to display its intelligence, to forward its knowledge, to have the Grand Arts and Science developed in the country and to advance in the direction of freedom and prosperity. This, however, cannot be accomplished under the present régime. As long as Ireland remains bound to England and Ignorance, she will receive the onus of ignorance and must remain unable to fertilise the field of skill that remains concealed in the youth of the country.

LEW O'OPAROS.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

At the Pictures.

Somewhat after the Fair, I proceeded to record my impressions of the pictures by Mr. Jack B. Yeats recently exhibited at Mills Hall. This exhibition closed last week. No harm, however, is caused to the artist by my remarks not appearing in an earlier issue, inasmuch as I do not for a moment profess to be an art critic. To use a hackneyed phrase that makes all genuine artists shudder, I know what I like. Alas! I cannot assert with equal conviction that I know why I like it. I must plead guilty to a complete ignorance of technique. I cannot, and I will not, dogmatise about line and colour, light and shade. But as one who saw and admired, and who is unwilling (as most of us are) to admit artistic insensibility, I may be permitted to record my view.

The essence of the Sinn Féin doctrine is that we must be ourselves. We must be Irish. The politics of Mr. Yeats are unknown to me (if, indeed, he has any), but as an artist he is a Sinn Féiner. I know that in some circles the theory is maintained that art has no country, that it is devoid of nationality. The theory is, of course, absurd. Even if it were true as a general principle, Mr. Yeats is a brilliant exception. His work is thoroughly Irish. It bears a stamp that it is not possible to mistake. Working as he does from nature, studying his subjects on the spot, this result is inevitable.

A month or two ago I listened to a very interesting lecture by Mr. Darrell Figgis on "Idiom." Incidentally, he cited the pictures of Jack Yeats as striking examples of idiomatic painting and drawing. They are, as he pointed out, instinct with national feeling. Looking at the pictures lately exhibited by this artist, one realised how true was this estimate of his style by Mr. Figgis. It will be observed that I am approaching this subject not from the standpoint of the artist or the connoisseur, but that of the mere man.

Now the real artist does not paint, nor draw, nor sing, nor play solely to please the connoisseur. His first aim (if we may take the word of all the recognised authorities) is to express himself. His second is, we are told, to give joy to others. Cynics suggest third motive—to wit, a desire to keep body and soul together by marketing the products of genius. Even artists must eat and drink, clothe themselves, and pay their rents. No genuine artist will, of course, play down to the public. He seeks rather to elevate it. The chocolate-box school of painters may find a more ready sale for their wares, but the discerning will appreciate the value of work such as that of Jack Yeats.

That the West's asleep was an impression made strongly on my mind as I gazed at this exhibition. I cannot say whether others were affected in like fashion, but I derived from these pictures a curious sense of silence. There is an atmosphere of pervading stillness. This effect is enhanced in those pictures which depict someone speaking or singing, such as "The Ballad Singer" or "The Song," one can almost hear the silence being broken. There is suggested, moreover, a detachment from life as we know it in our cities or other populous parts, or as we read of it in our newspapers. A hush prevails. The visitors feel inclined to speak in whispers.

Naturalness is the keynote of the work of Mr. Yeats, and naturalness we can all of us—even the least artistic—

understand and appreciate. And so the figures on the pier awaiting the arrival of the storm-tossed steamer, the old car driver in the winter sunshine, the merry folk on their way to the races, are all attractive through being so intensely alive and real. "The Circus Wagon," painted bravely with wild but frolicsome beasts, is a gay, bright picture to life. In striking contrast is "The Funeral," perhaps the most appealing picture that was shown in this exhibition. The quiet, pathetic charm of this exquisite little painting grips and haunts.

Almost equal in interest is that showing "The Sisters." Here again, one feels the silence, a comment which applies also to "The Mail Car, Early Morning." But, really, it is invidious to pick out pictures in this way. Still, the plain people of the world, as President Wilson has called us, may be allowed to give expression to our preferences.

Nor did Mr. Yeats limit himself to the West on this occasion. Breaking what is, I understand, new ground for him, he wandered South, and so we had "bits" (a proper term, I believe) of Schull and Fenit and Skibbereen. Dublin, too, was not forgotten. We were shown the waterfall at Clonskea as it revealed itself to the eyes of Mr. Yeats on a winter's day. A very pleasing picture. *Ex uno disce omnes*, as the Roman poet puts it, and the untravelled man might by contemplation of this work gauge the accuracy of the painter's brush when dealing with scenes unfamiliar to him. It is to be hoped that Mr. Yeats may at some future date let us see how beauty spots in our vicinage present themselves to his artistic vision.

Most of us are by this time acquainted in some degree with the type of Connemara peasant, fishermen, and "characters" in general for which Mr. Yeats is particularly noted. In the recent exhibition there was a liberal display of the "The Shamrock and Anchor Man," "The Roulette Man," "The Pilot," all bore testimony to the fact that this artist has not lost his cunning in depicting the men of the West.

Picture palaces, picture theatres, picturedromes, we have in plenty. They are here to-day and will be here to-morrow. Alack! the exhibition of pictures by Mr. Yeats, lighting a little hour or two, is gone.

WESTLAND ROWE.

The Gombeen Man.

History has not recorded whence he came, or when. People have always regarded him as a myth, as a vague something that pulled the strings of a political puppet-show or guided a nation's barge through stormy seas. But the recurrent cry for freedom has torn the corrupt scales of fallacy from our eyes, and to-day there is not one decent living soul that does not despise him, twister, money grubber, Gombeen man. Political parties have risen and fallen, leaders have been acclaimed and disclaimed, policies have failed and tottered, but never through the history of modern Irish politics has the Gombeen man been swept from our midst. He followed Parnell until the O'Shea scandal was mooted, he followed Redmond until 1918, and at the last General Election he spoke at the Sinn Fein meetings. He is a gambler this Gombeen man, a being with immense

possibilities but little faith, hope, and charity. You can meet him in any town into which you walk. There he is, cheery and a hail-good-fellow smile from ear to ear, trying to make amends for the dourness of his heart. He is Lord High in Command of the District. He represents the parish on the District Council, where he squares jobs for his friends, on the Drainage Boards, on the Race Committee, and more often than not he holds an agency for a shipping company that exports our fairest and best to foreign lands, and in a quiet moment he will discuss insurance business with you for a company with its head office in London!!! If you can get hold of his ledgers—for I have forgotten to say he is a publican and general grocer—you will see that all his customers are in his debt. For years his tentacles have been creeping slowly over the parish until now he is Lord High in Command, and his word is law. Prom being quiet and neighbourly his manner has now shot off at a tangent into autocratic ways. He is loud-spoken, imperious, soulless. Nothing but money appeals to him, and all roads that lead to its making are traversed by him.

It does not matter if he tramples out a home, if he proves false to a political party, if he robs his poor victims by extorting exorbitant interest, it doesn't matter what the means so long as money is the net result. And this is the type of man that has dogged political parties. None dared expel him, for he was strong, and in his strength it was madness to dare him. He has had his day. The leaves have fallen many times and now from the rotting trunks of the forest of the past rises proud and stately the saplings of the present. They are straight and clean, without notch or rotting branch, and their quickening growth is warning the Gombeen man of his forthcoming doom. At the rural elections he will make his last fight. But the saplings are young and the blood of the rotting trunks has called to them with a vengeance that must be fulfilled. Your day has come, Mr. Gombeen man, you must loose the strings of your purse and tune those of your heart to a more honest strain. We will try to forgive if you will repent, but your memory shall never die, for on your epitaph we shall write:

Here rests one, who never knew virtue
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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Rout.

The effects of the Mountjoy victory are already appar-
ent. The English Government has failed to break us, and
having failed in a decisive trial of strength, its nerves have
gone, and it's in a rout. Sir John Taylor has gone "on
holidays." Inspired paragraphs are floating about about
changes in this and that detail of administration: there are
to be "ameliorative" changes in the Partition Bill:
concoction having been smashed; they are going to try inno-
cent, soft talk—Birellisms. The whole fabric of English
government in this country is coming down with a run in
a state of moral and physical collapse, and with it will come
the whole fabric of England's insolent claim to interfere
with this country. In the week that followed Mountjoy,
clear above the tumult, came the ring in England's ears of
"The Irish Republic."

