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DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE:

Detective Department,

Dublin, 20th April, 1916

SECRET.

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 19th. Inst. the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows:-

C. Collins, G.P.O., and P. Ryan, together in Clarke's, 75, Parnell St. at 2-15 p. m.

Thomas McDonagh called there at 4-30 p. m. John McDermott, E. Daly and J.R. Reynolds from 8 p.m. to 8-45 p. m. Wm. O'Leary Curtis at 9 p. m. Clarke did not visit his shop until 10 p. m., and shortly afterwards he was joined by J. R. Reynolds who remained in conversation with Clarke until the latter closed the premises at 10-30 p. m.

M.J. O'Rahilly, M. O'Hanrahan, H. Mel- lows, and Jeremiah C. Lynch in 2, Dawson Street between 1 & 2 p. m.

Thomas D. Fitzgerald in Dame Street at 1-30 p. m.

John Neeson arrived at Amiens St, from Drogheda at 5-30 p. m.

P. F. Burke left Amiens Street for Car- rickmacross

The Chief Commissioner.

The Under Secretary

Submitted -

*W. W. W. W. W.
cc - 20/4/16*

Under Secretary

*Submitted
WML
23/4/16*

*I. The Lord Lieut.
II. The Chief Secy*

True

W. 20. 4. 16 20/4

I have M. 25 to

*CC. D.M.P.
W. 20/4/16*

rickmacross at 6 p. m. R.I.C. informed.

Fenton Lynch and E. Daly in company
at Sackville St. between 5 & 6 p. m.

Arthur Griffith going into 12,
D'Olier Street at 8 p. m.

J. J. Walsh in his shop, 26, Blessing-
ton Street between 8 & 9 p. m.

E. Daly in 2, Dawson St. at 6-30 p.m.

E. De Valera, Bulmer Hobson, J. O'Con-
nor, J. J. O'Connell, and P. Ryan in 2,
Dawson St. from 8-45 p.m. to 9-30 p. m.

Returned American, James W. Vaughey,
left the Gresham Hotel on night of 18th
inst., and motored to Drogheda. He re-
turned to the Hotel at 11 p. m., 19th inst.
and retired for the night. R.I.C. informed.

Drill parades of the Irish Volunteers
took place last evening at 5, Blackhall St.
and Larkfield, Kimmage, but nothing of
note occurred in either place during the
time.

Attached are copies of this week's is-
sue of Honesty and Irish Volunteer, also
numbers 12 & 13 of the Tracts for the Times
Series of pamphlets.

Owen'Brien
Superintendent.

NATIONALITY

Vol. 1. No. 44.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1916.

One Penny.

NOTES.

The Volunteer Rally.

The reply of the Irish Metropolis to the Banishment Orders against Irishmen has been 1,400 recruits to the Irish Volunteers in seven days. Winding up on Friday night last, a series of open-air meetings were held throughout the city, and as a result the Dublin Volunteer battalions have swelled by an average of 200 new members per day. This is a practical answer to an attempt in the 20th century to revive a practice that has not been in force since 1650-1660, when Irishmen likewise were ordered to banish themselves from their country under threat of forcible deportation.

The Press Strategists and Verdun.

It seems a pity both for the French and the Germans that they have not the advantage of the presence at the front of the eminent strategists who write the Dublin daily newspapers. Both Powers are still fighting bravely and tenaciously for the possession of Verdun, which the Dublin daily newspaper strategists unanimously point out is of no account, since its capture by the Germans could not "exercise the slightest influence on the war." Evidently neither the German General Staff nor General Joffre—much to their loss—have time to read our daily contemporaries, and are thus beating the wind. Major Dayton, the Associate Editor of the United States "Army and Navy Gazette," also stands in need of paying up a subscription to the unique daily press in Dublin. In an article contributed to the "New York American" on the military aspect of the Battle for Verdun, he states that the advantage of the capture of Verdun to Germany would be cheap, militarily speaking, at a cost of 300,000 casualties to the Germans. It was Verdun saved Paris in September, 1914. It is Verdun which protects the French Army in Champagne from flank attack. "From September, 1914, until now," writes Major Dayton, "Verdun has faced the enemy north, east, and south, but the great highway and the railway to Paris through St. Menhould always remained safe. The entrenched lines stretching through the Argonne on to Champagne and beyond were safe from any rolling-up flank attack so long as Verdun lay safe in French hands. To the Germans it was necessary that Verdun should be strongly enclosed, for otherwise it would be the base for French attacks upon Germany." Major Dayton estimates that one of the results of the fall of Verdun would be the shortening of the German battle-line by fifteen miles, and the consequent economising of 175,000 German soldiers. St. Menhould would fall into the hands of the Germans, and

the French army in Champagne be endangered. The present fighting west of the Meuse is not directed immediately against the city of Verdun. It is directed against the railway which connects Verdun and Paris. The object of the Germans is to reach the railway-line and cut it, thus more or less automatically bringing about the fall of Verdun. The object of the French is, of course, to prevent them reaching the railway. But the strategists of the Dublin daily press know better than the French or German commanders that this fighting has no particular object, and can have no decisive result.

Lord Meath and the Germans.

The Earl of Meath has been considerably exercised in his mind about "Pro-Germans" recently, and has given vocal expression to his abhorrence of such people. Once he himself was evidently cruelly deceived as to the real character of the Huns, for we learn from "The Christian Churches Visit to Germany (June, 1909)," published at 41 Parliament Street, London, that the noble Earl was the chief guest at a banquet given in the Prussian Parliament House, at which Admiral Von Tirpitz, Herr Dernburg, and other super-Huns were present. The Earl contributed the chief speech of the guests. He said that "we British were peculiarly able to understand the German people; we admired their trustworthiness, their solidity, their magnificent power of organisation, their moral virtues, their industry and splendid courage." The Church of England, the English Catholic Church, and the English Nonconformist Churches were all represented, and said equally pretty things, the burden being that "England and Germany stood for Christianity and Civilisation in this world." Opinion in England has altered on that point since then, but the Earl of Meath's speech has not been withdrawn or apologised for by him up to date.

The Irish Race Convention in America.

The hysterical attempt of the "Freeman's Journal" to belittle the greatest Irish Convention ever held in the United States of America has been a humorous evidence to people in Ireland of the Convention's success and prime importance, but Cardinal O'Connell has evidently taken seriously the abuse of the miserable "Freeman" or of its little New York sheet, maintained out of the funds of the Parliamentary Party and enjoying a wholly unpaid circulation, for in Cardinal O'Connell's organ we read:—

"The Irish convention held in New York City last Saturday and Sunday was an

assembly which can not be ignored and must not be belied.

It will do no honor to the Irish people anywhere or to the cause of Ireland to attempt to belittle its voice or to attribute unworthy motives to its action; least of all ought this to be done by Irishmen here who have different views from those expressed by the convention.

To assert that those who assisted at the convention are pro-German, that they are looking for political or financial emolument are tactics which may well and securely be left to the enemies of the Irish race.

There will no doubt be differences of opinion. The followers of the party in parliament will no doubt exercise that right.

But no one who had read the printed declarations or the proceedings of the meeting and who feels any love for Ireland can with justice assert that that meeting was not a dignified, earnest and harmonious assembly. Its voice will certainly be heard and it will be of little service to the cause of Irish unity for those who have other views to attempt to weaken that voice by peevish and partisan denunciation.

By all means let there be discussion—but no unseemly dissension—that the Irish cause may at last prevail and that all lovers of Ireland may each in his own legitimate manner work for the welfare of the Celtic race everywhere."

It is up to the "Freeman" now to describe Cardinal O'Connell as a Factionist, a Crank, a Sinn Féiner, a Pro-German, and a Dishonest Politician.

The Alias of Kuhlmann.

The Baron von Kuhlmann is blamed by the English press for starting the baseless story that the Allies meditated violating Dutch neutrality. The Baron is probably the person who over the signature of "Horatio Bottomley" advocated this violation in the London paper "John Bull" four weeks ago.

The Anti-German League.

The "founder of the Anti-German League," of which the Lord Mayor of Dublin is a vice-president and Judge Ross a prominent member, was remanded at Westminster Police Court on Saturday on a charge of fraudulently misappropriating £215.

Government as Usual.

The news of the week includes the destruction of a Hibernian Hall by Ulster Volunteers near Portadown (the hall, it appears, which was in course of building, was a source of

conscientious objection to the champions of civil and religious liberty), without opposition from the police, or without any arrests or prosecutions being instituted; the seizure of some arms by the police on the suspicion that they were intended for Irish Volunteers; the elevation of Mr. Gordon of the Covenant to the Bench; and the appointment over the head of the Solicitor-General of Mr. J. H. Campbell—who two years ago urged resistance by armed force to the British Government if it attempted to bring Home Rule into operation—to the Attorney-Generalship.

"The Last Stronghold of Roman Catholicism."

Those who have had an uneasy feeling about the British Premier's visit to the Pope will be reassured by this statement in the most reputable of English Sunday newspapers—the "Sunday Times":—

"The destruction of the Austrian Empire will be nevertheless the most difficult task of the present war; not that it implies economic or political difficulties, but simply because Austria is the last stronghold of Roman Catholicism. Many plausible arguments will be advanced on the necessity of maintaining the crumbling Austrian Empire as a protection against the extension of Slav influence, and of preventing Germans uniting under the same flag all the German-speaking races. But these arguments are simply put forward to throw dust in the eyes of the ignorant. The only reason why all the forces of reaction will join together to save the dual monarchy is that this mainstay of the Roman Catholic Church may be saved at any cost."

IRISHWOMEN.

The renowned Dr. Emil Reich, in his work on "Imperialism," writes of the women of Ireland: "Their beauty and fascination are almost proverbial. They are pre-eminently the *femmes dangereuses*, in that they captivate men both by their physical beauty and by their intellectual vivacity. In their feline grace there is something uncanny; and their vibrating voices overflow their words, as the sea does the shells on the beach. All these qualities cannot, however, account for the singular attractiveness of Irishwomen. It is their naivete that constitutes the essence of their charm." Whether this bold and original thinker made himself familiar with the judgment of foreigners, in past ages, on the incomparable charms and graces of our *cailini*, in the first instance, and then elaborated his theory it is not our business to enquire now. Enough to say that as early as our authentic history speaks, our women were renowned for their comeliness.

Two of the most famous love-stories sung, chanted, or narrated, at the baronial festive boards, in the cottages, or by the wayside, of almost all countries of Mediæval Europe had for their heroines two daughters of Erin; or rather, to be more exact, the gentle Iseult was purely Irish, Guldrun sprung from a half-Irish, half-Icelandic stock. The moving tale of Tristram and Iseult still lures the poets

song from out its source. Mathew Arnold and Tennyson, in England, have told in sweet numbers the sorrows of the much-enduring Iseult, have found music in trying to arrest her elusive loveliness. Chapelizod, County Dublin, has embalmed her memory in Irish topography.

A time there was when princes left their foreign homes to woo the daughters of Erin. As early as the second century of our era, so one erudite writer has proven, suitors came from far away Norseland and Iceland. The kings and chieftains of Wales and Scotia Minor (the present Scotland) sought in the Emerald Isle for the "maid of all maids." Andrew Cherry has, in happy simile, likened his countrywomen to the "dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland." Truly, he says that "their smiles can bewitch and their eyes can command in whatever isle they appear in."

The Hungarian philosopher believed he found the secret of their power by telling us that Imperialism did not cast its ugly spells over them. But the notorious Welshman, Giraldus Cambrensis, had quite another theory to account for the fine stature of Irishmen and the soft graces of the Irishwomen. Because the Irish children were left to Nature and scantily nourished—such is his view. He amplifies it thus: "They are laid in no cradle, nor swathed in swaddling clothes; their tender limbs know not the use of the warm bath, neither are they adjusted with the help of art. Yet Nature, as if to show what her unaided power can do, fails not to rear and mould them through infancy and childhood, until in the fulness of time she leads each to man's estate conspicuous for a tall handsome form, regular features, and a fresh complexion."

When the Norman-French and the English come to our land in, and after, the reign of Henry II., they speedily became subjects to the all-conquering charms of the daughters of the Gael. Irish, from crown to the heel, they made their lovers and husbands as Irish as themselves. So they robbed the victors of the fruits of their "treasons, spoils and stratagems." The pillars of English Government in one generation became its stoutest opponents in the next. How were Englishmen in Ireland to continue English? This was the problem the Pale Government set itself to solve. Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and his advisers devised a drastic measure, in 1367, against all settlers who took unto themselves Irish wives. The penalty for such an action was not merely the loss of estates and personal property alone; the gentle, humane, and civilised English mildly decreed that the offenders should be half-hanged, then mutilated, and finally disembowelled. Those who had Irish wives already were ordered to put them away. History shows in a horrid and lurid light the tyrannies of—Russia! The virtue and charms of our *cailini* were more powerful than this draconic code. D'Arcy Magee has rhymed admirably the answer of these Sean Ghalls to England:

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of Saxon land—
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand,

For she to me is dearer

Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
An outlaw—so I'm near her
To love till death my Irish wife.

Oh, what would be this home of mine—
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines,
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face?
What comfort in a mine of gold
What pleasure in a royal life,
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not wed my Irish wife.

I knew the law forbade the banns—
I knew my king abhorred her race—
Who never bent before their clans,
Must bow before their ladies' grace.
Take all my forfeited domain,
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife—
Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

In the Tudor era there are so many references to the beauty and charms of our countrywomen that it is no easy task to know what to leave out. Captain Cueller, who was wrecked off Streedagh Strand, on the Sligo coast, with some of the relics of the ill-fated Spanish Armada (1588), has left us an account of his impressions of that portion of North-west Ireland. "One girl of the age of twenty years," whom he saw, struck him as being "most beautiful in the extreme." The wife of the Irish chieftain, MacClancy, who befriended him, is described as "very beautiful in the extreme, and showed me much kindness." The women were "for the most part very beautiful but badly dressed." "They are great workers and housekeepers, after their fashion." Cueller conversed with the ladies of the chieftain's household in Latin, and amused them by telling their "fortunes" by palmistry.

That English Munchausen, Fynes Moryson, has put into the mouth of an imaginary "Bohemian nobleman," who was alleged to have visited O'Kane's country (Co. Antrim) at this time, an unsavory libel. Concerning the ladies in this chief's household, he tells us, that out of the sixteen, "eight or ten were very fair, and two seemed very nymphs."

Chassau, a sixteenth-century Frenchman, avers that "Ireland has a people most apt for war, of beautiful and tall body, of the strongest limbs, and of a fair complexion." Cardinal Bentivoglio, an Italian, writing under the date 1609, likewise does not select either sex for special mention: "The people of Ireland are generally of handsome appearance, of great stature, of blonde hair, and of most clear colour and complexion."

Campion, an Englishman, avers that the Irishwomen of his day (1575) were well-favoured, clear-coloured, fair-handed, big and large, suffered from their infancy to grow at will, nothing curious of their feature, and proportion of body."

