NOVEMBER.

"They rose on the deathless wing
In the storm and gloom of the year." . .

Dublin has become a city of gaols; those lines seem to haunt the air; November is a month of burdenous, aching memories; there should be forgetfulness in the glens.

The glens are forsaken in November, for it is a secret that they are loveliest then. There was no guest but myself in the little hotel and when I climbed the hill of the torrent and looked back on the valley I could see not a living soul; all that marvellous artistry was there for myself alone.

I remembered Glendaloch in August, sweet-scented, green-lit and kind; but it was dressed for pleasure then; now it is itself, austere and bare, and how regally proud!

Winter has come before autumn is gone. Carnaderry has its guard of fir-trees, darkly and richly green, but the undergrowth is aglow with rusty bracken and emerald moss and fancy ferns of snow. The sun is shining out of a blue sky, crystal-clear, where clouds like ghostly birds of Paradise sail. Loud and powerful the torrent is rushing down to the lochs. The crests of the mountains, the three heights of Lug-duff are ablaze with white fires of snow; and on the soft, snow-payed slopes and hollows of Derrybawn, down to the water's edge, cluster birch-tree and oak and bracken smouldering copper and gold.

A vision of exultation to lift the heart! Here is the Ireland no invasion could change; no tyrant can break the old pride of the mountains, no conqueror rob us of this gold. This is Eire inviolate, undespoiled as Saint Kevin saw it fourteen hundred Novembers ago.

But the loch water remembers the legend of the Saint's sin; how from fear of beauty and for his soul's salvation he drowned the girl who had given him her love. Under the pale sky and the fiery trees and the snow-crowned, dazzling mountains its waters lie black as night. . . .

Day with its glories is short-lived in the glen; very early the sun had sunk under the hills; the facing summits, blazoned in red-gold and the silver of snow, held captive the dying light, but the torrent and loch and valley were drowned in gloom. Then, even from the peaks the last gleam was gone; there was no light, no colour, no splendour anywhere, only the dark, looming shapes of the mountains overhanging the black loch. It was lonesome and bitter cold.

The burden of memories fell on my heart again as I went back to the quiet inn. There idling as dark fell in the fire-lit room, I came upon a page of my host's visitors' book, and began to read. The date was the 3rd of May, nineteen hundred and nineteen; the occasion was the visit of delegates from the Irish Race Congress of Philadelphia. The American visitors and their hosts had spent a day of leisure in the glen and left this record of their comradeship, of their joy in the loch's beauty and the happiness of their day. Among the signatures are names written in history now: Constance de Markievicz, Eamon de Valera, Art O Griobhtha, Cathal Brugha, Liam T. Mac Cosgair, Micheal O Coileann, Risteard Ua Maeleatha, Riobard Barton.

A brave fellowship Glendaloch saw that day: Surely the welcome of Saint Kevin was before them: that "Soldier of Christ in the land of Eire, high name over the sea-wave," could not but have loved those men and women, joyous in the strong brotherhood of their peril, sworn to one another and to Ireland to make Ireland free and Gaelic as of old.

For it is not to be believed that any of them, in that place and time, had surrender or treachery in his heart: it is that men's spirits, like the hills, lit by the light of a brave purpose are glorified, but if that leaves them they grow dark, dark and dangerous and cold.

Four years and a half ago only, and three of that fellowship are dead, two darkly, fighting and labouring on England's side, one in a lightning splendour never to be forgotten, slain by these. Liam Cosgrave is the King's Prime Minister in Ireland, upheld by the Empire's might—rich, powerful and secure; Richard Mulcahy, having sworn allegiance, can claim from England what aid against Irish rebels he may need. They have put Eamon de Valera and Robert Barton and Constance Markievicz in gaol. Have sun, moon and stars ever looked upon betrayal so dark?

And all the dead—the faithful, pitiful dead!

I was glad when my host and his sister came in out of the twilight to share the fire—wise, long-thinking folk, like most who live in the hills. They talked a little of the short days that were in it, and the early frost and how good it was to have wood in plenty for fires; then the sister sighed, "God pity the boys in gaol!" and there was talk of the prisoners for a while.

"De Valera is to be kept in prison, I hear, according to Cope, until the Irish people have lost interest in him!"

(Continued on col. 4 page 6.)

a spreagad go rotseamail mo gac aragoint, ac nil aon ceann aca co micinnte bri agus an neart anama.

(A tuille le teacht.)

DONNCAD UASAL OG DE BARRA

Cling na marb os cionn corcaige,
Dean-side do cuala cois na laoi
Ag caoinead curaid dil nar stain
Roim ocras cruaid i mbealaib bais.

Faraoir is monuar i mbaile 's i mbanta
Gur imcig amuga mo mhac og mhacanta:
'Se cas do bais di si ag caoi,
Go gear, a Donncad oig mo croide.

Ag cosaint an bearna baogail go mear
Ar naimdib ni raib ba calma d'fear
Fe meirge Gaedeal nar isig riamh
Do'n gleire ocrais na do'n cliadeamh.

Ocras croide do mhuc do glor
Caiteam i ndiaid run na ndeor,
Gean dod mhatair mhordha seanda
A Donncad uasail oig de Barra.