Geddes.

Geddes has mentioned the word "secession." He has
announced, in America, that the secession of Ireland was
discussed by the British Cabinet, and turned down. Now
the significance of this is not that the proposal to release the
down—Bonar Law turned down a few hours before they were released—
Mountjoy prisoners a few hours before they were released—
but that the question was discussed. That discussion was
the first dawdling on the British Cabinet of the fact which
will get clearer to them every day—that they must face

the Irish Republic, must accept it. They have begun to
realize that if we maintain our demand they cannot main-
tain their opposition. They can only hold out for a certain
time: there is no limit to our holding out.

The "New Statesman" Says Ditto.

Equally significant was a pronouncement made by the
New Statesman last week. This paper represents that type
of English intellectualism which will give Ireland anything
but what it wants, which cannot conceive of a people asking
to be done with the British Empire. Well, it has actually
begun to conceive it. Last week it published a leading
article declaring that, if the people of Ireland want a
Republic they must have it, declaring that the people of
England must face it and consider it. In a word, it has
admitted our case and abandoned the whole moral founda-
tion upon which England bases her interference in Ireland.

Others.

The others do not go as far as that. But there is a
chorus from all the English papers that the policy of
coercion has failed, that Lord French has failed, and, best
of all, that Mr. Lloyd George has never had any sympathy
with Lord French's policy. Only the *Morning Post*
mains staunch to the policy of the editor of the *Irish Times*
—to wit, the surgeon's knife. All the others go to heel at
the call of Mr. Lloyd George's Press Bureau and write what
they are told to write. And we have no doubt that they
will all shortly discover that it is "contrary to British law
and British fair play to keep untied and uncharged men
in prison."

The Republic.

And in the meantime the spectre of the Irish Republic
it goes on working in the uneasy conscience of England. It
has definitely been forced into her consciousness, and it
will never be laid until the Republic itself lays it. England
has begun to talk about "secession": she has begun to
think about "secession": her intelligence has begun to
realize that if we want a Republic England cannot go on
refusing it. Courage will beat even hunger and machine
guns. The soul of man has the ultimate victory over the
contrivances of man. We have only to persevere.

The Scrubs.

The Irish prisoners at Wormwood Scrubs are on hunger-
strike for release. And so the question which England
deliberately raised against us in Mountjoy is raised against
her in London. It is a just hunger-strike and it is a neces-
sary hunger-strike, and it is the necessary answer to the
silly, insolent policy of deportation by caprice. The whole
strength of the Irish people will be with the men in Worm-
wood Scrubs, and the whole strength of the Irish in Eng-
land, and in America, and in Australia, and in every other
part of the world where white men fostered. We are
smashing the whole hideous system of arguing politics by
the prison, smashing it not alone for our own country but

for humanity. And we are smashing the foulest of all the foul systems of prison tyranny. Never again will an Irishman submit to be "restrained" because he is an Irishman. And that principle will run like a flame through every opinion which restrains men and women because of their opinions. When the suffragettes went on hunger-strike they lit a flame which shall destroy all the prisons on earth eventually. And in the meantime we are doing our bit in the destruction of all the political ones.

Timeo Danos.

As we write the rumours crowd thick and fast. The benevolent Englishman projects pictures of himself with an innocent smile to our shores. Birdlime! Birdlime! In the days of the dignified and incompetent Ledmond, who loved birdlime, that was easy, but in these days we know birdlime when we see it, and we, even we who were in 1918, in the words of Mr. John Dillon, "unknown men," we who were not even born when he made his first appearance as a member of the British Parliament, we have seen this birdlime before. And we are not going to be caught by it. Nor is anybody in this country. The most moderate opinion in Ireland to-day is the opinion which is represented by the *Irish Statesman*, for the opinion which is represented by Stephen Gwynn and Dr. Ashe is only their own. And it is drifting helplessly on a sea which grows day by day more deeply Republican, and it is unable to make any sort of headway.

The Position.

The position, bluntly, is this: that never since the flight of the Earls in 1603, never, that is, since England for the first time held by force every inch of this country, has the opinion of the mass of our people been so consciously and unwaveringly Separatist as it is to-day. The Republican victory at the General Election has been followed by an unprecedented hardening of the Republican temper and by a wholly unlooked for melting away of the anti-Republican parties. The Coalition in England is being steadily undermined, but the Irish Coalition has been almost annihilated. No candidate could now even retain his election fee in a Nationalist constituency on a policy of compromise with England, much less carry a constituency. Republicanism would poll to-morrow 99 per cent. of the whole vote of Nationalist Ireland. Because, in Ireland, Republicanism is not a party cry but the enunciation of a national principle. "To break the political connection with England, the source of all our ills, was my object," said the first Republican, Wolfe Tone. It is to-day the object of the whole people of Ireland. They see that Ireland can make no treaty, no arrangement, with England that in order to be free Ireland must be free from England: independence. And they will go on as long as is necessary for the achievement of that independence.

The Brutal Truth.

There are still in Ireland people who refuse to give up the British Empire, people who live in the dream that this Ireland will accept some mockery of independence. Drop it. You only postpone, you do not defeat, independence. You have no support in Ireland, and less outside of it. Edward Carson is the only political head outside of Sinn Féin in Ireland. He always has been. He has already warned Bonar Law that there is no alternative between the Union and Separation. There is not. There may have

been a temporary alternative six years ago. Now there is none. Men have died; men have suffered; this country has awakened. The compromise mood has passed. Never is come again. Either you are for Ireland or for England, for Separation or for Union. In your present position you only excite the contempt of both sides.

Lloyd George's "Never!"

Mr. Lloyd George has said that England will never consent to Separation. That means nothing. England has already considered Separation. She will consider it again. And she will go on considering it until she accepts it. "Never" in English politics is merely the "Never" of Donna Inez—I think that was the name—in Byron's *Don Juan*, the "Never" of Mr. Bonar Law a few hours before never becomes a fact. We also have enunciated a "Never." Never to cease our efforts until we re-establish the independence of Ireland, and we mean it. "Never" of a national determination. England's "Never" has already been breached, breached by the Cabinet's admission of the question for consideration, breached by the *New Statesman's* belated honesty. Separation is *loose*, burrowing. It cannot now be recaptured and confined.

We are going to win. We are going to win. We have already won the moral war. Every day we strengthen. Let all who dream of an arrangement with England give it up, give up at least that kind of arrangement. It is no longer desirable. It is no longer possible. We are no longer in a mood to consider it. "Dogs tied and stones loose is no bargain."

The first preliminary to any sort of peace in Ireland is the evacuation of Ireland by the British army and the British Government and the formal admission by the British Empire of the Irish Republic. Then, and not till then, we will discuss the future relations of Ireland and England. Take it or leave it.

On Education.

"Far away and long ago" the waters of the West Ocean were the pathways of magic riders to Yr-na-nog, the giant eagle, faster than any acropolis and more responsive, carried one over the seas to Cathay or Ethiopia, the friendly fox spread out the brush of his tail and fed to the world was flat and not simply a corporeal speck in an infinite universe. The beasts of the wild and the birds had all distinct personalities and had the gift of dropping into easy conversation when amongst friends. That was a world, shadowy, and yet very, very real, compounded, in different proportions, of Irish wonder tales, the kindly Germany of the Argonauts. Afterwards, something of the Hound of the North and the wise, humorous, human Finn; later again the gold and blue of Norman tournaments, the American buckwoods, purple-plata-riden seas, Michael Dwyer harrying them in the glens and the (always) slightly unbalanced but benevolent inventor, who unlocked the atom and found a way out to the peopled planets. It was such stuff that went to make up a world, a world which was always being revised, the heroes of which changed quickly, but which nevertheless, had a continuous, definite and personal existence. It was our world and not theirs. They had no sympathy with it, or with our efforts to retain it; the education they intended for us was altogether of their world. So, in very many cases, they won and we lost. Much of what is called "education" is of such an extraordinary character

that the normal child is engaged in a continual mental resistance against the Philistine dominance of teachers. The imaginative element, which is never absent in any child, instead of being stimulated is pruned and suppressed, until (if he is not a child of strong character) he loses it altogether. That is called "practical" education. The practical educationalist (he is also called the "expert") burns out average, conventional, sleek young citizens fit for the British Civil Service. Very civil in fact, and very servile.