One of Edmund Spenser's central ideas in his plan for the "reformation" of Ireland, was to prevent the intermarriage of Englishmen with our *cailini*. He pleaded passionately on this theme. Yet, for all his wise saws and modern instances, he himself fell a victim to

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

the sweet charms of a Cork lady: forgotten then were his theories. If she possessed but a thousandth part of the beauty and rare qualities he endowed her with in "The Faery Queen," she must have been a gem amongst women. He, likewise, "would not give his Irish wife for all the dames of Saxon land."

A rhymster, who was also an Elizabethan officer, seeing some Irish ladies bathing, and suddenly remembering that it was treason to seek a wife amongst the Gaels, exclaimed:

To see what games they can devise,

And sundrie pastimes make,

'Twould cause, I do assure you,

A horse his halter break.

Cromwell punished severely any of his officers or soldiers who even flirted with the fair daughters of Ireland. But "love laughs at locksmiths," or even Oliver Cromwell! His victories were turned into moral defeats by the winning ways, the generous hearts, and the exquisite purity of our girls. Marriages were plentiful in spite of the pains of outlawry or of cashiering. The result was that the children of these unions were all Irish speakers, and when they grew to manhood helped to fill the ranks of the dauntless Rapparees, Erin's most beloved defenders. Lecky has said that the conquest of Ireland by Cromwell was hardly more signal than the conquest of the conquerors by the invincible Catholicism of the Irish women.

Coming nearer our own day, Sir H. Inglis, a Scotchman, noticed that there was a "difference between English and Irish physiognomy seen at a very cursory glance, and certainly not to the disadvantage of Irish females, whose generally high foreheads and intellectual expression were not thrown away upon me." The following year, 1835, an English poet eulogises the women of the capital: "It has been said by travellers that the Parisian ladies do more with their eyes than the women of any other country. If that be allowed, I must claim as much for the smile of the Dublin ladies. It is a bright gleam that illumines the whole countenance and seems sent from the heart to irradiate a mind sincere, equalled by nothing in its extreme sweetness but its modesty and innate virtue."

It would be ungallant not to hear an Irishman speaking on behalf of his sisters. Lord Dufferin, in 1895, spoke thus: "Irishwomen had been noted from all time for two qualities—beauty and virtue. They had certainly impregnated the English race with their beauty, because there had scarcely ever been an English family remarkable for its beauty that that beauty could not be traced to an Irish source. As to their second quality, he did not know what success they might have met with, but at all events, by their example they had done their best to propagate it."

THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

On Saturday last I recalled that it was the Eighth of April—"a day to be ever historic in Ireland," as the "Freeman's Journal" once wrote. Few or none could say why now. Not one in a thousand could associate anything of interest to Ireland with the Eighth of April.

But on that day thirty years ago Ireland was in excitement. As the evening fell crowds collected around the newspaper offices and telegraph offices in all the towns of Ireland. At dusk I stood in O'Connell Street, Dublin, one of many thousands of people eagerly reading fresh editions of newspapers which were appearing every half hour. Those who were lucky enough to get them mounted steps and read the contents out to anxious crowds. A hundred improvised orators addressed a hundred different audiences in the intervals of the issue of the papers. Volleys of cheers followed the appearance of each new "Stop Press" edition. Certainly the 8th of April, 1886, was an exciting and enthusiastic day in Ireland.

This is what had happened: An English Premier who had imposed upon Ireland a regime of Coercion, had found himself unable to regain the Premiership without the aid of the Irish vote in the English Parliament. As that vote was commanded and dictated by a man impervious to corruption, cajolery, and menace, he bargained to abandon his Coercion policy and undertake a Home Rule one. So the strident Coercionist Mr. Gladstone of November, 1885, became the strident Home Rule Mr. Gladstone of April, 1886. On the 8th of April, 1886, he introduced his Home Rule Bill, and so on the evening of the 8th of April, 1886, I was a witness of the scenes I speak of in Dublin, and so it came that the "Freeman" solemnly wrote that "for ever" would that date be memorable.

It is forgotten—utterly forgotten now. On that day most people in Ireland believed that a Home Rule Parliament would be sitting in College Green within twelve months. Thirty years afterwards the Bank of Ireland is carrying on its business as usual in the Irish Parliament House, Irishmen are being served with Banishment Orders, Irish papers are being suppressed, the Removable Magistrate is carrying on his work, the population of Ireland has been reduced by 700,000 and the taxation of Ireland has increased threefold.

The bait of Home Rule has served these ends. When Parnell, the man who compelled the introduction of a Home Rule measure, and the man who, had his party forsaken him, would have lived and had Home Rule in operation twenty years ago, was destroyed, it was on the plea of saving Home Rule, and every injury, every wrong that has been or is being inflicted since on Ireland is condoned where it is not connived at by the Party that deserted and sacrificed its creator and its leader on the plea of saving Home Rule.

If an Irishman who had left Ireland on the 9th of April, 1886, firmly believing, as nine-tenths of the Irish people then did, that a year or a couple of years would see Home Rule an accomplished fact, and who say, in the Forests of the Amazon had dwelt remote from the world, were to return to Ireland to-day, what would be his amazement to find that Ireland was further from Home Rule than she was thirty years ago—that she had given up her great leader, given up three-quarters of a million of her people, and was accepting a trebled impost to the servile cry of "Do not imperil Home Rule."

Yet so it is—so far as the Parliamentary Party and its press is concerned. The Amazonian Irishman would yet, could he laugh, have one good cause for laughter, if like me he remembered a pushing young barrister who thirty years ago haunted the Four Courts—a young man whose father was a highly-esteemed Dublin Home Ruler and one of the founders of the Home Rule movement. The young barrister's creed was not so pronounced as his father's—he believed in choosing his horse carefully before backing it. Yet he made a mistake—and perhaps he is making others. When Gladstone in April, 1886, committed himself to Home Rule, the young barrister judged Gladstone's horse was a safe one, and he backed it by applying for membership of the Gladstonian Home Ruler's Club. He was elected. Later, when the horse was beaten, the young barrister resigned the Club and backed the other horse. The young barrister was familiarly known in Dublin as Ned Carson. Looking at Ireland on the 8th of April, 1916, with the eyes of the Irishman of April 8th, 1886, at least one might laugh to see two sections of the people accepting or professing to accept as leaders Mr. John Redmond and Sir Edward Carson.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

The Spiritual Nation and The Sovereign People, P. H. Pearse's last two torpedoes, will be fired on 17th inst. Get your pennies ready!

The Cumann na mBan (Central Branch) Publication Committee have now four pamphlets on their list. They are:—

- No. 1—"THE SPANISH WAR." By T. WOLFE TONE.
- No. 2—"WHY IRELAND IS POOR." By ARTHUR GRIFFITH.
- No. 3—"DEAN SWIFT ON THE SITUATION."
- No. 4—"O'DONOVAN ROSSA." By TERENCE M'SWEENEY.

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Gaedhilgeoirí in the city are reminded that the opening meeting of the Sodality for Irish speaking men will take place in the Ignatian Chapel, St. Francis Xavier's Church, Gardiner St., on Friday next, the 14th inst, at 8-30 p.m. Those anxious to join are asked to attend the opening meeting and have their names enrolled. The promoters confidently appeal for the co-operation of Irish-Irelanders in this very important work.

NATIONALITY.

Saturday, April 15, 1916.

All literary communications for "Nationality" should be addressed to the Editor.

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

SUBSCRIPTION.—Nationality will be posted free TO ANY ADDRESS for one year at a cost of 6/6; for the half-year, 3/3; for the quarter, 1/8.

Cheques and Postals should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, Nationality.

TWENTY-FIVE MILLIONS!

The Budget introduced by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer will increase the taxation of Ireland to a minimum of 25 million pounds for the present financial year. But, as there is another Budget promised in July, there is probably more to come.

A few years ago, when the Home Rule Bill was in the making, the total revenue of Ireland was represented as being less than the expenditure—the taxation then being, in round figures, twelve millions sterling, or less than half what it is now. Under the Home Rule Bill the vital departments of government, including the collection of taxation, were retained by the British Government. The excuse alleged for this was that Ireland was a bankrupt country on a taxation of twelve millions annually, and until such time as by wisdom and frugality she contrived to balance her accounts, the collection and receipt of her taxes by the British Treasury was essential.

At that time, we demonstrated that Ireland was not a bankrupt country—that the figures were juggled to represent her so, for the purpose of retaining absolute control of her finance, and so rendering her "Home Rule Parliament"—if by political accident it did materialise—a debating-society, invested with a small amount of patronage to commend it to the corrupt, but powerless to do more than fritter away the national energies in a stream of talk. Let it be realised that "the Home Rule Act on the Statute Book" provides that the so-called Government to be set up here shall not have power to appoint or dismiss a revenue officer, and the humbug not of Home Rule but of the so-called Home Rule Act is demonstrated to every man of intelligence.

But four years ago those who pointed this out, and who contended that Ireland was not a bankrupt state dependent on the grants and benevolence of England, were shrieked at by the organs of the Parliamentary Party as "Factionists." He who would not agree that Ireland on twelve millions per annum was bankrupt was an enemy of Home Rule. Today the same party which preached Ireland's bankruptcy assents to Ireland being taxed in

five-and-twenty millions. It also adds that Ireland has no reason to complain.

If Ireland in 1912 were unable to pay twelve millions, she is obviously now unable to pay twenty-five. If Ireland is now able to pay twenty-five millions, then equally obviously the Home Rule Bill was devised not as a measure of freedom but as a measure of fiscal internment.

British finance does not interest us except in so far as it applies to our country. But were we Britons instead of Irishmen we might have much to say on a Budget and a series of Budgets which continue to impose taxes on the necessities of life, and under which a man with an unearned income of £10,000 a year is left with £7,500 free, while the poor family struggling on £70 to £100 a year pays in its tea, its cocoa, its sugar, a tax which brings poverty to the verge of pauperism, and which in the purchase of its bread and fuel is mulcted that millionaire mineowners and millionaire shippers may become billionaires, and, paying their "Excess Profits" tax, pose as patriots.

It has yet to be proved to our dull comprehension that "excess profits" in the necessities of life are admissible in time of war, or that in time of war any tax can justifiably be laid upon necessary food.

A tax of £25,000,000 imposed now upon Ireland will be largely collected over the shop-counters, where it will be paid by the people for their tea, for their cocoa, for their sugar, for certain other groceries, for tobacco, for beer, for spirits, and so forth. There are 800,000 families in Ireland, and averaged this is a taxation of 12/- weekly on every family. There is in this, it appears, nothing to complain of, according to the party which the majority of the people of Ireland used to support. There is a war on, Canada and Australia are also equally aware there is a war on, but the British Chancellor cannot impose his taxes upon them.

There are other reflections. If Ireland is able without disaster to pay a tax of 12/- per week per family, she is a much richer country than three-fourths of the countries of the world, for there are few equivalents to such a levy among them. If she can pay a tax of £25,000,000 a year, she can pay a heavier tax than any third-rate or any second-rate Power in Europe with one exception. If Ireland can do this thing, Ireland is eminently fitted to take a promised place in the world. If she cannot do it, then she is being fiscally oppressed.

This is a riddle for Irish Unionists to solve, remembering when they are working out its solution that if Home Rule had been in operation and the taxation of the country had been raised 10 per cent., they would have used that fact—to the cry of "I told you so." Now that Irish taxation has been increased by 110 per cent. without Home Rule, we listen in vain for the complaining voice of the Unionist that life is being made impossible in Ireland by reason of the high taxes. Perhaps some day a beam of light will illuminate in the Unionist mind the cold fact that whether a Parliament in College Green or a Parliament in London levies a tax of twenty shillings, twenty shillings will still continue to be reckoned one pound.

IRELAND'S FUEL AND IRON.

It is a common fallacy in Ireland, induced by the system of "education" arranged for us, to believe Ireland deficient in mineral resources. It is a fact that Ireland is the most treeless, the most deforested country in Europe—from that fact arises evil growths that we recognise, although we do not trace their origin in the occurrences that have become commonplaces in our experience—the prevalence of consumptive disease, the poverty or barrenness of much of the soil, and the periodical floodings from Irish rivers such as the Barrow.

A country cannot be ignorantly denuded of its forest covering—its clothing in fact—without exposing it to these or similar ills. The sweeping away of the forest screen and cover of Ireland has dampened our climate, soddened our central plain, and lowered our temperature—by 4 degrees fahrenheit, according to the calculation of Professor Tyndall. This, of course, besides working an enormous and continuing injury to the national health, has worked enormous and continuing injury to the national productiveness. Land once cultivable has become uncultivable, and cultivable land has lost its full productiveness.

It is not, however, to discuss at length the utility of reforestation I write now. More than a dozen "royal commissions," appointed in connection with Drainage, Health, &c., in Ireland, have in the last one hundred years presented reports urging reforestation, and all have been impartially ignored by those who appointed them and who had the power to apply the remedy.

Froude, the most mendacious and the most anti-Irish of modern English historians, declared that the Irish themselves destroyed their forests—"pared them to the stump." It was not sufficient that a giant injury should have been done to Ireland. The Irish themselves were held up as the sordid and besotted authors of their own evils. Recently re-reading Gerard Boate's "Natural History of Ireland," I was impelled to make these extracts. As a preface it may be well to say that Boate was an Englishman, that his work was published in London in 1652, and that it was dedicated to Oliver Cromwell:—

"In antient times, and as long as the land was in the full possession of the Irish themselves, all Ireland was very full of Woods on every side, as evidently appeareth by the writings of Giraldus Cambrensis, who came into Ireland upon the first Conquest, in the company of Henry the Second, King of England, in the year of our Saviour eleven hundred, seventy, and one. But the English, having settled themselves in the land, did by degrees greatly diminish the Woods in all the places where they were masters, partly to deprive the Theeves and Rogues, who used to lurk in the Woods in great numbers, of their refuge and starting-places, and partly to gain the greater scope of profitable lands. For the trees being cut down, the roots stubbed up, and the land used and tilled according to exigency, the Woods in most part of Ireland may be reduced not only to very great Pastures, but also to excellent Arable and Meddow.

"Through these two causes it is come to pass in the space of many years, yea of some ages, that a great part of the Woods, which the English found in Ireland at their first arrival there, are quite destroyed, so as nothing at all remaineth of them at this time.

DEFORESTATION IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

"And even since the subduing of the last great Rebellion of the Irish before this, under the conduct of the Earl of Tirone (overthrown in the last yeares of Queen Elizabeth by her Viceroy, Sir Charles Blunt, Lord Mountjoy, and afterwards Earl of Devonshire), and during this last Peace of about forty yeares (the longest that Ireland ever enjoyed both before and since the coming of the English) the remaining Woods have been very much diminished, and in sundry places quite destroyed, partly for the reason last mentioned, and partly for the wood and timber it self, not for the ordinary uses of building and firing (the which ever having been afoot, are not very considerable in regard of what now we speak of) but to make merchandise of, and for the making of Charcoal for the Iron Works. As for the first, I have not heard that great timber hath ever been used to be sent out of Ireland in any great quantity, nor in any ordinary way of Traffick: but only Pipestaves, and the like, of which good store hath been used to be made, and sent out of the land, even in former times, but never in that vast quantity, nor so constantly as of late years, and during the last Peace, wherein it was grown one of the ordinary merchandisable commodities of the cuntry, so as a mighty Trade was driven in them, and whole ship-loads sent into forreine countries yearly; which as it brought great profit to the proprietaries, so the felling of so many thousands of trees every year as were employed that way, did make a great destruction of the Woods in tract of time. As for the Charcoal, it is incredible what quantity thereof is consumed by one Iron-work in a year, and whereas there never was an Iron-work in Ireland before, there hath been a very great number of them erected since the last Peace in sundrie parts of every Province: the which to furnish constantly with Charcoales, it was necessary from time to time to fell an infinite number of trees, all the lopings and windfalls being not sufficient for it in the least manner."