Cling na marb i mBaile an tSean-duna,
Uaig an ocrais, a beal dearg dunta,
Ocras croide cugainn a leanfaid coidce:
Donncad fe'n gcre is a matair gan saoirse.

DEORAIDE.

MOTHER EIRE TO HER SON.

Because of one whom I may never see
Pass smiling sadly in the drizzling rain,
My aged lids droop still in vacant pain;
His brave kind eyes no more may smile on me.

Erskine, dost thou remember now how we
Held converse on the brink of battle done
In foreign lands, a mother and her son?

My son, my prince! thy haggard face I see,
The firing squad, a light upon the wall,
Smoke wafted on a breeze. And morning broke

Her very heart in tears to see thee fall,
And cried along the windere day awoke:
O fatherland, O friends! Then whispered nigh:

Mother, behold, thy son is passing by.

DEORAIDHE.

all the terms glibly flung about in every debate not one has been so confused as Moral Force.

(To be continued.)

(Continued from page 5.)

"The Irish haven't lost interest in Emmet yet."

"To think what he suffered for Ireland these long years."

"To think of where he could be if he'd done what Cosgrave did."

"And to think where they have him this night. . . . ."

"When, I wonder, will we get poor Mr. Barton back? A terrible loss he is to us in this district: an unknown loss."

"He'll be home again by Christmas, with the help of God."

"Please God, he'll be home."

There was silence then: our minds were all full of the one thought, so that no one spoke.

"A year ago, yesterday," my host said, heavily, at last, and his sister answered:

"God rest his soul."

There was talk then, broken by aching pauses, of Erskine Childers, of his love for Ireland without stint or measure, of his genius, of the rare mingling that was in him of utter truthfulness and superb diplomatic power, and of the rewards he, too, might have won from the world had his thought been spent on himself. And then of his gentleness—the simplicity that left him at the mercy of base enemies, the chivalry that forbade him to defend himself as he might, and how at the end he had stood before them to die—one of the soldiers had said it—"like a pillar of stone."

"He should never have trusted himself walking through these parts," my host said bitterly: "He should have gone to any other house but that. Every man in the glen knows Barton's; they know that house better than I know my own; weren't they housed and hid, sheltered and fed in it, the time of the Black-and-Tans? It was those led the soldiers in."

There is no forgetting—not even in the glens. Black as the loch waters that no sun can lighten is the remembered treachery of these years. There is no forgetting. Ireland can never forget.

". . . . . The ardour that did not fail—
In the wintry rains and snows."

Another verse of the poem is haunting me now, and other memories. . . . Yes, if there is black betrayal there is ardour, too, and heroic beauty, gold as the sunlit trees, pure as the snow, that Ireland will remember as long.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

leaves one wondering where it is all going to end.

IOTA.

True Stories for Children

No. 1.

The Free Staters was so afraid that England was going to bomb Ireland that they cried out:—"Don't hurt us and we'll help you to kill the others."

But they couldn't manage the big, heavy guns themselves, so Englishmen had to work them after all. But they did kill the prisoners themselves. That was quite easy, you see. They killed ever so many of them, much more than the English Black and Tans killed, so they were quite proud of themselves and told the people to choose them for their rulers again. But the Irish people were not sure that they liked prisoners being killed.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

Stories for Children

No. III.

"Poor Paudeen"

Paudeen was in a fix: he promised the people he would never give up the Republic, and then Mr. Churchill made him promise to give it up and the people said—"How dared you make such a promise as that?" So Paudeen said—"Whist now! it'll be all right; when Mr. Churchill has taken his soldiers away I'll break my promise to him and keep my promise to you; we'll have the Republic again."

So when the soldiers were all gone he made an agreement with the people that he wouldn't give the Republic up unless they gave it up themselves. Then Mr. Churchill called Paudeen and said—"How dared you make such a promise as that?" And Paudeen said—"Whist now, wait awhile, 'twas only to keep them quiet, and sure I'll break my promise to them and keep my promise to you." So he made an agreement called a Constitution to give the Repubic up. Then the people said—"How dared you make such a promise as that? We won't have it!" And Paudeen didn't know what to do, so he put a lot of the people in jail. But the others said again—"How dared you make such a promise as that?" So Paudeen said—"Whist now, wait awhile, 'twas only to keep Mr. Churchill quiet, and sure I'll not keep that promise at all." But Mr. Churchill said—"How dare you make such a promise as that?" And he made Paudeen stand up in front of Tim Healy and promise to give the Republic up. And the people said again—"Well, Paudeen, and how dared you make such a promise as that?" So Paudeen said—"Sure I had to make it to get into Parliament, but put me back into Parliament and I'll break it for you the first minute I can."

But the people were sick and tired of Paudeen and they told him to get out of that.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

WHEN WAR IS CRIME.

"The nations will make war a crime," newspaper headings read.

"Making" a thing a crime, if it is not a crime already, should be difficult—but did not England make it a crime, once, for a priest to say Mass?