If you have been following this rhodomontade with any sort of sympathy you will perhaps discover in it some approximation to your own case. Most of us (there was only one St. Enda's) retain vivid impressions of the crass ignorance, folly and vulgarity of the teachers of our youth. People went to teach school who might have become successful newspaper editors, stonemasons, or archbishops, but who were, temperamentally, unfitted to become successful teachers. The children suffered and also the country. This article is concerned with the ideals of a national education system, but it would be impossible to pass over the material position which, under the administration of the foreign bureaucracy, is the worst in Europe. The starving of Irish education by the British Administration was of course no accident, nor did it proceed from any desire to spare the Irish taxpayer (the Irish taxpayer helped to finance the elaborate Fisher scheme in Great Britain). The economic position has prevented, and still prevents, the best type of men and women entering the teaching profession, and it is essential for Ireland that the best type of men and women should enter it—men and women who will insist on having opportunities to work out their own ideas of what a national education system ought to be. At present of elderly persons, completely out of touch with democratic thought, with the experiments of Madame Montessori and with the possibilities of the experiments carried on in the psychological laboratories of German-Austria during the war—probably not one of whom accept the legitimate government of the country.

There is, for instance, the incredible Intermediate Board. It is hard to see why it was endured so long and yet harder to see why it should be endured any longer. It leaves the teachers helpless; they have to follow a rigid program based upon the assumption that the human brain expands like indiarubber as you cram it with facts, and that the maximum of expansion is the maximum of education. Practically all the youth of the country have to suffer it. It is not education. It is not culture. It is not Irish. And yet it persists, it carries on, it continues. Why? It is because education is the one vital field that has not received due attention in the Republican revival. Does it occur to Republicans that even when we become a recognized international State the character of the education that Irish children are getting now will still have important reactions? For the education that the Irish child gets now in the primary school, and especially in the secondary school, is a 75 per cent. British education. The literature school, is a 75 per cent. British education. It has to be, because we have not yet got an Irish Ballinacorney, an Irish Herbert Strang, not even (with a marvelous wealth of fairy and folk tales) an Irish Hans Andersen. The modern Republican Irish boy still associates

the British (how can he know better?) with all the discovery and pioneer work that has ever been done in the world. Who is there to tell him of the Irishmen who crossed and civilised North Europe when North Europe was as savage as Central Africa is now, who went into the dark places of the earth, who voyaged over the unknown seas and went up the great tropical rivers, not for trade concessions or to exploit the natives?

In education the British conquest of Ireland came nearest to being completely successful. It almost killed the Irish language and, to a considerable extent, it succeeded in imposing on us habits of thought and an intellectual opinion of what education is differs fundamentally from the English. Gaelic literature is filled with the names of children, with their movements, talk, play, their charm and prettiness. It is easy to see that the problems of the child counted a good deal in Gaelic civilisation and were much discussed. There is none of that pompous superiority too often assumed by the assured and elderly over the young and inquiring. In English literature one hardly finds a sympathetic reference to children or a single child's story book up to the time of Charles Lamb. "Children should be seen and not heard," is English pedagogy. In Victorian England children were presumed not to have individualities, opinions, or rights. They were to be humiliated, glared at and beaten for their "good." Dickens, who drew attention to most of the great social evils of nineteenth-century England, dilates in almost all his novels on neglect of and brutality towards the child—by which we have to conclude that the ill-treatment of English children was very common. In this respect at least we have not been Britonised, but it is nevertheless a fact that some Republicans of unimpeachable patriotism hold views about education which are much too British to be healthy.

When the foreign troops are evacuated and the native janissaries dismissed, the creation of a completely new national education system must be the first thought of the national government. In this at least there must be no sparing of expense either in the equipment of schools or in the proper remuneration of teachers. But the matter is too urgent to wait even until then. Why should not Dail Eireann set up a Commission of Enquiry into the educational systems of the country somewhat similar to the Commission on Trade and Industry? The investigation should extend from the universities downwards and ought to result in the preparation of a large-minded, imaginative, co-ordinated scheme, which might then be held ready to be put into operation at any moment.

JAMES CARTY.

HOGAN and HODGES



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Recognition of the Irish Republic.

By William J. M. A. Maloney, M.D.

On April 24, 1916, "having organised and trained her (Ireland's) manhood . . . having patiently perfected her discipline, and having waited for the right moment to reveal itself" the Irish revolutionists proclaimed "the Irish Republic as a Sovereign and Independent State," constituted a provisional government "to administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people . . . until . . . the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent national government, representative of the whole people of Ireland, elected by the suffrages of all her men and women," and, in the name of the Provisional Government of the Irish Republic, seized Dublin, and held it against the forces of the British Empire.

The existence of English sovereignty in Ireland was founded upon conquest never ratified by the free consent of the Irish people. The foundation of all democracy is the natural law enunciated in pagan Rome and Greece, established from the beginning in Christian ethics, and proclaimed in the American and French Declarations of Independence, the law of the consent of the governed. By this law, authority to rule a nation resides in its people and passes from them, by free consent, to the rulers. Consent short of extinction of the Irish people could not extinguish their sovereign right; for that right, being based upon natural law, belonged not only to the nation as a whole, but also, in a measure, to every individual member of it; and therefore survived in the survivors of the conquest. These survivors never acquiesced in England's usurpation. Their successors denied it the indispensable sanction of their suffrage, and from generation to generation contested it by all the means of an indomitably free people. Such sovereignty as England had exercised in Ireland for seven centuries was therefore established in force and not in justice, was a *de facto* and not a *de jure* sovereignty. The right to sovereignty throughout this period of usurpation, therefore, resided in the Irish people. And as no mere statute of limitations could outlaw an often asserted claim to sovereignty, the Irish nation had a just and valid claim to its sovereignty on April 24, 1916.

The right of the Irish nation to assert its just and valid claim was indefeasible. The nation possessed the right to challenge the mere *de facto* sovereignty of England in Ireland, a right which it has repeatedly exercised. The possession of this right placed upon the leaders of the people the duty prudently to exercise it for the well-being of the commonwealth whenever the established order menaced the life of the nation. And the decay of the national life of Ireland being an historical and continuing fact, this duty was ever present to those who were worthy to perform it.

Implicit in the duty to challenge the existing usurping government is the duty to constitute a provisional government; for the challenge having as its aim the transfer of the exercise of national sovereignty from the usurping possessor to the real representatives of the people, it is obligatory upon those who are effecting the transfer to constitute themselves as custodians of the people's sovereignty until the transfer be complete, or the people free to act on their own behalf.

As coheirs in the national claim, as leaders of the people, the revolutionists were warranted in asserting collectively the national right. They prepared prudently; they offered their lives in pledge of their sincerity; their avowed and achieved purpose was in accordance with the will of the Irish people, as expressed historically in earlier challenges and as determined by ballot at the first subsequent opportunity. The revolution of April 24, 1916, was, therefore, legitimately

undertaken with due cause and prudence, in the name and in behalf of the Irish nation, and the provisional Government of the Irish Republic, which was then formed, was constituted by rightful authority, rightfully exercised.

From its formation on Easter Monday, 1916, in spite of the execution, exile and imprisonment of its successive leaders, the provisional Government unwaveringly pursued its single purpose, the attainment of the complete and perfect independence of the Irish Republic.

On October 24, 1917, the provisional Government summoned a national convention which met at Dublin, and was attended by 1,700 delegates representing 1,099 republican associations comprising over a quarter of a million citizen members. These delegates publicly affirmed their aim "to secure international recognition of Ireland as an independent Irish Republic," elected officers, and agreed upon the provisional constitution of the Republic.

