NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF IRELAND

CSO/JD/2/34(1)

9037

69 S.
1337
D.M.P.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Secret

Superintendent's Office, **G** *Division,*

13th July, 1915.

Subject :—

MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 12th inst. the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows:-

With Thomas J.Clarke, 75 Parnell Street, B.Parsons and Wm. O'Leary Curtis for half an hour between 12 and 1 p.m.; C.Colbert for a few minutes between 1 and 2 p.m.; C.J.Kickham Thomas Byrne, and J.O'Connor for half an hour between 9 and 10 p.m.

P.T.Daly and W.P.Partridge together at Cork Hill at 3 p.m.

Wm.G.Langley returned to Tuam by 5 p.m. train. R.I.C. informed.

J.J.Walsh in his shop, 26 Blessington St., between 5 and 6 p.m.

C.Colbert and Wm. Sheehan in Volunteer Office, 2 Dawson Street, for half an hour from 8 p.m.

Attached is a copy of last week' s issue of "Na Bac Leis" with translation of the leading paragraphs numbered 1 to 5 inclusive. I

also

THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

The Under Secretary
Submitted.
W. Johnstone
C Comm 13/7

Under Secretary
Submitted
WPL
14.7.15

Ch Sec.
MN.
14/7

Seen by C. Secy.
A.P.M.
16/7/15.

[illegible] 16/7

CSO/JO/2/34(2)

also enclose the sixth series of Tracts for the Times, and the second edition of the Bodenstown articles by P.H.Pearse.

Owen Brien

Superintendent.

CSO/JD/2/34 (3)

Ná Bac Leis

[13] Iúl 10, 1915. Pingin.

1.

CARṪANAS ṠEÁIN.

Deirtear linn go gcaiṫfimid beiṫ i bpáirt le Seán Buiḋe feasta, go gcaiṫfimid carṫanas a ḋéanaṁ leis, go gcaiṫfimid an trean-aimsir a leigint i ndearmad orainn agus gan na sean-aṁráin do ġabail, ⁊ gan droċaiṁreas a beiṫ orainn ar an aimsir atá roṁainn. 'Sé ár ndualgas caṫ Seáin do ṫroid agus náiṁdí Ṡeáin do ċlaoiḋ. Caiṫfimid cáin cúil ⁊ cáin ċuain agus airgead tinnteáin do ḋíol leis, ⁊ leigint dó a gcaiṫeaṁ mar is mian leis féin. Tá carṫanas déanta aige linn ⁊ ní ḃéiḋ cead againn teampán a ċur air feasta. Cuirfiḋ sé costas an ċogaiḋ ṁóir orainne. Is le carṫanas a ḋéanfar sé sin. Beaḋ an costas ró-ṫrom ar a ṁuintir féin. Tá sé ċoṁ carṫanaċ anois go leigeann sé do'n Ċáirdinéal labairt ar ṫaoḃ na liostála ⁊ cuireann sé a ċaint síos i móir litreaċaiḃ ar na ballaiḃ i n-áirde. Naċ mór an t-aṫruġaḋ atá tagṫa air le tamall anuas. Leigeann sé do na Feisiriḃ dul ar aon árdán cainte le Miċeál Ó Laoġaire, leigeann dóiḃ Miċeál do ṁolaḋ, agus leigeann dóiḃ iarraiḋ ar ḟearaiḃ Éireann lorg Ṁiċil do leanaṁaint. Is le caon-ċarṫanas a ġníonn Seán an méad soin. Seal gearr bliaḋan ó ṡoin ḃíoḋ Feisirí Éireann fá ġlasaiḃ iarainn aige. Is cosaṁail so dtaiṫniġeann an carṫanas leis na Feisiriḃ. Tá ceangal an ċarṫanais ar a gcúig caoil aċ luiġeann an ceangal ċoṁ héadtrom orṫa naċ mbeaḋ fios agat go ḃfuil ceangal ar biṫ orṫa. Bíonn ceangal ar ċarṫanais éadtrom i gcoṁnaiḋe. Ní carṫanas go féile, deirtear. Tuigeann Seán an méad soin go maiṫ agus dáileann sé an ḟéile go flaiṫeaṁail ar na Feisiriḃ. Tugann sé ceiṫre céad punt sa mbliaḋain mar ḃronntanas do gaċ fear aca, agus ar eagla go mbeaḋ sé le casaḋ leo go nglacaid ór Sasanaċ tógann sé an t-airgead as ciste na hÉireann. Ní féidir Seán a ṡásuġaḋ le féile ná le carṫanas. 'Sé fear an ċroiḋe ṁóir é. 'Sé croiḋe na féile é. 'Sé an gaisgiḋeaċ glic é.

An carṫanas so atá déanta aige linn tá cunntas air i leaḃar an Ríoġ. Do ċuir an Rí an cunntas síos ar eagla go n-imṫeoċaḋ an carṫanas i ndearmad orainne i nÉirinn. Treaḃ dearmadaċ seaḋ sinn naċ gcuiṁniġeann ar ár sinnsir féin go minic. Ḃí fios ár dtréiṫe ag an Rí, agus sin é an fáṫ gur ċuir sé síos an cunntas ar an gcarṫanas. Má leanamuid do'n ċarṫanas, fágfar an cunntas sa leaḃar. Má ṫéiḋimid san arm go líonṁar, fágfar an cunntas sa leaḃar. Má íocamuid costas an ċogaiḋ go buiḋeaċ, fágfar an cunntas sa leaḃar. Má ġlacamuid leis an bpresáil, fágfar an cunntas sa leaḃar. Is carṫanaċ an rí an rí atá anois againn. Rinne rí eile carṫanas linn i Luimneaċ fadó agus do cuireaḋ cunntas ar an gcarṫanas síos i leaḃar, aċ do sgrios muintir an ríoġ an cunntas as an leaḃar. Leig an rí dóiḃ a ḋéanaṁ ⁊ ċuaiḋ an carṫanas i ndearmad. Rinneaḋ carṫanas linn arís sa mbliaḋain, 1782, agus do cuireaḋ cunntas air síos i leaḃar an ríoġ. I gceann beagán ama ṫáinig muintir an ríoġ ⁊ sgriosadar an cunntas as an leaḃar. 'Sa mbliaḋain 1800 do sgríoḃaḋ síos arís go raiḃ buan-ċarṫanas déanta linn ⁊ leigeaḋ do'n ḃuan-ċarṫanas fuaraḋ ⁊ sin fáṫ an nua-ċarṫanais atá anois ann. Naċ iomḋa cunntas a cuireaḋ síos i leaḃar an ċarṫanais ⁊ naċ fíoraḋ aon ċunntas aca. Ní haṁlaiḋ a ṫárlóċas do'n ċunntas so. 'Deir Seán Réamonn linn go ḃfíoróċar é gan aiṁreas, agus tuigeann Seán muintir an ríoġ go maiṫ. Níor ṫuig an Sáirséalaċ iad, ná níor ṫuig Grattan iad. Ní raiḃ aiṫne a ndóiṫin aca ar ṁuintir an ríoġ, aċ tá sean-aiṫne ag Seán Réamonn orṫa.

2.

An tÓrd Ársa sa bḞrainnc.

Ḃí tráṫ ann agus ḃí an Ḟrainnc ag dul ċun donaċta. Níor ṫaiṫiġeadar na daoine an teampull ar an saoire agus ní duḃradar a dtráṫ maidin ná tráṫnóna. Ḃí a gcreideaṁ ag dul i ndearmad orṫa. Ní raiḃ urraim do'n ċléir ag íseal ná ag uasal. Ḃí dliġṫe pianaṁla gá gceapaḋ i n-aġaiḋ luċt creidiṁ agus ḃí creaċ 7 goid gá ndéanaṁ ar na ceallaiḃ 7 ar na mainistreaċaiḃ. Ḃí Reaċtaire Riaġaltais sa bḞrainnc an t-am úd. Ḃí sé go fíoċmar i gcoinniḃ an ċreidiṁ. Ruaig sé an sagart is an ḃráṫair is ní leigeaḋ sé do'n oide sgoile Dia do luaḋ leis an aos óg. Ní raiḃ sa ċreideaṁ dar leis aċ piseóga cailleaċ 7 ḃí rún daingean aige deire a ċur leis. "Múċfad-sa soillse na bḟlaiṫeas ar gaċ altóir sa tír," ar seisean lá. Do ċualtar a ḃriaṫra ar fud na Frainnce aċ ní raiḃ aon dream sa tír leis na haltóraiḃ a ċosaint ar an gcreaċadóir.

Ḃí triúr bráṫar de'n Órd Ársa i nÉirinn an t-am úd, Seoraṁ, Nóinseón agus Gallċaḃar. Ṫáinig sgéala ċuca ó'n bḞrainnc. Duḃraḋ leo go raiḃ an creideaṁ i n-ísle-ḃríġ ṫall. Do hinnsiġeaḋ dóiḃ na focla aduḃairt an Reaċtaire Riaġaltais. Do líon na focla niṁe úd a gcroiḋṫiḃ le feirg 7 le faoḃar ċuig an Reaċtaire. D'aontuiġeadar triúr nár ṁór dóiḃ dul ċun cainte leis an Reaċtaire. Ċuadar. Ar an mbealaċ dóiḃ ṫárladar ar ḋuine de Riaġaltas Sasan i Londain. D'innsiġeadar dó cá raiḃ a dtriall 7 fáṫ a dturais. "Ná déanaiḋ dearmad ar focailín molta a ráḋ do'n tír seo," ar seisean leo. "Ná bíoḋ faitċíos orṫ ina ṫaoḃ soin," ar siadsan. "Tá sé ċoṁ maiṫ díḃ an Bráṫair Conċuḃar a ṫaḃairt liḃ. Sean-Éireannaċ 'seaḋ é 7 cainnteoir maiṫ éireaċtaṁail." "Tógfamuid 7 fáilte," ar siad-san. Ġluaiseadar leo 7 Conċuḃar i n-éinfeaċt leo. Ar an mbealaċ dóiḃ ċuireadar i gcinn i gceann a céile 7 d'féaċadar le píosaí cainte a ḃí ċumṫa aca a ċur i ndiaiḋ a céile 7 cros éigin a ċur orṫa. Ní raiḃ aon ṁeas ag Conċuḃar ar na caintiḃ agus ṫosuiġ sé féin agus ċuir óráid ḃriaṫ-raċ ḃinn ar. "Déanfaiḋ sé sin cúis," arsa Seoraṁ. "Déanfaiḋ," arsa Nóinseón. Ní duḃairt Gallċaḃar aon focal. Níor ṫuig sé caint Ċonċuḃair.

Ṫáinigeadar ga Párrṫas na Frainnce 7 d'fáiltiġ luċt an ainċreidiṁ rómpa. "Tá aṫruġaḋ tagṫa orṫa ċeana féin," arsa Gallċaḃar.

"Dar cluais na cránaċ, tá," arsa Nóinseón.

"Fanaiḋ go fóill," arsa Conċuḃar, "meallfaiḋ mise iad."

Tugaḋ féasta 7 fleaḋ dóiḃ. Ḃí fear múċta soillse na bḟlaiṫeas i gceann an ḃúird. Tar éis ḃiḋ 7 diġe dóiḃ déineaḋ an ċaint. (Ní paid-reaċa ná altuġaḋ tar éis ḃiḋ a duḃraḋ. Duḃairt Conċuḃar leis an triúr naċ bḟeilfeaḋ sé dóiḃ iarraiḋ ar na Franncaiġ paidir a ráḋ go fóill). Laḃair Conċuḃar. Ċuir an ċéad focal na Franncaiġ ins na triṫiḃ. Lean sé do'n ċaint 7 ṫárla bualaḋ bos mór idir gaċ dá focal. D'innis sé sgéilín agus ṫosuiġ an gáire arís. D'innis sé sgéilín eile. Do ċrom na Franncaiġ os cionn an ḃúird le neart gáire. D'innis Conċuḃar sgéilín eile 7 ċaiṫ na Franncaiġ iad féin siar ina suideaċáin mar nár féadadar fanaṁaint ina suiḋe leis an ngáire. D'innis sé sgéilín eile 7 b'éigin do na Franncaiġ a láma d'fáisgeaḋ ar a mbolg ar eagla go bpléasgfaḋ an gáire iad. Is i dteangaiḋ na Frainncise a laḃair Conċuḃar 7 níor ṫuig an triúr a ḃí i néinḟeaċt leis focal dá nduḃairt sé. Síleadar gur greannaṁar an bráṫair é 7 gurḃ aisteaċ an sagas seanmóine a ṫug sé uaiḋ. Aċ ba léar dóiḃ go raiḃ na Franncaiġ meallta aige 7 bíodar sásta. Ḃí an creideaṁ sá-ḃáilte sa bḞrainnc dar leo.

Lá ar na ṁáireaċ ḃí páipéir na Frainnce lán de ċaint Ċonċuḃair. Ḃí iongnaḋ orṫa go léir go bḟéadfaḋ "Sasanaċ" ḃeiṫ ċoṁ gleoiḋte leis. "Aċ ní hionann fear agus treaḋ," arsa sgríḃneoir aṁáin. "Ḃí Conċuḃar go hiongantaċ gan aiṁreas aċ ḃí triúr eile i n-éinfeaċt leis 7 bíodar ċoṁ duḃ dorċa le dúḃċán móna, agus ní raiḃ focal Frainncise aca."

Tar éis beagán lá d'fill an ceaṫrar. Ṫáinig an triúr ó Éirinn ar ais a ḃaile. Ṫáinig Gallċaḃar go Baile Áṫa Cliaṫ. Dearḃuig sé do ṁuintir na caṫraċ gur aiṫḃeoċaiġ sé féin agus an triúr eile an creideaṁ sa bḞrainnc.

———:o:———

3.

Ċuaiḋ Ua Raṫaille go Ciarraiḋe le n-a sgiṫ a leigint 7 le ḃlas na Gaeḋilge d'aṫ-ṫógáil. Níor fágaḋ ann aċ lá é. Ní leigfiḋe do Gaeḋilg a laḃairt i gCiarraiḋe nó an ḃlas Ciarraiḋeaċ do ṫógáil leis. Tá fuaimeanna Gearmanaċa i nGaeḋilg Ciarraiḋe naċ dtaitniġeann le cluais an airm agus ní leigfear do Ua Raṫaille iad d'foglium.

Tá campa ag Fianna Fáil i dTír Eoġain. 'Sé an Caiptín Ó Conaill atá ina ḃun.

Ní baogal do Hóm Rúl, adeir Seán Réamonn.

Cuirfimid Hóm Rúl go hifreann, adeir Generál Richardson.

Is pléiseam bréige é, adeir Carson.

Ní taitniġeann croakers le Mac Giollabríde. Cad is croaker ann? Tamall gearr ó soin do saṁluiġ Sasanaċ Mac Giollabríde le muic. Ba croaker an Sasanaċ sin gan aiṁreas.

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4.

Is measa anois ná ariaṁ.

An ċaint úd adubairt an Sagart Ó Duinnín ar Corcaiġ i Maiġ Nuaḋat ba ċóir so gcuirfeaḋ sé daoine ag maċtnaṁ. Tá ugdarás ag sagart ⁊ níl aon ċaint is binne le Gaeḋealaiḃ ná caint na cléire. An Sagart Ó Duinnín duḃairt sé gur mó an t-aḋḃar misniġ d'Éirinn Fínín marḃ ná buailim-sgiaċ beo de'n lá indiu. Ní ḋéanfaḋ na Fínini síoṫċáin le Sasanaiḃ nó go nglanfaḋ na Gaill as an tír. Ṫeastuiġ uaṫa dliġe agus smaċt Gall do ċur ar neiṁniḋ ⁊ ní ġlacfaidís le plámás ná le geallaṁaintiḃ ó n-a naṁaid. Ḃí bronntanais ⁊ breabanna ⁊ beartanna móra le faġáil aca dá ndíriġidís a n-aigne ar Seán Buiḋe do ṁolaḋ ⁊ do ṡásuġaḋ agus ar neart a bailiuġaḋ dó, aċ is aṁlaiḋ a ḋíriġeadar a stuaim is a neart ar smaċt Ṡeáin ar Éirinn, le n-a ḃogaḋ is le n-a ḃriseaḋ. Níor éiriġ leo aċ marar éiriġ féin do múineadar ceaċt a ḃí ag teastáil uainn go géar. Ṁúineadar dúinn naċ cóir agus naċ feasṁail do Ġaeḋealaiḃ síoṫċáin a ḋéanaṁ le luċt a sgriosta dá gcaillti ár n-anam sa troid. Ċuireadar a n-anam féin i gcontaḃairt ⁊ cé nár croċaḋ aoinne aca do cráiḋeaḋ i gcarcraiḃ na nGall iad ⁊ do cuireaḋ ar buandeoraiḋeaċt iad. Tá meas againn ar na Fíniniḃ mar ġeall ar an gceaċt soin a ṁúineadar dúinn.