The Great Nations are in conclave at Geneva: they will declare that war is a crime. They will melt the statues of Napoleon and Wellington and Nelson, maybe, beat their swords into ploughshares and leave their neighbours in peace. They will have songs and poems to forget—What of Kipling's "Recessional" then, with its proudly humble appeal to the British God—

"Under whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine?"

And what, then, of George Washington, and Garibaldi, and William Tell? Must Saint Jeanne Darc be de-canonized and made a heretic again?

Is it the doctrine of *Ahimsâ* that the Nations will embrace—that great doctrine of Ghandi's people, which forbids them to do violence to anything which has life, yet allows most formidable resistance by other means? Or will the world try, at long last, to follow the teaching of Christ? Unless mankind is ready to obey His whole commandment—unless to the robber who takes our coat we give our cloak also—it is vain to call war a crime.

War is the *result* of crime—of crime on both sides, or insane misunderstanding, or of crime on one side and resistance on the other. The man who, when his home is attacked and his children threatened by armed plunderers attempts no defence, is a coward in all men's eyes. The man who, when his country is invaded or occupied by armed plunderers, goes out or rises up against them is called a rebel or traitor if he fails, a patriot if he succeeds.

There are two ways of preventing such wars as these. One is to forbid the threatened people to defend themselves; the other is to forbid the crime. The criminal is the more awe-inspiring figure, and it is a not inexplicable thing that the world, and even churchmen and pacifists are louder in condemnation of the starved, desperate "rebel," battling for his own, half-armed, than of the secure and powerful tyrant who has driven him to desperate means.

This tendency is stronger when the crime is old and the plunderer long established in the enjoyment of his spoil. He holds his subjects down, then, without slaughter, by means of poverty, famine, enforced ignorance, bribery and severity alternated, imprisonments and military displays. He conquers by the shadow of the sword.

Men who rise out then with pikes and shot guns against artillery are "rebels"; they are the aggressors; they are breakers of the King's peace; their leader is a felon, a traitor, an anarchist. He is hated by the tyrant, betrayed by acquiescent and prosperous slaves, hanged or shot for high treason, and remembered by his people with praise and love.

Nothing has ever been said or written—nothing ever can be written or told that will make a generation which has not known it, conceive one hundredth part of the horror of war. Not only the massacre and mutilation of human bodies is a blasphemy, but the mutilation of the mind and spirit of men. The springing love and fellowship towards every man, which is natural in fortunate youth, to be turned into the mood that can kill; the gallant, brotherly impulse to save life, to be turned into a lust for destroying it; the kindliness that would console and heal to be changed into that which wounds; love to be turned into bitterness, sweetness into gall—not all the valour and fortitude war discloses can quite atone for these. The leader who, in however just a cause, leaves untried one possible way to honourable peace, or lets violence run wild, or resorts too hastily to war, does his people hideous wrong; and he who makes a false peace, founded on untruth, not lasting, wrongs the generations unborn.

To imagine and create, in an oppressed nation, the free institutions of their dream: to make them a reality, and be prepared, if necessary, to suffer war in their defence and resist armed aggression in arms—this has been done more than once in the world's history, and the oppressors have called it crime. And they have called themselves—in their wrecking of a nation's hopes, destruction of a people's legislature, and murder of their chosen rulers, they have called themselves the guardians of civilization and upholders of freedom in the world.

War is the inevitable result of crime, and nothing but to forbid the crime will end war. It will not be ended by restricting armaments, or drawing up codes for "civilized warfare," making cruelties illegal, or setting up arbitration courts. A man who is at death grips with his mortal enemy will use whatever weapon he can devise, and a nation will do the same. Though a jury of twelve strong nations forbid a small nation to claim its freedom, that nation will claim it still; for in every generation in every country there are some in whom the passion for freedom burns, an urgent, unquenchable flame. War in a wrong cause will produce brutality always; for a vile cause needs vile men to fight in it, and they will use vile means.

And they will overcome sometimes by superior brutality, a people more scrupulous than themselves.

If men fought from pure and enlightened conviction only, wars would surely end. But while men go to war as mercenaries, taught it is "theirs not to question why," or go to kill men for love of adventure, as they would hunt big game, so long will profiteers and politicians be busy with wars.

This is the most piteous tragedy of it all, that, with a whole tradition of phrases, hypocrisies and illusions, the most atrocious wars of aggression are dignified as chivalrous crusades, so that young, unthinking, generous men go into them and die heroically for an idol which, if they saw it in its naked loathsomeness, they would give their lives to overthrow.

Machiavellian autocrats, illusion-led idealists hunger-conscripts and hired degenerates, all compose the forces that make criminal wars; and there are unthinking men in thousands to whom war seems a natural thing. To such a man it seems natural that he should take what is mine if he is strong enough and I should keep it if I can. He sees the predatory system everywhere among animals, and conceives nothing nobler for men. In international matters he knows no right except might. In his own class, among his own people, he is kindly and chivalrous, but in a conquered country he will cheerfully seize, despoil, burn, imprison, and kill.