Moreover, as parliamentary vacancies occurred in Ireland the provisional Government put forward to contest them, candidates pledged to abstain from the British Parliament and to uphold the sovereignty of the Irish Republic. Refusing to compromise its claim to the complete independence of Ireland, it declined to participate in the Lloyd George convention "for the drafting of a plan for the self-government of Ireland within the British Empire" (May 16, 1917). And it secured the united action of the Irish nation in bringing to failure the attempts of England to conscript the Irish as British subjects under the British Conscription Act (April 17, 1918).

The provisional Government also established arbitration courts to administer justice throughout the Republic, and sent agents abroad, in its name and by its authority, to enlist sympathy for the struggling Republic and to care for its interests.

When Great Britain was attempting to secure a treaty to empower her to conscript the Irish as British nationals in America, Dr. McCartan, the agent of the provisional Government here, in a memorandum dated February 17, 1918, and presented to our State Department, *dated on behalf of his Government the right of England to negotiate a treaty concerning the citizens of the Irish Republic; he contended that the inclusion of Irish citizens in the scope of the pending British treaty "would be an unconstitutional exercise of treaty making authority, and a repudiation of American principles and policies."* Dr. McCartan won his point. As the Irish were not included in the scope of this Anglo-American treaty, the provisional Government of Ireland thus obtained implicit recognition from the contracting parties, the Governments of the United States and of Great Britain, that the status of Irish nationals is distinct and separate from the status of British nationals.

Officers of the provisional Government organised and directed the national election held in Ireland on December 14, 1918, in which the people of Ireland, seizing the first opportunity freely to exercise their will, by a majority vote approved the complete separation of Ireland from England, and accepted and confirmed the Irish Republic as a sovereign and independent State. Thus the nation gave the ultimate democratic sanction to the policy pursued on its behalf by the provisional Government of the Irish Republic.

On January 5, 1919, the agent in America of the provisional Government officially notified the United States through its State Department, and all Powers represented at Washington, through their respective agents there, that (1) Ireland by the free will of her people, expressed by ballot on December 14, 1918, had finally and completely separated from the United Kingdom of Great Britain; (2) that Ireland being now a separate, sovereign and independent State, the

United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland no longer existed either in fact or in right; and (3) that the Republic of Ireland would not be responsible for debts hereafter incurred by the British Government, under the style of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

On January 21, 1919, the provisional Government, the officers and successors of the men of 1916, having in the 30 years and nine months of its existence maintained intact every occasion, both national and international, its claim to the absolute independence and sovereignty of the Irish Republic, surrendered its authority to the elected representatives of the people, who on that day were assembled at the Capital for the first time as an elected national congress, *Gaill Eirann*.

This Irish national congress chose Eamon de Valera president of the Irish Republic, and elected the officers and committees necessary to the conduct of the business by the State. By the powers vested in them by the Irish people, they thus constituted the permanent national Government of the Irish Republic, and as such issued an address to the nations of the world, affirming Ireland's irrevocable determination to assert her rightful and complete sovereignty, and calling "upon every free nation" to uphold Ireland's national claim to complete independence as an Irish Republic." They appointed three of their number, President de Valera, Mr. Arthur Griffiths, and Count Plunkett to present to the Peace Conference Ireland's claim to sovereign independence; and by Messrs. Gavin Duffy, and C. Kelly at Paris, by Dr. McCartan at Washington, and by other accredited and unaccredited agents, from Buenos Aires to Moscow, the Irish Republic is to-day maintaining intact, and asserting its claim to perfect and complete sovereignty, before the nations of the world.

The whole world is aware of the claim of the Irish Republic, except England.

(To be continued.)

The Missile That Never Misses Its Target.

One road leads to success. Its name is *Thinking*. Every missile that hits its mark must travel by the road of *Thought*. That road was ever traversed by Ireland's true men—by Tone, by Davis, by Lalor, by Mitchell, by Pearse. Their lives all shine with success. The day will come when their thoughts and deeds will illumine the whole world in the matter of the concept of not only nationality, but also of nobility.

What is the target for us of to-day? The target for us to-day is the same evil thing which has been gnawing at Ireland's vitals for centuries—a cancerous growth, a foul thing that is poisoning in its supercilious insolence the very wells of civilization. We fancy that we know it—thousands imagine that they possess a "fairly adequate idea" of the thing's perniciousness. But if they only thought (deeply, clearly), amazing would be their realization how far short their mental sight fell of the reality, how poor their perspective.

Rationality is the supreme gift of our nature. The rational faculty is the strongest propelling force for life's purposes. Reason God gave us to use, to exercise. But are Irish men and women sufficiently meditating on this value of the intellect in this vital hour when they should throw the missile with all the vigor, energy, and strength at their command? Could not they question themselves on this obligation of *thinking*, could they not probe the depths of their conscience to advantage? Would not such personal

examination of every individual straighten the aim of the whole nation?

Cardinal Newman, in his "Idea of a University," declared that most men remain boys, intellectually all their lives. One finds proof of this assertion everywhere, at home and abroad, among the "educated" and uneducated, among professors, doctors, etc. I have seen very good people (nationally) give way to fits of pessimism which betrayed anything but thoughtfulness. Deep down in their system there lurked an incubus of hopelessness—the last vestige of the slave mind. They did not think.

Why has Sinn Fein been so gloriously successful? Why has it defeated British calumny and slander abroad throughout the world? Why has it from a few grown to the many? Why has it knocked down barriers after barrier to its advance—ignorance, corruption, "politics," venality, selfishness, "conservatism," and even die-hardness? Why is Sinn Fein, with astounding rapidity, making the evil thing disturbed, uneasy, harried, frenzied with ten thousand new pains, the certain prelude to its speedy demise? Sinn Fein has accomplished, effected, achieved all this and the magnificent recognition of the Republic by the American Congress because Sinn Fein was founded and is sustained on *Thought*.

Sinn Fein—stop! reader, look! listen! In our hurried existence we are prone to pass by the inner significance of pregnant ideas heedlessly. For the instant, perhaps, we think and then rush in. Reflect on those words Sinn Fein, and the reflection will be quite fruitful. Sinn Fein, two Irish words meaning ourselves. Those who initiated the great movement started well. They *thought*. They did more. They thought in Irish. What a superb title for such superb work thought in Irish. What a superb title for such superb work thought in Irish. Self-reliance, the inherit as the emancipation of a nation! Self-reliance, the inherit as the emancipation of a nation! The will and the determination to live, to do, to think, to act, to achieve primarily through one's own resources—this is a mighty slogan, noble words connoting the very pivotal principle of life, intellectual life in the best sense of the word. Sinn Fein is the Irish of self-determination. So Ireland has once more taken the lead by its perfect expression and achievement of National Life.

One could write a book on this wondrous idea, Sinn Fein. Are we taking the idea with practical sincerity into our every effort for Ireland's independence? Do we tell Irish youth in the universities and colleges just what Sinn Fein means? Do Irish mothers and fathers point out to their children the force and beauty of the idea of the ideal? If not the Irish nation is not thinking. Do we point out the achievements of Sinn Fein's practice to our friends, our neighbours, thoughtfully, convincingly? What Sinn Fein has done—the recognition of the Republic by the American Congress. The value

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of this recognition is not, I fear, sufficiently realised. The diffusion and extension of the purpose, the meaning and the results of Sinn Féin are ways and means ready at hand if we are thoughtful. Ireland just now is passing through the trying ordeal of a pandemonium of ruthlessness. The unspeakable thing is dashing about like a wild beast. The thing is not thinking—thank God for that—I thank Our-Selves. The people are vigilant, alert, watchful while the madcap spends itself in fury. But these are days full of strain, up-hill work, drudgery—the poor wrestle as never before with the wolf at their door—hands willing to toil look for opportunity in vain; the tension, above all, is acute, the beast slashes and murders and attempts to murder thousands—the tension is extreme. Scarcely a day without some tragedy, scarcely a day without something to provoke and exasperate the inmost soul of the patriotic people. But in such an unquiet, strenuous, stirring, arousing atmosphere men are prone to become less reflective—less deliberative—less thoughtful.