Observe, the woods were destroyed for the profit on exportation to the new proprietors, and to provide cheap and easy fuel for their iron works—no heed being taken to replant. Boate continues:—

EFFECTS ON THE PEOPLE.

"Through the aforesaid causes Ireland hath been made so bare of Woods in many parts, that the inhabitants do not only want wood for firing (being constrained to make shift with turf, or sea-coal, where they are not too far from the sea, but even timber for building, so as they are necessitated to fetch it a good way off, to their great charges, especially in places where it must be brought by land: And in some parts you may travell whole dayes long without seeing any woods or trees except a few about Gentlemen's houses; as namely from Dublin, and from places that are some miles further to the South of it, to Tredagh, Dundalke, the Nurie, and as far as Dremore; in which whole extent of land, being above threescore miles, one doth not come neer any woods worth the speaking of, and in some parts thereof you shall not see so much as one tree in many miles. For the great Woods which the Maps do represent unto us upon the Mountains between Dundalke and the Nurie, are quite vanished, there being nothing left of them these many yeares since, but only one tree, standing close by the highway, at the very top of one of the Mountains, so as it may be seen a great way off, and therefore serveth travellers for a mark.

THE WOODS IN 1652.

"Yet, notwithstanding the great destruction of the woods in Ireland, occasioned by the aforesayd causes, there are still sundry great woods remaining, and that not only in the other provinces, but even in Leinster, it self. For the County of Wickloe, King's County and Queen's County, all three in that province are throughout full of woods, some whereof are many miles long and broad. And part of the counties of Wexford and Carlow are likewise greatly furnished with them. In Ulster there be great forests in the County of Doneghall,

and in the North part of Tirone, in the Country called Glankankin. Also in the County of Fermanagh, along Lough-Earn, in the County of Antrim; and in the North-part of the County of Down; in the two counties called Killulta and Kilwarlin, besides severall other lesser woods in sundrie parts of that Province. But the County of Louth, and far the greatest part of the Counties of Down, Armagh, Monaghan, and Cavan (all in the same province of Ulster) are almost every where bare, not only of Woods, but of all sorts of Trees, even in places which in the beginning of this present Age, in the War with Tirone, were encumbered with great and thick Forests.

"In Munster, where the English, especially the Earl of Cork, have made great havoc of the woods during the last Peace, there be still sundrie great Forests remaining in the Counties of Kerry and of Tipperary; and even in the County of Cork, where the greatest destruction thereof hath bin made, some great Woods are yet remaining, there being also store of scattered woods both in that County and all the Province over.

"Connacht is well stored with trees in most parts, but hath very few Forests or great Woods, except in the Counties of Mayo and Sligo."

The woods have all or nearly all vanished now, Connacht suffering worst of all.

From the same work I extract the following list of iron mines being worked in Ireland in 1652:—

1. Tallow, Waterford.
2. "A place called Desertland," King's Co., belonging to one Sergeant-Major Piggot, which rock is of so great a compass, that before this rebellion it furnished divers great iron-works."
3. Lough Erne, Fermanagh.
4. "In the County of Cavan, in a place called Douballie, in a drie mountain."
5. "In the County of Nether Tirone, by the side of the rivelet Lishan, not far from Lough Neagh."
6. "At the foot of the mountains Slew-Galen, in the County of Nether Tirone."
7. "Hard by Mountmellick."
8. "In Queen's County, two miles from Monrath."
9. "In Connaught."
10. "In the County of Clare, six miles from Limerick."
11. "In the County of Roscomen, by the side of Lough Allen."
12. "In the County of Leitrim, on the East-side of the said Lough."
13. At Ballynakill in Queen's Co.
14. "Idough in the County of Carlow."

"The Earl of Cork hath profited above one hundred thousand pounds clear gain by his said iron-works" (at Tallow, Waterford, not now worked).

A hundred thousand pounds in 1652 would be equivalent to a million pounds to-day.

"Covered with forests and possessing iron ore of the highest purity in great abundance," wrote Sir Robert Kane in his "Industrial Resources of Ireland," "Ireland was some centuries ago sprinkled over with small iron works in which the wood charcoal was employed, and thus iron manufactured of excellent quality, in fact, such as we now import from Sweden and Russia for all the finer purposes of cutlery and mechanism."

"Two hundred years ago iron was an article of export from Ireland to London. . . . Finally, a century ago, in Kerry, the last charcoal furnace was extinguished, when they had burned out the last remaining wood!"

Kane mentions, after quoting Boate, the following places in Ireland where iron has been found:

1. Cosleen Mines, at Skibbereen.
2. Glandore Mines, in Carberry.
3. The coal district of Tyrone. The brown iron ore is found in abundance associated with the beds of coal and fire-clay.
4. The bogs, producing oxide of iron. "The Berlin ornaments, which as specimens of casting and as objects of art, excite so much admiration, are made of iron smelted from the bog-iron ore of the vast morasses of the East

of Prussia. The bogs here at Melleray shew plenty of iron."

5. In the Leinster coal-district, clay ironstone occurs abundantly. "The ironstone contained in this bed is very rich, and in many places remains of ancient excavations are still visible, where this bed has been wrought in search of ironstone, and indeed some of the iron furnaces may be seen."

Moneen Roe, near Massford.

Castlecomer.

Aghamucky.

6. *Slíab an Iapainn*, near Lough Allen.

Drumshambo.

Arigna: "In quantity there is no doubt but that the ironstone of this district is practically inexhaustible."

"There is no doubt but that the ores of the Leinster and Connaught coalfields are equal, and even in average superior to those generally employed in Great Britain."

"The cost of making iron at Arigna is not greater than in the most favoured localities of England."

"It will be important for our capitalists to recollect that the ironstone of Arigna is equal to the celebrated black band of Glasgow, and that, taking all circumstances into account, iron can be made as cheaply and as good in Ireland as in any other portion of the Empire."

"At Koenigsbrunn in Bavaria, they execute with turf alone all the operations which are effected with coal in the English furnaces."

"Turf and turf-coke answer perfectly for making and refining iron."

Ireland now practically produces no iron, but the iron is here in abundance—iron of the best quality. She has no longer any extensive woods—a fault that is remediable, but she has inexhaustible peat and large coal resources. Yet the fallacy of Ireland's lack of mineral wealth—lack of fuel, lack of iron, has been so well exploited that at least half the people of Ireland continue to believe it. FORESTER.

UNCHANGED AND UNCHANGEABLE.

The history of the *Freeman's Journal* is unique. Other journals there have been which professing one policy were secretly hired to promote another, but none of them have had the long and consistently inconsistent life of the *Freeman*.

The first editor of the *Freeman*—Brooke—was a man of literary ability who had been employed by the then Government in Ireland to write pamphlets—"Letters of a Freeholder," &c.—denouncing the French, who were suspected of an intention to land in Ireland. From 1783 the *Freeman* entered definitely into the service of Dublin Castle, and was used by it, while posing as a patriotic journal, to undermine the Volunteers. In 1793 it was employed to prevent the Irish Parliament passing an Act for complete Catholic Emancipation, and from 1795 to 1798 it was used to provoke an insurrection. From 1798 to 1800 its business was to help in compassing the Union, and in 1803 it was employed against Emmet and the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was supposed to be friendly to Emmet's movement.

Francis Higgins, better known as the "Sham Squire," died in 1802, and left the paper to his relatives. He had gained a fortune through the *Freeman*, for in addition to subsidy and secret pension, he received large sums for "setting" Irish Nationalists—£1,000, for instance, for "setting" Lord Edward Fitzgerald. After his death the paper continued in the Castle employment, and

was used against Daniel O'Connell on the Veto question and the Emancipation issue later on—the *Freeman* supporting the "moderate Catholics" of the Kenmare and Fingall type, and denouncing the O'Connells and O'Gormans. After this it fell upon evil days, and passed by purchase largely into the hands of a young Mayo doctor, John Gray. Gray endeavoured to rid it of its evil reputation, and kept it for a few years unbought. However, the National leaders in whose councils he sat discovered him in an intrigue to sell the paper to their mortal enemies of the Brass Band—Sadlier and Keogh. The conduct of the *Freeman* during the Crimean War led to the charge that it was again in receipt of a secret subsidy from Dublin Castle, and a friend has now sent me a copy of the Dublin *Evening News* of February 17, 1859, in which the late A. M. Sullivan denounced it as "the Bloodmoney Journal."

The Cornwallis Correspondence had been just published, revealing definitely the infamy of the *Freeman* in the 1798-1800 period, and the *Freeman* with magnificent audacity published a memoir of Mr. Francis Higgins. The following is A. M. Sullivan's article, written 57 years ago:—

THE BLOODMONEY JOURNAL.

At long last the *Freeman's Journal* has broken ground in the matter of the Cornwallis revelations; after the whole country has been telling with horror how the blood-money which bought and sold Lord Edward's life went into the coffers of the *Freeman*, after every fireside circle in the country has discussed the blasting treachery of the "proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*," and wondered what revelations were to appear in the "Carlisle Correspondence," the *Freeman* itself at the eleventh hour deems it necessary to take cognisance of the story of its shame. The memoir of Mr. Francis Higgins which was suggested has appeared, but not from the pen of Mr. Higgins's successor; most conveniently he has for the present succeeded in obtaining the friendly aid of Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, author of the "Life and Times of Lord Cloncurry," and probably still more favourably known as the writer of the memoir of Doctor Cane, reviewed in the *Freeman* of 5th November last.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's ability has been fairly admired when the objects of his literary labours were men worthy of such devotion; and if the fall from Cloncurry to Higgins, from the veteran patriot to the trafficker in blood, from Dr. Cane to Dr. Gray, be wonderful, as it is; let us only rejoice that Death has been so slow in striking down good men as to leave Mr. Fitzpatrick without a more lofty object of literary kindness, and to impel him to the nauseous subject he has now taken in hands.

The *Freeman* of Tuesday publishes Mr. Fitzpatrick's memoir, and disinterestedly calls attention to it as the production of a profound and lucid writer. Lest any one should maliciously "insinuate" that this praise of Mr. Fitzpatrick was neither sincere nor consistent, but entirely owing to his friendly aid to the *Freeman*, we quote, side by side with its laudation of Tuesday, its opinion of Mr. Fitzpatrick's writings when last they were noticed in that page:—

The *Freeman*, when Mr. Fitzpatrick whitewashes Dr. Gray:—

"A most interesting letter from the pen of William John Fitzpatrick, who has already earned a high literary reputation by his profound knowledge of the recent history of Ireland, and his lucid manner of illustrating it."—*Freeman*, Feb. 8, 1859.

The *Freeman*, when Mr. Fitzpatrick biographises Dr. Cane:—

"His (Dr. Cane's) friends and admirers will repudiate the garrulous vanity which everywhere overlays these ninety pages as the medium of transmitting his many eminent qualities. Why did not the editor whip out five-sixths of this ill-cemented rubbish, and send back the rest to be re-written and compressed."—*Freeman*, Nov. 5, 1858.

Since the *Freeman* has, by counsel and in person, at length come into court, let us examine the plea it puts forth. We believe the gist of Mr. Fitzpatrick's case is that Mr. Higgins and the *Freeman's Journal* were openly in the Government pay, and doing the Government work in 1798. Mr. Fitzpatrick appears to lay great stress on the "proof" that Mr. Higgins was not "a patriot." We must remark that we are at a loss to understand this uneasy anxiety to prove that Mr. Higgins was "no patriot." *Cui Bono?* Why does the *Freeman* seem rejoiced at the idea that Mr. Fitzpatrick has convicted it of being not merely "suspected," but openly prostituted to the Government in 1798. Immediately previously to '98, Mr. Fitzpatrick says the paper was "patriotic;" immediately subsequently to '98, he states that it was "patriotic;" but Mr. Fitzpatrick is wroth that any one should "insinuate" that the *Freeman* was honest or "patriotic" in '98. Now, let us ask, what does Mr. Fitzpatrick mean by "patriotic?" Does he mean to tell us the *Freeman* did not call itself, and claim to be considered, "patriotic" in '98? Did the *Freeman* call itself, and claim to be considered, patriotic in '58; and how many tens of thousands of living men are ready to describe it to Mr. Fitzpatrick as "the notorious hack of the then corrupt government—condemned and despised by the popular party in Ireland?" Why, if any man in Ireland, belonging to the "popular party," were asked to describe the *Freeman* during the Carlisle régime, he would simply repeat Mr. Fitzpatrick's words as above quoted; and, doubtless, fifty years hence when further revelation of the *Freeman* connection with the Castle are being discussed, the Fitzpatricks of that day will find Stauntons in abundance to exclaim—"Patriotic, indeed! "Why, in '58, I recollect that the open prostitution of the *Freeman* to the Castle was the public theme. The *Freeman* being the notorious hack of the then corrupt Government, and condemned and despised by the popular party in Ireland." Of course, other testimony against this may be had: of course, Mr. Fitzpatrick, for instance, does not hold this opinion, and would not thus express himself to the inquirer of fifty years hence. But he would do well to remember that the *Freeman* in '98 had hundreds of believers in its purity quite as fervid as he in his faith in the *Freeman* of to-day.

But Mr. Fitzpatrick supplies us with phrases from Mr. Higgins's articles, and they are abusive of the National Party. Is Mr. Fitzpatrick really serious, or only playing off some malign waggery? Is he revenging on the *Freeman* its squelching review of his Cane Memoir, by adroitly describing the *Freeman* and the Higgins of to-day, under pretence of picturing the *Freeman* and the Higgins of '98? The *Freeman* in '98 abused the National Journals! Indeed! It called them "disaffected prints." Wonderful discovery! Will the vigilant discovered search the *Freeman* of '58, and tell us what it called the National Journals—the journals corresponding most closely to those thus described by the *Freeman* in '98? Will he favour us with a reprint of the dastardly assault on the men of '48, printed not many weeks since, in which conspiracy, treachery, and cowardice were charged against men as brave and honourable as any in '98? Mr. Fitzpatrick is rich in nuggets from the *Freeman* vein. Mr. Higgins, it seems, subsequent to '98, spoke of "the wretched remains of the United Irishmen," and Mr. Fitzpatrick prints so triumphant a "proof" in full capitals! We thereby learn that Dr. Gray plagiarises from Mr. Higgins! Compare the capitalised passage from Mr. Higgins with one in the *Freeman* of May '57, in which Dr. Gray villipends "the debris of the Young Irelanders."

EMPLOYMENT WANTED.

TWO YOUNG IRISHMEN, well educated, are anxious to obtain employment. One can drive a motor and do running repairs; the other, clerical or otherwise.