Is measa dúinn indiu ná aimsir na bFíníní an smaċt Gall. Is luġa an ṁéad daoine i nÉirinn indiu ná an méad a ḃí innte leaṫ-ċéad bliaḋain ó ṡoin. Is treise an Béarla ⁊ an t-oideaċas gallda indiú ná an t-am úd ⁊ is laige an Ġaeḋilg agus an dúċċas Gaeḋealaċ. Is meaṫṫa na Sasanaiġ indiú ná ariaṁ. Is suaraiġe a n-oileaṁaint agus a litriḋeaċt. Is miḃéasaiġe iad, is míċneasta iad, is craosaiġe iad. Is baoġlaiġe dúinn a smaċt indiú ná aon lá ó ċuireadar laincis orainn an ċéad uair.

Tá luċt an Riaġaltais oilte ar gaċ saġas gliocais a ḃaineas le riaġlaċas. Tig leo an duḃ a ċur ina ḃán ar ṁuintir na tíre seo agus é sin a ḋéanaṁ gaċ lá san aér. Síleann a lán go ḃfuil Sasana ina crann cosanta againn agus gur ar ṁaiṫe linn atá na laincisí orainn. Cuireann an galldaċas dallamullóg ar Ġaeḋealaiḃ ⁊ ní léar dóiḃ a leas ṫar a n-aiṁleas.

Má déantar síoṫċáin le Sean Ḃuiḋe 'siad na haineolaiġ agus na claḋairí a ḋéanfas í. Ní ċuirfiḋ an tsíoṫċáin ḃréige aon ċeangal orainne. Ní ġlacfamuid leis an ngalldaċas ná le smaċt Gall. Leanfamuid dár n-obair. Múinfimid do'n aos óg an ceaċt a d'ḟoġluim sinn ó na Fíniniḃ. Cuirfimid an Ġaeḋilg i n-uaċtar agus cuirfimid uainn do réir a ċéile an Béarla agus an t-aineolas. Tréigfimid

an gallḋaċas ⁊ lá éigin, le congnaṁ Dé, brisfimid smaċt na nGall.

Déinse, a léiġṫeoir, do ċion féin. Ná dearmaid an t-oideaċas. Ná leig an sampaḋ ṫarṫ gan tú féin a ċeangal le Fiannaiḃ Fáil. Cuir eolas ar armáil. Bíoḋ arm teine agat féin—cineál éigin. Bíoḋ cleaċtaḋ agat ar láṁaċ. Má táir iod coṁnaiḋe fa'n tuaiṫ bailiġ cúigear nó seisear óigḟear le ċéile ⁊ cuir ag obair iad. Neartuiġeann daoine a ċéile nuair a ċuirid le ċéile. Ná bíoḋ gleo ná caint agaiḃ. Ní ċuireann caint aon eagla ar Ġallaiḃ. 'Sí an obair a ċuireann an eagla orṫa. Nuair a ḃéas eagla ar Ṡeán Ḃuiḋe roṁainn béimid i n-an síoṫċáin naċ síoṫċáin ḃréige a ḋéanaṁ leis.

—:o:—

GO MAIRIḊ NA GAEḊIL.

Go mairiḋ na Gaeḋil, is a gcaoin-ċaint ċeoil;
Go mairiḋ na saoġalta i dtreise is i dtreoir!
Naċ taitneaṁ liḃ an sgéal, naċ grāḋ liḃ an glór—
Anois tá na Gaeḋil i nÉirinn beo.

Ní fíor go ḃfuil an tír nó an teanga 'dul i ḃfeoġ,
Ní fíor go ḃfuil ár meanma caite go fóill:
Cé seal dúinn faoi sgamall is le tamall faoi ċeo,
Tá Gaeḋil ⁊ Gaeḋilg i nÉirinn fós.

Oċ, is sáṁ linn na sgéalta, is grāḋ linn an glór,
Go ḃfuil seanteanga Éireann ag éirġe i n-onóir;
Bíoḋ an guiḋe i n-ár gcroiḋe anois is le n-ár ló,
Ná raiḃ Éire gan Gaeḋeala gan Gaeḋealg go deo.

Go mairiḋ na Gaeḋil! a stairṫa 'gus a sgeóil
A ngean is a ngreann! a gcluiċṫe 'gus a gceol;
Má's mian linne féin, má's dúinn croiḋe na dtreon,
Béiḋ na Gaeḋil is an Ġaeḋilg faoi ṁíor-ṁeas fós.

Mar le cluasa is le croiḋṫiḃ na nGall fad' ó
Ba ḃinne an Ġaeḋilg is dob' ḟeárr ná ceol,
Ag slioċt na nGall gcéadna tá indiu grāḋ mór
Ar ár dteangain, sin ár gceangal, ó's le hÉirinn dóiḃ.

Gaill agus Gaeḋil i n-aon ġrāḋ teo,
Aċt Gaeḋil fír go léir ins an aon ċaint ḃeo;
Do Ḋia na ḃflaiṫeas bíoḋ seaċt míle glóir,
Tá caiṫréim agus clú i ndán dúinn fós.

Go mairiḋ na Gaeḋil is a ḃfuil i ngrāḋ leo!
Sonas agus séan orṫa, aosta is óg;
Suaimneas is síṫ aca d'oiḋċe is de ló—
Gur mar sin dúinn de síor i n-ár dtír go deo!-

LEAṪ ĊUINN.

ná bac leis.

Sintiús bliana, tríd an bpost	...	6s.
Sintiús leiṫḃliana ...	...	3s.
Sintiús Ráite ...	...	1s. 6d.

Cuirtear orduiġ agus sintiús go dtí Eason and Son, Sráid na Mainistreaċ, Baile Áṫa Cliaṫ.

Seoltar litreaċa do'n Eagarṫóir go dtí NÁ BAC LEIS, Powell Press, 22 Sráid na Féile.

Ar n-a ċlóḃualaḋ agus a ḟoillsiú do Ṁuintir "Ná Bac Leis" ag Powell Press, 22 Sráid na Féile, Baile Áṫa Cliaṫ.

"NA BAC LEIS."

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1. TRANSLATION:

JOHN'S FRIENDSHIP.

We are told that we must side with John Bull from this onward, that we must make friendship with him, that we must forget the old times and the old songs, and that we must entertain no bad hopes of the times that are to come. It is in our nature to fight John's battles and to defeat his enemies. We must pay him protection taxes and danger taxes and fireside money and allow him spend it anyway he likes. He has made friendship with us and we will not have permission to oppose him in future. He will place the great expense of the war on us. It is through friendship he is doing this. The expense would be too heavy on his own people. He is so friendly towards us now that he allows the Cardinal to speak on behalf of recruiting and he posts up the Cardinal's remarks in large letters on all the walls around. What a great change has taken place with him for a short while. He allows the Members of Parliament to go on the same platform with Michael O'Leary, he allows them to praise Michael, and permits them to call on the young men of Ireland to follow Michael's footsteps. It is owing to true friendship that John does this. Not many years ago he used to have the Irish Members under the iron lock and key. On this account those Members like his friendship. They are bound with the ties of friendship hand and foot but the binding is so light that scarcely one would know they were bound at all. Light friendship is always tied up. It is not the friendship of generosity it is said. John understands this very well, and he blinds the Irish members with generous promises. He bestows a gift of £400 a year

to every man of them, and lest it would be said that they were accepting British gold he takes the money from the Irish Treasury. It is not possible to subjugate John as regards generosity and friendship. He is the man with the big heart. It is the heart of the generous. He is the cunning hero.

The friendship that he has now made with us there is a record of it on the Statute Book. The King has entered this down lest this friendship would be forgotten in Ireland. We are a forgetful tribe that forget our own ancestors very often. The King knew our weaknesses and that was the reason why he inserted this account of friendship. If we pursue this friendship, this account will be left on the Book. If we enter the Army in large numbers this account will be left on the Book. If we pay the war expenses thankfully this account will be left on the Book. If we accept conscription this account will be left on the Book. What a friendly King the King we have now is. Another King made friendship with us in Limerick long ago and an account of that friendship had been written in a book but that King's people afterwards scratched it from the book. The King permitted them to do so and the friendship was forgotten. Friendship was again made with us in the year 1672, and an account of it had been inserted on the Statute Book. In the course of a short time the King's people came and wiped it off the Book. In the year 1800 it was scratched out again because there was lasting friendship made with us but this lasting friendship was allowed to cool and that is the reason for this new friendship which now exists. How many accounts have been inserted in this book of friendship and not one of them genuine. This is not likely to have a similar fate. John Redmond says that this is a true loan without doubt, and John understands the English people very well. Sarsfield did not understand them, or Grattan did not understand them. They had not sufficient knowledge of the English people but John Redmond is an old acquaintance of theirs.

2. This article, headed"the Ancient Order in France," criticises the recent visit paid to Paris by Messrs John D Nugent, Joseph Devlin, T.P.O'Connor, M.P's, and others.

----oOo-----

3. TRANSLATION:

The O'Rahilly went to Kerry ~~xxxxx~~ to have a rest and to have another taste of the Irish language. He was not permitted to stay there only one day. He was not permitted to speak Irish in Kerry or to bring the accent of Kerry with him. The Kerry Irish sounds like German and it does not suit the ears of the Army and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the O'Rahilly would not be ~~xxxxxxx~~ permitted to teach them.

The Irish Volunteers have a camp in Tyrone with Captain O'Connell in charge.

John Redmond says there is no fear of Home Rule.
We will put Home Rule to Hell says General Richardson.
It is a heap of lies says Carson.

-------oOo--------

4. TRANSLATION:

WORSE NOW THAN EVER.

The references that Father Dinneen made at Maynooth should put people thinking. The priest has an authority and there is no talk which has so great a charm for the Irish people as that delivered by the clergy. Father Dinneen said the dead Fenians were a greater cause for the spirit of Ireland than the shield winners of the present day. The Fenians would not make peace with Englishmen till the Saxons would leave the country. They wanted to take no notice of English law or rule and they would not accept the palavers or the promises of the enemy.

There were gifts and bribes and posts to be had by them if they directed their minds to praising and satisfying and strengthening John Bull but instead they sharpened themselves to soften and to break the cleverness and the strength and the rule of John in Ireland. They did not succeed but if they did not they taught us a lesson that we wanted badly. They taught us that it was not fit or manly for Irishmen to make peace with our ravagers if we lost our souls in the transaction. They endangered themselves and though none of them was hanged they were persecuted and tormented by the Saxons and put in exile. We have respect for the Fenians on account of the lesson they taught us.

British Rule is dealing with us now much more harshly than at the time of the Fenians. There are less people in Ireland to-day than there were 50 years ago. The English language and English teaching is stronger to-day than it was at that time and the Irish language and Irish traditions weaker. The English are more cowardly now than ever. Their upbringing and their teaching is now meaner. They are more ill-mannered, they are more dishonest, they are more greedy. Their rule is more dangerous to us to-day than any time since they put the spancel on us the first time.

The Government are educated in every class of cleverness that concerns governing. They understand how to make black look white and do it day after day. A good number think that England is our arm of defence and that it is for our good we are spancelled. The English have blinded the Irish people many of whom do not notice it.

If peace will be made with John Bull it is the ignorant and the rogues that will make it. This false agreement will not bind us. We will not accept Englishry or British rule. Let us pursue our work. Let us teach the young the lesson that we have been taught by the Fenians. Let us put the Irish on top

and let us dispense by degrees with the English lnaguage and ignorance. We will forsake Englishry and some day with the help of God we will break British rule.

Let you, reader, do your part. Do not forget the advice. Do not let the summer pass without joining the Irish Volunteers. Get acquainted with drilling. Have firearms yourself - some sort. Get accustomed to handling them. If you are residing in the country get five or six young men together and set them to work. People strengthen themselves when they work together. Have no noise or talk. Talk puts no fear in the Saxons. It is work that puts them in fear. When John Bull will dread us we will have peace and it will be no false peace made with him.

--------cOo--------

5. These verses, headed "That the Irish may live," are written in praise of the Irish race and language.

Tracts for the Times, No. 6.

Daniel O'Connell

AND

Sinn Fein.

BY

EOIN MAC NEILL.

PART I.

O'CONNELL'S ALTERNATIVE.

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Daniel O'Connell & Sinn Fein.

Daniel O'Connell was a Constitutionalist. It is an awkward word to pronounce, making a strong show in front, but somewhat paralytic in the hindquarters. It requires, in fact, an artificial emphasis on the last syllable.

O'Connell was the father of Constitutionalism, the inventor of modern democratic constitutional politics. Before O'Connell, there never was a leader of the democracy against oppression and misgovernment that was not prepared to use physical force if he found it necessary and opportune. O'Connell was the first democratic leader in all history to rule physical force out of order altogether. He was a Constitutionalist, the first Constitutionalist, and the extreme Constitutionalist.

Several causes combined to make O'Connell adopt Constitutionalism as the chief article of his political creed. In his youth he had seen the apparent failure of the Irish Volunteers, of the United Irishmen, and of the Rising of '98, with the apparent consequence of the Union and its attendant evils. It may be easier now than in his time to recognise that, if Irishmen had not taken up arms and organised themselves for the liberation of their country, their subjugation would have been no less inevitable, and probably more complete. It was in a large measure the stand they made, though apparently unsuccessful, that kept the national spirit and the national purpose alive in spite of the Union. It was by the new method of constitutional agitation that O'Connell carried Catholic Emancipation. This led him to imagine that the powers of constitutional agitation were irresistible. We can see it in the definite assurances he afterwards gave of winning Repeal of the Union, while in the same utterances he committed himself and his followers to complete avoidance of physical

force. And yet the Duke of Wellington, a renowned military commander, publicly confessed that Catholic Emancipation was yielded up unwillingly not to O'Connell's constitutional campaign, but to the fear that the demand might soon take a stronger form. Later still, when English parties recognised that O'Connell was obstinately committed to constitutionalism, they treated him with contempt, and with worse than contempt. Lest he should move an inch beyond his magic line, they made a criminal of him for a mere metaphorical semblance of resort to physical force, and they broke him.

Another thing that made constitutionalism a fetish to O'Connell was his killing of D'Esterre in a duel. In this act O'Connell's conscience recognised a crime. He looked back on it with horror.

Finally, an element of faction in O'Connell's later position prevented him from seeing the fallacy of his extreme constitutionalism, when it should have been as plain as day to him. It must be remembered that a majority can be a faction, and that the leaders of a majority can be factionists. The failure of O'Connell's constitutional methods to make headway towards Repeal brought about the formation of the Young Ireland element in his party, and his resistance to Young Ireland made him **the partisan of his own failure.** He became the head of a constitutionalist faction, a faction that put the leader, the party, and the programme above the Nation and the cause. Irishmen of our own time should beware lest they become partisans of failure. O'Connell went to great extremes in denouncing Young Ireland and arousing against them a certain kind of ecclesiastical suspicion, and this he did the more easily because the panic created by the French Revolution was still strongly operative in Catholic ecclesiastical circles. "And we are not through even yet with the French panic."