Thought is productive, prolific, fertile. Thought is the virtue all citizens of the Irish Republic should make the object of their particular examination of conscience. Virtues are gregarious—they go in flocks. This virtue of thoughtfulness once cultivated will make for perfect manhood, perfect womanhood.

To be practical. There are many people who are enthusiastic and able workers for the Republic who have told me that they do little, almost no reading. Yet, frequently, there is little thought where there is little reading. For reading stimulates thought, if we read intelligently—most people do not. The test of intelligent reading is the challenge, the questioning put to self after reading—the subscription to what is true in what we have read, the rejection of what is false. The intelligent reader often meets with facts that give a new colour, sometimes a revolution, to his judgments. He approaches a book or an article in a doleful mood, discards his prejudices, but will never yield an inch whether it be an Aristotle he is reading or a De Valera, except to truth.

How many people, apparently intelligent, one meets with a crippled intellectual (?) attitude. They seem inaccessible to anything like a new idea. Though they might not admit it, or be conscious of it, yet they practically believe themselves omniscient. A grain of fact, a pound of assumption, and any amount of borrowed prejudice, and a general ignoring of what does not fit in with their theories assumed for extrinsic reasons, make them impervious to truth and the Knowledge of things through their causes. The truly learned man is ever ready *audire alteram partem*—knows a question may be a hexagon—*is* ever characterised by the spirit of docility.

Not that Ireland should expect miracles. Human nature will remain human, with its limited intellect. But Ireland can look up and far and wide. Just as we believe in the psychology of optimism, we believe in the difficulties of goodness, of thoughtfulness.

The boy finds it hard to pin down the mind long. How many men, in this respect, are like boys.

Indifference, apathy, indolence, heedlessness, lack of reading, talking unnecessary to the army of occupation among one's own people (an army daily committing outrage after outrage on one's own national flesh and blood), are all results of thoughtlessness, the greatest ally of the enemy. The thoughtless are the incarnation of a pessimism which is perpetually pouncing at the unpromising side of things.

Not that I mean to imply in all this that the spirit of the nation is ignoble or cowardly or dull. I don't think the

spectacle of such nobility of effort, of such keen intellect of such excellent unity in the teeth of such enormous repression and frightfulness has ever been equalled in the history of mankind. I am but insisting on the perfectibility of this. Human nature is perfectible. Our people are not a little inclined to rest on their oars after some passing victory and to feel somewhat complacent about the national future. Say not that flattering unctious to our souls. We could think, all of us, much more than we do.

These are thoughts which have been burning in my mind—I, a son of the race from the West—the greater Ireland God grant that they many encourage and help!

Thought will see through the opaque—will preclude circumlocution—thought will reveal the shortest cut—know no devious detour—goes straight as the crow flies. Thought ever means direct action.

Thought at this hour of hours in Erin's glorious history will create a keener practical intelligence, more promptness in action, more untiring energy, more originality in enterprise, better courage and greater endurance.

Thought will not leave so many important and effective books "not yet read."

The thought resultant from Sinn Féin is fast making Ireland the graveyard of imperialism.

Thought is the missile that never misses its target.

KEVIN STROMA DORRERY.
An American.

A Plea for Fostering.

Dubliners, dwelling in a city where there is a supernatural spirit, but where, in matters practical, there is absolute lethargy, are disposed sometimes to be dependent about the language movement and other constructive activities. The fact that the great mass of Dublin Sinn Féiners is indifferent to the language, that the schools are Anglicised, while parents and managers are content that they remain so, is depressing. It is hard to say where the blame should be placed. Partly, Dublin's indifference to the language (and to co-operation) is due to the city's long old traditions, not yet shaken off. Some satirist once remarked that the "best English in the United Kingdom" was spoken in Dublin, and our good metropolitan clerics cherish this utterance as one of their chief causes of pride down to this day—taking it quite seriously. Hence they allow themselves to be awed by the Anglo-Irish tradition of the past instead of cleaving to the Gaelic tradition of the nation. When Dublin rids itself of snobbery more completely, it will not find the Gaelic tradition so strange, so remote a thing. In that day, the flourishing Gaelic League branches in the city will no longer have Dublin men a mere minority among their majority of country-born members.

But the Gaelic League leaders are, some of them, more guilty than Dubliners of Dublin's Anglicisation. When native speakers, writers of books in perfect idiomatic Irish, rear large families in Dublin unable to utter a word of Irish, and then hold meetings to tell the Dubliner to make Irish speakers of his children, no wonder they are not taken seriously. But this is what is happening. It is deplacably

that many of the most prominent figures in the Gaelic League have reared English-speaking families in Dublin and are never heard using Irish themselves save on state occasions. If the Gaelic League were manned by sincere men, even a partial though not native speakers, the language cause could no longer rest in the backwaters in our capital's life.

Another point must be alluded to. It is this: That present national enthusiasm is led by, not the Gaelic League, but Sinn Féin, and Sinn Féin is largely manned by converts to Irish-Ireland who know but little of the language and so cannot lead in advancing the language cause. The language has always been part of Sinn Féin's programme, so it may be hoped that as the converts are assimilated they will be duly instructed. It may here be remarked that anyone who has been connected with Sinn Féin for five years or more ought by this to be an Irish speaker. If he is not, he cannot have been a sincere Sinn Féiner. It should therefore be a rule that only Irish speakers hold office for Sinn Féin (save in the case of elderly men or other extreme cases), for if a man is not an Irish speaker he must either be too new a recruit to be trusted, or too indolent an old soldier to be worth much.

The men need not be perfect speakers; that is not the standard I postulate. But they should know enough to understand Irish written or spoken, so that they will be important to the educational work of Sinn Féin (be vigorously advanced. Otherwise converts to Irish-Ireland will swamp and destroy the ideals of the movement. Recently I quoted here the case of a Sinn Féin Club that sent threatening letters to those of its members who attended a Gaelic League class. This actually happened. It was not invented by Brinsley Macnamara (whose book, "The Clanking of Chains," is all too true). How can we hope Sinn Féin ideals to triumph when an S.F. club is so wholly ignorant of S.F.'s first principles? The educational side of S.F. is now, more than ever, its most important. Everything else should be considered less important than the inculcation of Irish-Ireland ideals.

But while we do right to face the fact that S.F. has still far to go before it is what we would wish it to be, we do wrong if we ignore the many charming elements in the situation. We should find faults to remedy them, not to gloat over them. After all, S.F. is only beginning its reign, and the marvel is, not that it is imperfectly understood, but that in so much it commands unanimity and has achieved as much as it has. The hopeful things in Ireland are these little places of achievement here and there which are entrenching themselves for the Reconquest. Note the Irish school at Ring, which announces that during the winter it has made Irish speakers of 40 children sent there to be educated. This is one of those silent victories that deserves almost to be ranked beside the victory at Mountjoy. And most of our these silent victories are going on every day. Most of our successful national work is of this unexpectant kind.

We hear, too, that Ennisconry has now put in action a proposal that we used to hear discussed there before 1916, viz., a Gaelic school for boys. There is no reason why every moderately prosperous centre of population should not thus have its local S.F. Endeavour, and no doubt we are moving in that direction. Irish-speaking schools, conducted by educational idealists, will make for efficiency, both practical and spiritual, in our education. And if the pessimist says that S.F. ought to have already started a hundred S. Endeavours, let him reflect on the immensity of the task, and remember that one has already started and studied beginnings must be made.