Reply "Tony," "Nationality" Office.

But we are told Mr. Higgins, to gain his ends, simulated Catholicity, being at heart a Protestant! Once more we own the suspicion that Mr. Fitzpatrick is taking a subtle and desperate vengeance on Dr. Gray for his abusive review of the Cane Memoir. But then he overdoes the thing, and represents Higgins as the honestest of the two. Higgins openly went to Mass, and there seemed nothing grossly inconsistent in his advocacy of "our Holy Religion" and ecstasies at the manner in which the "Forty Hours Adoration" was conducted. Dr. Gray, on the other hand, simulates Catholicity without running the risk Higgins ran of losing Protestant friends by bidding for Catholic support in openly going to Mass. The Editor of our day is wiser in his generation. A panegyric of Madam Lola Montes side by side with an eulogium of the Immaculate Mother of God, exhibit his prowess in a manner not to be surpassed by anything Mr. Fitzpatrick can find in the cess-pools of *Freeman* depravity, ancient or modern.

Mr. Fitzpatrick—if he really have no hidden malign scheme against the *Freeman* in his letter, and be sincere in his grief that "insinuations" should have been thrown out against Mr. Higgins—has shown himself an amiable man, which all who know him believe him to be, but not a wise man, as he may fail to be without being a bad one. We do not think his memoir of Mr. Higgins a success. We will not say of it what the *Freeman* did of his really kind and generous tribute to the memory of Dr. Cane, because our opinions of a literary writer do not depend on our accord with his views. The Higgins brochure is a bad job; as an attempt to whitewash the Bloodmoney Journal it is a signal failure; as a specimen of touching magnanimity it has great merit; but as a literary production it is unworthy of the biographer of Cloncurry and Cane. Has Dr. Gray not plenty of machines to flush the stain of Lord Edward's blood, thick and indelible on the *Freeman* threshold, without the aid of Mr. Fitzpatrick? That blood the *Freeman* cannot wash from its brow; the crimson stain will stick to it for ever, like the brand of Cain, marking it out for the scorn and horror of honest men.

"Doubtless fifty years hence," wrote A. M. Sullivan, "further revelations of the *Freeman* would be known, and yet it would have its corrupt apologists." In the 57 years since Sullivan wrote the article we quote, the *Freeman* (1) denounced the Fenian movement and the Fenian leaders as miscreants, (2) denounced Parnell (3) denounced the Land League, (4) forged and published a story that Parnell spoke of the Irish Catholics as "papist rats" in a last effort to destroy him in 1880. In 1881 it surrendered to Parnell and agreed to support his policy. In 1891 it turned on him and helped to drive him out of the Irish leadership. To-day, as in every other crisis in Irish history, it denounces with the pen, heart, venom, and inspiration of the Sham Squire those who stand for the Irish Nation.

The *Freeman* inconsistent. No. It is the most consistent daily journal in Ireland.

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leabhar an náisiúin polannais.
ó corac an Doimain go dtí Martáireac
an náisiúin polannais.

75.—Tá diaimarta ainnneaca an tshúir
rin, pteopie, Caiteona, Máire Treara;
tá corac a mbeaca; tá earcaine a
scuime.

76.—Aduir nuair a connaic an tshúir
rin ná raib na náisiúin ball a nódain ná
truaillighe a nódain, do cumadar iodal
nua, an t-iodal ba sháinneamla dá raib
riam ar bit, adur tusaodar 'Tairbe' mar
ainm air; adur ní raib aithe ar bit ar an
iodal ran in ainm na brágha.

77.—Aduir bíodar na náisiúin com
cailte rin ná raib le pasáil ina mearc
acé doinne amáin a bí ina deagmac dá
acáir dá adur ina deaglac.

78.—Do comairlighe reirean san cogad
do deunam ar fon Tairbe fearca acé
raoirre na comurran do coraint ní ba
túirce 'ná ran; adur do shuair pé ina
aonar cum an cogad, anonn go tiri na
raoirre, go hAmérica. Lafayette a tug-
tar ar an bfeair ran. Aduir bí pé ar an
nóine veirre de dáoine reanaimpeara
na heorpa, na dáoine go raib ionta for
an rppio úo cum iobearca deunam oib
péin, iarrma den rppio Críotairde.

79.—Acé do pleuctadar na náisiúin
uite don iodal úo Tairbe. Aduir tui-
riadar na iughe: Má cuirimis adrao an
iodal reo ar riubal ran uile aic, anran,
pé mar éirigean cine in ašair cine pé
lācāi, éireodair cašair in ašair cašrac
adur tuine in ašair tuine.

80.—Aduir deunair dáoine riadaine
arir der na dáoine adur beir áro-éannar
ašainn arir mar a bí aš na iughe riadaine
iodaladairca analló adur mar acá
anor aš iughe tuiaba nó aš na iughe
cannibāla úo gur péirir oib a náoine
o'ite.

81.—Ófan an náisiúin polannac amáin
san pleuctad don iodal nua: adur ní raib
ina oteangain aca an pocat cum é
coirreacaó ná for cum ainme a baite ar
luct an iodal o'adrao, ar a otugtar ra
bfrancir "égoistes."

An tAdair Clement.

Liam Ó Rinn.

(Cuirleat le teac).

"THE IRISHMAN," 15th April number, will contain a cartoon, entitled "The Sinn Fein Cat," and a long review by A. Newman, entitled "An Irishman looks at Russia," also many new features. Don't forget.

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HONESTY

An Outspoken Scrap of Paper.

Edited by GILBERT GALBRAITH.

VOL. II. No. 28.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1916

ONE HALFPENNY

"HONESTY."

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WHEN PRO-GERMANISM PAID

Down on the borders of Tipperary County the other day there were some denunciations of pro-Germans and pro-Germanism. Some of them were delivered by men of the Irish Unionist Alliance school and others by men professing themselves Irish Nationalists. On the way back from the meeting that was intended to procure recruits for the British Army, I asked one of the "true and tried," who is a friend of mine, how many pro-Germans he thought were in Ireland. "I think pro-Germans, that is strictly speaking, are very few in number, but you know what we mean is Sinn Fein fellows, and they seem to be on the increase."

At the ——— Board of Guardians the other day you were inclined to support the resolution submitted to the meeting by the Irish Financial Relations Committee, I said, and he answered, yes, and justified his attitude by saying that he believed that Ireland to be unfairly taxed.

"You are a pro-German," said I.

"What proof have you of it," he asked, with a

smile that was not without the trace of a sneer. "John Redmond's word," said I. "His written word, for he has stated in a public letter that those who say Ireland is overtaxed are pro-Germans."

"Oh! John Redmond is not my political pope!" said he. "He kept the country split into Redmondites and McCarthyites for years and then made the peace that he could have made over Parnell's grave. I never believed much in him."

This man's grievance against the Sinn Feiners was that they were looking for "what England would never permit them to have," to wit, Ireland's independence. He thought they would make trouble "but found it more comfortable to denounce them as Sinn Feiners than as Extreme Nationalists" for behind all its apparent indifference, Tipperary is loath to denounce any Irishman for being extreme in his convictions regarding Ireland's right to nationhood.

A few short years ago, pro-Germans and pro-Germanism, were the things most fashionable in the North-East of Ireland, at the Curragh Camp, and among every sycophant who believed that Ireland's highest destiny was never meant to be anything above the degraded province of an usurping tyrant. This pro-Germanism paraded itself openly, it armed itself, and it shook Churchill to the marrow when he met it at Belfast. An English newspaper, the *Liverpool Post*, tried to simmer down Ulster's pro-Germanism and went on to tell the pro-Germans that the Ulster Orange leaders would not carry out the pro-German policy and here is part of the nice reply which one of the pro-Germans sent to the Editor, and which duly appeared in that organ of Liberal opinion:—

HONESTY

“Let me tell you here publicly that you are a d—— infernal liar; they will not. We mean to fight and they must lead us. We will see to that. If not, we will know the reason why.

“As for the Ulster Hall, 10,000 loyal men will take possession of it hours before the Popish scum make their appearance, and by G—— we will see who will stop us; and if the soldiers interfere we will give them socks. We Orangemen don't forget that it took 360,000 British to conquer 45,000 Protestant Boers in three years, and by heaven if we are put to it we will let them see what we can do.

“We will do what Craig told us to do—call in the Emperor William of Germany. We will blow up the Ulster Hall before we are beaten. We failed at the Independent Orange Hall in Great Victoria street last riots, but we won't fail now, for we have all ready. We will never allow Asquith's comic opera Government in Dublin to rule us. No fear. . . .

“As for the King we don't want him here. If he is like Lord Aberdeen he had better stay away. He signed the Protestant oath away, and a lot of traitors supported him. We want no such visitors here, understand that. I suppose you are too big a cur to insert this, you low cad.”

For months and months that kind of thing was rampant in Belfast, but no British Minister tried to suppress it. Dublin Castle looked on and laughed heartily and “competent military authorities” simply wiped the floor of the House “with Ministers' solemn pledges” and “assurances” given to Mr. Redmond and the “party.”

“REGINALD'S TOWER.”

THE MILITARY CASTE

“We shall not sheathe the sword,” said Mr. Asquith last week, “until we have secured ourselves against German domination. And when I say German domination,” he explained, “I mean Prussian domination. When I say Prussian domination I mean the domination of a military caste.”

Many people in Ireland will be relieved to hear that the responsible head of the British Imperial Government deprecates the existence in a civilized country of a military caste which dominates and subverts the authority of all other castes. They will rejoice to learn that Mr. Asquith is so resolutely opposed to such a condition of things that he will go out of his way to fight it to a finish even where it crops up in a foreign land. The British Prime

Minister's statement of policy will have a reassuring effect upon many timid people here in Ireland who, in an abstract sense, detest German Militarism in Germany, and Austrian Militarism in Austria, and in fact militarism of any nationality wherever it shows itself. Even more re-assuring, however, will its effect be upon those of the “natives” who had begun to experience the domination of a military caste here in Ireland over all other properly constituted authority—in fact, they feared a transplanted German Militarism in its worst form.

It must be admitted that these timid persons had been afforded some data on which to base their fears. For instance, to quote recent history only, they found some Competent Military Persons installed in office and so far entrenched in authority that they could order young Irishmen to be deported from their native shores, without trial, and without even preferring a charge against them. They found such a state of military domination in existence that, acting on a military warrant, a body of armed men were empowered to raid a Dublin printing office, without warning, dismantle the machinery, carry off harmless religious literature, and pilfer postage stamps, etc., with impunity. It was, indeed, somewhat disconcerting to those peaceful upholders of civil law in Ireland to find *all* law subverted and a reign of looting and the lawless exercise of brute force installed in its place. They perceived that this was the nearest approach to the domination of a military caste which modern Ireland had yet experienced. Moreover they found, in the capital of the country, two *military* magistrates appointed although the amount of crime to be dealt with was never less. They thought, but scarcely dared to say, that *this* was militarism—pure and unalloyed.

Nor were these people greatly comforted by the course of action pursued and advocated by the official organ of this military domination, the “Irish Times” The latter, in a recent editorial, pointed out that the military authorities in Ireland have not hesitated to act whenever action was within their power, and it goes on to deplore the fact that the ridiculous amendment to the Defence of the Realm Act, which provides for civil trial for civil offences against the Act, was ever accepted, since it only curtails the exercise of military authority. The “Irish Times” proceeded to point out Mr. Birrell as the “dead head” who blocks a prospective carnival of military activity, the scope and proportions of which may be guessed at but not stated.

Now, however, that the British Prime Minister has clearly and emphatically pronounced himself

opposed to the domination of a military caste, those people in Ireland who fear militarism will look to the future with greater confidence.

They can despise all the whelpings of the "Irish Times" or the London "Times" for the institution of a military domination in Ireland, now that Mr. Asquith has so unmistakably defined his attitude on the question. They can rely on it that trial by jury and the rights of public property will be respected. They can be assured that forcible deportation and robbery under arms will be no longer tolerated, and that their constitutional rights will not again be infringed.

It is good, and we have it on the word of—
Mr. Asquith. "Wait and See."

GILBERT GALBRAITH.

A WORD TO NEWSAGENTS

The action of the upholders of the Liberty of the Press in visiting newsagents shops to warn the owners against selling or stocking literary matter contrary to the Defence of the Realm regulations is at once cowardly and injudicious. The move is obviously an attempt to intimidate the newsagents by a display of force from selling any Nationalist papers at all, since none are specified by name, and the responsibility is thrown on the trader of deciding what is or is not seditious or likely to cause disaffection. Can anything be more unjust or more unreasonable? If trained lawyers of eminence and distinction cannot prove to the satisfaction of twelve jurymen what does or what does not contravene these regulations (as they have repeatedly failed to do since the imposition of the Realm Defence Regulations), how in the name of common sense can a lay mind grapple with the problem successfully? The authorities have already attempted to throw this important responsibility upon the printing trade, but they are apparently not satisfied with the result. They left the printers free to exercise their judgment on the question with the result that they had subsequently to take not very dignified action to veto that judgment. They have now left the printers alone, as well they might after their exasperating failure on the raid on the "Gaelic Press," where ruthlessness run riot failed to stop the production of "The Spark," "Honesty," and "The Gaelic Athlete." Having failed to intimidate the printers, they now turn their attention to the newsagents—which is an open confession of their failure. The effort is foredoomed to be equally without success. The majority of the newsagents

regard the ukase as so chimerical and absurd as to be unworthy of attention. Let the authorities definitely forbid, say, the circulation of any particular paper or papers, and the newsagent has something to work upon—some surety to cling to and base his policy upon. But to issue a command, with a comprehensive wave of the hand, that he is to sell nothing "against the Government," as it was described by one police officer, is to command him to starve. He is not likely to heed any such arbitrary behest, phrased in such indefinite terms. He would be singularly unfortunate if he did.

The newsagency trade should learn from this attempted imposition on their business the necessity for organizing themselves into a powerful body which can enter a protest against such gross injustice and, furthermore, make that protest effective. There has been formed in the last few months an organization composed of members of the trade which is said to be working energetically in the matter. If any newsagents are hanging back from joining they should do so no longer. It is only by collective action that they can suitably repel this insidious effort to curtail their liberty of action. The address of the secretary, we understand, is 11 Talbot Street, Dublin.

PRESENT DAY PRAYER

I give righteous anger fullest sway,
And a vow of hate is the prayer I pray.
I curse the power the pirates hold,
The purchasing power of blood-stained gold.
And I curse the fools, and I curse the knaves,
And I curse the soulless, Irish slaves
Who shout at the master traitor's call
To rivet for aye their country's thrall.

Oh! God of Nations, hear my curse.
Oh! why did you so kindly nurse
For centuries in the Irish soul
A passionate love for freedom's goal?
Oh! God of Hope, we've waited long,
And true men strove when the foe was strong.
I plead, I pray, this is the hour
To free our land from foreign power.

Oh! God of Justice I pray you spurn
The Irish worms, too base to turn.
Who lie in the dirt at the tyrant's feet.
Content if allowed to crawl and eat.
Oh! freeze the blood in the traitor's veins
Who are forging for Ireland's feet new chains.
Oh! nurse the heart and strengthen the hand
Of the true and bold who for freedom stand.