Constitutionalism may be made effective to bring about redress and reform under a constitutional government and against constitutional opposition. In any other state of things, it is of less value, of much less value, than the crackling of thorns under a pot. But

to O'Connell, constitutionalism became a second religion. Let us bear this in mind that O'Connell was the ne plus ultra of constitutionalism.

There are those in Ireland to-day who claim for their own particular programme the title of **THE** Constitutional Movement. Whoever goes beyond that programme, they would have you believe, is a dark revolutionary. Daniel O'Connell, the ultra-Constitutionalist, went far beyond the programme of these people, who on the other hand have done, planned, and approved many things that O'Connell would have forbidden. O'Connell's political principles were in fact neither more nor less than the principles of " Sinn Fein."

O'Connell held and laid down that the Act of Union was null and void, that it was not morally binding, that its persistence was rightly calculated to lead to a desire and a demand for the complete separation of Ireland from Great Britain, and that separation was the only tolerable alternative to Repeal of the Union and restoration of Irish legislative independence. To the semi-Constitutionalists of to-day, these tenets of the ultra-Constitutional O'Connell are revolutionary and contemptible, for, while they preach trust in the man next door and lavish affection on him, they declare **Irishmen** who hold O'Connell's views to be their enemies and affect to make " Sinn Fein " a term of hatred and contempt. And this attitude of theirs is most pronounced at the very time when they profess to hail with pleasure the advent of " unity and goodwill throughout Ireland."

Unity and goodwill embraces the Ascendancy man, the Evictor, the Whig, the West Briton, the Seoinin, and excommunicates and outlaws every man who stands for Ireland in preference to any other country, to any empire, or to any combination of empires. Such a man is a Sinn Feiner, and that is enough. Down with him ! Well, Daniel O'Connell was a Sinn Feiner.

There was in England in O'Connell's time a certain Catholic lord, the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was also the Premier Earl of England, Earl of Waterford in the Irish peerage, and Hereditary Lord High Steward of

Ireland. He did not own even a house in Ireland, but derived his Irish title and honours by direct descent from Sir John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury and Viceroy of Ireland. This was the self-same Talbot who commanded the English forces in their barbarous invasion of France, when, as the English historian, Lingard, tells us, " he spread desolation and terror to the very walls of Paris," " ravaged the country with impunity," and brought upon it " a more dreadful scourge in the combined operation of famine and pestilence." " A very scourge and a daily terror to the French people," is the account of him given by an older English historian, Hall, " insomuch that women in France, to fear their children, would cry, the Talbot cometh." In Ireland he earned this reputation, " that there came not from the time of Herod, by whom Christ was crucified, anyone so wicked in evil deeds." So, besides being Viceroy, he was made Earl of Waterford and Wexford, and Seneschal and Constable of Ireland, and Richard Talbot, his brother, of hardly less ferocity, was for many years Archbishop of Dublin, and for a time Viceroy of Ireland.

Lord Shrewsbury, his descendant, the Catholic English peer, had supported the demand of the Irish Catholics for emancipation; for it promised relief and benefit to himself and his fellow Catholics of the English aristocracy. But when the Irish went on to demand the restoration of the National rights that had been wrested from them by corruption and atrocities only a generation before, the now emancipated Catholic Peer threw all his weight into the scale of tyranny. This characteristic piece of conduct furnished the occasion for O'Connell's masterly " Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury," written in 1841, a statement of Ireland's position, political, industrial, and financial, which should be in the hands of every Irish reader. In this document O'Connell speaks, not in the florid or impassioned words of the orator, but in close-reasoned incisive sentences, in testimonies drawn mainly from the writings of his opponents or of the officials of English government in Ireland.

The Catholic Unionist aristocrat, fit representative

of all that tribe, is quickly disposed of. O'Connell sweeps him from the footpath into the gutter with a broom in which every twig is a quotation from the writings of the Catholic Earl before the Irish enemy had made him a free Englishman.

"You now accuse me," says O'Connell to this lately emancipated enemy of liberty, "you now accuse **me** of stirring up strife between the two countries, of calumniating the English, and misrepresenting their dispositions towards the Irish. But, **when it suited your own purpose,** you emphatically proclaimed that

'ENGLAND'S PROSPERITY WAS IRELAND'S OPPRESSION,'

for that

THE DAY OF ENGLAND'S PROSPERITY WAS 'NEVER A DAY OF GRACE OR JUSTICE TO IRELAND.'

You then yourself proclaimed—even more extensively than I did—that

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, 'HIGH AND LOW, GREAT AND SMALL, WERE EQUALLY HOSTILE TO THE POOR SONS OF ERIN.'

I love," adds O'Connell, "to adopt your words."

Ah! yes, "when it suited your purpose." How history repeats itself! We have it here, on the testimony of the English Unionist Earl of Shrewsbury, that "England's prosperity is Ireland's oppression"—a dictum that afforded the model for O'Connell's own more memorable maxim, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." We have it from the same unbiassed witness, unbiassed at all events on behalf of Ireland, that "the day of England's prosperity was never a day of grace or justice to Ireland." There are

some who would have us believe that all this is now changed. Where is the proof of it? Is it in declarations made, like Lord Shrewsbury's, when they suited the purpose? Is it in pledges displayed for years before the Irish people, while it suited the purpose, embodied in the most solemn form possible, a statute signed by the King of England, while it suited the purpose, used in Ireland to extract a blood-tribute while it suitee the purpose, and thrown to the dogs, when it had suited the purpose? We have it on the same unbiassed and unquestionable testimony, that "the English people, high and low, great and small, are equally hostile to the poor sons of Erin." We are asked to believe that all this is also changed. Where is the proof of it? Words, words, words, and, as the Attorney-General for England has boasted, "an Act that is not a fact." Will the Irish people ever again believe in words that are not acts, in acts that are not facts, in facts that are not under their own control?

Here are facts, related in detail in a newspaper now spread before me, the "Irish Independent" of June the 8th, 1915. About a fortnight before that date, a party of English seamen from the naval patrol boat, Drake II., were drinking in a public house in Cahersiveen, the nearest town to Daniel O'Connell's birthplace and home. Some Irishmen were also in the house. One of the Englishmen insulted the Irish, calling them "Irish bumms." A number of the Englishmen set upon a man named John Kinsella, a fisherman of Arklow, knocked him down, and kicked him on the ground. Suiting the word to the action, one of them said that "Irishmen should be always under the feet of Englishmen." **After this,** one of the Englishmen brought an information against Kinsella, the man whom they had insulted, knocked down, and kicked. He charged Kinsella under the Defence of the Realm Act with having said: "England is no good. We would be far better under German rule. We don't forget that England did years ago worse atrocities than Germany is doing at present." The magistrates convicted Kinsella unanimously, but they also found that Kinsella had

spoken **under provocation.** Under the Defence of the Realm Act, anything done or said that is likely to produce disaffection, is a criminal offence. It is needless to inquire whether the provocation, which the magistrates found to have been offered to Irishmen in an Irish town by English naval seamen, was a crime in this sense—perfectly needless, when all Ireland knows well that the conduct of Ministers of the Crown has been likely to produce the gravest disaffection in Ireland, and has produced it. About the dispositions of Englishmen, " high and low, great and small," towards Irishmen, we have Lord Shrewsbury's Unionist testimony and the Caherciveen facts, and on the other side, words, words, words. More momentous still, and worthy to be deeply pondered on at this time, is the English Unionist peer's avowal that " the day of England's prosperity was never a day of grace or justice to Ireland." No one ventures to say that these days are the days of England's prosperity. They are, we are told, the days of England's difficulty, and how is Ireland treated ? If not now, when, we may ask, can Ireland expect " the day of grace and justice ? "

Now let us return to O'Connell and the English Earl whom O'Connell had emancipated.

" You alleged in your anti-Union paragraph," says O'Connell to the earl, " that Ireland 'consented' to throw herself on the mercy of her

' RELENTLESS MASTER '—

meaning thereby England. You are mistaken. Ireland never consented to the Union, as I shall presently show more in detail.

Ireland never did—Ireland does not—Ireland never will consent to the Union. She suffers it only until the favourable moment comes to dissolve it, and by dissolving it to render the connection with the British Crown perpetual."

Thus did Daniel O'Connell preach the doctrine of

Sinn Fein, and pledge Ireland forever to that doctrine. O'Connell was a lawyer, the ablest lawyer of his time. He knew well that England's statesmen were on the pounce to seize any word of his that could be construed as treason to their rule. Observe the skill with which he is able to state that the alternative to Irish legislative independence is separation from the British Crown.

O'Connell goes on to state in the clearest terms the Irish Declaration of Right: "My conviction," he writes, "is deliberate and fixed upon these points:—

"Firstly—That Ireland has a clear indefeasible right to a Parliament of her own; **the Union being in constitutional principle a nullity;** there having been no competent authority to annihilate the Constitution of Ireland.

"Secondly—That, even if there had been a competent authority to enact the Union, yet the means used for that purpose were so notoriously unjust and profligately iniquitous that **the Union for this cause alone would be a nullity.**

"Thirdly—That, even if the Union were not a nullity from the defect of competence or from the iniquitous mode of obtaining it, yet **there is no real Union at all, nor anything more than an oppressive mockery of a Union.**

"Fourthly.—That this Union has inflicted injustice, oppression and misery unparalleled on Ireland; and there is not any hope for present redress or future security save by a restoration of the Irish Parliament."

Alas! in 1841, when O'Connell wrote these words about "injustice, oppression and misery unparalleled," he was happily ignorant of the fearful blight, moral as well as material, that was yet to fall on Ireland under the Union. His Declaration of Right is a Sinn Fein declaration, and any man who adopts it in these days, we are told, is an enemy of the Irish Parliamentary Party and of the "Constitutional" movement, whose friends are the defunct Liberal Ministry, the British

Democracy, and the Irish faction of West Britons. The so-called Constitutional movement professes to accept what O'Connell, the extreme Constitutionalist, declared to be constitutionally null and void.

And now, in these days, when the sacredness of treaties—not including the recent Home Rule treaty—is invoked, and Ireland's duty of avenging broken treaties is placarded everywhere except in Belfast and its neighbourhood, let us hear what O'Connell has to say about the most solemn and deliberate treaty ever made between two nations—a treaty embodied by the parliament of each nation in a statute and declared to be irrevocable and perpetual—a treaty which nevertheless one of the two parties to it began **without delay** to undermine by the vilest means, and which a few years later was torn up, drowned in blood, trampled out by atrocities which have had no parallel since then in any white man's land. Thus writes O'Connell:

"Ireland (in 1782) insisted that the conditions of her future connection should be defined. Her just demands were acceded to. Her **legislative independence** was formally recognised, or was established **'for ever.'** Her **judicial independence** was formally recognised and established **'for ever.'** Ireland had been thus recognised by England, who declared **perpetual** her exclusive right of making her own laws, of interpreting her own laws, of administering her own laws; she had the **exclusive dominion over her own taxation, debt, and revenue.** In short, the result was a recognition in practical effect of all these rights which she was entitled to, and which she had, notwithstanding some interruptions and English usurpations, enjoyed for centuries.

"There never was a more deliberate and solemn national compact. It was declared on all sides to be 'a final adjustment.' That was the appropriate description of this compact, given to it in the King's speech to the English Parliament—in the Lord Lieutenant's speech to the Irish Parliament—in the responding Address of the British Lords, and also of the British Commons—in the responding Address of the Irish Lords, and also of the Irish Commons.

"But the greatest validity of this compact was its being formed on the clearest inherent right and on the most unquestionable constitutional principle. . . . Such was the 'final adjustment' of 1782. Ireland, with her proverbial fidelity, performed her part. England, with her proverbial treachery, violated the 'final adjustment,' as soon as she found, or rather made, an opportunity for its violation.

"That violation has not and cannot have taken away the right. **Fraud or force, or both together, can never take away the right of any property**; still less can they destroy the unalterable indefeasible right to self-government. Such is the actual right of Ireland to self-government; **suspended in its operation for the present, but existing in truth, reason, justice, and constitutional principle,** as fully and as powerfully as if no invasion had been made in its practical working."

O'Connell goes on to show that the abolition of the Irish Parliament by fraud or force leaves the Irish Constitution unchanged. In Cromwell's time, he says, the English monarchy was abolished. Then the English House of Lords was abolished. And finally the English House of Commons was abolished and was superseded by the "instrument of government." But all these institutions continued nevertheless to exist, and upon the fall of the Cromwellian regime they all came again into operation **without any act of repeal or law of restoration.** In like manner, he says, "the Irish Constitution still lives."

O'Connell calls other eminent witnesses who, like himself, were rigidly constitutional in practice, and yet, like himself, were Sinn Feiners in principle. Chief among these were the celebrated Plunket, an Irish Whig in politics, afterwards Master of the Rolls in England and Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and Saurin, an Irish Orange Tory, who became Attorney-General for (or rather against) Ireland. Plunket's eminence as a lawyer, recognised in England as well as in Ireland, gives special weight to his deliberate pronouncement.

Speaking against the Union, Plunket said:—"I, in the most express terms, deny the competence of Par-

liament to do this Act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands upon the Constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this Act, **it will be a nullity,** and **no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it.** You have not been elected for this purpose. You have been appointed to make laws, not legislatures. You are appointed to act under the Constitution, not to destroy it. You are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, not to transfer them ; and if you do so, your Act is a dissolution to the Government ; and **no man in the land is bound to obey you."**

Plunket again says :—

" Yourselves you may extinguish, but the Parliament you cannot extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people—it is established in the sanctuary of the Constitution—it is immortal as the island it protects ! As well might the frantic maniac hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul. Do not dare to lay your hands upon the Constitution—it is above your power ! "

" You may make the Union," said Saurin, " binding as a law, but you cannot make it obligatory in conscience. It will be obeyed as long as England is strong, but **resistance to it will be in the abstract a duty, and the exhibition of that resistance will be a mere question of prudence."**

O'Connell goes on to show how, even if the Act of Union could have been validly enacted, it was nullified by the use of violence and fraud. He turns against Lord Shrewsbury that nobleman's own words : " Ireland was goaded into rebellion by the wily policy of a wicked and ambitious minister (Pitt) ; then terrified by the **atrocities** committed in her **subjugation."**

He quotes Plunket on the conduct of Castlereagh : " I accuse him," said Plunket, "of fomenting the embers of a lingering rebellion ; of **hallooing the Protestant against the Catholic, and the Catholic against the Protestant ;** of artfully **keeping alive domestic dissensions for the purposes of subjugation."** Subjugation ! So that the Union, in the view of this moderate politician and eminent lawyer, as in the view of the English Unionist peer, was not a law but a conquest.

O'Connell adds his own testimony to what took place within his own adult memory, and to his own personal knowledge: "During the entire time in which the Union was discussed, martial law was proclaimed; the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended; there was in Ireland no species of legal protection for property, liberty or life; the persons of the King's Irish subjects were at the caprice of the King's Ministers. The gaols were crammed with victims, unaccused by any species of legal evidence; and **the scaffolds were actually reeking with the blood of wretches untried by any legal tribunal.** All the time the Union was under discussion, courts martial had unlimited power over life and limb. Bound by no definite form of charge, and by no fixed rule of evidence, the courts martial threatened with death those who dared to resist the spoliation of their birthright, and awarded execution against whom they pleased. During that time, **the use of torture was familiar.** Men against whom there was no evidence of guilt were flogged, very many nearly to death, to extort confessions. Some were actually flogged to death, and died under the excruciating torment. There were upwards of 175,000 British bayonets in Ireland. The officers had recognised power of life and death. The 'Ancient Britons' and other private soldiers took that power."