He is friendly and tolerant; he bears no malice against the natives he makes war on, and cannot imagine why they should bear any to him. He expects them to take a beating like gentlemen, shake hands and be friends. He will entertain a conquered general with a review of the fleet, or follow a slain enemy to the grave. He celebrates Independence Day and admires Jeanne Darc. He can even, since he fights for no faith, conviction, or principle, help one of the enemy now and then. He marvels at his own Christian magnanimity and at the intolerance of the other side. That they regard him as a criminal never crosses his mind.

He is a criminal. To make or take part in an unjust war is a crime. There is no other sin so frightful. Every thought, word, and deed of it is a crime. Every wound given is a separate cruelty, every capture a separate outrage, every killing a separate murder. Not all the courts-martial, not all the episcopal sanction in the world, can make an execution anything but murder if the cause of war is not just. Each individual soldier is a hired murderer and is answerable for his every deed, and each man or woman who upholds the evil is answerable for all.

War, like all human actions, must be judged by its motive. Whether it is base or noble, criminal or heroic, depends ultimately on motive and nothing else.

Let the League of Nations labour to end war. But let nobody be deceived. While injustice remains on earth, war will remain. Let them set up their Courts of Arbitration and try, fairly and fearlessly, the makers of war. So they might bring peace to a tortured world.

But doing less than justice they will do nothing; yielding to the pride and ambition of old, potent tyrannies, they will fail. To end war, the robber must give up his prey; those who have more than their share of the world must be satisfied with their share; those who dominate weak nations by threats of violence, must put by the sword and the shadow of the sword.

That justice should be served by those who have all to gain by its fulfilment is not enough. Those who have much to lose must say also, "Let justice be done though the skies fall."

These are the words that must be "written in letters of gold in the history of the world" if war is to end. For there can be no justice without freedom, and only where there is justice is there peace.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

PRISONERS AND THE PEOPLE.

A Reply to Mr. O'Higgins.

The answer made by Mr. Kevin O'Higgins to President de Valera's demand for the release of Republican prisoners sentenced by civil courts might have been taken directly from one of Hamar Greenwood's replies to questions during the Tan war. The same mentality is behind both. To Greenwood every Irish soldier who fired upon British troops was a murderer and all who commandeered were thieves. The same Imperial vocabulary must have been among those famous "transferred services."

"CRIME IN IRELAND" AGAIN.

Mr. O'Higgins expresses bewilderment as to which prisoners exactly President de Valera means and gives a list of murderers, robbers, burglars, and sexual criminals, etc., implying that these are the prisoners the President wants released. It is the old Castle trick of publishing the weekly list of I.R.A. activities under the heading "Crime in Ireland," throwing in an odd crime of their own to give the list a truly criminal flavour. As the Castle made the classification it became a question merely of which criminal heading particular acts of patriotism looked best under. Similarly Mr. O'Higgins, having taken Sir Hamar Greenwood's place, has only to decide which I.R.A. activity to class as burglary and which as sexual crime. The resultant list does not deceive the Irish people, it merely disgusts them and brings the administration of justice into the deepest contempt.

Mr. O'Higgins well knows—as every other person in Ireland knows—what prisoners are meant in this demand for release. Indeed, his haste to draw his list of criminals—largely recruited from his own army—across the cases of honourable men imprisoned for righteous acts of national defence shows that he is aware not only of the prisoners indicated but of the justice of the demand to liberate them. Yet in an attempt to win a cheap argumentative victory he is willing to impute to Irishmen, who in the Tan war and in the later defence of the Republic have given all they possessed for freedom—to impute to such men every form of vice and crime. These be our "Christian rulers!"

"DUPES" AND LEADERS.

At the same time Mr. O'Higgins and his colleagues lack both courage and consistency. The Chief of Staff last January, the President last week, and every local O/C at the time of the various trials, have accepted, publicly and openly, responsibility for the acts now called criminal. The Chief of Staff declared:—

"The commandeering of supplies, billeting in private houses and the searching of Free State civilian despatch couriers were legitimate acts of war in consonance with the rules of war and the General Headquarters of the Republican Army accepted full responsibility."

President de Valera endorsed this with the phrase:—

"It is a shame that I should be free and able to talk to you here to-night—let them arrest me if they want to—when individual soldiers are pining in prison."

Yet despite the fact that one of the lynchpins of Free State war propaganda was the pretence that the President and the other Republican leaders and general officers were the "criminals" and all others were merely "dupes," those who accept this ultimate responsibility are free while the men who carried out those necessary acts of war are branded and treated as convicts. As in Hamar Greenwood's day, so now, the nation is not affected by this alien and spiteful injustice. To the common people of Ireland, the great mass of citizens who have neither been bought nor sold, the names of such men as Bob Lambert, Martin Kyne, Seamus Lennon, Tom Ruane and all the others will be names of men all the more beloved and respected because the proven enemies of national liberty are so bitterly their enemies also.

PRISONERS' DEPENDENTS' FUND.