The success of Ring School conflicts with one of the present writer's cherished theories, and he cheerfully sur-

renders that theory, admitting that circumstances alter cases, and no sweeping generalisation is safe. That theory was, that children sent to the Gaeltacht would succeed with the language only if they lived in Irish-speaking houses instead of together in a hostel. At Ring a hostel or boarding school has succeeded. To go mith. So be it. And may the work continue. Nevertheless, the other scheme, viz., Fostering, has also succeeded; so both, let us hope, will go on flourishing. As to the Fostering scheme, it was this: That children from the Gaeltacht should live in Irish-speaking houses in the Gaeltacht and go to local national schools (bilingual). In Cloughaneely we have had several children working on this plan, and after six months, they have a good grip of the language. A secondary advantage of this plan is, that children from the cities can exchange with children from the Gaeltacht, the latter thus getting chances of secondary or technical education in the cities, of which they presently stand in need, while, incidentally, spreading their native language in the homes they go to live in. This follows the Swiss example. Children of French and German-speaking cantons are exchanged in Switzerland to cultivate bilinguality.

I am told that the Fostering scheme has been adopted in some places in the Western and Southern Gaeltacht. I would urge earnest workers in the movement to propagate the idea. The organisers could do a lot. Men like those of the Achill intelligentsia could help more than any other teachers in the Gaeltacht could help more than any other children to get Gaeltacht homes for a year, the effect would be enormous, for each child would be a herald of tens or twenties in years to come. I am certain that once the idea is taken up it will progress by leaps and bounds. But publicity is most needed. Not newspaper publicity, but publicity of the sort that comes from sensible authoritative men talking to parents on the subject. A few words from the Dublin pulpit.

The advantages, apart from the language, of the Fostering scheme are immeasurable. How much healthier, happier, and in every way more desirable is the life of children in and among the pictures. What a host of the Gaeltacht than their life in the city! What a host of beautiful and inspiring memories they will always carry through life after dwelling for a year in the glamorous Gaelic atmosphere by the sea and among the heather! How much healthier will their standards of happiness be, those who roam the hills and hear the shanachies by the fire, than the creatures of the city who are penned within walls and know only of "the pictures" as a means of diversion? How much more manly and national will children be reared among the strong sons of earth than among the seedy and miscellaneous population of the towns? Morally, physically and intellectually, the Fostering plan is unchallenged. From the point of view of making good citizens, the home life of the Fostering plan is an outweighing advantage against any boarding-school scheme.

For Fostering, the best age for children is 9 or 10, going on to 12; for they are then young enough to be plastic and old enough to be away from home. Many parents, however, are against sending their children away until they are the old enough for Intermediate. This is regrettable, for the earlier Irish is got, the more Irish the soul will be. But so it is, and I hope we shall yet see good secondary schools in the Gaeltacht, when an increased influx of Gaeltacht children may be expected.

I hope to deal with some important points touching on prospects of Gaelicised secondary education and on technical education in a subsequent article.

AODH DA BLAOGAN.



BUY YOUR SUPPLIES OF SALT FROM THE DUBLIN SALT CO. LTD.
No. 1 to 5, Bridgetown Street, Dublin.
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HELP IN THE PROSPERITY OF IRELAND

Proving The Faith That Is In Us.

Last week I dealt with the reason for the wonderful progress towards complete independence that Ireland has made during the past four years. I showed that our invincibility is due to our unflinching adherence to National Principle, because National Principle is itself invincible. Without that unflinching adherence everything else would be vain. But passive adherence to Principle is not enough. As faith without works avails a man but little in actual achievement, so National Principle untranslated into action delays its own consummation. A passive adherence to Principle enables us to maintain our position against all attacks, renders our defence invincible, but it also makes victory dependent on the wearing or wearing down of the enemy. To bring the winning of independence within the range of practical politics—I use the word politics in the generic and not in the vulgar sense—we must advance, and advance connotes action.

Our Immediate Objective.

Our immediate objective in the fight for independence is international recognition of the Republic. To secure that international recognition we must prove to the nations of the world that we have a Republic and a Republican Government in being, that the Republic has been created, that the Republican Government has been elected, and that both are maintained by the will, and with the consent, of the majority of the Irish people. Circumstances as we are we cannot do that by a mere passive adherence, no matter how unwavering or unbending, to National Principle. Other nations will not come here to see the position for themselves, and the British Government takes every possible care that they do not see it otherwise. Controlling the cables, the post, and the transport services, England uses the first to distort facts and defame the nation, and exercises her powers over the others to suppress the truth and prevent the passage of our representatives to neutral countries. The majority of the Irish people have no conception of the universality and thoroughness of the British Government's propaganda of vilification and falsehood against the Republic. Some slight idea is given by occasional disclosures like the British Ambassador's communique to the Spanish press describing the Cork jury's verdict of willful murder against Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues in the Irish usurpation as a decree of death against these persons. More glaring lies have within the past few months come under my notice. The American papers were informed by cable that the shooting of Joseph M'Grath by a policeman in Westmoreland Street was an incident in a combined attack by Sinn Feiners on all the police stations in Dublin, and in the Australian cables the wounded man was set down as the Sinn Fein "M.P." for the St. James' Division of Dublin." The night raids were thus explained to the world:

"Soldiers and police, using tanks and armoured cars, in Dublin are hunting down the perpetrators of the latest murders."

And under the heading "The Truth as Last" foreign peoples were told:

"The Dublin Castle authorities believe that the recent wholesale arrests will dispense the secret society which has been responsible for many of the recent crimes."

Malicious imagination wove a most fantastic story around the affair at Newcomer Bridge. A "score of raiders" shot one signalman, "intimidated" another, and, seizing the signal box, "hoisted the danger signal." The raiders then "attacked the train, throwing three bombs and discharging a fusillade of revolver shots. One bomb severely wounded a corporal of the escort." There was more of this stuff and at the end the foreign Press was informed that "the military did not fire owing to the darkness." So manifest is the gross untruth of the cables being sent to maintain that some of the papers there preface their Irish Cable News with the standing note:

"We do not vouch for the accuracy of the following cables. We amend such errors as are within our own knowledge, and add explanatory or corrective notes where necessary."

That this propaganda of misrepresentation is about to be intensified, we have ample proof in the conferences held simultaneously by Sir Hamar Greenwood in London and Sir Neville Macready in Dublin, at which it was announced that in future the public are to be "correctly informed" of the march of events in Ireland by the publication of British official communiques. The gross unfairness of the first that has proceeded from Dublin Castle—that given by the Press on Saturday morning—affords an indication of what we may expect. It does more. When the British Government so defames Irish Republicans in Ireland, where the events take place and the facts are known, the Irish people can judge the character of the versions that will be fabled abroad to nations wholly out of touch with happenings here.

The Duty of the Moment.

There are certain things that the British Government cannot explain away, certain things that prove our fidelity to National Principle in a manner that the British Government cannot distort, and it is by these certain things that foreign peoples will judge our earnestness for the recognition of our declared independence. The General Election of 1918 was one of them. The return of 75 members pledged to the Republic gave the world its first real knowledge of the reality as well as of the national extent of our demand for self-determination. That victory was the victory of National Principle in action. The British Government, when it realised the tremendous accession of international strength that the General Election gave our cause, sought to minimise the result with the broadcast-sent suggestion that it was produced by a passing wave of sympathy, and would subside as quickly as it arose. To assist in the prophesied subsidence the British Government applied Proportional Representation to Ireland, but in the outcome their hopes were dashed and their suggestions proven to be unfounded. They told the world that the municipal and urban elections of January last would show the decline of Republicanism. They noised their confident forecasts, especially in the United States, where they purposed stamp-

quer the growingly successful Recognition campaign. Republicans, however, accepted the British Government's challenge. With all the odds against them they entered unflinchingly and determinedly into the urban and municipal fight, and, though the struggle took place under conditions prepared by the British Government to suit itself, Republicans scored an even greater triumph than in the general Election. It was a triumph, too, that British publicists could not cloak, and it gave an immense filip to their cause, not only in the United States but throughout the whole world. The time for action has come again. The opportunity of proving the faith that is in us is at hand. In a few weeks from now we shall have the elections for County and Rural Councils and Poor Law Guardians, and the nation is looking to rural Ireland to lead at the victory of urban Ireland in January last. A triumph at the polls in the coming elections will complete the Republic's case by proving the Republic's right to international recognition. The men and women voters of rural Ireland must keep in mind the great national issue that is at stake. The votes cast will be cast not for local administration merely, but for adding the last unanswerable argument to our claim on the nations to recognise our independence. It is for this, above everything else, that every vote must be given. It is for the Cause and not for particular candidates that the Local Government electors are asked to declare. On rural Ireland rests the undoubted responsibility of striking the last blow for recognition in the United States, and rural Ireland will discharge its responsibility as unflinchingly as it did its duty in the summer of 1918. Its faith in the principle of separate independent nationhood is as strong now as it was then. Before let it give proof of this to the world—proof that the British Government can neither conceal nor distort—repeating at the polls that magnificent victory for public opinion. Meetings, association, propaganda, and other aids to electioneering are banned by England's law, but there remains the National spirit to do the National will to win, and that spirit and will, combined with such organisation and work as are possible in the use of machine gun and bayonet, will carry rural Ireland through. Despite all the might arrayed against them, Irish Republicans, trusting in God, believing in the righteousness of their cause, and relying on themselves, meet and beat every effort of the British Government to keep our nation in subject slavery.