Sean Ó Capmen.

A STUDY IN HYPOCRISY

Lieutenant-Colonel Yardley of the "Inniskilling Dragoons" in his reminiscences of the South African War (September 14th, 1900).

"At daylight we escorted our guns into Barberton which is situated under steep heights. From these some snipers fired into the market square, **WOUNDING ONE MAN.** General French at once issued notice that if there was any sniping the troops would be withdrawn and the town bombarded. **THIS** effectually stopped it." The following is a copy of this notice :—

TO THE INHABITANTS OF BARBERTON.

This is to give notice that if any Shooting into the Town or Sniping in its vicinity takes place, the Lieutenant-General Commanding will withdraw the Troops and shell the Town without further notice.

By Order,

D. HAIG, Lt-Col.,

Chief Staff Officer to Lt.-General French.

Barberton,

September 13th, 1900.

(in Cape Dutch)

[The Lieutenant-Colonel also provides photographs of houses needlessly dynamited by his subordinates.]

WILL THE G.A.A. PAY TAXES

Anxious eyes are bent upon the G.A.A. nowadays, the organization being threatened with the probability of an attempted tax on its gate receipts under the provisions of the new Budget. If we except the Irish Volunteers, the G.A.A. is the most powerful organization in Ireland, and it has achieved a splendid reputation as being uncompromisingly Nationalist and strongly opposed to any leaven of foreignity. The G.A.A. has never encouraged professional athletics, and any surplus funds which remain at its disposal go, primarily, towards the preservation of the National pastimes, and secondarily to such deserving National objects as the erection of memorials to Dr. Croke, Wolfe Tone, etc., etc. Like all prototype taxation in England and Ireland, the proposed Budget taxes on sporting meetings apply inequitably in the latter country as compared with the former. Yet, a

proposal to exempt the G.A.A. from this taxation was almost laughed out of the British House of Commons.

What will the G.A.A. do about it? According to that genuinely Nationalist and straightforward organ of the National pastimes, the "Gaelic Athlete," the G.A.A. will neither pay taxes itself, nor be a party to anyone else paying taxes. That is a good—nay, an inspiring attitude. If unfair taxation (and this is obviously unfair) be imposed, the G.A.A. should fight it, or it will have violated one of the principles it has most emphatically enunciated in its past history—its refusal to recognise or support the foreigner in Ireland. But there is more than this involved. Many non-Gaels look to the G.A.A. to give the country a lead in fighting the threatened tremendous impost of war-taxation. What will it do?

GARDEAL.

For Services Rendered.

"Mr. Hugh Macken, Johnstown Cottage, who worked hard for the recent "Gift Sale," at Mullingar, has been rewarded with a J.P.-ship." —"Meath Chronicle."

Russia's Plight.

It has been estimated by the "New Economist," one of the most conservative reviews in Russia, that payment of interest and redemption of war debts, added to pensions for invalids and the families of the killed, will require a yearly total of £230,000,000, in addition to the usual annual Russian expenditure, which normally is about £350,000,000.

Professor Migulin does not believe that the remedy can be found by taxation, because taxation has its limits. Moreover, the population of Russia is decreasing. Not only are the losses in the field to be counted, but there is an increase in the death-rate and a decline in the birth-rate.

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TRACTS FOR THE TIMES, No. 12.

THE SPIRITUAL NATION

BY

P. H. PEARSE

DUBLIN :

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1916.

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PREFACE.

This Tract continues and develops the argument commenced in "Ghosts," and pursued in "The Separatist Idea," and should be read in connection with those Tracts (which form Nos. 10 and 11 of this series). It is not to be taken as an attempt to represent the whole of Davis's mind or to summarise the whole of his teaching. I consider him here chiefly as one of the Separatist voices.

P. H. PEARSE.

ST. ENDA'S COLLEGE,

RATHFARNHAM,

13th February, 1916.

THE SPIRITUAL NATION.

I.

I HAVE said that all Irish nationality is implicit in the definition of Tone, and that later teachers have simply made one or other of its truths explicit. It was characteristic of Tone that he stated his case in terms of practical politics. But the statement was none the less a complete statement. To claim independence as the indefeasible right of Ireland is to claim everything for Ireland, all spiritual exaltation and all worldly pomp to which she is entitled. Independence one must understand to include spiritual and intellectual independence as well as political independence; or rather, true political independence requires spiritual and intellectual independence as its basis, or it tends to become unstable, a thing resting merely on interests which change with time and circumstance.

I make a distinction between spiritual and intellectual independence corresponding to the distinction which exists between the spiritual and the intellectual parts in man. The distinction is not easy to express, but it is a real distinction. The soul is not the mind, though it acts by way of the mind, and it is through the mind one gets such glimpses of the soul as are possible. Obviously, a great and beautiful soul may sometimes have to express itself through a very ordinary mind, and a mean or a wicked soul may sometimes express itself through a regal mind; and these possibilities are full of confusion for us, so that when we think we know a man, it is sometimes only his intellect we know, the dialectician or the rhetorician or the idiot in him, and not the strange immortal thing behind. We can learn to know a man's mind, but we

can rarely be quite sure that we know his soul. That is a book which only God reads plainly.

Now I think that one may speak of a national soul and of a national mind, and distinguish one from the other, and that this is not merely figurative speaking. When I was a child I believed that there was actually a woman called Erin, and had Mr. Yeats' "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" been then written and had I seen it, I should have taken it not as an allegory, but as a representation of a thing that might happen any day in any house. This I no longer believe as a physical possibility, nor can I convince myself that a friend of mine is right in thinking that there is actually a mystical entity which is the soul of Ireland, and which expresses itself through the mind of Ireland. But I believe that there is really a spiritual tradition which is the soul of Ireland, the thing which makes Ireland a living nation, and that there is such a spiritual tradition corresponding to every true nationality. This spiritual thing is distinct from the intellectual facts in which chiefly it makes its revelation, and it is distinct from them in a way analogous to that in which a man's soul is distinct from his mind. Like other spiritual things, it is independent of the material, whereas the mind is to a large extent dependent upon the material.

I have sometimes thought (but I do not put this forward as a settled belief which I am prepared to defend) that spiritually England and the United States are one nation, while intellectually they are apart. I am sure that spiritually the Walloons of Belgium are one nation with the French, and that spiritually the Austrians are one nation with the Germans. The spiritual thing which is the essential thing in nationality would seem to reside chiefly in language (if by language we understand literature and folklore as well as sounds and idioms), and to be preserved chiefly by language; but it reveals itself in all the arts, all the institutions, all the inner life, all the actions and goings forth of the nation. It expresses itself fully and magnificently in a great free nation like ancient Greece or modern Germany; it expresses itself only partially and unworthily in an enslaved nation like Ireland. But the soul of the enslaved and broken nation

may conceivably be a more splendid thing than the soul of the great free nation; and that is one reason why the enslavements of old and glorious nations that have taken place so often in history are the most terrible things that have ever happened in the world.

If nationality be regarded as the sum of the facts, spiritual and intellectual, which mark off one nation from another, and freedom as the condition which allows those facts full scope and development, it will be seen that both the spiritual and intellectual fact, nationality, and the physical condition, freedom, enter into a proper definition of independence or nationhood. Freedom is a condition which can be lost and won and lost again; nationality is a life which, if once lost, can never be recovered. A nation is a stubborn thing, very hard to kill; but a dead nation does not come back to life, any more than a dead man. There will never again be a Ligurian nation, nor an Aztec nation, nor a Cornish nation.

Irish nationality is an ancient spiritual tradition, and the Irish nation could not die as long as that tradition lived in the heart of one faithful man or woman. But had the last repository of the Gaelic tradition, the last unconquered Gael, died, the Irish nation was no more. Any free state that might thereafter be erected in Ireland, whatever it might call itself, would certainly not be the historic Irish nation.

Davis was the first of modern Irishmen to make explicit the truth that a nationality is a spirituality. Tone had postulated the great primal truth that Ireland must be free. Davis, accepting that and developing it, stated the truth in its spiritual aspect, that Ireland must be herself; not merely a free self-governing state, but authentically the Irish nation, bearing all the majestic marks of her nationhood. That the nation may live, the Irish life, both the inner life and the outer life, must be conserved. Hence the language, which is the main repository of the Irish life, the folklore, the literature, the music, the art, the social customs, must be conserved. Davis fully realised, with the Gaelic poets, that a nationality connotes a civilisation, and that a civilisation is a body of traditions. He is thus the lineal ancestor of the spiritual movement embodied in our day in the Gaelic

League. Tone had set the feet of Ireland on a steep; Davis bade her in her journey remember her old honour and her old sanctity, the fame of Tara and of Clonmacnois. Tone is the Irish nation in action, gay and heroic and terrible; Davis stands by the nation's hearthside, a faithful sentinel.

Ireland is one. Tone had insisted upon the political unity of Ireland. Davis thought of Ireland as a spiritual unity. He recognised that the thing which makes her one is her history, that all her men and women are the heirs of a common past, a past full of spiritual, emotional, and intellectual experiences, which knits them together indissolubly. The nation is thus not a mere agglomeration of individuals, but a living organic thing, with a body and a soul; twofold in nature, like man, yet one.

Davis's teaching on this head is resumed thus in one of his most lyric paragraphs:

"This country of ours is no sand bank, thrown up by some recent caprice of earth. It is an ancient land, honoured in the archives of civilisation, traceable into antiquity by its piety, its valour, and its sufferings. Every great European race has sent its stream to the river of Irish mind. Long wars, vast organisations, subtle codes, beacon crimes, leading virtues, and self-mighty men were here. If we live influenced by wind and sun and tree, and not by the passions and deeds of the past, we are a thriftless and a hopeless people."

And in another passage he gives the Gaelic League its watchwords:

"Men are ever valued most for peculiar and original qualities. A man who can only talk common-place, and act according to routine, has little weight. To speak, look, and do what your own soul from its depths orders you are credentials of greatness which all men understand and acknowledge. Such a man's dictum has more influence than the reasoning of an imitative or common-place man. He fills his circle with confidence. He is self-possessed, firm, accurate, and daring. Such men are the pioneers of civilisation and the rulers of the human heart.

"Why should not nations be judged thus? Is not

a full indulgence of its natural tendencies essential to a *people's* greatness?

"The language which grows up with a people is conformed to their organs, descriptive of their climate, constitution, and manners, mingled inseparably with their history and their soil, fitted beyond any other language to express their prevalent thoughts in the most natural and efficient way.

"To impose another language on such a people is to send their history adrift among the accidents of translation—'tis to tear their identity from all places—'tis to substitute arbitrary signs for picturesque and suggestive names—'tis to cut off the entail of feeling, and separate the people from their forefathers by a deep gulf—'tis to corrupt their very organs, and abridge their power of expression.

"The language of a nation's youth is the only easy and full speech for its manhood and for its age. And when the language of its cradle goes, itself craves a tomb.

"A people without a language of its own is only half a nation. A nation should guard its language more than its territories—'tis a surer barrier, and more important frontier, than fortress or river."

The insistence on the spiritual fact of nationality is Davis's distinctive contribution to political thought in Ireland, but it is not the whole of Davis. It has become common to regard him as the type of the "intellectual Nationalist," who is distinguished from that other and more troublesome person, the political irreconcilable. And there is a passage of Gavan Duffy's which lends countenance to this. But the view is a false one as regards Davis and a false one as regards the irreconcilables. Davis accepts the political doctrine of the irreconcilables, and the irreconcilables accept the spiritual teaching of Davis. The two teachings are facets of one truth. And Davis saw the whole truth. He saw that Ireland must be independent of England. It is necessary for me to prove this.

II.

First to brush away a cobweb. It has been maintained that Davis would have been satisfied with what is called a Federal settlement. The only authority for this view seems to be the following passage in Gavan Duffy's "Young Ireland": "Some of them [the "moderate men" who are always with us] came to the conclusion that an Irish Legislature for purely Irish purposes, as a sort of chapel of ease to the Imperial Parliament, ought to be demanded. Mr. Sharman Crawford, on behalf of himself and others unnamed, but understood to include members of both Houses, announced that he desired the establishment of a Federal Union between England and Ireland. He wished to see a 'local body for the purpose of local legislation, combined with an Imperial representation for Imperial purposes;' and he considered that no 'Act of the Imperial Parliament having a separate action as regards Ireland should be a law in Ireland unless passed or confirmed by her own legislative body.' It is a fact worthy to be pondered on that Davis was favourable to this experiment. He desired and would have fought for independence, but he was so little of what in later times has been called 'an irreconcilable,' that such an alternative was not the first, but the last, resource he contemplated. He desired to unite and elevate the whole nation, and he would have accepted Federation as the scheme most likely to accustom and reconcile Protestants to self-government, and as a sure step towards legislative independence in the end."

Thus Duffy on Davis. In a moment we shall let Davis speak for himself.

When Davis, in 1842, leaped into his place in Irish politics as the chief influence on the staff of the *Nation*, all Ireland was organised in the greatest constitutional movement and under the greatest constitutional leader known to history. The demand of that movement was for Repeal of the Union. Separatism was only an inarticulate faith of the common people, remembered for the rest by a few noble old men like Robert Holmes, by a few fiery exiles like Miles Byrne. The *Nation* ranged itself under O'Connell's banner, though from the be-

giving its writers described a wider horizon than O'Connell ever did or could. In 1843 O'Connell made what Duffy calls the "portentous" announcement that he felt "a preference for the Federative plan, as tending more to the utility of Ireland and the maintenance of the connection with England than the proposal of simple Repeal." Davis was away from Dublin, but Duffy, in a personal letter to O'Connell, which he printed as a leading article in the *Nation*, objected to the change of policy foreshadowed, and insisted that "the Repeal Association had no more right to alter the constitution on which its members were recruited than the Irish Parliament had to surrender its functions without consulting its constituents." When Davis returned to town he "cordially accepted," says Duffy, the policy of resistance.

Davis soon spoke in the *Nation*. He welcomed the overtures of the Federalists, but as to his own position and the *Nation's* position he had no doubt. He settled it in one sentence:

"Let the Federalists be an independent and respected party, the repealers an unbroken league—our stand is with the latter."

So that, as between Federalism and Repeal, Davis defined himself a Repealer. But was he not something more?

Davis died before Young Ireland had reached its full political stature or found its full political voice. Just as the United Irishmen spoke first the language of constitutionalism, so did the Young Irelanders. Davis, as their spokesman, spoke their official language, but he hinted and more than hinted, at a fuller utterance. Mitchel, who took up Davis's post in 1845, spoke the fuller utterance, but at his fullest he said nothing that had not been just as fully implied by Davis. For Davis was a Separatist.

Davis wrote of Tone that he was "the wisest . . . of our last generation." And he applied the adjective "wise" to Tone in contradistinction to Grattan, whom in the same sentence he called "the most sublime" of the last generation. Now Tone was the Separatist and

Grattan was the British-Connectionist. When Davis wrote of Tone that he was wiser than Grattan he did not mean that he was more worldly-wise, that he was an abler business man; for Tone died a pauper and Grattan died wealthy; Tone died in a dungeon and his body with difficulty obtained Christian burial, Grattan was buried with pomp in Westminster Abbey. Davis meant that Tone was a wiser statesman than Grattan, that Separation was a wiser policy for Ireland than British-Connectionism. And he meant that he, Davis, was a disciple of Tone.