Any other body of men than the present "Governors" of the Free State would long ago have been glutted with the suffering they had inflicted. In his speech at St. Enda's recently the President mentioned that the Prisoners' Dependants' Fund Committee had collected and expended £80,000—£55,000 collected in America and £25,000 from other sources. Persons who do not understand the magnitude of distress that had to be alleviated cannot understand how little £80,000 was. A comparison may help to make clear. The Irish White Cross expended up to August 31st, 1922, £1,351,069 on prisoners dependents and war victims who were but half as numerous. In the British time there were 7,000 prisoners. In the last war there were 15,000. Of these 15,000, approximately 10,000 had dependents and, averaging the dependents at 2 per prisoner, there were 20,000 persons to be provided for. The majority of the prisoners were in jail for over 12 months so that £80,000 had to support 20,000 people for one year. To give these dependents a bare subsistence on a £1 a week would have absorbed in a year £1,040,000. There was not a half of that sum available; there was not a tenth of it available. Out of the £80,000 only the needier cases could be catered for, and often to the extent only of 4/- a week!!

UNEMPLOYMENT AND RECONSTRUCTION.

Nor is the suffering of prisoners yet over; or the needless pain and poverty inflicted on their wives and children that an empire might live. In Dublin alone 400 ex-prisoners are unemployed and of these 300 are practically destitute. Thus the Dependents' Fund in Dublin alone is faced with a problem requiring at the lowest £600 a week. And there is a total sum of £20 to meet this situation!

It has persistently been the desire of the Prisoners' Dependents' Fund Committee to use their moneys for reconstruction—that is for setting men permanently on their feet rather than giving them weekly allowances. But never at any period has this been possible. For every £1 that became available there was urgent need in twenty different homes!

The only contribution Mr. O'Higgins' merciful mind can supply to the solving of this problem is his indecent pretence to be unable to distinguish Irish soldiers of freedom from social outcasts and pariahs. Truly a British Minister of Justice!

What an Irish Daily Press will do for Ireland.

The attitude of a good many Republicans towards the announcement that a really National Daily Paper is presently to be an accomplished fact, is one of almost incredulous delight, as towards something which they consider too good to be true.

They are hardly to be blamed. The need for such a paper has existed so long that numbers of people have naturally come to regard it as one of those needs eternally pressing but never to be supplied, like a crimeless city, or an altruistic British Cabinet. A paper—a newspaper in the fullest and widest sense of the term, which would truly and boldly express the National spirit, which would be free from the huxtering compromises of the timeserver and the blighting corruption of wealthy reaction, which would not be a pale copy or a diminished echo of the English Press—it seemed a splendid but impossible ideal. This doubt, honest though it may be, is yet a survival and an expression of that National diffidence, that lack of self-confidence, which has brought so many evils upon Ireland. If the ideal has been and is a splendid one, if the lack of such a National organ has been and is a reproach and a disaster to the Nation, the obvious course for a fighting and revolutionary generation is to supply the need and remove the reproach. That course is being taken, and the difficulties which formerly seemed insuperable will, like so many other difficulties which have been overcome by faith and courage in our own time, disappear when faced with confidence and the determination to overcome them.

One of the essential things for a Nation defending its honour or asserting its independence is that it should be articulate. Its authentic voice, uttering the principles by which it exists and upon which it acts, must be heard clearly and truly amid the babel of catchcries, accusations, abuse and irrelevancies with which its enemies and false friends will seek to delude the world. Modern nations speak thus through their Press, and most loudly and insistently through their daily Press. There are few countries, however small, in the civilised world, which have not daily papers to reflect the attitude and record the activities of the Nation. In addition, they have frequently imposed upon them some daily organ or organs which, subsidised or otherwise influenced by foreign interests, place those interests before the welfare of the country in which they appear. But—and it is important to remember this—such papers are not recognised by free peoples as belonging to their national Press; they are regarded with contempt as agents of unnational or anti-national intrigue, and in times of crisis are treated as such. Our unhappy lot in Ireland hitherto has been that our daily Press has consisted exclusively of papers which come in the latter category. They have been the rule rather than the despised exception. It is not necessary, at this point, to go into detail or recall instances to show how completely and constantly the Irish daily papers have failed in their duty to the Nation; how consistently they have served the interests of an alien imperialism at the expense of their country's honour and its people's welfare. Virtually the whole Nation recognises that this is true to the degree that we have no daily Press deserving the name National. The whole Nation has not yet, however, realised to the full the enormous difference that the possession of even one loyally and truly Irish daily newspaper would have made in its recent history. It will only do so when it has the opportunity of comparing such a paper with the Press it has suffered for years, of learning from actual experience what such a paper can be and can achieve on its behalf.

What will it be and what will it achieve?

In the very first place, it will perform that essential function which we mentioned above: it will make the Nation articulate. Deriving its inspiration solely from National sources, and its support from the faithful masses of the Irish people, it will not be subject to the deadly influence of external political and commercial entanglements, and will be free to speak the real mind of the people. It will thus render impossible the recurrence of such wholesale misrepresentation of the National position, such bewilderment of the people by false issues and misleading information as took place in 1914, 1916, 1918, and from 1921 to the present—to mention only the most recent glaring instances. It will provide a means of expression to set the country right with itself and with the outside world.