P. S. O'FLANNAGAIN.

The Bishops and Bonar Law.

When Mr. Bonar Law declared that the Government would lead the Mountjoy hunger-strikers to commit suicide, and that the responsibility for their death would rest with themselves, he sought to establish it as an ethical principle that the British Government in such a contingency would be free from blame. Pilate may congratulate himself in Hadra that he finds worthy imitators to the present day. But the pronouncement of the Standing Committee of the Bishops on Tuesday, April 13, makes short work of this contention.

It is a document which should be carefully studied. Its immediate effect was great; analogous to the effect of their reprobation of conscription. But its permanent importance is still more noteworthy. Even non-Catholics must surely admit that on such an issue they are as competent an authority as a British Cabinet. When then they write: "If a disaster, which will do unspeakable harm for many a day, ensues from this insensate course, the responsibility most undoubtedly will rest with the Government that substitutes cruelty, vengeance, and gross injustice for the equity, moderation, and fair play which should ever accompany the exercise of repressive law," even hostile critics must be struck. They give a direct negative to Mr. Bonar Law, and place the responsibility fairly and squarely upon the British Cabinet. It would be impertinent to add that they were bound to be right; from their theological science they were bound to be right. Their decision is quite independent of the conclusion one may arrive at on the morality of the hunger-strike in itself. Even if it were suicide, as Mr. Bonar Law (diabolically assumes, that would not exempt the Government from the charge of murder. If by injustice I drive a person to seek escape even in suicide he will indeed be wrong, but the primary guilt for his death will be mine. This is surely obvious. If an admittedly legitimate Government had instituted a formal, civil trial, and given fair judgment, it would still remain a very difficult question to decide whether they could let the criminal starve himself to death. But that an authority, with no charter save force, which seizes citizens at random in organised man-hunts and, without charge preferred or trial given, proceeds to treat them as convicted criminals, should let them die rather than do justice, this surely is murder aggravated by brutality.

[Note.—The above was unavoidably held over from last week's issue.—Ed.]

The Great Uncivilised.

Seven hundred years ago the Dublin garrison was a menace of alien arms.

The Belfast garrison is, to-day, a menace of alien morals.

All Ireland was contaminated during the course of the past century with the moral code of Belfast. Irishmen grew with a bewildered troubled air to be loyal citizens of the Empire, to be respectable, to be civilised; in fact, if one may use an Ulster expression, they strove mightily to be "Protestant-looking."

And still there are some, and Republicans, too, who are, consciously or sub-consciously, striving to be respectable in the Belfast and English sense of the word. These people narrate with delight the profound surprise their respectability occasions to Unionists and Englishmen. They do not seem to realise that to be found respectable by law-abiding citizens is to be found upon the rungs of the English social ladder, and that to be delighted to be found there implies the act of climbing towards the order of the "boiled shirt."

Let us remember, lest we forget, that Padraic Pearse

was a disreputable rebel, a coward and a blackguard in the mouths and minds of these English; that those who hold closest to his principles are socially furthest from his murderers; that it was the respectable upholders of civilisation in Ireland who called for the blood of James Connolly, and that we cannot touch pitch and come away clean.

Butchers Maxwell, Donlin and Dyer were applauded by the eminently respectable. The "hero" of Russian struts through the London drawing rooms at the moment of writing with the laurel wreath of civilisation upon his brows. Truly it is a sweet and clean thing to feel uncivilised.

The writer very distinctly remembers leaving Ireland to find that—judged by English standards—he was an uncouth barbarian. He felt uncomfortable and he therefore began to civilise himself. He parted his hair in the centre. He tutored his tongue. He repressed his natural emotions. It was "bad form" he learnt to speak as he wanted to speak, or say what he wanted to say. Like the chameleon he adopted the atmosphere of his surroundings, and so successfully did he do so that one would never have known; in fact, he did not know himself how uncivilised and Irish he really was. In the secret places of his soul where his ego had been banished he felt that something was damnably wrong. Something galled him, but he never suspected it was his burden of civilisation. Something burned in him that hated the thing he had made himself, hated the life he led, hated with a sort of sullen bitterness all he saw around him but he was ashamed of it. And so he hid it away where no one would see it. The fool! It was the best of him. It was the divine spark that would have made him a man, and he was ashamed of it.

Civilisation has been the great delusion of the human race. Its present form is two thousand odd years old. It began when Rome began. It was a bell through which man was destined to pass, and in the hands of England this bell has been reduced to a finest subtlety of sin. Ireland, fortunately for herself, lay without the bounds of Roman culture.

Her sufferings at the hands of civilisation, as in the case of Russia, will prove to have been the salvation of her soul. She has been spat upon by the damned. It is well.

During the last days of Rome Tacitus devoted a whole book to the superior culture of the German barbarian. During the last days of England the *Daily News*, the only Tacitus England can show, is beginning to realise that the Churchills and the Cecil's are up against a superior race. England is the queen of civilisation. She is the great harlot. We in Ireland in our native mind are now civilised. Let us thank God for it and strip to our nativity.

We are to join hands with Russia and lead the great uncivilised of the earth. We are to destroy the civilisation which crucified the Christ and which has been our age-long enemy. We are the heralds of the world's re-birth.

It is not revenge. It is merely the irrevocable fact that the native Irish and the English Empire cannot live in the same world.

Of course the merchants who have ships upon the sea weeping "by reason of her coftiness," for they are that in the wake of the fall of England must come disintegration of the whole commercial world, but they rejoice, for it is not as Pearce said, "Let no man be taken who will be lord and master in Ireland when the time is free. The people will be lord and master."

Ireland has groaned under a self-inflicted burden of respectability since she learnt the "decent" language and became semi-civilised. But she has got aid of the gods of it and with a chuckle of satisfaction she is now demolishing the rest of it. The more subtle something of civilisation represented in such beings as "the plain man" and "the moderate man" are being discovered and discarded by a process of elimination until in one day will straddle her primal earth and proceed to uncivilise the civilised first within and then beyond her seas.

Belfast is a menace, she has been a menace, and will be a menace while there are men in Ireland who want to be thought respectable, who want to be considered done and civilised. It is the Pale of 1920. It represents a set of morals which must be wiped clean out of Ireland if it is to be free. We cannot afford to repeat the mistakes of the ancient Gael who, for whatever reason, neglected the stamp out of the Pale of his day. We cannot allow the Ulster man Protestant or Catholic to be English. He must be content to be decivilised and become Irish, or else he must clear out.

However events are moving and events which bring other people than just the Hiberno-Orangeries and the social fence.

W. FORBES PATRICK

Leithileachas.

I guallacht mo smaointe féin
'Sadh gheibhim mo shuimhneas,
Dá mbriúchtadh as foinsé glé
Galadhan is uaine.

Gluaisid ar liacht na réalta,
Mar shagheadaibh Clípid,
Go luath-gheadaid croidhe mo chléibh
As daidhbheibh danúis.

Mo dhuanaire, isé maoin mo shaghaill,
Teighdim a's cuardaim
Go mbualleann im' shlighe la léigheas
Aighneas nach suarach.