He then shows how public meetings, even when called by magistrates and higher authorities, to protest against the Union, were suppressed by military force. These things are worth remembering, in view of the sickening hypocritical cant about "militarism" that has been echoed recently by men calling themselves Irish and Nationalist. The High Sheriff of Tipperary convened a meeting of the nobility, gentry and freeholders of the county at Clonmel to petition against the Union. The English Government took a short way to Tipperary. "A division of the army marched into the courthouse, drove the sheriff from the chair, and dispersed the meeting." The High Sheriff of Queen's County called a similar meeting at Maryborough. "It was dispersed by Colonel Connor of the North Cork militia, at the head of a party of horse, foot, and artillery." Again Plunket's words, spoken at the time, are quoted: "I will be bold

to say that licentious and impious France, in all the unrestrained excesses that anarchy and atheism have given birth to, has not committed a more insidious act against her enemy than is now attempted by **the professed champion of civilised Europe** against Ireland, a friend and ally in her hour of calamity and distress." These words will bear comparison with things said in our own time.

O'Connell then deals with the bribery used to purchase votes, calculating the total money paid in bribes as no less than £2,775,000. Withal, the Government could not induce 5,000 persons to sign petitions for the Union, and all its intimidations could not prevent hostile petitions signed by 707,000 persons. O'Connell next shows that the Union, besides being unconstitutional and void by fraud and violence, was at all times a sham Union. It is needless to repeat his proofs, for the hollow mockery of the so-called Union is known till our own day, and better than ever in our day, to everybody in Ireland. Things are done daily in Ireland by the arbitrary power of the Government that are not attempted and dare not be attempted in England. The Union, in Plunket's word, is a subjugation. O'Connell again retorts Lord Shrewsbury's words on Lord Shrewsbury: the Union made Ireland "the slave of her relentless master, and not (even) a handmaid; the servile dependent instead of an honourable partner. . . . The Union was abortive of good and prolific of evil, being only a union of words, not of hearts; of force, not of affection." Many details are added to show the oppressive treatment of Ireland by the Predominant Partner, "her relentless master."

O'Connell then expands his fourth article, the failure and injustice of the Union. He writes:

"In 1782, Ireland **forced** the English Government to recognise her independence. In 1782, Ireland **attained** self-government." (Yes, and in 1914, Ireland's representatives wheedled, fawned, begged, bargained and truckled for a provincial legislature, and in 1914 Ireland attained ————). "What ensued?" asks O'Connell. "Peace and prosperity; the most rapid, the most

extraordinary strides in improvement of every kind. Prosperity in every department and in every branch, commerce fostered and increased; agriculture encouraged and enriched; manufactures promoted and extended; party spirit checked and decaying; every class daily increasing in wealth and in comfort; the labourer becoming a farmer; the farmer rising into the rank of gentleman; the gentleman falling (!) into the rank of baronet; the baronet elevated to the peerage; commercial men acquiring estates; towns growing into cities; population accumulating; and cheerful merriment, so congenial to the Irish disposition, gladdening the land at every side. **No country on the face of the earth ever made so rapid a progress in improvement of every kind as Ireland did in the fourteen years of her legislative independence."**

This last statement may indeed challenge the test of universal history. Ireland throve in those years without being niggardly. Public money was lavishly spent, yet the public debt was trivial in amount. All classes spent freely according to their means, yet all increased in prosperity. And we are asked to believe that the Home Rule promised, but not performed, by the Asquith Ministry, is, or would be if it were a reality, superior to "Grattan's Parliament." What do they mean who make so strange an assertion? Will they venture to undertake that Asquith's Home Rule, if it were not shamelessly abandoned, would be able to accomplish as much for Ireland in sixteen years as was done by the sovereign Irish Legislature won in 1782 by the Irish Volunteers? If they promise it, how many will believe them? O'Connell never countenanced the idea of such a legislature as was promised in the late Home Rule Bill, now awaiting "amendment." Though its Irish advocates call themselves Constitutionalists, we have seen that, to O'Connell's mind, anything short of the restoration of Grattan's Parliament was unconstitutional.

It was not the Irish Parliament that was defective. The franchise was limited and irregular, but so was the English franchise at that time and until 1832, when it was extended somewhat and made less eccentric.

O'Connell himself says, and he knew best, that Catholic Emancipation was delayed a quarter of a century by the so-called Act of Union. This means that, had it not been for the Union, the Irish Parliament, manned by the Irish Protestant Ascendancy, supposed to have been exceptionally intolerant, would have emancipated the Catholics of Ireland twenty-five years sooner than their emancipation was extorted, by fear of consequences, from the British Government. The man who led the Catholics to that victory was O'Connell, and he does not conceal his pride in the achievement. All the more remarkable is his avowal that, only for the "Union" that glory would never have been his, he would not have been the Liberator. It is equally certain that the reform of the Irish franchise was delayed even more than a quarter of a century by the "Union." This reform was in fact the most pressing public question in Irish politics at the time when Pitt and Castlereagh began their wicked and bloody intrigue for the "subjugation" of Ireland.

The weak point in the Irish Constitution was this, that the Executive was not dependent on a Parliamentary majority. But like freedom for Catholics and the reformed franchise, the Dependence of the Ministry on a parliamentary majority was not then a recognised part of the British any more than of the Irish Constitution. Pitt himself formed a Cabinet and governed England as Prime Minister during the lifetime of a Parliament in which his supporters were a small minority. We may be certain that the Irish Parliament, had it not been destroyed, would have speedily effected this reform likewise. It is mere playing with words to pretend that a parliament such as the unamended Home Rule Bill held out was superior to Grattan's Parliament. O'Connell knew well the defects of the suspended Irish Constitution, yet he also declared that he would gladly go back under Protestant Ascendancy rather than submit to the "Union."

Once more hear O'Connell on the achievements of the Irish Parliament:

"I am not speaking of imaginary things, I am not indulging the visions of fancy, I assert only that which

every human being knows to be literally true and which no man can have the hardihood to deny, namely, that the uprise of Ireland in all the arts and comforts and blessings of commerce, agriculture, and civilisation, for the fourteen years ensuing her legislative independence, and produced by that measure, **has never been equalled in any other country, and in any age or period of time."** His testimony is indisputable and does not stand alone.

" The bankers of the City of Dublin met on the 18th of December, 1798, and entered into these resolutions against the then threatened Union :—

" ' Resolved—That since the renunciation of the power of Great Britain, in the year 1782, to legislate for Ireland, the commerce and prosperity of this kingdom have eminently increased.'

" ' Resolved—That we attribute these blessings, under Providence, to the wisdom of the Irish Parliament.'

" The Guild of Merchants (Chamber of Commerce) of Dublin met on the 14th of January, 1799, and entered into the following resolution :—

" ' Resolved—That the commerce of Ireland has increased, and her manufactures improved beyond example since the independence of the Kingdom was restored by the exertions of our countrymen in 1782.' "

These resolutions were adopted immediately after the bloody suppression of the Insurrection of '98.

" A thousand more such documents," says O'Connell, " might be easily procured. There is another fact equally unquestionable : that **the Union has not conferred any one benefit upon Ireland.** In the words of Lord Shrewsbury, ' it has been abortive of good and prolific of evil.' It gave up our national independence. It handed over our inherent right of self-government. It stultified ourselves and proclaimed our incapacity. It degraded and provincialised our country. It gave her up to the stranger and the unfriendly. It was treason against our native land. What value—what consideration have we received in return ? None—

none—none! 'The wages of sin is death.' Such are the wages of the Union. The sin was the crime of others—ours was the punishment. This one truth, I repeat, is indisputable—that **the Union has not conferred upon Ireland any one advantage."**

Since O'Connell wrote these words, nobody has ventured to show that they are other than the simple and naked truth.

If Daniel O'Connell were now alive to teach these doctrines upon which, he declares, " his conviction is deliberate and fixed," he would be told by the Prophets of the " Constitutional Movement " that he was a nobody, a crank, and a mischief-maker. They would tell him that he was one of " their worst enemies," and they might go some way in persuading him that they had much in common with those in whom he recognised the worst enemies of Ireland. When he would adopt Lord Shrewsbury's words and speak of England as our " relentless master," when he would say with the English Catholic Unionist aristocrat that " England's prosperity is Ireland's oppression " and that " the day of England's prosperity was never a day of grace or justice to Ireland," when he would quote Plunket to show that the Union is null and void, and that " no man in Ireland is bound to obey it " ; when he would quote the Orangeman Saurin's advice, that resistance to the Union is a moral duty, a duty to be exercised upon any well-founded opportunity ; then assuredly these wiser and more patriotic guides and their expectant followers would yell " Down with the Sinn Feiner ! " As he was able to confound the intolerant arrogance of the Catholic anti-Irish nobleman whom he had made a free Englishman, would to God we had among us to-day a leader who, instead of remonstrating through Mr. Augustine Birrell about Lord Chancellorships, would have the honour, the dignity, the national self-respect to tell that sympathetic, Nonconformist-conscience-laden, temporary English officeholder in Ireland, that any lecture from him to Irishmen on what constitutes Irish loyalty in Ireland, is an impertinence and can be nothing but an impertinence ; that Irishmen alone have

the right to determine and decide what is and what is not Irish loyalty.

O'Connell points out that Pitt's policy, put into action by Castlereagh, of " hallooing Protestant against Catholic and Catholic against Protestant," to bring about the Union, was continued afterwards by the leading statesmen of England to preserve the Union.

The Duke of Wellington, says O'Connell, " thrust into the Irish Parliamentary Reform Bill the clause which preserved the rights of the exclusively Protestant freemen. And the express grounds on which he perpetrated these enormities was to preserve, as far as he could, the ascendancy of the Protestant Church in Ireland. He more than once, during Lord Melbourne's government, laid it down as a maxim in the administration of Ireland ' that the Protestants should be encouraged.' By ' encourage ' of course he intended, and avowed he intended, that they should be preferred to the Catholics on all practicable occasions."

Of Sir Robert Peel, O'Connell writes: " He began his career in Ireland by organising Orangeism; by joining with Saurin in that corruption of the Irish Bar which now promises us a plentiful crop of bigoted, intolerant, and partial judges." The promise has been well fulfilled. " He reorganised and armed the Orange yeomanry of the North of Ireland." How history repeats itself! " Whilst he proclaimed in the House of Commons, that the only fault of these Orangemen was their ' excess of loyalty ? ' " How history repeats itself! In our own time, a British Cabinet Minister has said that the Orangemen were " urged on to riot "— not by the British art of government in Ireland but— " by loyalty and religion." Only within the last few weeks, since the formation of the Coalition Cabinet, the Chief Secretary against Ireland, Mr. Birrell, has publicly and in Parliament certified the " loyalty " of an armed force formed to offer violent resistance to what was, when Mr. Birrell so spoke, an Act of Parliament on the Statute Book, and declared his approval of Civil Servants of the State becoming or remaining members of that force. The late Liberal Government

provided a large part of that force with arms, outfit, camps and training, at the public expense, and kept them in Ireland while many thousands of Irishmen, with far less training, were hurried out to face the dangers of Flanders and the Dardanelles. A recent test case has proved that this "loyal" force, maintained in Ireland by the British Government at the public expense, is allowed by that Government to exclude from its ranks any man who is a Catholic in religion or a Nationalist in politics. Thus, from Castlereagh to Birrell, the continuity of British rule in Ireland is completed up-to-date.

In the new Coalition Ministry, Mr. Birrell has for colleagues men who have publicly told one section of Irishmen how to "loathe and despise" the majority of their fellow-countrymen, and who have been admitted to the Cabinet without one word of disclaimer of this barbarous teaching.

Several members of the present Coalition Cabinet can be shown to have been long privy to the Ulster Pogrom Plot, of which, in spite of earnest counsels of secrecy, the accumulated evidence is now beyond their control. It is but just to say that this plot is still unknown to the rank and file of the Ulster Unionists.

Let no man believe that British Statesmanship has favoured Protestants in Ireland for the sake of Protestantism, any more than it has favoured the "balance of power" on the Continent for the sake of any part of the Continent. Its object has been to weaken Ireland by keeping her divided. Before the Union, Pitt humbugged the Irish Catholic Bishops with friendship, and was thus able, as O'Connell testifies, to delay Catholic Emancipation for a quarter of a century. Lord Randolph Churchill laid down in private the doctrine that "Ireland must be ruled through the Roman Catholic clergy," and devised our present system of Intermediate Education so that schools and colleges under exclusively religious management might receive State endowment, in the hope that those who were so endowed might be moulded into a sort of extension of the British Civil Service. The Intermediate Programme, it will be noted,

has from the outset been modelled on the requirements—not of Ireland—but of the Civil Service Year-Book. This game is by no means played out. Within the past year, underhand approaches have been made to more than one Catholic Bishop to the end that the Irish Volunteers might be discountenanced, and the clever suggestion has been artfully insinuated that the Irish Volunteers have a secret revolutionary tendency. This, of course, is an Imperial falsehood. The entire programme and policy of the Irish Volunteers is what it always was, public and explicit; and secrecy has been confined to such action as, though entirely lawful and permissable in any free country, has been unlawfully and arbitrarily interfered with by the "Prussian methods" of Dublin Castle. Any lie, however, that will serve the purpose will be made to serve the purpose of our Imperial masters.

"Repeal," writes O'Connell, "is a National cause. It involves a question between legislative independence and entire servitude." But, as I have already shown, O'Connell did not regard entire servitude as the real alternative to Repeal. He naturally refused to contemplate submission to National servitude under any circumstances. His real alternative to Repeal was Separation. This was not a passing thought in O'Connell's mind when he wrote his Letter to Lord Shrewsbury in 1841. He hinted it clearly enough in dealing with a noted pronouncement of Lord Lyndhurst, a Minister of the Crown, who declared the Irish to be "aliens in language, aliens in blood, and aliens in religion." To this declaration, Richard Lalor Sheil replied in a speech in which the heights of oratorical power were contrasted with the depths of servile weakness. O'Connell disposed of Lyndhurst in a sentence, which, though guarded, was neither servile nor rhetorical. Lord Lyndhurst, he said significantly, "has been guilty of most mischievous **discretion**—let me call it dangerous too!" Much plainer, and sufficient to prove that O'Connell's alternative was present to his mind long before 1841, is the language of his Letter to the People of Ireland, dated 4th April, 1833:

"I cannot describe with anything like accuracy the

extent of the innate hatred of Ireland which I have witnessed in many men since my last return to this country (England). They hate us, and without avowing it—even to themsleves, they fear us.

" Nay, more, I am thoroughly persuaded that **the only way to prevent the final separation of the two countries** is, to attach Ireland to the connection by giving her the protection from insult and injury of a Parliament of her own. . . . . .

" The inevitable conclusion is arrived at. Before the Repeal of the Union no good can be done for Ireland. Until the Repeal of the Union, Ireland can reap but little benefit from British connexion. I repeat that those who oppose the Repeal are blindly ignorantly, but not the less powerfully or certainly, **driving towards separation.**

" To us, who are not **at present** separatists, and never will be so **if we can help it**—to us who honestly seek the restoration of Irish freedom and the establishment of Irish prosperity, but one duty—one great all-absorbing duty remains—it is, peaceably and legally to effectuate the restoration of an Irish Parliament."

Such were the political ideas which were natural to O'Connell, the great Constitutionalist, which he knew to be natural to the people of Ireland, and which he desired to keep before the minds of the people of Ireland. They are the ideals at which every expectant job-hunter and job-monger in Ireland now feels himself entitled to cast in public the opprobrious title of Sinn Feinism.

[The Second Part of this Paper will show what were O'Connell's Sinn Fein doctrines on the subject of Irish industrial prosperity and of the financial slavery imposed on Ireland by the British Empire. To realise what Ireland, unaided, but free, can do for herself, and must do for herself, read this continuation.]

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FROM A HERMITAGE.

BY

P. H. PEARSE.

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"IRISH FREEDOM" OFFICE, 12 D'OLIER STREET.

1915.

PREFACE.