It is not only in times of crisis, or in preparation for them, that the National Daily paper will render immense service to the country. During every day of its existence it will find numerous opportunities of expounding the lessons and warnings conveyed by current events—opportunities at present continually overlooked or mishandled. Apart from the higher issues of Government and politics, there is not one phase of the National existence, economic, commercial, cultural, which will not derive constant information and benefit by its close and expert daily attention to the people's needs. As the Promoters have stated in their first circular, it will help to achieve our unity and independence; to re-establish and consolidate our Gaelic civilisation; to give expression in all affairs to the real voice of Ireland; to supply a well-informed foreign news service, not merely that of imperialist Press agencies; to end bitterness and strife and restore stability and ordered conditions throughout the country.

Consider the wonderful and inspiring possibilities contained in that programme. We shall have a daily paper which, while providing a full and trustworthy service in all branches of the day's news, will deal with our language, native culture, education, science, art, music, literature, agriculture, industry and commerce, reconstruction, civic affairs, public health, transport, foreign affairs, athletics and sport—all from the standpoint of the true interests, moral, mental and material, of the Nation as a whole.

Sinn Féin

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IN REBEL CORK

Cork, we had been told in Dublin, was no longer a rebel city; it had grown weary at last and acquiescent; De Valera would find few to welcome him there.

But a year had passed since this prophet was in Cork—a year in which Ireland's history has been written in invisible fire.

Like a crystal-gazer waiting for the bright images to form, one must look into memory for a record of that welcome, until, out of the swirling chaos of sound and movement and colour, in which night is as wakeful as day-light and time goes astray, the crowded scenes emerge.

. . . . .

Cork city at night: along its wide streets and bridges and steep hill-roads the lamps are lighted; the river is fretted with silver by the full moon. Along the streets an army is marching—an army of men, four abreast, and an army of women; a fife and drum band, in green kilts and saffron, fills the night with the tune of "The Soldier's Song"; the people—uncountable multitudes, moving in a dark mass on either side, break into confused snatches of song—"The Legion of the Rearguard" is lost in "The Men of the Cork Brigade," then the pipes prevail with "The Soldier's Song" again.

People are leaning from the windows; at every turn of the winding streets a great burst of cheering welcomes the President's car; the marching ranks are broken through by old and young rushing to shake his hand. "We have him again!" old men are saying in tremulous voices—"We have him again." A young man suddenly flings out his arms and cries, "We're winning! We're winning!" like one awakening from a nightmare at dawn.

It is a laughing, exhausted, dishevelled President who is dragged at length into the refuge of the hotel.

A dinner, given by the Lord Mayor, refreshes the tired travellers—*then out* again, long after midnight, to the Ceilidhe that is being held by Cumann na mBan. An hour at the Ceidlidhe, where friend meets prison-friend again and boys and girls who have suffered their share for the Republic chatter and dance the more light-heartedly for that, and where President de Valera is welcomed as Emmet might be if he came to Young Ireland from the dead.

The night air was sweet and fragrant as we drove down again to the city. The soft, white mist that lay over the river, and the soft, white clouds that lay over the moon, and the stark, delicate trees on the hill-sides had the stillness of a Japanese print.

It was time for sleep.

Sunday morning was blue and sunny in Cork; the clean, airy city was full of September at its sweetest—a little rust on the leaves and red on the creepers, warmth in the sun and a quickening chill in the air.

The President went, after Mass, to the Cemetery to lay a wreath on the Republican graves.

. . . "Pity the man that perishes in the tempest, for after the rain comes sunshine," . . . It is at these times the heart aches for the dead.

No burial place could be more peaceful than this Republican Plot, green and high, looking over a wide plain: a space of sunlight circled by shadowing trees.

Members of Cumann na mBan stood under the trees—a guard of honour. The pipers passed round slowly, at the head of the procession of Volunteers. The pipes were playing "Wrap the Green Flag Round Me"—the strange war-song of a nation of whom it is written, "They went out to battle, but they always fell."

Lord Mayor MacCurtain's grave and Terence MacSwiney's and Denis Barry's lie side by side—three green mounds such as the old warriors raised for their dead. The Stars and Stripes marked where Joe Murphy lay. It was a long Roll of Honour that the President read.

He laid down a great laurel wreath then, in the centre, and the bugler sounded the Last Post. As the strong clear notes of it rang over the plain it sounded more a *Reveille* to the living than a farewell to the dead. . . .

They had heard the *Reveille*—the Volunteers and the people who marched past, leaving the graves of their comrades, with proud, resolute faces, while the President stood to take the salute.

"The forces of freedom are on the march again," President de Valera said, speaking in the afternoon, and he quoted the Irish proverb which he never forgets: Más cam díreach an bóthar sé an tslighe mór an ait gion—"Whether it looks straight or winding, the open road is the shortest way."

It must be that the people of Ireland have learnt the truth of it in the last year, for, out of the boggy bye-roads where they have been stumbling, they are streaming back to the high-road again.

The throng was immense, heedlessly eager, merciless. There was an indescribable turmoil when the President came down. Of all those thousands, every one pressed and clambered to wring his hand.

"I think all you are wanting," someone protested, "is relics of him to bring home!"

"And sure, isn't he worth it all?" was the unanswerable retort.

"Be patient with us," a woman pleaded. "You don't know what it means to us to see him again."

The tumult was over at last, and then came a restful and happy reception at Miss MacSwiney's house.