In the light of this recognition such a passage as the following, which were otherwise mere froth and foam, becomes full of substance:

"This is the history of two years never surpassed in importance and honour. This is a history which our sons shall pant over and envy. This is a history which pledges as to perseverance. This is a history which guarantees success.

"Energy, patience, generosity, skill, tolerance, enthusiasm, created and decked the agitation. The world attended us with its thoughts and prayers. The graceful genius of Italy and the profound intellect of Germany paused to wish us well. The fiery heart of France tolerated our unarmed effort, and proffered its aid. America sent us money, thought, love—she made herself a part of Ireland in her passions and her organisation. From London to the wildest settlement which throbs in the tropics or shivers nigh the Pole, the empire of our misruler was shaken by our effort. To all earth we proclaimed our wrongs. To man and God we made oath that we would never cease to strive till an Irish nation stood supreme on this island. The genius which had organised us, the energy which laboured, the wisdom that taught, the manhood which rose up, the patience which obeyed, the faith which swore, and the valour that strained for action, are here still, experienced, recruited, resolute.

"The future shall realise the promise of the past." This is Davis's passionate appeal to his own; and here is how he talks to the enemy:

"And if England will do none of these things, will

she allow us, for good or ill, to govern ourselves, and see if we cannot redress our own griefs? 'No, never, never,' she says, 'though all Ireland cried for it—never! Her fields shall be manured with the shattered limbs of her sons, and her hearths quenched in their blood; but never, while England has a ship or a soldier, shall Ireland be free.'

"And this is your answer? We shall see—we shall see!"

"And now, Englishmen, listen to us! Though you were to-morrow to give us the best tenures on earth—though you were to equalise Presbyterian, Catholic, and Episcopalian—though you were to give us the amplest representation in your Senate—though you were to restore our absentees, disencumber us of your debt, and redress every one of our fiscal wrongs—and though, in addition to all this, you plundered the treasuries of the world to lay gold at our feet, and exhausted the resources of your genius to do us worship and honour—still we tell you—we tell you, in the names of liberty and country—we tell you, in the name of enthusiastic hearts, thoughtful souls, and fearless spirits—we tell you, by the past, the present and the future, we would spurn your gifts, if the condition were that Ireland should remain a province. We tell you, and all whom it may concern, come what may—bribery or deceit, justice, policy, or war—we tell you, in the name of Ireland, that Ireland shall be a nation!"

Now when Davis told England that, come bribery or deceit, justice, policy, or war, *Ireland shall be a nation*; when Davis reminded the men of Ireland that they had sworn "never to cease to strive until *an Irish nation stood supreme on this island*," he meant what he said. By an Irish nation "standing supreme" he did really mean a Sovereign Irish State living her own life, mistress of her own destinies, defending her own shores, with her ambassadors in foreign capitals and her flag on the seas. He tells us that he meant this. The most important of Davis's political articles are those in which he develops a foreign policy for Ireland. And the most significant passage in all Davis's political writings is this (the italics are his own):

"Again, it is peculiarly needful for *Ireland* to have a Foreign Policy. Intimacy with the great powers will guard us from English interference. Many of the minor German States were too deficient in numbers, boundaries, and wealth to have outstood the despotic ages of Europe, but for those foreign alliances, which, whether resting on friendship or a desire to preserve the balance of power, secured them against their rapacious neighbours. And now time has given its sanction to their continuance, and the progress of localisation guarantees their future safety. When Ireland is a nation she will not, with her vast population and her military character, require such alliances as a security against English *re-conquest*; but they will be useful in banishing any *dreams of invasion* which might *otherwise* haunt the brain of our old enemy."

As a Separatist utterance this is as plenary as anything in Tone. The "Irish nation" contemplated by Davis presupposed the breaking of the English connection, for it was to have military resources sufficient to guard against "an English *re-conquest*," and was to seek foreign alliances in order to banish any "*dreams of invasion*" cherished by "our old enemy."

To Davis, as to Tone, England was "the enemy." Davis was as anti-English as Tone, and, for all his gentleness and charity, more bitter in the expression of his anti-Englishism than Tone was. To him the English language was "a mongrel of a thousand breeds." Modern English literature was "surpassed" by French literature.

"France is an apostle of liberty—England the turnkey of the world. France is the old friend, England the old foe, of Ireland. From one we may judge all. England has defamed *all other countries* in order to make us and her other slaves content in our fetters."

Davis saw as clearly as Tone saw that the English connection is the never-failing source of Ireland's political evils; and he stated his perception as clearly as Tone did:

"He who fancies some intrinsic objection to our nationality to lie in the co-existence of two languages, three or four great sects, and a dozen different races

in Ireland, will learn that in Hungary, Switzerland, Belgium, and America, different languages, creeds, and races flourish kindly side by side, and he will seek in English intrigues the real well of the bitter woes of Ireland." Again:

"Germany, France, and America teach us that English economics are not fit for a nation beginning to establish a trade, though they may be for an old and plethoric trader; and, therefore, that English and Irish trading interests are directly opposed."

Yet again:

"The land tenures of France, Norway and Prussia are the reverse of England's. They resemble our own old tenures; they better suit our character and our wants than the loose holdings and servile wages system of modern England."

And finally:

"We must believe and act up to the lesson taught by reason and history, that England is our interested and implacable enemy—a tyrant to her dependants—a calumniator of her neighbours, and both the despot and the defamer of Ireland for near seven centuries."

It has thus been established, and established by his own words, first, that as between Federalism and Repeal Davis was a Repealer: but, secondly, that as between Repeal and Separation Davis was a Separatist. In other words, he held the national position which Tone held, which Lalor and Mitchel held, which the Fenians held, which the Irish Volunteers hold. The fact that he would have accepted and worked on with Repeal in no wise derogates from his status as a Separatist, any more than the fact that many of us would have accepted Home Rule (or even Devolution) and worked on with it derogates from our status as Separatists. Home Rule to us would have been a means to an end; Repeal to Davis would have been a means to an end.

In one of the phrases in which such men as he give watchwords to the generations, a phrase which strangely anticipates the most famous of Parnell's phrases, Davis tells us what that end was:

"Ireland's aspiration is for unbounded nationality." I have shown what he meant by "unbounded nationality;" he meant sovereign nationhood, he meant spiritual, intellectual, and political independence. The word nationality I have used here and elsewhere for the inner thing which is a nation's soul, and the word nationhood I have made to include both that inner thing and the outer status, political independence. It is obvious that Davis uses the term "nationality" in the sense in which I use the term "nationhood," for if he meant only the inner spiritual thing his phrase would be meaningless.

In order to the proper adjustment of values we may now usefully set down:

First, that the Federalism with which O'Connell dallied for a moment, but which Davis and Young Ireland protested against and O'Connell promptly disowned, abandoning it indeed with the contemptuous phrase "federalism it not worth *that*" (snapping his fingers), contemplated a domestic Irish legislature to deal with domestic Irish affairs, adequate Irish representation in an Imperial Parliament, and *power of veto in the Irish Parliament over acts of the Imperial Parliament having a separate action as regards Ireland*. It was thus a vastly bigger thing than modern Home Rule, which reserves everything of real importance from the jurisdiction of the Irish Parliament, which, far from giving the Irish Parliament a veto over the acts of the Imperial Parliament regarding Ireland, gives the Imperial Parliament a veto over all acts of the Irish Parliament, and which preserves intact the power of the Imperial Parliament to pass all sorts of laws binding Ireland and to impose all sorts of taxation on Ireland, the Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament to be a negligible quantity.

Secondly, that the Repeal of the Union, which, apart from his momentary aberration into Federalism, was O'Connell's life-long demand, contemplated a Sovereign Irish Parliament co-ordinate with the English Parliament and with absolute control of Irish taxation; and while there was to be a common king, army, navy, and foreign policy, not a penny was to be raised from Ireland for the financing of those concerns except by the vote of

the Irish Parliament. It will be seen that Repeal was as much a bigger thing than the Home Rule of 1914 as O'Connell was a greater man than Mr. Redmond. Repeal contemplated a sovereign co-ordinate Parliament; Home Rule specifically contemplated a subordinate Parliament. Under Repeal the Imperial Parliament would have had no jurisdiction over any man of Ireland, over any sod of Ireland's soil, over any shilling of Ireland's money; under Home Rule the jurisdiction of the Imperial Parliament over these things and all other things in Ireland was to have been absolute, for the Act laid down (Clause One) that "the supreme power and authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters and things in Ireland, and every part thereof."

Thirdly, that even the noble and semi-independent status which would have been secured to Ireland by Repeal was not sufficient for Tone, who rose against the very constitution which Repeal sought to restore; for Davis, who aspired to "unbounded nationality"; for Lalor, whose object was "not to repeal the Union but the conquest," and who "for Repeal had never gone into agitation and would never go into insurrection"; for Mitchel, who, far from accepting that partnership in the British Empire on which Repeal was founded, avowed it as his aim in life utterly to destroy the British Empire. What was it that these men wanted? They wanted Separation; they wanted "to BREAK the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils." Davis's principles, then, were Tone's; and as to methods. That Davis would have achieved Irish nationhood by peaceful means if he could, is undoubted. Let it not be a reproach against Davis. Obviously, if a nation can obtain its freedom without bloodshed, it is its duty so to obtain it. Those of us who believe that, in the circumstances of Ireland, it is not possible to obtain our freedom without bloodshed will admit thus much. If England, after due pressure, were to say to us, "Here, take Ireland," no one would be so foolish as to answer, "No, we'd rather fight you for it." But things like that do not happen. One must fight, or at least be ready to fight. And Davis knew this:

"The tribune's tongue and poet's pen
 May sow the seed in slavish men;
 But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
 Can reap the harvest when 'tis grown."

And Davis was ready to fight. No one knew better than he that England would yield only to force or the threat of force; and that England, having once yielded, could be held to her bargain only by force. The nation that he visioned was to be an armed nation; and armed for the precise purpose of preventing any "reconquest" by England. No one saw more clearly than Davis that Ireland made her mistake of mistakes when her Volunteers abdicated their arms. Referring to Madden's defence of Grattan against Flood on the question of Simple Repeal, Davis writes:

"This is unanswerable, but Grattan should have gone further. The revolution was effected mainly by the Volunteers, whom he had inspired; arms could alone have preserved the constitution. Flood was wrong in setting value on one form—Grattan in relying on any; but before and after '82 Flood seems to have had glimpses that the question was one of might, as well as of right, and that national laws could not last under such an alien army."

"Taken as military representatives, the Convention at the Rotunda was even more valuable than as a civic display. Mr. Madden censures Grattan for having been an elaborate neutral during these Reform dissensions; but that the result of *such* neutrality ruined the Convention proves the comparative want of power in Flood, who could have governed that Convention in spite of the rascally English and the feeble Irish Whigs. Oh, had Tone been in that council!"

The astonishing thing about Davis is that, writing in the still constitutional *Nation* of 1842-5, he was able to express his Separatist faith so clearly, and to avow so openly his readiness to fight for that faith. It took Duffy three years longer to reach the point which had been reached in 1845 by his dead friend.

III.

If we accept the definition of Irish freedom as "the Rights of Man in Ireland" we shall find it difficult to imagine an apostle of Irish freedom who is not a democrat. One loves the freedom of men because one loves men. There is therefore a deep humanism in every true Nationalist. There was a deep humanism in Tone; and there was a deep humanism in Davis. The sorrow of the people affected Davis like a personal sorrow. He had more respect for an aristocracy than Tone had (Tone had none), and would have been less ruthless in a revolution than Tone would have been. But he was a democrat in this truest sense, that he loved the people, and his love of the people was an essential part of the man and of his Nationalism. Even his rhetoric (for Davis, unlike Tone, was a little rhetorical) cannot disguise the sincerity of such passages as this:

"Think of the long, long patience of the people—their toils supporting you—their virtues shaming you—their huts, their hunger, their disease.

"To whosoever God hath given a heart less cold than stone, these truths must cry day and night. Oh! how they cross us like Banshees when we would range free on the mountain—how, as we walk in the evening light amid flowers, they startle us from rest of mind! Ye nobles! whose houses are as gorgeous as the mote's (which dwelleth in the sunbeam)—ye strong and haughty squires—ye dames exuberant with tingling blood—ye maidens whom no splendour has yet spoiled, will ye not think of the poor? . . ."

The real Davis must have been a greater man even than the Davis of the essays, or the Davis of the songs. In literary expression Davis was immature; in mind he was ripe beyond all his contemporaries. I cannot call him a very great prose writer; I am not sure that I can call him a poet at all. But I can call him a very great man, one of our greatest men. None of his contemporaries had any doubt about his greatness. He was the greatest influence among them, and the noblest influence; and he has been the greatest and noblest influence in Irish history since

Tone. He was not Young Ireland's most powerful prose writer: Mitchel was that. He was not Young Ireland's truest poet: Mangan was that, or, if not Mangan, Ferguson. He was not Young Ireland's ablest man of affairs: Duffy was that. He was not Young Ireland's most brilliant orator: Meagher was that. Nevertheless, "Davis was our true leader," said Duffy; and when Davis died—the phrase is again Duffy's—"it seemed as if the sun had gone out of the heavens." "The loss of this rare and noble Irishman," said Mitchel, "has never been repaired, neither to his country nor to his friends." What was it that made Davis so great in the eyes of two such men, and two such different men, as Duffy and Mitchel? It must have been the man's immortal soul. The highest form of genius is the genius for sanctity, the genius for noble life and thought. That genius was Davis's. Character is the greatest thing in a man; and Davis's character was such as the Apollo Belvidere is said to be in the physical order,—in his presence all men stood more erect. The Romans had a noble word which summed up all moral beauty and all private and civic valour: the word *virtus*. If English had as noble a word as that it would be the word to apply to the thing which made Thomas Davis so great a man.

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TRACTS FOR THE TIMES, No. 13.

THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE

PREFACE

This pamphlet contains the examination of the Irish
in London which I published in "Globe" for
my part. I have no more to say.

... BY ...

P. H. PEARSE.

St. Enda's College

RATHFARNHAM

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31st. March, 1916.

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THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

I.