THE articles which follow were contributed by me to "Irish Freedom" during the eight months extending from June, 1913, to January, 1914. They thus form a contemporary commentary on the period immediately preceding and covering the rise of the Irish Volunteers: a period which, when things assume their proper perspective, will probably be regarded as the most important in recent Irish history. I commenced the series with the deliberate intention, by argument, invective, and satire, of goading those who shared my political views to commit themselves definitely to an armed movement. I felt quite sure that the hour was ripe for such a movement, but did not in the beginning foresee the precise form it was to assume. When I wrote the article for November, 1913, a group of Nationalists with whom I was in touch had decided to found the Irish Volunteers, and we were looking about for a leader who would command the adhesion of men less "advanced" than we were known to be: of our own followers we were sure. When I wrote the article for December, 1913, Eoin MacNeill had (quite unexpectedly) published his article "The North Began" in "An Claidheamh Soluis," and we had agreed to invite him to put himself at our head. The rest is a part of Irish history.

In the article for August, 1913, I have omitted part of the Open Letter to Douglas Hyde; and I have made one or two verbal changes in a few of the other articles.

P. H. PEARSE.

St. Enda's College,
The Hermitage, Rathfarnham,
1st June, 1915.

FROM A HERMITAGE

I.

(JUNE, 1913.)

NOT everyone that lives in a hermitage is a hermit. And not every hermit is hermit-hearted. As for me, I have only two qualities in common with the real (or imaginary) hermit who once lived (or did not live) in this place: I am poor and I am merry. Now all hermits are poor, and all hermits, unless they are frauds, are merry. I am visibly poor, but am merry only in an esoteric or secret sense, exhibiting to the outer world an austerity of look and speech more befitting my habitation than my heart. Understand that, however harshly I may express myself in the comments and proposals I shall from time to time make here, I am in reality a genial and large-hearted person, and that if I chasten my fellows it is only because I love them.

* * *

I have, as I have suggested, some proposals to make. The first is that we who are determined to rehabilitate this nation should commence working towards that end instead of arguing. The Nationalist movement in Ireland has degenerated into a debating society. In all our national or quasi-national organs we argue as to what a nation is, what nationality, what a Nationalist. As if definitions mattered! Our love of disputation sometimes makes us indecent, as when we argue over a dead man's coffin as to whether he was a Nationalist or not, and sometimes makes us ridiculous, as when we prove by a mathematical formula that the poet who has most finely voiced Irish nationalism in our time is no Nationalist. As if a man's opinions were more important than his work! I propose that we take *service* as our touchstone, and reject all other touchstones; and that, without bothering our heads about sorting out, segregating, and labelling Irishmen and Irishwomen according to their opinions, we agree to accept as fellow-Nationalists all who specifically or virtually recognise this Irish nation as an entity and, being part of it, owe it and give it their service. This will save endless discussion, and make it wholly unnecessary to inquire, before giving a fellow-Irishman one's hand, what is his attitude towards bimetallism or what his opinion of "The Playboy of the Western World."

* * *

This thing of service merits to be dwelt upon. Ireland, in our day as in the past, has excommunicated some of those who have served

her best, and has canonised some of those who have served her worst. We damn a man for an unpopular phrase; we deify a man who does a mean thing gracefully. The word to us is ever more significant than the deed. When a man like Synge, a man in whose sad heart there glowed a true love of Ireland, one of the two or three men who have in our time made Ireland considerable in the eyes of the world, uses strange symbols which we do not understand, we cry out that he has blasphemed and we proceed to crucify him. When a sleek lawyer, rising step by step through the most ignoble of all professions, attains to a Lord Chancellorship or to an Attorney-Generalship, we confer upon him the freedom of our cities. This is really a very terrible symptom in contemporary Ireland. It is not for me to judge the Redmond Barrys and the Ignatius O'Briens and the Thomas F. Moloneys, and I say no word in condemnation of them here: I merely point out that they have not in any way served Ireland—they have served themselves and they have served England; and when England rewards them for their service there is absolutely no reason why Ireland should rejoice. A bargain has been completed. Servants of England have done their day's work and been paid their price. It is a commercial transaction, not a matter of public rejoicing. It is a business between England and these men. Ireland has nothing to do with it.

* * *

When such commercial transactions are concluded I think the less said about them the better. I would not pursue these men as traitors, for I do not think they were ever with us. But I do think that an effort should be made to prevent "rebel" cities like Cork from honouring their mean success. Is it too late, even now, to expunge their names from the roll of freemen? Let someone in Cork look to it.

* * *

This generation of Irishmen will be called upon in the near future to make a very passionate assertion of nationality. The form in which that assertion shall be made must depend upon many things, more especially upon the passage or non-passage of the present Home Rule Bill. In the meantime there is need to be vigilant. Yet, every day we allow insults to the nation to pass, forgetting that every fresh stripe endured by a slave makes him so much more a slave. There comes to a slave, as there comes to a tortured child or to a tortured animal, a time when stripes seem normal and it is easier to endure than to protest. Any underling of British government can now lay hands on Ireland with impunity; only now it is no longer necessary to deal heavy stripes—a delicate and facetious slap in the face is a sufficient symbol of over-lordship. One Mr. Justice Boyd sneered at the Irish language from the Bench in Belfast a few weeks ago, one would have thought that there were enough Gaels in Belfast to prevent the fellow from being heard in his own court the next day until he had apologised. The National Council of Sinn Fein recently sent an anti-enlisting car through the streets of Dublin. It was seized by the police and the posters defaced. Afterwards the excuse was tendered that the cart exceeded the size allowed by the Corporation

for advertisement vans. The National Council promptly sent another anti-enlisting car, of regulation size, into the streets and at present it parades unmolested. But there should have been enough spirit in Dublin to enable the National Council to send a whole procession of anti-enlisting cars into the streets. And, had these been seized, a hundred sandwich men should have appeared with anti-enlisting posters. And, had these been interfered with, Nationalist citizens should have set out for business the next morning with anti-enlisting badges in their buttonholes. Should the police have disliked the aesthetic effect of this decoration, neat anti-enlisting flags might have appeared in citizens' hat-bands. Should all sartorial eccentricities have been objected to, Nationalist Dublin could have started whistling some tune agreed upon and recognised to mean "anti-enlisting." There are countless ways in which such an agitation might be carried on, for the glory of God and the honour of Ireland. Once for all, if there is to be an anti-enlisting movement, let there be an anti-enlisting movement. Opinions may differ as to the advisability of such a movement, but there can be no two opinions as to the inadvisability of playing at such a movement.

* * *

I am aware that some of the courses I recommend are open to the objection that they would land some people in gaol. But gaol would do some people good.

II.

(JULY, 1913.)

Symbols are very important. The symbol of a true thing, of a beneficent thing, is worthy of all homage; the symbol of a false thing, of a cruel thing, is worthy of all reprobation. A gibbet has come to be the noblest symbol in the world, because it symbolises the noblest thing that has ever been done among men. The red coat of a soldier, a gallant thing in itself, has come to be a symbol of unspeakably evil import, because such unspeakable things have been done by the empire for which the red-coated soldiers fight; such murders perpetrated, such tyrannies upheld for centuries. Thus, a shameful thing may come to have a glorious significance, a ridiculous thing may achieve venerability; while a goodly thing may become so degraded that the stomach of a strong man heaves when he looks upon it. Consider this: if a man were to walk down O'Connell Street wearing a double-pointed conical hat a full foot high and of a glaring yellow colour, we should laugh; yet when a man mounts the steps of an altar with a hat of that precise pattern on his head we are dumb and reverent, for we see in the preposterous headgear the awful symbol of apostolic succession. This matter of symbols came into my mind to-day as I watched a Bishop administer Confirmation. The Church to which I belong, the wise Church that has called into her service all the arts, knows better than any other institution, human or divine, the immense potency of symbols: with

symbols she exorcises evil spirits, with symbols she calls into play for beneficent purposes the infinite powers of omnipotence. And those of her children who honour not her symbols she pronounces anathema.

* * *

A nation should exact similar respect for its symbols. Free nations do. They salute their flags with bared heads; they hail with thundering cannon the nincompoops that happen to be their kings. A man with whom you would not sit at meat if he were a private individual, whom you would cut every time you saw him approaching you in the street, receives your homage, and justly receives your homage, when he symbolises the majesty of your nation. A man whom, as an individual, you would consider too insignificant to be an object of your dislike, becomes an object of holy hatred when he symbolises some evil thing that oppresses you or yours. No one in Ireland either likes or dislikes George Wettin; yet every true man of Ireland hates, or should hate, to see his not very intellectual features on a coin or on a stamp, for they symbolise there the foreign tyranny that holds us. A good Irishman should blush every time he sees a penny. A good Irishman should tingle with shame every time he sees a red coat.

* * *

I know an old woman who never passes a soldier without railing at him. As a girl she made bullets for the Fenians, moulding them out of the leaden lining of tea cases. During the half century that has gone by, while our fathers and we have been parleying with the English, she has cherished in her heart an enduring hate. I saw her a few weeks ago as she went by Wellington Barracks on her way to the Wolfe Tone Aeridheacht, and as she passed the sentry at the gate she paused and said something bitter to him. I would not have done that. I could not even if I would. Neither could you. A strong man would regard it as futile; a man with a sense of humour would regard it as ridiculous, just as most men regard the demonstrations of the Suffragettes. Yet I think the women are right and not we. At the root of that old woman's demonstration against the stolid sentry was an instinct profoundly true. She is in revolt against the evil thing that holds her country, and of that evil thing the sentry is the symbol. She is an unconquered soul, one of the few unconquered souls in Ireland. She has not made peace, and will never make peace. She has never even parleyed. It were wrong to laugh at her little feeble demonstration against the soldier. I do not call for demonstrations against soldiers until we are able to do more than demonstrate; but the fact that we pass them by every day, every hour, without grinding our teeth is symptomatic of our loss of manhood. We no longer feel their presence here a reproach.

* * *

Of the nation's symbols the most august is her language, and it is a measure of Ireland's degradation that she can endure to see her language derided by a Mr. Justice Boyd and that she can discuss the propriety of selling it for £10,000 a year to a Mr. Secretary Birrell. Ireland has lost the sense of shame. Her inner sanctities are no

longer sacred to her. Keating (whom I take to be the greatest of Irish Nationalist poets) used a terrific phrase of the Ireland of his day: he called her "the harlot of England." Yet Keating's Ireland was the magnificent Ireland in which Rory O'More planned and Owen Roe battled. What would he say of this Ireland? His phrase if used to-day would no longer be a terrible metaphor, but would be a more terrible truth; a truth literal and exact. For is not Ireland's body given up to the pleasure of another, and is not Ireland's honour for sale in the market-places?

* * *

As long as Ireland is unfree the only honourable attitude for Irishmen and Irishwomen is an attitude of revolt. It is base of us to be quiescent. It is base not only for the nation, but for each individual in the nation: each of us is guilty of a personal baseness, each of us suffers a personal stigma, as long as this thing endures. When we go to Wolfe Tone's grave next Sunday we should remember with bitterness that we suffer the ignominy which he died rather than endure. If we mean to go on suffering it, we have no business going in pilgrimage to that dead man's grave. If we do not really mean to carry on his work, why disturb the quiet of Bodenstown with protestations?

* * *

I said last month that this generation of Irishmen will be called upon in the near future to make a very passionate assertion of nationality, and that the form which that assertion shall take must depend largely upon the passage or non-passage of the present Home Rule Bill. If the Home Rule Bill passes I imagine that the assertion I speak of will be made by the creation of what we may call a Gaelic party within the Home Rule Parliament, with a strong following behind it in the country; a party which shall determinedly set about the rehabilitation of this nation, resting not until it has eliminated every vestige of foreign interference with its concerns. If the Home Rule Bill does not pass (and those who are offering an instalment of liberty to Ireland are proving such bad guardians of liberty in their own country that it is doubtful whether their own countrymen will retain them in office sufficiently long to allow them to pass Home Rule), the assertion must be made in other ways: I believe that if we who hold the full national faith have but the courage to step forward we shall succeed more easily than most people suppose in gaining the people's adhesion to our ideals and our methods—lesser ideals having proved unattainable and wiser methods more foolish.

III.

(AUGUST, 1913.)

Once I knew a Bishop who used to devote the greater part of his spare time to writing Limericks in competition for prizes offered by newspapers. You will find it difficult to imagine a Bishop writing Limericks. One imagines a Bishop in his spare hours writing biblical commentaries or cultivating a neat garden in which the characteristic

flower is lily-of-the-valley. And yet my Bishop was a saint. The not very apostolic occupation of his leisure had its origin in an apostolic simplicity and charity. The Bishop had a little niece of whom he was very fond, and the ambition of the little niece's life was to win one of the large prizes offered by London newspapers for clever Limericks. The good Bishop sent in a vast number of Limericks in his niece's name, and if he or she won a prize (which, I am sorry to say, neither of them ever did), half the money was to be spent in sending the little niece on a pilgrimage to Lourdes and the other half to be given to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. If I had not learned all this from a friend of the little niece's I might have set down the Limerick-writing (for some of the Limericks were very bad) as a reprehensible eccentricity on the part of an otherwise excellently behaved Bishop.

* * *

At that time I was not a hermit, and was not versed in the wise foolishness of saints. From the Bishop's and from other instances I have since elaborated this piece of wisdom: when a good man does an inexplicable thing there is always a motive creditable to his goodness. Men's follies are often more symptomatic of their virtues than of their vices. Apply this to those round about you, in your home, in your office, in your organisation: apply it to the busy-bodies and the fools who appear to be making a mess of everything you are interested in, from your breakfast to your country, and you will come to respect them for their very blunders, to love them for their lunacy. You prefer your eggs well boiled. Your wife insists on serving them to you half raw. This is not perverseness on her part: she knows that the albumen of eggs when solidified is highly indigestible and when swallowed hastily every morning, and washed down with tea, will assuredly induce appendicitis. You hate to sit in a draught. The man whose stool is next you in your office insists on keeping a window open from which an atmospheric stream constantly impinges upon your thinly-thatched cranium. This is not cruelty on his part: he knows (being a reader of Lady Aberdeen's *Slainte*) that you are tubercular, and that fresh air is the only thing that will kill the germs. You are a member of the Gaelic League. A friend and colleague writes to the press to point out that you are selling the League to the Liberals and that your reward will be a title. This is not a damned lie: it is his way of hinting that you ought to be a little more strenuous, to smite a little harder and a little oftener, to keep up perpetually a sort of Berserker rage or *riastrad* in the way of the old heroes. It is his crude inartistic modern notion of playing Laegh to your Cuchulainn. The bravest hero of the Gael had to endure being called "a little fairy phantom" by his charioteer. Were he fighting at the Ford to-day he would be called a "Do-Nothing." When Cuchulainn was reviled by Laegh he did not turn round and fell him. He fought on the harder against the foe of his country.

* * *

I love and honour Douglas Hyde. I have served under him since I was a boy. I am willing to serve under him until he can lead and

I can serve no longer. I have never failed him. He has never failed me. I am only one of many who could write thus, who at this moment are thinking thus. But probably my service has been longer than that of most, for it began when I was only sixteen; and probably it has been more intimate than that of all but a very few, for I have been in posts that required constant communication with him for fifteen years. It has, too, been my privilege to be the first fosterer of many who are now serving under him—pupils of mine, now pupils of his in the National University or young workers in the Gaelic League; and these form a new bond between him and me. Thus by service given and service received I have earned the right to say here the things I am about to say. I can speak to him at once as friend to friend and as loyal soldier to loyal captain.

* * *

Or rather, since it has become the fashion to write Open Letters to Douglas Hyde, I will write him an Open Letter. I will commence: "My dear Hyde,—Among God's gracious gifts to you, perhaps the most gracious, at any rate the most useful, is your gift of humour. You have always had a great Homeric laugh. I call upon you to laugh it now. I could show you much matter for laughter in these noises and irrelevancies that disturb you. . . . Laugh, my dear Craoibhín. Laugh your great genial laugh. It will ease the situation. Bulfin used to say that O'Daly's smile would split the ceiling at 24 Upper O'Connell Street. Let your laughter shake the Clock Tower in Earlsfort Terrace."*

* * *

To be quite serious, laughter is what is required just now. A shout of laughter that will roll out from the Ard-Fheis at Galway till it re-echoes from the cliffs of Aran and reverberates through the stony solitudes of Burren. Why all this passion of invective when laughter will solve the difficulty? Let us laugh. Laughter is the one gift that God has given to men but denied both to brutes and angels. Laughter is the crowning grace of the heroes. The epic tells how the dying Cuchulainn noticed that a raven which had stooped to drink his blood, becoming entangled in the clotted gore, was ludicrously upset. "Then Cuchulainn, knowing that it was his last laugh, laughed aloud." I think that Emmet, I am quite sure that Tone, would have laughed in similar circumstances.