"It is like a children's party," the guests laughed delightedly, as they sat down at the long tables, gay with grapes and oranges, trifles and jellies, in a room hung with chinese lanterns and bright with flowers.

Something of the happy excitement of a children's party seemed to come over the re-union of Republicans. There was Irish music at intervals and lovely traditional songs; a present was entrusted to the Chief for Mrs. de Valera; he spoke in Irish and then told us, in English, some facts about the Treaty negotiations which the Free State had concealed. Talk began again after that, and it was three o'clock in the morning before anyone thought of going home.

For Monday morning a cruise round the harbour had been arranged. The day was cold, grey, and windy, but the party set out, nevertheless. At the quay-side at Blackrock, among the derelict, skeleton ships and the fishing nets, stood a dozen wondering lookers-on.

Rain came down on the boat and the spray broke over it, but nobody heeded the weather and all was well. They passed the strand where the Free State troops landed to force their way into Cork, and could see on a hill a white cross that marked the scene of an ambush. At Cobh there were tenders waiting to take emigrants to the ships. Spike Island, scene of perils, escapes, and tragedies, was passed, and Haulbowline, where Free State soldiers leaned over the quay wall. The red ensign flew from the masts of ships. But the Castle hoisted the tricolour as the President's boat passed.

Cork is a rebel city still. It was with laughing recollections of the foreboding of our Dublin pessimist that we travelled home again, and with wondering thought of the miracle that had been worked in a little year.

How swiftly, amazingly, in Ireland, the harvest of sacrifice ripens! How the Last Post, ere its notes have died away in the Valley of the Shadow, comes echoing as *Reveille* from the hills.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

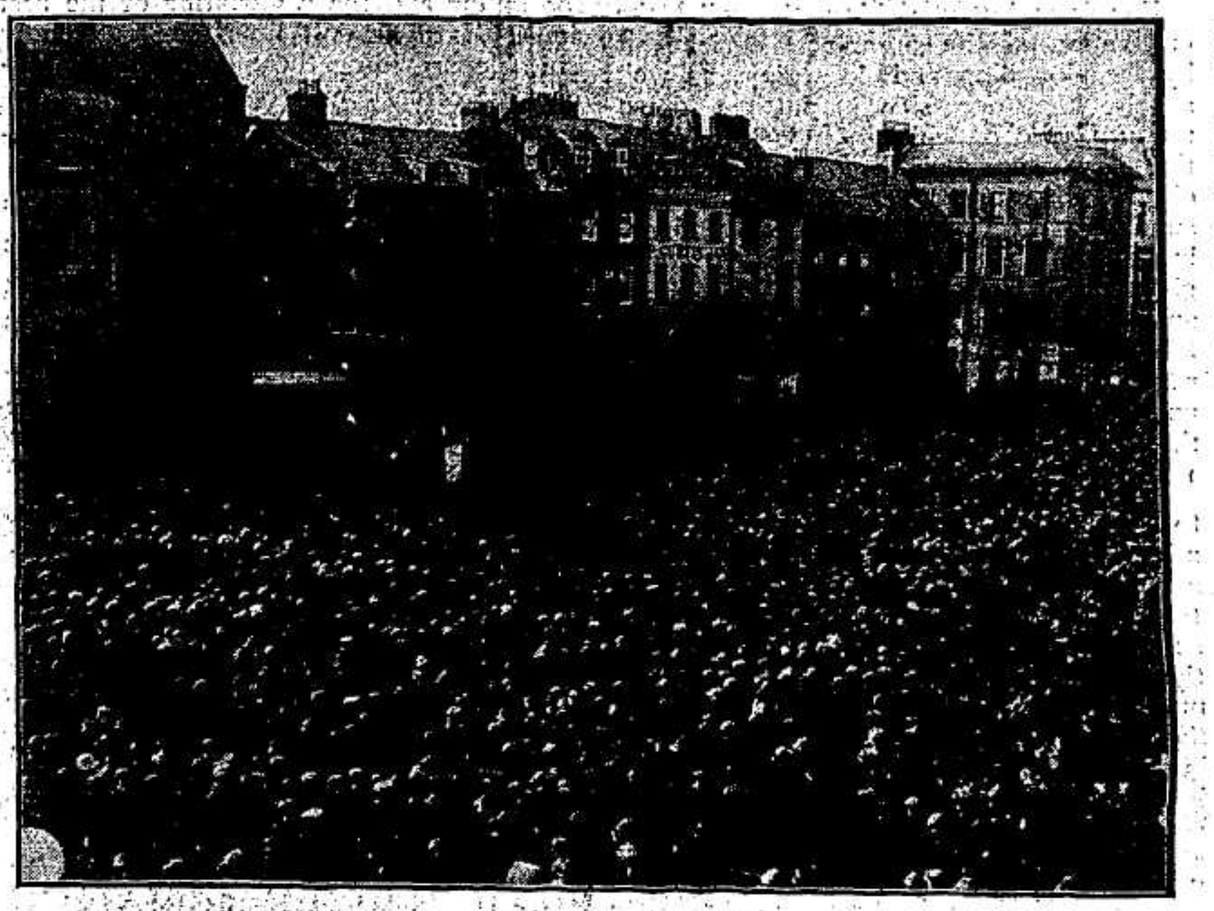

Photo by J. F. Smart, Dublin

THE PRESIDENT'S MEETING IN CORK

President de Valera's Speech at Cork

September 14, 1924

THE PACT.