NATIONAL independence involves national sovereignty. National sovereignty is twofold in its nature. It is both internal and external. It implies the sovereignty of the nation over all its parts, over all men and things within the nation; and it implies the sovereignty of the nation as against all other nations. Nationality is a spiritual fact; but nationhood includes physical freedom, and physical power in order to the maintenance of physical freedom, as well as the spiritual fact of nationality. This physical freedom is necessary to the healthy life, and may even be necessary to the continued existence of the nation. Without it the nation droops, withers, ultimately perhaps dies; only a very steadfast nation, a nation of great spiritual and intellectual strength like Ireland, can live for more than a few generations in its absence, and without it even so stubborn a nation as Ireland would doubtless ultimately perish. Physical freedom, in brief, is necessary to sane and vigorous life; for physical freedom means precisely control of the conditions that are necessary to sane and vigorous life. It is obvious that these things are partly material, and that therefore national freedom involves control of the material things which are essential to the continued physical life and freedom of the nation. So that the nation's sovereignty extends not only to all the men and women of the nation, but to all the material possessions of the nation, the nation's soil and all its resources, all wealth and all wealth-producing processes within the nation. In other words, no private right to property is good as against the public right of the nation. But the nation is under a moral obligation so to exercise its public right as to secure strictly equal rights and liberties to every man and woman within the nation. The whole is entitled to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole, but this is to be pursued exactly for the end that each of the individuals composing the whole may enjoy happiness and prosperity, the maximum amount of happiness and prosperity consistent with the happiness and prosperity of all the rest.

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 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 the completeness of that physical freedom. And here I think I give what has been called "the material basis of freedom" its proper place and importance. A nation's material resources are not the nation, any more than a man's food is the man ; but the material resources are as necessary to the nation's life as the man's food to the man's life.

And I claim that the nation's sovereignty over the nation's material resources is absolute ; but that obviously such sovereignty must be exercised for the good of the nation and without prejudice to the rights of other nations, since national sovereignty, like everything else on earth, is subject to the laws of morality.

Now the good of the nation means ultimately the good of the individual men and women who compose the nation. Physically considered, what does a nation consist of ? It consists of its men and women ; of all its men and women, without any exceptions. Every man and every woman within the nation has normally equal rights, but a man or a woman may forfeit his or her rights by turning recreant to the nation. No class in the nation has rights superior to those of any other class. No class in the nation is entitled to privileges beyond any other class except with the consent of the nation. The right and privilege to make laws or to administer laws does not reside in any class within the nation ; it resides in the whole nation, that is, in the whole people, and can be lawfully exercised only by those to whom it is delegated by the whole people. The right to the control of the material resources of a nation does not reside in any individual or in any class of individuals ; it resides in the whole people and can be lawfully exercised only by

those to whom it is delegated by the whole people, and in the manner in which the whole people ordains. Once more, no individual right is good as against the right of the whole people; but the people, in exercising its sovereign rights, is morally bound to consider individual rights, to do equity between itself and each of the individuals that compose it as well as to see that equity is done between individual and individual.

To insist upon the sovereign control of the nation over all the property within the nation is not to disallow the right to private property. It is for the nation to determine to what extent private property may be held by its members, and in what items of the nation's material resources private property shall be allowed. A nation may, for instance, determine, as the free Irish nation determined and enforced for many centuries, that private ownership shall not exist in land; that the whole of a nation's soil is the public property of the nation. A nation may determine, as many modern nations have determined, that all the means of transport within a nation, all its railways and waterways, are the public property of the nation to be administered by the nation for the general benefit. A nation may go further and determine that all sources of wealth whatsoever are the property of the nation, that each individual shall give his service for the nation's good, and shall be adequately provided for by the nation, and that all surplus wealth shall go to the national treasury to be expended on national purposes, rather than be accumulated by private persons. There is nothing divine or sacrosanct in any of these arrangements; they are matters of purely human concern, matters for discussion and adjustment between the members of a nation, matters to be decided upon finally by the nation as a whole; and matters in which the nation as a whole can revise or reverse its decision whenever it seems good in the common interests to do so. I do not disallow the right to private property; but I insist that all property is held subject to the national sanction.

And I come back again to this: that the people are the nation; the whole people, all its men and women; and that laws made or acts done by anybody purporting to represent the people but not really authorised by the people, either expressly or impliedly, to represent them and to act for them do not bind the people; are a usurpa-

tion, an impertinence, a nullity. For instance, a Government of capitalists, or a Government of clerics, or a Government of lawyers, or a Government of tinkers, or a Government of red-headed men, or a Government of men born on a Tuesday, does not represent the people, and cannot bind the people, unless it is expressly or impliedly chosen and accepted by the people to represent and act for them; and in that case it becomes the lawful government of the people, and continues such until the people withdraw their mandate. Now the people, if wise, will not choose the makers and administrators of their laws on such arbitrary and fantastic grounds as the possession of capital, or the possession of red heads, or the having been born on a Tuesday; a Government chosen in such a manner, or preponderatingly representing (even if not so deliberately chosen) capitalists, red-headed men, or men born on a Tuesday will inevitably legislate and govern in the interests of capitalists, red-headed men, or men born on a Tuesday, as the case may be. The people, if wise, will choose as the makers and administrators of their laws men and women actually and fully representative of all the men and women of the nation, the men and women of no property equally with the men and women of property; they will regard such an accident as the possession of "property," "capital," "wealth" in any shape, the possession of what is called "a stake in the country," as conferring no more right to represent the people than would the accident of possessing a red head or the accident of having been born on a Tuesday. And in order that the people may be able to choose as a legislation and as a government men and women really and fully representative of themselves, they will keep the choice actually or virtually in the hands of the whole people; in other words, while, in the exercise of their sovereign rights they may, if they will, delegate the actual choice to some body among them, *i.e.*, adopt a "restricted franchise," they will, if wise, adopt the widest possible franchise—give a vote to every adult man and woman of sound mind. To restrict the franchise in any respect is to prepare the way for some future usurpation of the rights of the sovereign people. The people, that is, the whole people, must remain sovereign not only in theory, but in fact.

I assert, then, the divine right of the people, "God's grant to Adam and his poor children for ever," to have

and to hold this good green earth. And I assert the sovereignty and the sanctity of the nations, which are the people embodied and organised. The nation is a natural division, as natural as the family, and as inevitable. That is one reason why a nation is holy, and why an empire is not holy. A nation is knit together by natural ties, ties mystic and spiritual, and ties human and kindly; an empire is at best held together by ties of mutual interest, and at worst by brute force. The nation is the family in large; an empire is a commercial corporation in large. The nation is of God; the empire is of man—if it be not of the devil.

II.

The democratic truths that I have just stated are implicit in Tone and in Davis, though there was this difference between the two men, that Tone had a manly contempt for "the gentry (as they affect to call themselves)," while Davis had a little sentimental regard for them. But Davis loved the people, as every Nationalist must love the people, seeing that the people are the nation; his nationalism was not mere devotion to an abstract idea, it was a devotion to the actual men and women who make up this nation of Ireland, a belief in their rights, and a resolve to establish them as the owners of Ireland and the masters of all her destinies. There is no other sort of nationalism than this, the nationalism which believes in and seeks to enthrone the sovereign people. Tone had appealed to "that numerous and respectable class, the men of no property," and in that gallant and characteristic phrase he had revealed his perception of a great historic truth, namely, that in Ireland "the gentry (as they affect to call themselves)" have uniformly been corrupted by England, and the merchants and middle-class capitalists have, when not corrupted, been uniformly intimidated, whereas the common people have for the most part remained unbought and unterrified. It is, in fact, true that the repositories of the Irish tradition, as well the spiritual tradition of nationality as the kindred tradition of stubborn physical resistance to England, have been the great, splendid, faithful, common people,—that dumb multitudinous throng which sorrowed during the penal night, which bled in '98, which starved in the Famine; and which is here still—what is left of it—unbought and unterrified. Let no man be mistaken as to who will be lord

in Ireland when Ireland is free. The people will be lord and master. The people who wept in Gethsemane; who trod the sorrowful way, who died naked on a cross, who went down into hell, will rise again glorious and immortal, will sit on the right hand of God, and will come in the end to give judgment, a judge just and terrible.

Tone sounded the gallant *reveillé* of democracy in Ireland. The man who gave it its battle-cries was James Fintan Lalor. Lalor was a fiery spirit, as of some angelic missionary, imprisoned for a few years in a very frail tenement, drawing his earthly breath in pain; but strong with a great spiritual strength and gifted with a mind which had the trenchant beauty of steel. What he had to say for his people (and for all mankind) was said in a very few words. This gospel of the Sovereign People that Fintan Lalor delivered is the shortest of the gospels; but so precious is it, so pregnant with meaning in its every word, that to express its sense one would have to quote it almost as it stands; which indeed one could do in a tract a very little longer than this. No one who wrote as little as Lalor has ever written so well. In his first letter he laments that he has never learned the art of literary expression; in "The Faith of a Felon" he says that he has all his life been destitute of books. Commonly, it is by reading and writing that a man learns to write greatly. Lalor, who had read little and written nothing, wrote greatly from the moment he began to write. The Lord God must have inspired that poor crippled recluse, for no mortal man could of himself have uttered the things he uttered.

James Fintan Lalor, in Duffy's phrase, "announced himself" in Irish politics in 1847, and he announced himself "with a voice of assured confidence and authority." In a letter to Duffy, which startled all the Young Irelanders and which set Mitchel's heart on fire, he declared himself one of the people, one who therefore knew the people; and he told the young men that there was neither strength nor even a disposition among the people to carry O'Connell's Repeal, but that there was strength in the people to carry national independence if national independence were associated with something else.

"A mightier question is in the land—one beside which Repeal dwarfs down to a petty parish question;

one on which Ireland may not alone try her own right but try the right of the world; on which she would be not merely an asserter of old principles, often asserted, and better asserted before her, an humble and feeble imitator and follower of other countries—but an original inventor, propounder, and propagandist, in the van of the earth, and heading the nations; on which her success or her failure alike would never be forgotten by man, but would make her for ever a lodestar of history; on which Ulster would be not ‘on her flank’ but at her side, and on which, better and best of all, she need not plead in humble petitions her beggarly wrongs and how beggarly she bore them, nor plead any right save the right of her MIGHT.

“Repeal may perish with all who support it sooner than I will consent to be fettered on this question, or to connect myself with any organised body that would ban or merge, in favour of Repeal or any other measure, that greatest of all our rights on this side of heaven—God’s grant to Adam and his poor children for ever, when He sent them from Eden in His wrath and bid them go work for their bread. Why should I name it?”

His proposals as to means thrilled the young orators and debaters as the ringing voice of an angel might thrill them:

“As regards the use of none but legal means, any means and all means might be made illegal by Act of Parliament, and such pledge, therefore, is passive obedience. As to the pledge of abstaining from the use of any but moral force, I am quite willing to take such pledge, if, and provided, the English Government agree to take it also; but ‘if not, not.’ Let England pledge not to argue the question by the prison, the convict-ship, or the halter; and I will readily pledge not to argue it in any form of physical logic. But dogs tied and stones loose is no bargain. Let the stones be given up; or unmuzzle the wolf-dog.

At Duffy’s invitation Lalor developed his doctrines in two letters to the *Nation*, one addressed to the landlords and one to the people. To the landlords he spoke this ominous warning:

“Refuse it [to be Irishmen], and you commit yourselves to the position of paupers, to the mercy of English Ministers and English members; you throw

your very existence on English support, which England soon may find too costly to afford; you lie at the feet of events; you lie in the way of a people and the movement of events and the march of a people shall be over you."

The essence of Lalor's teaching is that the right to the material ownership of a nation's soil coexists with the right to make laws for the nation and that both are inherent in the same authority, the Sovereign People. He held in substance that Separation from England would be valueless unless it put the people—the actual people and not merely certain rich men—of Ireland in effectual ownership and possession of the soil of Ireland; as for a return to the *status quo* before 1800, it was to him impossible and unthinkable. When Mitchel's *United Irishman* was suppressed in 1848, Martin's *Irish Felon*, with Lalor as its standard-bearer and spokesman, stepped into the breach; and in an article entitled, "The Rights of Ireland" in the first issue of that paper (June 24, 1848) Lalor delivered the new gospel. A long passage must be quoted in full; but it can be quoted without any comment, for it is self-luminous:

"Without agreement as to our objects we cannot agree on the course we should follow. It is requisite the paper should have but one purpose; and the public should understand what that purpose is. Mine is not to repeal the Union, or restore Eighty-two. This is not the year '82, this is the year '48. For repeal I never went into 'Agitation,' and will not go into insurrection. On that question, I refuse to arm, or to act in any mode; and the country refuses. O'Connell made no mistake when he pronounced it not worth the price of one drop of blood; and for myself, I regret it was not left in the hands of Conciliation Hall, whose lawful property it was, and is. Moral force and repeal, the means and the purpose, were just fitted to each other—*Arcades ambo*, balmy Arcadians both. When the means were limited, it was only proper and necessary to limit the purpose. When the means were enlarged, that purpose ought to have been enlarged also. Repeal, in its vulgar meaning, I look on as utterly impracticable by any mode of action whatever; and the constitution of '82 was absurd, worthless, and worse than worthless. The English Government will never concede

or surrender to any species of moral force whatsoever; and the country-peasantry will never arm and fight for it—neither will I. If I am to stake life and fame, it must assuredly be for something better and greater, more likely to last, more likely to succeed, and better worth success. And a stronger passion, a higher purpose, a nobler and more needful enterprise is fermenting in the hearts of the people. A mightier question moves Ireland to-day than that of merely repealing the Act of Union. Not the constitution Wolfe Tone died to abolish, but the constitution that Tone died to obtain—independence; full and absolute independence for this island, and for every man within this island. Into no movement that would leave an enemy's garrison in possession of all our lands, masters of our liberties, our lives, and all our means of life and happiness—into no such movement will a single man of the greycoats enter with an armed hand, whatever the town population may do. On a wider fighting field, with stronger positions and greater resources than are afforded by the paltry question of Repeal, must we close for our final struggle with England, or sink and surrender.

"Ireland her own—Ireland her own, and all therein, from the sod to the sky. The soil of Ireland for the people of Ireland, to have and hold from God alone who gave it—to have and to hold to them and their heirs for ever, without suit or service, faith or fealty, rend or render, to any power under Heaven. . . . When a greater and more ennobling enterprise is on foot, every inferior and feebler project or proceeding will soon be left in the hands of old women, of dastards, imposters, swindlers, and imbeciles. All the strength and manhood of the island—all the courage, energies, and ambition—all the passion, heroism, and chivalry—all the strong men and strong minds—all those that make revolutions will quickly desert it, and throw themselves into the greater movement, throng into the larger and loftier undertaking, and flock round the banner that flies nearest the sky. There go the young, the gallant, the gifted, the daring; and there, too, go the wise. For wisdom knows that in national action *littleness* is more fatal than the wildest rashness; that greatness of object is essential to greatness of effort, strength, and success;

that a revolution ought never to take its stand on low or narrow ground, but seize on the broadest and highest ground it can lay hands on; and that a petty enterprise seldom succeeds. Had America aimed or declared for less than independence, she would, probably, have failed, and been a fettered slave to-day.

"Not to repeal the Union, then, but the conquest—not to disturb or dismantle the empire, but to abolish it utterly for ever—not to fall back on '82, but act up to '48—not to resume or restore an old constitution, but found a new nation and raise up a free people, and strong as well as free, and secure as well as strong, based on a peasantry rooted like rocks in the soil of the land—this is my object, as I hope it is yours; and this, you may rest assured, is the easier, as it is the nobler and more pressing enterprise."