* * *

For my own part, I have found the need of laughter in order to preserve my sanity. And you, Craoibhín, have counselled sanity. There is one piece of sanity that I have learned from being a schoolmaster. Always remember that in a school you have to deal with boys, not cherubim. An enthusiastic teacher often makes the mistake of forming an ideal picture of schoolboy virtue, and is shocked and disheartened when he finds that his actual pupils fall far below his ideal. You have, for instance, a little pupil with a virginal face. You say to yourself, "This boy will surely never buy cigarettes in the forbidden shop at the corner, or steal into the garden when the apples are ripe." You come upon him some day in the walk through the wood, and as

*The Clock Tower, I observe, has since collapsed.

you approach he hastily conceals a cigarette; you enter the garden in autumn time, and you notice a slight figure with the face of a saint making a dash from the place where the apple-trees are. You are angry with the boy, but it is with yourself you should be angry, or rather you should laugh at yourself for a blunderer. The boy has only proved himself a boy, whereas you have proved yourself a goose. Instead of taking down the boy's trousers, you ought to take down the impossible image you had so foolishly erected.

* * *

I wonder whether this schoolmaster's wisdom might not be of service to Dr. Hyde. He must try to remember that those around him are men, not archangels. They are men with all the little lovable and unlovable weaknesses of men, and without any of the vision and strength of angels. And he must try to forgive them and to imagine that they mean well even when they act badly; that sometimes at the bottom of their blundering there may be a grain of sense; and that often their fury is only a slightly diseased love of the cause we all serve. And perhaps human causes are best served by men with human strength and human weaknesses. Archangels are fitted to go upon the mighty embassies of God, not to do the little paltry tasks of human life. Archangels are at home in the shining spaces of heaven, not in the habitations and committee rooms of earth. Curious as it seems, we ridiculous men, with all our faults and all our follies, are very capable where angels might fail. Angelic attributes might hinder us in our humble and humdrum but necessary little careers. The inconveniences of being angels on earth would be dreadful. As we sat on our office stools, as we gathered round the table of our committee room, where, for instance, should we tuck in our wings? The buildings would have to be enlarged. In point of fact, a heaven would be necessary to our comfort. But this is earth. And so we are back at our first position that we must put up with our human world and with the human material we have got, until we are all translated and become members of the eternal committee and delegates to the Ard-Fheis of God.

* * *

Thus much to Dr. Hyde. To those on whose behalf I appeal to his magnanimity I say only this: O ye of little sense, know ye not when ye have got a good captain for a good cause? And know ye not that it is the duty of the soldier to follow his captain, unfaltering, unquestioning, "seeing obedience in the bond of rule"? If ye know not this, ye know not the first thing that a fighting man should know.

IV.

(SEPTEMBER, 1913.)

I have been considering the ways of chafers and dragon-flies. During the long summer they are my only entertainment in this wilderness. The dragon-flies make a pageant for me in the noontide splendour; the chafers are my orchestra in the dusky evening. Marbhán before me was similarly attended:

" Swarms of bees and chafers, the little musicians of the world,
A gentle chorus."

Your beetle has in him many of the contradictions of the artist. In seemly black, he appeals to you as shy and retiring; suddenly, while you are sympathetically examining him, he splits up the middle, shocking you at first with the indecency of the act, but soon displays hidden wings as though he were an angel in disguise, and then, waving wild arms (like a Yeats making a speech), whirls into ecstasies, and is gone with multitudinous and iridescent whirr of wings and wing-cases. This is nature's symbolling forth of the *divina insania* of the poets. It were perhaps too curious to assign certain beetles to certain poets and dramatists as their types and figures, associating for instance the *Necydalis Major*, long and graceful, with Mr. Yeats, the familiar *Coccinella*, pleasant and comfortable-looking, with Lady Gregory, the *Creophilus Maxillosus*, a creature which haunts drains and feeds on garbage (and which I take to be the beetle celebrated in a well-known passage of Keating), with Mr. George Moore.

* * *

Upon the dragon-fly a literature might be written. The dragon-fly is one of the most beautiful and terrible things in nature. It flashes by you like a winged emerald or ruby or turquoise. Scrutinise it at close quarters and you will find yourself comparing its bulky little round head, with its wonderful eyes and cruel jaws, to the beautiful cruel head of a tiger. The dragon-fly among insects is in fact as the tiger among beasts, as the hawk among birds, as the shark among fish, as the lawyer among men, as England among the nations. It is the destroyer, the eater-up, the cannibal. Two dragon-flies will fight until nothing remains but two heads. So ferocious an eater-up is the dragon-fly that it is said that, in the absence of other bodies to eat up, it will eat up its own body until nothing is left but the head, and it would doubtless eat its own head if it could; a feat which would be as remarkable as the feat of the saint, recorded by Carlyle and recalled by Mitchel, who swam across the Channel carrying his decapitated head in his teeth. The dragon-fly is the type of greedy ascendancy,—a sinister head preying upon its own vitals. The largest and most wonderful dragon-flies I have seen in Ireland haunt the lovely woods that fringe the shore of Lough Corrib, near Cong. And at Cong, I remember, there is a great lord who has pulled down many homes in order that no ascending smoke may mar the sylvan beauty of his landscape.

* * *

Of the doings of men only rumours reach me in this solitude. I have heard faint echoes of laughter at Galway, and am pleased to think that the Gael has not entirely lost his sense of humour: a catastrophe which I had feared, for Dr. Hyde had been talking about his aunt's will and Mr. Griffith had been advising Dr. Hyde as to how to conduct a movement to success. The Irish-speaking crowd surging around the brake in Galway square recalls one to the realities of the movement, and to the field that is lying fallow. I want a missionary, a herald, an Irish-speaking John the Baptist, one who

would go through the Irish West and speak trumpet-toned of nationality to the people in the villages. I would not have him speak of Gaelic Leagues, or of Fees for Irish, or of Bilingual Programmes, or of Essential Irish in Universities: I would have him speak of Tone and Mitchel and the Hawk of the Hill and of men dead or in exile for love of the Gael; all in Irish. In the meantime I welcome Eamonn Ceannt and "Bean an Fhir Ruaidh."

* * *

Books sometimes find their way to this remote place, and fortunately books, even very profane books, are not forbidden by my rule. This month I have received a good book and a bad book. The good book is indeed one of the holy books of Ireland: no other than John Mitchel's "Jail Journal," the last gospel of the New Testament of Irish Nationality, as Wolfe Tone's Autobiography is the first; John Mitchel's "Jail Journal" nobly presented, supplemented by an additional chapter of his "Out of Jail Journal," enriched with good notes and portraits, and introduced by Arthur Griffith in a finely-written preface. Mr. Griffith speaks of the "haughty manhood" of Mitchel. A Man is so rare a phenomenon in Ireland that the appearance of one takes his generation by surprise and he dies broken-hearted or is hanged or transported before his people have made up their minds whether to crown him or to stone him—or simply to ignore him. Mitchel brought reality into a national movement busy with discussions as our own movement is busy with discussions to-day. He admits that he miscalculated: underestimating both "the vigour and zeal" of the enemy and "the much-enduring patience and perseverance" of the Irish. It comes to this: a Man cannot save his people unless the people themselves have some manhood. A Man, even if he be a Man-God, will live and die in vain for all who are voluntary slaves. Christ cannot save you if you want to be damned: much less can any earthly hero.

* * *

I agree with one who holds that John Mitchel is Ireland's greatest literary figure,—that is, of those who have written in English. But I place Tone above him both as a man and as a leader of men. Tone's was a broader humanity with as intense a nationality; Tone's was a sunnier nature with as stubborn a soul. But Mitchel stands next to Tone: and these two shall teach you and lead you, O Ireland, if you hearken unto them, and not otherwise than as they teach and lead shall you come unto the path of national salvation. For this I will answer on the Judgment Day.

* * *

I was wrong in speaking of my second book as a bad book. It is a good book, lovingly written, but it is spoiled by a profane preface. I am speaking of Maurice Moore's life of his father and of George Moore's preface thereto. The soldier has told the facts of his father's life (I wish he had not called him "an Irish Gentleman") simply and well, and the novelist has tried to suggest that his father was not an "Irish Gentleman" but an Irish blackguard. Many Irish gentlemen have indeed been blackguards, but I do not think George Henry Moore

was one. In a mean and difficult time he worked manfully for Ireland; and towards the end of his life he was willing to become a Fenian. Blackguards do not generally work manfully for their country or become Fenians. But it is absurd and unnecessary to defend George Henry Moore, even against his son. A man's life really speaks for itself, and requires only such faithful record as George Henry Moore's has received here from Maurice Moore. No man's life needs a *Defensio* or an *Apologia*, and I am often sorry to see men really great and simple go to such pains to explain themselves: as if your explanation could make your deeds more eloquent! George Henry Moore was no wrathful and haughty Mitchel, no gay and heroic Tone; but he was a very worthy and gallant figure in his time, and might have served Ireland well if he had learned to know her sooner.

V.

(OCTOBER, 1913.)

It is not amusing to be hungry; at least (for I desire to be moderate in my language), it is not very amusing. Though hunger be proverbially good sauce, one may have too much of it, as of most good things; and, while meat without sauce is tolerable, sauce without meat is apt to pall. Yorkshire Relish (I am told) is delicious, but one would not care to dine upon it. Hunger Sauce must be still less sustaining. Indeed, the only advantage that Hunger Sauce seems to possess over other brands is its extreme cheapness. The very poorest can enjoy it, and it is one of the few luxuries that the rich will not grudge them. But, as far as nutritious properties are concerned, the cakes recommended by Marie Antoinette to the starving peasants of France, in lieu of bread, were preferable. "Why are the people crying?" "Your Majesty, they have no bread." "But why not eat cake?" asked the Queen.

* * *

Poor Marie Antoinette did not quite grasp the situation in France. In the end the situation grasped her and hurried her to the guillotine. If Marie Antoinette could have got at the peasant's point of view there might have been no French Revolution. There are only two ways of righting wrongs: reform and revolution. Reform is possible when those who inflict the wrong can be got to see things from the point of view of those who suffer the wrong. Some men can see from other men's points of view by sympathy; most men cannot until you actually put them in the other men's shoes. I would like to put some of our well-fed citizens in the shoes of our hungry citizens, just for an experiment. I would try the hunger cure upon them. It is known that hunger is good sauce; it is also known that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. It is further known that a pound a week is sufficient to sustain a Dublin family in honest hunger—at least very rich men tell us so, and very rich men know all about everything, from art galleries to the domestic economy of the tenement room. I would ask those who know that a man can live and thrive, can house,

feed, clothe, and educate a large family on a pound a week to try the experiment themselves. Let them show us how the thing is done. We will allow them a pound a week for the sustenance of themselves and their families, and will require them to hand over their surplus income, over and above a pound a week, to some benevolent object. I am quite certain that they will enjoy their poverty and their hunger. They will go about with beaming faces; they will wear spruce and well-brushed clothes; they will drink their black tea with gusto and masticate their dry bread scientifically (Lady Aberdeen will tell them the proper number of bites per slice); they will write books on "How to be Happy though Hungry"; when their children cry for more food they will smile; when their landlord calls for the rent they will embrace him; when their house falls upon them they will thank God; when policemen smash in their skulls they will kiss the chastening baton. They will do all these things—perhaps; in the alternative they may come to see that there is something to be said for the hungry man's hazy idea that there is something wrong somewhere.

* * *

It is of couse easy for me, a well-fed hermit, to write with detachment about hunger. It is always easy for well-fed persons to take detached views of such things; indeed, sometimes the views of the well-fed on these matters are so detached from their subject as to have no relation to it at all. If I were hungry, I should probably write with a little more passion than I am displaying. Indeed, if I were as hungry at this moment as many equally good men of Ireland undoubtedly are, it is probable that I should not be sitting here wielding this pen; possibly I should be in the streets wielding a paving-stone. I frankly admit that I am well-fed; but you must not imagine me a sybarite. Being a hermit, I limit myself to four square meals a day, except on feast-days when, for the greater glory of God, I allow myself five. If I were not thus explicit my views on economic questions might be discounted; I should be described as belonging to the "lowest stratum" of society, and therefore not in any real sense a member of society, or indeed of the human race, at all; it would be hinted that I am a "loafer," that I frequent "street corners," that I am a "socialist," a "syndicalist," and other weird things. I once took a modest part in breaking up a meeting in the Antient Concert Rooms. The next day the *Independent* called me an "unwashed youth." A youth I certainly was, but I had washed myself with scrupulous care that blessed morning; indeed, it is my habit to wash myself in the mornings. A distinguished scholar (now a Professor of the National University) and a distinguished woman of letters (now prominent in the counsels of the United Irishwomen) were beside me on that occasion, and they too were described as "unwashed youths": the words "of both sexes" were added, lest it might be left open to inference that even the ladies who disagree with the *Independent* are so virtuous as to wash themselves. When, therefore, you differ in opinion from a newspaper it is always well to let it be known that you wash yourself regularly, that you take the normal number of meals, that you pay your rent and taxes, that you go to

church or chapel, and that, in short, you conform in all particulars to the lofty standard of conduct set up by such eminent fellow-citizens of yours as Mr. William M. Murphy.

* * *

Personally, I am in a position to protest my respectability. I do all the orthodox things. My wild oats were sown and reaped years ago. I am nothing so new-fangled as a socialist or a syndicalist. I am old-fashioned enough to be both a Catholic and a Nationalist. I am not smarting under any burning personal wrong—except the personal wrong I endure in being a member of an enslaved nation. I am at peace with all the men of Ireland. It becomes both my character and my profession to be at peace with my fellow-slaves, whether capitalist or worker, whether rich or poor, whether fed or hungry. God knows that we, poor remnant of a gallant nation, endure enough shame in common to make us brothers. And yet here is a matter in which I cannot rest neutral. My instinct is with the landless man against the lord of lands, and with the breadless man against the master of millions. I may be wrong, but I do hold it a most terrible sin that there should be landless men in this island of waste yet fertile valleys, and that there should be breadless men in this city where great fortunes are made and enjoyed.

* * *

I calculate that one-third of the people of Dublin are underfed; that half the children attending Irish primary schools are ill-nourished. Inspectors of the National Board will tell you that there is no use in visiting primary schools in Ireland after one or two in the afternoon: the children are too weak and drowsy with hunger to be capable of answering intelligently. I suppose there are twenty thousand families in Dublin in whose domestic economy milk and butter are all but unknown: black tea and dry bread are their staple articles of diet. There are many thousand fireless hearth-places in Dublin on the bitterest days of winter: there would be many thousand more only for such bodies as the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Twenty thousand Dublin families live in one-room tenements. It is common to find two or three families occupying the same room; and sometimes one of the families will have a lodger! There are tenement rooms in Dublin in which over a dozen persons live, eat, and sleep. High rents are paid for these rooms, rents which in cities like Birmingham would command neat four-roomed cottages with gardens. The tenement houses of Dublin are so rotten that they periodically collapse upon their inhabitants, and if the inhabitants collect in the streets to discuss matters the police baton them to death.

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These are among the grievances against which men in Dublin are beginning to protest. Can you wonder that protest is at last made? Can you wonder that the protest is crude and bloody? I do not know whether the methods of Mr. James Larkin are wise methods or unwise methods (unwise, I think, in some respects), but this I know, that here is a most hideous wrong to be righted, and that the man who attempts honestly to right it is a good man and a brave man.