I guallacht na ndaoine téighim
In 'sghaidh mo dhúile
A's fuagraim ó'm mhian i goáin
An doighearthacht thionnscaid.

L. S. GÓRRA

New Short Stories.

He could capture and put on paper in extremely lucid and pure most delicate and intimate psychic relationships, the nature of the mind, spiritual crises of the most subtle and kind." This is a good description of Lennox Robinson's own genius—it was the word his friends used—for his short story. "The Weir" is a good example of this kind of writing.

"The Weir" is a story of Ireland under the Union told as an ordinary story. The Weir on Florence Desmond's estate is built some time as he votes for the Union. The river in which it is built flows more sluggishly than before. Stagnation and decay. A green slimy mass gathers on the surface. Health and prosperity are impaired. The ill-effects of the weir on the health of the family are paralleled by the results of the weir on their spiritual life. Each generation fights against the evils with no success, and the story ends with the head of the family again fighting for his life-long object—this time in Dublin in 1916. In his dying moments he seems to see the weir, and the fight turns itself, in his delirium, into an effort to tear it down. "It's the weir that matters," he says, "It's a canker, a poison bed. It's no good to the family. Can't they see, my God, can't they see?" I think this story is Mr. Robinson's best.

The hero of "The Sponge" is a literary aspirant who, in a southern valley, gradually vegetates into the easy and listless life of the "wet-warm winters, the air-less mists" of our enervating countryside. It is a good story, and like others of Mr. Robinson's it is not without a local touch.

"The Return" is a well-written description of the hero coming from an unsuccessful pilgrimage to Lourdes, appeared to an onlooker travelling on the train. The hero has got a good insight into the thoughts and feelings which attend a spiritual crisis.

"A Pair of Muddy Shoes" is weird. The thought of a man endowed with the hands of a man for the purpose of being a woman; the gruesome details of this murder; awakening from a dream to reality are horrible and terrifying. It is a mixture of the unreal with a sordid realism.

"The Face" is a story revolving round a psychic relationship. It is of that unreal romantic type of writing to which "The All Alone" belongs. The attempt to make reality real is unconvincing.

"Looking After the Girls" is an excellent tale of the city that is so well-known in Ireland of the young man who finds himself too old to attain his own happiness. He is in this story Mr. Robinson shows a knowledge of life. In this story Mr. Robinson shows a knowledge of life. In this story Mr. Robinson shows a knowledge of life. In this story Mr. Robinson shows a knowledge of life.

"The Chalice" turns on a point which, to the Catholic mind, is utterly impossible and improbable—the sale of the church's chalice. Even the good use to which the money is put could not expiate such a deed. The story is the expression of the struggle to keep alive a certain class, now fast dying out. It is of this small community of people in the south of Ireland that Mr. Robinson writes—a people who have been for "these three generations past throwing up the sponge." He is very frank about it, and realises keenly the attitude. I know none that have expressed it as he does: "It was part of the battle of class and creed not to admit you were beaten, but the moment was quickly arriving when that attitude would become ridiculous, when the most dignified prayer was a Nunc dimittis." Like Luke in "The Sponge" Mr. Robinson has spoken for his class, and has done it in a literary form that adds in many respects to the type of which, compared with other countries, few good examples have been published in Ireland. The short story has become popular with us. Now that Tehekkoff is known and loved amongst us we may hope for good things. It is interesting to note that a short story of his translated into Irish appeared in a recent number of *Mianasc*. We could do with more short stories. Why cannot we have some like Lennox Robinson's from an Irish pen?

MESADOUR.

["Eight Short Stories," by Lennox Robinson; Talbot Press, Dublin, 8s. 6d.].

Foreign Bells for Irish Churches.

Of course His Eminence Cardinal Logue, has always boasted of his love for the British Empire, and his pride in being a member of it, but I think it is carrying his devotion a little too far when he sends the money subscribed by the people of Ireland into it to purchase a set of chimes for his cathedral which surely could be equally well made at home. There could be but one excuse for this action, and that does not exist, viz: that no bells are manufactured in Ireland. Even if the home made ones are a little dearer, which is not certain; that would not be sufficient excuse for sending this large sum out of the country—it would only be a matter of a couple of hundred pounds probably, and when the subscribers knew they were going to Irish workmen, they would not grudge the small difference.

Of course it is not the first time the Cardinal has done the same thing, and I think it is time the people raised some protest. Surely they ought to have some voice in such matters, or does their sole duty of privilege consist in merely handing up the money? Organs, bells, stained windows, etc., have gone from Ireland, and given every satisfaction, to all parts of the world, to which a penny of Ireland's money

has never been sent, yet when such things are needed for Irish churches, and for which Irish money has been generously given, and often at a sacrifice, they are ordered from England, where a little wayside chapel can't be built without an appeal for funds to Ireland. There must be many trades unionists amongst the subscribers. Why don't they do something in such cases? When they are asked to help let them demand a guarantee that their hard-earned money will be spent at home to benefit themselves and their fellow workers.

I hear that the contract for the re-building of Rathmines Church is also gone to a foreigner. Where were the Sinn Féin members of the committee when that was settled?

S.F.

"IS MR. O'HEGARTY RIGHT ABOUT AMERICA?"

ERRATA. Mar. 27.—Legislative, not Legislature (par. 9). Executive and Legislative, not Judicial (idem). April 3.—Had seen, not has (par. 4). President wrote, not press (par. 8). April 10.—Socialist, not socialist (par. 8). Our people knew, not know (idem). Determinate not determined (par. 10). Economic consequences, not consequence (par. 14). Penetration, not penetrations (idem). Use their, not its (par. 15). Suppositum, not supposition (par. 16). Ignatian, not Ignation (par. 19). Write, not unite (par. 22).

CORPORATION OF CORK.

HORSE FAIR.

A Horse Fair will be held on
The Ground at the Southern Side of the Cork Park,
on
WEDNESDAY, 12th MAY, 1920.

The usual Toll will be collected at the various Stations on all Horses entering the City for same.

By Order,

FRANK O'REGAN,
Superintendent of Tolls and Markets.

A. S. CLARKIN, THE IRISH FIRM FOR COALS, 208, GT. BRUNSWICK ST.

Balrothery Union.

TEA WANTED.

The Board of Guardians of above Union will, at a meeting to be held at the Board Room in the Workhouse at 1 o'clock on Monday, May 10, 1920, receive and consider Tenders for supplying at the Workhouse, free of cost, Four Chests of Tea, each chest to contain 100lbs. Tea (which will be submitted to Tea Tester) to be handed in tenders.

Tenders will be received by me up to 1 o'clock on day above-mentioned.

By Order,

JAMES STACK,
Clerk of the Union.

Board Room, Workhouse,
Lusk, Co. Dublin,
April 28, 1920.

Balrothery Union.

NOTICE OF COMPLETION OF AUDIT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Ed. P. McCarron, Bt., Local Government Auditor, has audited the Accounts of the Board of Guardians of this Union for the half year ended the 30th day of September, 1919, and has reported to the Local Government Board thereon.

A copy of the Auditor's Report and of the Accounts therein referred to can be obtained at this office during office hours by any person applying for same and paying to the Guardians therefor the sum of Sixpence.

Dated this 28th day of April, 1920.

JAMES STACK,
Clerk of the Union.

Board Room,
Balrothery Union Workhouse.

Balrothery Rural District Council.

NOTICE OF COMPLETION OF AUDIT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Ed. P. McCarron, Bt., Local Government Auditor, has audited the Accounts of the Rural District Council for the period ended the 30th day of September, 1919, and has reported to the Local Government Board thereon.

A copy of the Auditor's Report and of the Accounts therein referred to can be obtained at this office during office hours by any person applying for same and paying to the Council therefor the sum of Sixpence.

Dated this 28th day of April, 1920.

JAMES STACK,
Clerk of the Council.

Council Offices, Board Room,
Workhouse, Lusk.

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Three Years	... 4½ per cent.		
Five Years	... 5 per cent.		

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