Lalor proceeds to develop his teaching as to the ownership of the soil of Ireland by its people:

"The principle I state, and mean to stand upon, is this: that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre, is vested of right in the people of Ireland; that they, and none but they, are the land-owners and law-makers of this island; that all laws are null and void not made by them, and all titles to land invalid not conferred or confirmed by them; and that this full right of ownership may and ought to be asserted by any and all means which God has put in the power of man. In other, if not plainer words, I hold and maintain that the entire soil of a country belongs of right to the entire people of that country, and is the rightful property, not of any one class, but of the nation at large, in full effective possession, to let to whom they will, on whatever tenures, terms, rents, services, and conditions they will; one condition, however, being unavoidable and essential, the condition that the tenant shall bear full, true, and undivided fealty and allegiance to the nation, and the laws of the nation whose lands he holds; and own no allegiance whatsoever to any other prince, power, or people, or any obligation of obedience or respect to their will, orders, or laws. I hold, further, and firmly believe, that the enjoyment by the people of this right of first ownership of the soil is essential to the vigour and vitality of all other rights. to their

validity, efficacy, and value; to their secure possession and safe exercise. For let no people deceive themselves, or be deceived by the words, and colours, and phrases, and forms of a mock freedom, by constitutions, and charters, and articles, and franchise. These things are paper and parchment, waste and worthless. Let laws and institutions say what they will, this fact will be stronger than all laws, and prevail against them—the fact that those who own your lands will make your laws, and command your liberties and your lives. But this is tyranny and slavery; tyranny in its widest scope and worst shape; slavery of body and soul, from the cradle to the coffin—slavery with all its horrors, and with none of its physical comforts and security; even as it is in Ireland, where the whole community is made up of tyrants, slaves, and slave-drivers.

As to the question of dealing with land-owners, Lalor re-echoes Tone and Davis:

“There are, however, many landlords, perhaps, and certainly a few, not fairly chargeable with the crimes of their order; and you may think it hard they should lose their lands. But recollect the principle I assert would make Ireland, *in fact*, as she is *of right*, mistress and queen of all those lands; that she, poor lady, had ever a soft heart and grateful disposition; and that she may, if she please, in reward of allegiance, confer new titles or confirm the old. Let us crown her a queen; and then—let her do with her lands as a queen may do.

“In the case of any existing interest, of what nature soever, I feel assured that no question but one would need to be answered. Does the owner of that interest assent to swear allegiance to the people of Ireland, and to hold in fee from the Irish nation? If he assent he may be assured he will suffer no loss. No eventual or permanent loss I mean; for some temporary loss he must assuredly suffer. But such loss would be incidental and inevitable to any armed insurrection whatever, no matter on what principle the right of resistance should be resorted to. If he refuses, then I say—away with him—out of this land with him—himself and all his robber rights and all the things himself and his rights have brought into our island—blood and tears, and famine, and the fever that goes with famine.”

In the issue of the *Irish Felon* for July 8, Lalor, expecting suppression and arrest, wrote "The Faith of a Felon"—a statement which, ill-framed and ill-connected though he knew it to be, he firmly believed to "carry the fortunes of Ireland," and sent "forth to its fate, to conquer or be conquered." It was conquered for the time, but, like such immortal things, it was destined to rise again. In it Lalor re-affirmed his principles and re-stated his programme. The idea of the ownership of the soil by the whole people which is his essential contribution to modern political thought, was in this statement put more clearly even than before:

"What forms the right of property in land? I have never read in the direction of that question. I have all my life been destitute of books. But from the first chapter of Blackstone's second book, the only page I ever read on the subject, I know that jurists are unanimously agreed in considering 'first occupancy' to be the only true original foundation on the right of property and possession of land.

"Now I am prepared to prove that 'occupancy' wants every character and quality that could give it moral efficacy as a foundation of right. I am prepared to prove this, when 'occupancy' has first been *defined*. If no definition can be given, I am relieved from the necessity of showing any claim founded on occupancy to be weak and worthless.

"To any plain understanding the right of private property is very simple. It is the right of man to possess, enjoy, and transfer the substance and use of whatever HE HAS HIMSELF CREATED. This title is good against the world; and it is the *sole* and *only* title by which a valid right of absolute private property can possibly vest.

"But no man can plead any such title to a right of property in the substance of the soil.

"The earth, together with all it *spontaneously* produces, is the free and common property of all mankind, of natural right, and by the grant of God—and all men being equal, no man, therefore, has a right, to appropriate exclusively to himself any part or portion thereof, except with and by the *common consent* and *agreement* of all other men.

"The sole original right of property in land which

I acknowledge to be morally valid, is this right of common consent and agreement. Every other I hold to be fabricated and fictitious, null, void, and of no effect."

As for Lalor's programme of action, it was in brief:

1. To refuse all rent and arrears beyond the value of the overplus of harvest remaining after due provision for the tenants' subsistence for twelve months.
2. To resist eviction under the English law of ejection.
3. To refuse all rent to the usurping proprietors, until the people, the true proprietors, had decided in national congress what rents were to be paid, and to whom.
4. That the people should decide that rents should "be paid to *themselves*, the people, for public purposes, and for behoof and benefit of them, the entire general people."

Lalor saw clearly that this programme might, and almost certainly would, lead to armed revolution. If so—

"Welcome be the will of God. We must only try to keep our harvest, to offer a peaceful, passive resistance, to barricade the island, to break up the roads, to break down the bridges—and, should need be, and favourable occasions offer, surely we may venture to try the steel.

"It has been said to me that such a war, on the principles I propose, would be looked on with detestation by Europe. I assert the contrary. I say such a war would propagate itself throughout Europe. Mark the words of this prophecy:—The principle I propound goes to the foundations of Europe, and sooner or later, will cause Europe to outrise. Mankind will yet be masters of the earth. The right of the people to make the laws—this produced the first great modern earthquake, whose latest shocks, even now, are heaving in the heart of the world. The right of the people to own the land—this will produce the next. Train your hands, and your son's hands, gentlemen of earth, for you and they will yet have to use them. I want to put Ireland foremost, in the van of the world, at the head of the nations—to set her aloft in the blaze of the sun, and to make her for ages the lodestar of history. Will she take the path I point out—the path to be free, and famed, and feared, and followed—the path that goes sunward?"

A fortnight later, in the *Irish Felon* for July 22,

Lalor wrote the article "Clearing the Decks," which was intended to declare the revolution. It was worthy of a braver response than it received:

"If Ireland be conquered now—or what would be worse—if she fails to fight, it will certainly not be the fault of the people at large, of those who form the rank and file of the nation. The failure and fault will be that of those who have assumed to take the office of commanding and conducting the march of a people for liberty without, perhaps, having any commission from nature to do so, or natural right, or acquired requisite. The general population of this island are ready to find and furnish everything which can be demanded from the mass of a people—the members, the physical strength, the animal daring, the health, hardihood, and endurance. No population on earth of equal amount would furnish a more effective military conscription. We want only competent leaders—men of courage and capacity—men whom nature meant and made for leaders. . . . These leaders are yet to be found. Can Ireland furnish them? It would be a sheer and absurd blasphemy against nature to doubt it. The first blow will bring them out. . . .

"In the case of Ireland now there is but *one fact* to deal with, and *one question* to be considered. The *fact* is this—that there are at present in occupation of our country some 40,000 armed men, in the livery and service of England; and the *question* is—how best and soonest to kill and capture these 40,000? . . .

"Meanwhile, however, remember this—that somewhere, and somehow, and by somebody, a beginning must be made. Who strikes the first blow for Ireland? Who wins a wreath that will be green for ever?"

That was Lalor's last word. The issue containing the article was seized, the *Irish Felon* suppressed, and Martin and Lalor arrested. In a few months Lalor was released from prison a dying man. From his sick bed he tried to rally the beaten forces; he actually went down into North Munster and endeavoured to lead the people. This effort—the almost forgotten rising of 1849—failed. Lalor died in Dublin a few weeks after. But his word has marched on, conquering.

III.

The doctrine and proposals of Fintan Lalor stirred John Mitchel profoundly. Mitchel was not a democrat

by instinct, as Tone and Lalor were; he was not a revolutionary by process of thought, as Tone and Lalor were; he was not from the beginning of his public life a believer in the possibility and desirability of physical force, as Tone and Lalor were. He became all these things; and he became all these things suddenly. It was as if revolutionary Ireland, speaking through Lalor, had said to Mitchel, "Follow me," and Mitchel, leaving all things, followed. Duffy and others were amazed that the most conservative of the Young Irelanders should become the most revolutionary. They ought not to have been amazed. That deep and passionate man could not have been anything by halves. As well expect a Paul or a Teresa or an Ignatius Loyola to be a "moderate" Christian as John Mitchel, once that "Follow me" had been spoken, to be a "moderate" Nationalist. Mitchel was of the stuff of which the great prophets and ecstasies have been made. He did really hold converse with God; he did really deliver God's word to man, deliver it fiery-tongued.

Mitchel's is the last of the four gospels of the new testament of Irish nationality, the last and the fieriest and the most sublime. It flames with apocalyptic wrath, such wrath as there is nowhere else in literature. And it is because the man loved so well that his wrath was so terrible. It is foolish to say of Mitchel, as it has been said, that his is a gospel of hate, that hate is barren, that a nation cannot feed itself on hate without peril to its soul, or at least to the sanity and sweetness of its mind, that Davis, who preached love, is a truer leader and guide for Ireland than Mitchel, who preached hate. The answer to this is—first, that love and hate are not mutually antagonistic but mutually complementary; that love connotes hate, hate of the thing that denies or destroys or threatens the thing beloved: that love of good connotes hate of evil, love of truth, hate of falsehood, love of freedom hate of oppression; that hate may be as pure and good a thing as love, just as love may be as impure and evil a thing as hate; that hate is no more ineffective and barren than love, both being as necessary to moral sanity and growth as sun and storm are to physical life and growth. And, secondly, that Mitchel, the least apologetic of men, was at pains to explain that his hate was not of English men

and women, but of the English thing which called itself a government in Ireland, of the English Empire, of English commercialism supported by English militarism, a thing wholly evil, perhaps the most evil thing that there has ever been in the world. To talk of such hate as unholy, unchristian, barren, is to talk folly or hypocrisy. Such hate is not only a good thing, but is a duty.

When Mitchel's critics (or his own Doppelganger, who was his severest critic) objected that his glorious wrath was merely destructive, a thing splendid in slaying, but without any fecundity or life-giving principle within it, Mitchel's answer was adequate and conclusive:

"... Can you dare to pronounce that the winds, and the lightnings, which tear down, degrade, destroy, execute a more ignoble office than the volcanoes and subterranean deeps that upheave, renew, recreate? Are the nether fires holier than the upper fires? The waters that are above the firmament, do they hold of Ahriman, and the waters that are below the firmament, of Ormuzd? Do you take up a reproach against the lightnings for that they only shatter and shiver, but never construct? Or have you a quarrel with the winds because they fight against the churches, and build them not? In all nature, spiritual and physical, do you not see that some powers and agents have it for their function to abolish and demolish and derange—other some to construct and set in order? But is not the destruction, then, as natural, as needful, as the construction?—Rather tell me, I pray you, which is construction—which destruction? This destruction is creation: Death is Birth and

'The quick spring like weeds out of the dead.'

Go to—the revolutionary Leveller is your only architect. Therefore, take courage, all you that Jacobins be, and stand upon your rights, and do your appointed work with all your strength, let the canting fed classes rave and shriek as they will—where you see a respectable, fair-spoken Lie sitting in high places, feeding itself fat on human sacrifices—down with it, strip it naked, and pitch it to the demons; whenever you see a greedy tyranny (constitutional or other) grinding the faces of the poor, join battle with it on the spot—conspire, confederate, and combine against it, resting never till the huge mischief come down, though the

whole 'structure of society' come down along with it. Never you mind funds and stocks; if the price of the things called *Consols* depend on lies and fraud, down with them, too. Take no heed of 'social disorganisation;' you cannot bring back chaos—never fear; no disorganisation in the world can be so complete but there will be a germ of new order in it; sansculottism, when she hath conceived, will bring forth venerable institutions. Never spare; work joyfully, according to your nature and function; and when your work is effectually done, and it is time for the counter operations to begin, why, then, you can fall a-constructing; if you have a gift that way; if not, let others do *their* work, and take your rest, having discharged your duty. Courage, Jacobins! for ye, too, are ministers of heaven.

"I do believe myself incapable of desiring private vengeance; at least, I have never yet suffered any private wrong atrocious enough to stir up that sleeping passion. The vengeance I seek is the righting of my country's wrong, which includes my own. Ireland, indeed, needs vengeance; but this is public vengeance—public justice. Herein England is truly a great public criminal. England! all England, operating through her Government: through all her organised and effectual public opinion, press, platform, pulpit, Parliament, has done, is doing, and means to do, grievous wrong to Ireland. She must be punished; that punishment will, as I believe, come upon her by and through Ireland; and so will Ireland be *avenged*."

This denunciation of woe against the enemy of Irish freedom is as necessary a part of the religion of Irish nationality as are Davis's pleas for love and concord between brother Irishmen. The Church that preaches peace and goodwill launches her anathemas against the enemies of peace and goodwill. Mitchel's gospel is part of the testament, even as Davis's is; it but reveals a different facet of the truth. A man must accept the whole testament; but a man may prefer Davis to Mitchel, just as a man may prefer the gospel according to St. Luke, the kindest and most human of the gospels, to the gospel of St. John.

Mitchel's teaching contains nothing that is definitely new and his. He accepted Tone; he accepted Davis;

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he accepted in particular Lalor; and he summed up and expressed all their teaching in a language transfigured by wrath and vision. Tone is the intellectual ancestor of the whole modern movement of Irish nationalism, of Davis, and Lalor, and Mitchel, and all their followers; Davis is the immediate ancestor of the spiritual and imaginative part of that movement, embodied in our day in the Gaelic League; Lalor is the immediate ancestor of the specifically democratic part of that movement, embodied to-day in the more virile labour organisations; Mitchel is the immediate ancestor of Fenianism, the noblest and most terrible manifestation of this unconquered nation.

And just as all the four have preached, in different terms, the same gospel, making plain in turn different facets of the same truth, so the movements I have indicated are but facets of a whole, different expressions, and each one a necessary expression, of the august, though denied, truth of Irish Nationhood; nationhood in virtue of an old spiritual tradition of nationality, nationhood involving Separation and Sovereignty, nationhood resting on and guaranteeing the freedom of all the men and women of the nation and placing them in effective possession of the physical conditions necessary to the reality and to the perpetuation of their freedom, nationhood declaring and establishing and defending itself by the good smiting sword. I who have been in and of each of these movements make here the necessary synthesis, and in the name of all of them I assert the forgotten truth, and ask all who accept it to testify to it with me, here in our day and, if need be, with our blood.

At the end of a former essay I set that prophecy of Mitchel's as to the coming of the time when the kindred and tongues and nations of the earth should give their banners to the wind; and his prayer that he, John Mitchel, might live to see it, and that on that great day of the Lord he might have breath and strength enough to stand under Ireland's immortal Green. John Mitchel did not live to see it. He died, an old man, forty years before its dawning. But the day of the Lord is here, and you and I have lived to see it.

And we are young. And God has given us strength and courage and counsel. May He give us victory.