Poverty, starvation, social unrest, crime, are incidental to the civilisation of such states as England and America, where immense masses of people are herded into great Christless cities and the bodies and souls of men are exploited in the interests of wealth. But these conditions do not to any extent exist in Ireland. We have not great cities; we have not dense industrial populations; we have hardly any ruthless capitalists exploiting immense masses of men. Yet in Ireland we have dire and desperate poverty; we have starvation; we have social unrest. Ireland is capable of feeding twenty million people; we are barely four million. Why do so many of us starve?

* * *

Before God, I believe that the root of the matter lies in foreign domination. A free Ireland would not, and could not, have hunger in her fertile vales and squalor in her cities. Ireland has resources to feed five times her population: a free Ireland would make those resources available. A free Ireland would drain the bogs, would harness the rivers, would plant the wastes, would nationalise the railways and waterways, would improve agriculture, would protect fisheries, would foster industries, would promote commerce, would diminish extravagant expenditure (as on needless judges and policemen), would beautify the cities, would educate the workers (and also the non-workers, who stand in direr need of it), would, in short, govern herself as no external power—nay, not even a government of angels and archangels—could govern her. For freedom is the condition of sane life, and in slavery, if we have not death, we have the more evil thing which the poet has named Death-in-Life. The most awful wars are the wars that take place in dead or quasi-dead bodies when the fearsome things that death breeds go forth to prey upon one another and upon the body that is their parent.

VI.

(NOVEMBER, 1913.)

There are incongruities which are humorous, and there are incongruities which are disgusting. All humour has its source in incongruity, but so has all sin. Sometimes the humour of an incongruity is so apparent that only a saint can laugh at its humour (for your saint laughs at things whereat your man of less sanctity, which means of less charity and less humility, is scandalised). There are obvious incongruities at which everyone, from a saint to a solicitor, will at least smile. Thus, when one hears a noble air of Gounod's sung to such words as "My wife stole a hell of a lump of beef"; when one meets an archbishop in gaiters wheeling a perambulator containing his offspring; when one comes upon a bull in a china shop or upon a member of the Chamber of Commerce in an art gallery, one smiles no matter how respectable one is. No question of ethics enters into these cases. It is a pity that a Gounod march should be sung to profane words; but Gounod would suffer no diminution of just fame if all the kleptomaniac exploits of all the wives of the world were chanted

to his music. One may have rigid ideas as to the impropriety of archbishops wheeling their offspring in perambulators,—and it is certainly going too far to wear gaiters while doing so unarchiepiscopal a thing; but it is not a very serious sin, if sin at all. A bull in a china shop may break a good deal of crockery, but he can hardly break any of the Commandments; and a member of the Chamber of Commerce in an art gallery will not do the pictures any harm, nor, unless he be as sensitive as some Gaelic Leaguers I have known (and that is impossible), will the pictures do him any harm. In these instances nothing suffers but the Law of Congruity; and laws have made so many people suffer that one can well tolerate the notion of a law suffering once in a way.

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But there are incongruities which disgust, or at any rate ought to disgust. A millionaire promoting Universal Peace is such an incongruity; an employer who accepts the aid of foreign bayonets to enforce a lock-out of his workmen and accuses the workmen of national dereliction because they accept foreign alms for their starving wives and children, is such an incongruity; a public body in an enslaved country which passes a resolution congratulating a citizen upon selling himself to the enemies of that country, and upon making a good bargain of it, is such an incongruity; an Irish Nationalist, unable to pull the trigger of a gun himself, who sneers at the drillings and rifle-practices of Orangemen, is such an incongruity. The Eastern and the Western Worlds are indeed full of incongruities of this sort; each of them matter for a play by a Synge.

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To dilate a little on one of them. It is now the creed of Irish nationalism (or at least of that Irish nationalism which is vocal on platforms and in the press) that the possession of arms and a knowledge of the use of arms is a fit subject for satire. To have a rifle is as ridiculous as to have a pimple at the end of your nose, or a bailiff waiting for you round the corner. To be able to use a rifle is an accomplishment as futile as to be able to stand on your head or to be able to wag your ears. This is not the creed of any other nationalism that exists or has ever existed in any community, civilised or uncivilised, that has ever inhabited the globe. It has never been the creed of Irish nationalism until this our day. Mitchel and the great confessors of Irish nationalism would have laughed it to scorn. Mitchel indeed did laugh to scorn a similar but much less foolish doctrine of O'Connell's; and the generation that came after O'Connell rejected his doctrine and accepted Mitchel's. The present generation of Irish Nationalists is not only unfamiliar with arms but despises all who are familiar with arms. Irish Nationalists share with certain millionaires the distinction of being the only people who believe in Universal Peace—here and now. Even the Socialists who want Universal Peace propose to reach it by Universal War; and so far they are sensible.

* * *

It is symptomatic of the attitude of the Irish Nationalist that when he ridicules the Orangeman he ridicules him not for his

numerous foolish beliefs, but for his readiness to fight in defence of those beliefs. But this is exactly wrong. The Orangeman is ridiculous in so far as he believes incredible things; he is estimable in so far as he is willing and able to fight in defence of what he believes. It is foolish of an Orangeman to believe that his personal liberty is threatened by Home Rule; but, granting that he believes that, it is not only in the highest degree common sense but it is his clear duty to arm in defence of his threatened liberty. Personally, I think the Orangeman with a rifle a much less ridiculous figure than the Nationalist without a rifle; and the Orangeman who can fire a gun will certainly count for more in the end than the Nationalist who can do nothing cleverer than make a pun. The superseded Italian rifles which the Orangemen have imported may not be very dangerous weapons; but at least they are more dangerous than epigrams. When the Orangemen "line the last ditch" they may make a very sorry show; but we shall make an even sorrier show, for we shall have to get Gordon Highlanders to line the ditch for us.

* * *

I am not defending the Orangeman; I am only showing that his condemnation does not lie in the mouth of an unarmed Nationalist. The Orangeman is a sufficiently funny person; and he is funny mainly because he is so serious. He has no sense of incongruity: in his mind's eye he sees without smiling Cardinal Logue sending Protestant worthies to the stake and Sir Edward Carson undergoing the fatigues of a campaign—things which will never be. At least, I think not; for Cardinal Logue is kindly and humorous, and Sir Edward Carson is a lawyer with a price. The Orangeman's lack of a sense of the incongruous is sometimes painful. In Belfast they are selling chair cushions with Sir Edward Carson's head embroidered upon them; which is pretty much as if a man were to emblazon the arms of his country upon the seat of his trousers. One should not put a sacred emblem where it is certain to be sat upon and liable to be kicked; and only Orangemen would think of honouring their chief by sitting on his head.

* * *

But the rifles of the Orangemen give dignity even to their folly. The rifles are bound to be useful some day. At the worst they may hasten Sir Edward Carson's final exit from Ulster; at the best they may crack outside Dublin Castle. The Editor of "Sinn Féin" wrote the other day that when the Orangemen fire upon the King of England's troops it will become the duty of every Nationalist in Ireland to join them: there is a deal of wisdom in the thought as well as a deal of humour. Or negotiations might be opened with the Orangemen on these lines: You are erecting a Provisional Government of Ulster,—make it a Provisional Government of Ireland and we will recognise and obey it. O'Connell said long ago that he would rather be ruled by the old Protestant Ascendancy Irish Parliament than by the Union Parliament; "and O'Connell was right," said Mitchel. He certainly was. It is unquestionable that Sir Edward Carson's Provisional Government would govern Ireland better than she has been governed

by the English Cabinet; at any rate, it could not well govern her worse. Any six Irishmen would be a better Government of Ireland than the English Cabinet has been: any six criminals from Mountjoy Prison, any six lunatics from the Richmond Asylum, any six Orangemen from Portadown. The Irishmen would at least try to govern Ireland in the interests of Irish criminals, lunatics, or Orangemen, as the case might be: the English have governed her in the interests of England. Better exploit Ireland for the benefit of Belfast than exploit her for the benefit of Westminster. Better wipe out Ireland in one year's civil war than let England slowly bleed her to death.

* * *

A rapprochement between Orangemen and Nationalists would be difficult. The chief obstacles are the Orangeman's lack of humour and the Nationalist's lack of guns: each would be at a disadvantage in a conference. But a sense of humour can be cultivated, and guns can be purchased. One great source of misunderstanding has now disappeared: it has become clear within the last few years that the Orangeman is no more loyal to England than we are. He wants the Union because he imagines that it secures his prosperity; but he is ready to fire on the Union flag the moment it threatens his prosperity. The position is perfectly plain and understandable. Foolish notions of loyalty to England being eliminated, it is a matter for business-like negotiation. A Nationalist mission to North-East Ulster would possibly effect some good. The case might be put thus: Hitherto England has governed Ireland through the Orange Lodges; she now proposes to govern Ireland through the A.O.H. You object: so do we. Why not unite and get rid of the English? They are the real difficulty; their presence here the real incongruity.

VII.

(DECEMBER, 1913.)

I was once stranded on a desert island with a single companion. When two people are stranded on a desert island they naturally converse. We conversed. We sat on a stony beach and talked for hours. When we had exhausted all the unimportant subjects either of us could think of, we commenced to talk about important subjects. (I have observed that even on a desert island it is not considered good form to talk of important things while unimportant things remain to be discussed). We had very different points of views, and very different temperaments. I was a boy; my companion was an old man. I was about to enter the most wicked of all professions; my companion was a priest. Being young, I was serious and conceited; being old, my companion was gay and humble. In some respects I was more learned than he: he was trying to spell his way through Keating's "Trí Bior-Ghaoithe an Bháis," and I was able to help him. But in every respect he was wiser beyond telling than I, for his life had been stormy and sorrowful, and withal very saintly, so that he had garnered much of the wisdom both of heaven and of earth; and I had

numerous foolish beliefs, but for his readiness to fight in defence of those beliefs. But this is exactly wrong. The Orangeman is ridiculous in so far as he believes incredible things; he is estimable in so far as he is willing and able to fight in defence of what he believes. It is foolish of an Orangeman to believe that his personal liberty is threatened by Home Rule; but, granting that he believes that, it is not only in the highest degree common sense but it is his clear duty to arm in defence of his threatened liberty. Personally, I think the Orangeman with a rifle a much less ridiculous figure than the Nationalist without a rifle; and the Orangeman who can fire a gun will certainly count for more in the end than the Nationalist who can do nothing cleverer than make a pun. The superseded Italian rifles which the Orangemen have imported may not be very dangerous weapons; but at least they are more dangerous than epigrams. When the Orangemen "line the last ditch" they may make a very sorry show; but we shall make an even sorrier show, for we shall have to get Gordon Highlanders to line the ditch for us.

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I am not defending the Orangeman; I am only showing that his condemnation does not lie in the mouth of an unarmed Nationalist. The Orangeman is a sufficiently funny person; and he is funny mainly because he is so serious. He has no sense of incongruity: in his mind's eye he sees without smiling Cardinal Logue sending Protestant worthies to the stake and Sir Edward Carson undergoing the fatigues of a campaign—things which will never be. At least, I think not; for Cardinal Logue is kindly and humorous, and Sir Edward Carson is a lawyer with a price. The Orangeman's lack of a sense of the incongruous is sometimes painful. In Belfast they are selling chair cushions with Sir Edward Carson's head embroidered upon them; which is pretty much as if a man were to emblazon the arms of his country upon the seat of his trousers. One should not put a sacred emblem where it is certain to be sat upon and liable to be kicked; and only Orangemen would think of honouring their chief by sitting on his head.

* * *

But the rifles of the Orangemen give dignity even to their folly. The rifles are bound to be useful some day. At the worst they may hasten Sir Edward Carson's final exit from Ulster; at the best they may crack outside Dublin Castle. The Editor of "Sinn Féin" wrote the other day that when the Orangemen fire upon the King of England's troops it will become the duty of every Nationalist in Ireland to join them: there is a deal of wisdom in the thought as well as a deal of humour. Or negotiations might be opened with the Orangemen on these lines: You are erecting a Provisional Government of Ulster,—make it a Provisional Government of Ireland and we will recognise and obey it. O'Connell said long ago that he would rather be ruled by the old Protestant Ascendancy Irish Parliament than by the Union Parliament; "and O'Connell was right," said Mitchel. He certainly was. It is unquestionable that Sir Edward Carson's Provisional Government would govern Ireland better than she has been governed

by the English Cabinet; at any rate, it could not well govern her worse. Any six Irishmen would be a better Government of Ireland than the English Cabinet has been: any six criminals from Mountjoy Prison, any six lunatics from the Richmond Asylum, any six Orangemen from Portadown. The Irishmen would at least try to govern Ireland in the interests of Irish criminals, lunatics, or Orangemen, as the case might be: the English have governed her in the interests of England. Better exploit Ireland for the benefit of Belfast than exploit her for the benefit of Westminster. Better wipe out Ireland in one year's civil war than let England slowly bleed her to death.

* * *

A rapprochement between Orangemen and Nationalists would be difficult. The chief obstacles are the Orangeman's lack of humour and the Nationalist's lack of guns: each would be at a disadvantage in a conference. But a sense of humour can be cultivated, and guns can be purchased. One great source of misunderstanding has now disappeared: it has become clear within the last few years that the Orangeman is no more loyal to England than we are. He wants the Union because he imagines that it secures his prosperity; but he is ready to fire on the Union flag the moment it threatens his prosperity. The position is perfectly plain and understandable. Foolish notions of loyalty to England being eliminated, it is a matter for business-like negotiation. A Nationalist mission to North-East Ulster would possibly effect some good. The case might be put thus: Hitherto England has governed Ireland through the Orange Lodges; she now proposes to govern Ireland through the A.O.H. You object: so do we. Why not unite and get rid of the English? They are the real difficulty; their presence here the real incongruity.

VII.

(DECEMBER, 1913.)

I was once stranded on a desert island with a single companion. When two people are stranded on a desert island they naturally converse. We conversed. We sat on a stony beach and talked for hours. When we had exhausted all the unimportant subjects either of us could think of, we commenced to talk about important subjects. (I have observed that even on a desert island it is not considered good form to talk of important things while unimportant things remain to be discussed). We had very different points of views, and very different temperaments. I was a boy; my companion was an old man. I was about to enter the most wicked of all professions; my companion was a priest. Being young, I was serious and conceited; being old, my companion was gay and humble. In some respects I was more learned than he: he was trying to spell his way through Keating's "Trí Bior-Ghaoithe an Bháis," and I was able to help him. But in every respect he was wiser beyond telling than I, for his life had been stormy and sorrowful, and withal very saintly, so that he had garnered much of the wisdom both of heaven and of earth; and I had

garnered only the wisdom of the Board of Intermediate Education. We were thus as singularly ill-assorted a pair as ever sat down together on the beach of a desert island.

* * *

Yet we had one interest in common. There was at the bottom of my heart a memory which a course of Intermediate education (by some miracle of God's) had not altogether obliterated: I had heard in childhood of the Fenians from one who, although a woman, had shared their hopes and disappointment. The names of Stephens and O'Donovan Rossa were familiar to me, and they seemed to me the most gallant of all names: names which should be put into songs and sung proudly to tramping music. Indeed, my mother (although she was not old enough to remember the Fenians) used to sing of them in words learned, I daresay, from that other who had known them; one of her songs had the lines—

"Because he was O'Donovan Rossa,
And a son of Gráinne Mhaol;"

and although I did not quite know who O'Donovan Rossa was or what his deed had been, I felt that he must have been a gallant and kingly man and his deed a man's deed. Alice Milligan had not yet made the ballad of "Owen Who Died," which was to give these heroic names a place in literature—

"You have heard of O'Donovan Rossa
From nigh Skibbereen;
You have heard o' the Hawk o' the Hill-top,
If you have not seen;
You have heard of the Reaper whose reaping
Was of grain half green:
Such were the men among us
In the days that have been."

None of my school-fellows had ever heard of those names; and if our masters had heard them they never mentioned them. O'Connell we heard about; and one day that stands out in my memory, Parnell's name was mentioned, for a master came into the room and said: "Well, boys, they say Parnell is dead—the dirty fellow." We all grew very still, for we were all Parnellites; and we wondered why he should be called a dirty fellow, and thought it a cruel thing. That was before the Juggernaut car of the Intermediate had rolled over us, and we still retained most of the decent kindly instincts with which we had been born. Had it happened four years later we should probably have applauded the master's announcement as rather neatly put.

* * *

But behold me on the beach of my desert island with my priest beside me. And my priest, as I found out when we began to talk about serious things, had known the Fenians, had made something of a stir in Fenian times, had even been called the Fenian priest! I do not know whether he had ever been a Fenian; but I know that all

the Fenians of a countryside used to go to confession to him in preference to their own parish priests; and it was said that he had a Sodality of the Sacred Heart composed to a man of sworn Fenians: probably an exaggeration. But this I can vouch for, that he loved the name and fame of the Fenians, and he spoke to me, till his voice grew husky and his eyes filled with tears, of their courage, of their loyalty, of their enthusiasm, of their hope, of their failure. "Stephens should have given the word," he said; "we'll never be as ready as we were the night he escaped from Richmond Prison. We've lost our manhood since." It was the first year of the Boer War. "Look at the chance we have now," he exclaimed: "the British army at the other end of the earth, and one blow would give us Ireland; but we've neither men nor guns. GOD ALMIGHTY WON'T GO ON GIVING US CHANCES if we let every chance slip. You can't expect He'll give us more chances than He gave the Jews. He'll turn His back on us. . . . And why," he added, "should a lot of old women be free, anyhow?" The worthy man had not considered the Suffragist claim; or perhaps he would have allowed freedom to bona fide old women and denied it to old-womanlike young men—in which he would have been right.

* * *

For, after all, may it not be said with entire truth that the reason why Ireland is not free is that Ireland has not deserved to be free? Men who have ceased to be men cannot claim the rights of men; and men who have suffered themselves to be deprived of their manhood have suffered the greatest of all indignities and deserved the most shameful of all penalties. It has been sung in savage and exultant verse of a fierce Western clan that its men allowed themselves to be deprived of their sight by a triumphant foe rather than be deprived of their manhood; and it was a man's choice. But modern Irishmen with eyes open have allowed themselves to be deprived of their manhood; and many of them have reached the terrible depth of degradation in which a man will boast of his unmanliness. For in suffering ourselves to be disarmed, in acquiescing in a perpetual disarmament, in neglecting every chance of arming, in sneering (as all Nationalists do now) at those who have taken arms, we in effect abnegate our manhood. Unable to exercise men's rights, we do not deserve men's privileges. We are, in a strict sense, not fit for freedom; and freedom we shall never attain.

* * *

It is not reasonable to expect that the Almighty will repeal all the laws of His universe in our behalf. The condition on which freedom is given to men is that they are able to make good their claim to it; and unarmed men cannot make good their claim to anything which armed men choose to deny them. One of the sins against faith is presumption, which is defined as a foolish expectation of salvation without making use of the necessary means to obtain it: surely it is a sin against national faith to expect national freedom without adopting the necessary means to win and keep it. And I know of no other way than the way of the sword: history records no other,

reason and experience suggest no other. When I say the sword I do not mean necessarily the actual use of the sword: I mean readiness and ability to use the sword. Which, translated into terms of modern life, means readiness and ability to shoot.

* * *

I regard the armed Orangemen of North-East Ulster as potentially the most useful body of citizens Ireland possesses. In fact, they are the only citizens Ireland does possess at this moment: the rest of us for the most part do not count. A citizen who cannot vindicate his citizenship is a contradiction in terms. A citizen without arms is like a priest without religion, like a woman without chastity, like a man without manhood. The very conception of an unarmed citizen is a purely modern one, and even in modern times it is chiefly confined to the populations of the (so-called) British Islands. Most other peoples, civilised and uncivilised, are armed. This is a truth which we of Ireland must grasp. We must try to realise that we are collectively and individually living in a state of degradation as long as we remain unarmed. I do not content myself with saying in general terms that the Irish should arm. I say to each one of you who read this that it is YOUR duty to arm. Until you have armed yourself and made yourself skilful in the use of your arms you have no right to a voice in any concern of the Irish Nation, no right to consider yourself a member of the Irish Nation or of any nation; no right to raise your head among any body of decent men. Arm. If you cannot arm otherwise than by joining Carson's Volunteers, join Carson's Volunteers. But you can, for instance, start Volunteers of your own.

* * *

My priest on my desert island spoke to me glowingly about the Three who died at Manchester. He spoke to me too of the rescue of Kelly and Deasy from the prison van and of the ring of armed Fenians keeping the Englishry at bay. I have often thought that that was the most memorable moment in recent Irish history: and that that ring of Irishmen spitting fire from revolver barrels, while an English mob cowered out of range, might well serve as a symbol of the Ireland that should be; of the Ireland that shall be. Next Sunday we shall pay homage to them and to their deed; were it not a fitting day for each of us to resolve that we too will be men?

VIII.

(JANUARY, 1914.)

It has penetrated to this quiet place that some of the young men of Ireland have banded themselves together under the noble name of Irish Volunteers with intent to arm in their country's service. I am inclined to doubt the rumour. It has an air of inherent improbability. I could have believed such a report of any generation of young Irishmen of which I have read; but of the generation that I have known I hesitate to believe it. It is not like what they would do. Previous generations of young Irishmen (if what our fathers have told us be

true) were foolish and hot-headed, not to say wicked and irreligious. Of course, they had not been properly instructed. Intermediate Boards and National Universities were yet in the womb of the British Government. The expansive power of gunpowder and the immense momentum which can be acquired by a bullet discharged from a gun were not generally known until Natural Philosophy became a subject for Matriculation, and Kennedy published a one-and-sixpenny text-book on the subject: hence our forefathers did not realise how dangerous it is to let off firearms—how could they be expected to? This fact, not hitherto adverted to by historians, goes far to explain the otherwise inexplicable action of the Volunteers of 1778, of the insurgents of 1798, of the Fenians of 1867; men, apparently sane, who expended quite a lot of money on buying or manufacturing deadly arms. Had they realised that the weapons might kill the poor soldiers who were guarding their country, it is unquestionable that they would not have been so inhumane as to procure them. Again, former generations of young Irishmen had no sound notions as to what is proper and gentlemanly. They always failed to recognise that it is not respectable to get yourself hanged, and could never be got to see that prison clothes, no matter how well-made, are not becoming. Robert Emmet was actually guilty of the impropriety of smiling on the scaffold; and surely it was very near blasphemy for three Irish murderers, with manacled hands uplifted from an English dock, to call upon God to "save Ireland,"—as if that were not the job of the British Government.

* * *

Fortunately, we live in a more cultured as well as in a more religious age. We have studied Dynamics and know that firearms are dangerous; we have studied Political Economy and know that it is bad economy to expend money upon a national armament, seeing that we already pay the British Army to fight for us; we have studied Ethics and know that it is unlawful to rise against an established government. We have also cultivated a sense of decorum and a sense of humour. We see that militarism is not only wrong but, what is worse, ridiculous; and we should (very properly) hesitate to go out drilling lest they might put a caricature of us in "Punch."

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My knowledge that all this is so makes me doubt the rumour that a considerable number of young Irishmen have resolved to take arms and to train themselves in the use of arms. The improbability is increased when I come to examine the details of the report. Thus, a Provisional Committee including university professors, schoolmasters, solicitors, barristers, journalists, aldermen, public servants, commercial men, and gentlemen of leisure, is spoken of. I have never known persons of that sort to do anything more exciting than talk over tea and scones in the D.B.C. There are among those classes in Dublin many who are quite fearless—in debate; many who are extraordinarily prompt—in retort; a few who are really able and vigorous—in smashing their opponents' arguments. That such men would turn aside from the realities of dialectics to the theatricalities of military preparation seems highly improbable. When it is added that the

Provisional Committee includes United Irish Leaguers, Hibernians, Sinn Féiners, Gaelic Leaguers, and even a few who call themselves simply Separatists, the untruth of the whole story becomes almost manifest; for it is well known that there never has been and that there never can be anything like cordial co-operation between such widely-differing sections of politicians and non-politicians in Ireland. I dismiss therefore the tale of a huge tumultuous meeting of seven or eight thousand people in the largest hall in Dublin, with immense overflow meetings in neighbourhood buildings and gardens; the detailed accounts of nightly drillings in various halls; the absurd rumour that Galway (well known to have no other interest than racing, fishing, and British tourists) and Cork (which is prepared to fight all Ireland on the question of conciliation) have flung themselves into the movement; and finally the grotesque fable that young men who are eating their way to the bar or preparing to purchase dispensary appointments from Boards of Guardians have paused in their honourable careers in order to learn how to shoot. These things have happened in other countries and in other times; but surely not in our own country and in our own time.

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Consider the dislocating effect of such a movement. In the first place, it would make Home Rule, now about to be abandoned in deference to armed Ulster, almost a certainty; in the second place, should Home Rule miscarry, it would give us a policy to fall back upon. Again, it would make men and citizens of us, whereas we are quite comfortable as old women and slaves. Furthermore, it would unite us in one all-Ireland movement of brotherly co-operation, whereas we derive infinite pleasure from quarrelling with one another. The comfortable feeling that we are safe behind the guns of the British Army, like an infant in its mother's arms, the precious liberty of confuting one another before the British public and thus gaining empire-wide reputations for caustic Celtic humour and brilliant Celtic repartee,—these are things that we will not lightly sacrifice. For these privileges have we not cheerfully allowed our population to be halved and our taxation to be quadrupled? Enough said. Volunteering is undesirable. Volunteering is impossible. Volunteering is dangerous.

IX.

(January, 1914.)

It would appear that the impossible has happened (as, indeed, when one comes to think of the matter, it nearly always does), and that the young men of Ireland are learning again the noble trade of arms. They had almost forgotten that it *was* a noble trade; and when the young men of a nation have reached so terrible a depth as to be unconscious of the dignity of arms, one will naturally doubt their capacity for any virile thought, let alone any virile action. Hence my scepticism of last month: I who am as a babe, believing all things and

hoping all things, felt it difficult to believe this. One is disillusioned so often. Once when I was a boy a ballad-singer came to the farmhouse in which I was living for a time in a glen of the Dublin hills. He had ballads of "Bold Robert Emmet" and "Here's a Song for Young Wolfe Tone"; and he told me that in secret places of the hills Fenians had drilled and, for all he knew, were drilling still. So I fared forth in quest of them, trudging along mountain roads at night, full of the faith that in some moonlit glen I should come upon the Fenians drilling. But I never found them. Nowhere beneath the moon were there armed men wheeling and marching. The mountains were lonely. When I came home I said to my grandfather (who had himself been a Fenian, albeit I knew it not), "The Fenians are all dead." "Oh, be the!" said he (his oaths never got further than "be the"), "how do you know that?" "I have gone through all the glens," I answered, "and there were none drilling: they must be dead."

* * *

And my naive deduction was very nearly right. If the Fenians were not all dead, the Fenian spirit was dead, or almost dead. By the Fenian spirit I mean not so much the spirit of a particular generation as that virile fighting faith which has been the salt of all the generations in Ireland unto this last. And is it here even in this last? Yea, its seeds are here, and behold they are kindling: it is for you and me to fan them into such a flame as shall consume everything that is mean and compromising and insincere in Ireland and in each man of Ireland—for in every one of us there is much that is mean and compromising and insincere, much that were better burned out. When we stand armed as Volunteers we shall at least be men, and so shall be able to come into communion of thought and action with the virile generations of Ireland: to our betterment, be sure.

* * *

The only question that need trouble us now is this: Will the young men of Ireland rise to the opportunity that is given them? They have a year before them: the momentous year of 1914. The fate of the Irish movement in our time will very likely be determined during the coming twelve months, and it will be determined largely by the way in which the Volunteer movement develops. In other words, it will depend upon the young men who have volunteered, for they have the making of the movement in their hands. This is a problem in which the British Government is not a factor; in which the Irish leaders—Parliamentarian, Sinn Féin, Separatist, Gaelic League—are not factors; the young men of the towns and countrysides are the only factors; they and whatever manly stuff is in them. It is a great opportunity for the young men of a people to get. A year is theirs in which to make history.

* * *

A former generation of Irishmen got such a year and used it well. An army of 100,000 drilled and equipped men was its glorious fruit. Can we of the twentieth century work to similar purpose and with similar result during the year that has been given to us? I believe

we can. There are circumstances which seem to me to make our task easier than theirs.

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In the first place, we are poorer than they were. Therefore we shall be more generous. There were many men of money among the Volunteers of 1778-83: it was one of the weaknesses of the movement. Those who have are always inclined to hold; always afraid to risk. No good cause in Ireland appeals for help in vain, provided those to whom it appeals are sufficiently poor. The young men who, I imagine, are volunteering to-day are for the most part poor: being poor, they will know how to save and pinch and scrape until each man of them has a rifle and a uniform. There are those among them who will give up tobacco for a spell, or at any rate reduce their consumption of tobacco; who will become total abstainers for a while; who will renounce betting; who will go less frequently to theatres, to music-halls, to picture-houses; who will dispense with all their little luxuries and rise above all their little follies, to the sole end that they may have, each man of them, before the year is out, a Volunteer rifle on his shoulder and a Volunteer coat on his back. Note well the companies: I prophesy that it is not the companies which draw their recruits from the most prosperous quarters that will be soonest equipped; not the sleekest-looking men that will first shoulder rifles. When you are starting upon any noble enterprise, it is a great thing to start poor. Wolfe Tone, reaching France with a hundred guineas in his pocket, sent three fleets against England. James Stephens with ninety pounds in hand embarked upon the organisation of the Fenians.

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In the second place, this is a movement of the people, not of the "leaders." The leaders in Ireland have nearly always left the people at the critical moment; have sometimes sold them. The former Volunteer movement was abandoned by its leaders; hence its ultimate failure. Grattan "led the van" of the Volunteers, but he also led the retreat of the leaders; O'Connell recoiled before the cannon at Clontarf; twice the hour of the Irish Revolution struck during Young Ireland days, and twice it struck in vain, for Meagher hesitated in Waterford, Duffy and McGee hesitated in Dublin. Stephens refused to "give the word" in '65; he never came in '66 or in '67. I do not blame these men: you or I might have done the same. It is a terrible responsibility to be cast upon a man, that of bidding the cannon speak and the grapeshot pour. But in this Volunteer movement, as I understand it, the people are to be master; and it will be for the people to say when and against whom the Volunteers shall draw the sword and point the rifle. Now my reading of Irish history is that, however the leaders may have failed, *the instinct of the people has always been unerring*. The Volunteers themselves, the people themselves, must keep control of this movement. Any man or any group of men that seeks to establish an ascendancy should be dealt with summarily: such traitors to the Volunteer spirit would deserve to be shot, but it will be sufficient if they be shot *out*.

In the third place, the young men of Ireland have been to school to the Gaelic League. Herein it seems to me lies the fact which chiefly distinguishes this generation from the other revolutionary generations of the last century and a half: from the Volunteer generation of 1778, from the United Irish generation of 1798, from the Young Ireland generation of 1848, from the Fenian generation of 1867. We have known the Gaelic League, and

"Lo, a clearness of vision has followed, lo, a purification of sight."

I do not think we shall be as liable to make blunders, to pursue side issues, to mistake shadows for substance, to overlook essentials, to neglect details on the one hand or to get lost in them on the other, as were previous generations of perhaps better men. It is not merely (or at all) that we have now a theory of nationality by which to correct our instinct: indeed, I doubt if a theory of nationality be a very great gain, and plainly the instinct of the Fenian artisan was a finer thing than the soundest theory of the Gaelic League professor. It is rather that we have got into a fuller communion with what is most racy in our past: our ancestors have spoken to us anew. In a deeper sense than before we realise that Ireland is ours and that we are Ireland's. Our country wears to us a new aspect, and yet she is her most ancient self. We are as men who, having wandered long through the devious ways of a forest, see again the familiar hills and fields bathed in the light of heaven, ancient yet ever-new. And we rejoice in our hearts, and bless the goodly sun.