As Miss MacSwiney has told you, the last time I addressed the people of Cork was on the occasion of what we call the Pact Election. I must confess that it was with a rather heavy heart that I spoke here on that occasion. I understood quite well how great were the temptations to turn in the direction of seeming ease and seeming peace, and how hard it was for some to take the advice we gave them. As far as we were concerned that was honest advice. We did not like that Pact—because there were dangers in it from the Republican point of view, the point of view of securing the complete freedom of our country—we had really no love for it, but there was an overwhelming reason why we should have it, and that reason was that it was the only possible way by which we could bring the people of Ireland to unity again.

WE kept that Pact. It was broken by Britain's orders. From the first day I met Mr. Lloyd George personally I became convinced that though he might make peace, if he was not able to do anything else, what he really wanted to do was to break the solidarity of this Nation. And that was the course he took. He started first to break this Nation by dividing it into Catholic and Protestant, North and South, and then seeing that he was not succeeding altogether to his liking in that, because he was unable to get his Southern Parliament to work, he said, "We must divide the South, too." That was his object, and many a time when I could have said effective things against the Treaty in the way of attack upon our opponents, I refrained because I did not want to play his game and widen the breach. Sometimes I think that I may have injured the cause of the Republic by thus refraining, but I wanted to do everything possible to get the two sections that the Republican movement was divided into to come back together again. The Pact was designed for that purpose. Both the signatories to that Pact, I firmly believe, intended to keep it till the British stepped in and said that it should be broken. If you go back in memory on the events from the time the so-called Treaty was signed you will notice that on every occasion in which there was a movement for re-uniting the Republican forces England stepped in and said, "This union must not take place." It happened after the Ard Fheis of February, 1922, again in the case of the Pact, and finally in the attack upon the Four Courts.

THE ART OF DELUDING NATIONS.

Don't forget, then, that it is England's hand, or rather the hand of designing English politicians—that is behind this division in our ranks. They have intrigued for this steadily. Before I went over to see Mr. Lloyd George, I took certain precautions. One was to go over in my own mind every case I knew of where Irish leaders had been tricked by England. I remember reading—some of you may have the book—on page 33 of Arthur Griffith's book, "The Resurrection of Hungary," the following: It is a footnote commenting on the failure of Austria to conciliate Hungary:—

"The London 'Times,' censuring the Austrian Government for mismanagement, explained the art of deluding nations and seducing their leaders as practised by England. In the present day the Irish people have seen the process successfully worked on the leaders of the Irish Parliamentary Party. On August 29, 1861, the 'Times' wrote in its leading article:—

"'An English Premier, under the circumstances, would have sent for M. Deak in old times the Sovereign would have 'closeted' him. The leader of the Hungarian Diet would have been reasoned with if he was sensible, flattered if he was vain, cajoled if he was weak. . . . That may seem a shabby and undignified way of proceeding, but it is the way in which such things are done. The history of our own Unions is full of crudities which detract rather largely from the grandeur of the transactions. We hardly know any cases in which it is so unsafe to look behind the scenes. But the acts were accomplished—accomplished without illegality or violence, and perhaps by the best means available at the time. At any rate, the end was ensured, and we are now reaping the benefit of the measures. But how different has been the course of the Austrian Minister!'"

You will admit, I think, that that was a rather useful note to have in my pocket or in the back of my head going to meet Mr. Lloyd George. (Laughter.)

THE FREE STATE IS GOING TO BE CHEATED.

Reference has been made by Miss MacSwiney also to Englich trickery. We hear about a Boundary Commission which is going to delimit or rather to rectify—I think that is the word—a certain Boundary. Well, I can tell you this—that the Free State ought to have a bundle of letters which would show very clearly what Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Birkenhead and the others represented as being their minds at the time of the negotiations. I have refrained for a long time from publishing any of these negotiation documents. We, of course, are not interested in that Boundary Commission, except as I said in Dundalk to the extent that everybody is interested in everything that has a bearing on the future of his country, for whether they rectify the "Boundary" or whatever else they do with it, there will be no Boundary for us. (Cheers.) The British have at present the poor Free State people in this way: whether they have a Boundary Commission or not they are going to be cheated. The British have arranged for three lines of retreat in that Boundary Clause. I could almost tell you who designed and drafted that Clause, I think. I would not be surprised at all if it were the man who, when he had written out that famous oath of allegiance, admired his own handiwork as the greatest piece of prevarication in history. They are both of a piece.

(Continued on page 5.)

cú ulaḋ.

Prayer for the Safety of a Little Boat

Now Mary, Star of the Sea, look to us,

And let the Angels of Heaven and the Archangels

Leave away their harps and give over singing

And lend the power of their miraculous hands

To be keeping the waves low and the wind quiet,

To be holding safety over this little boat;

For the dream of a people, the end of a long sorrow,

The promise of joy seven hundred years coming,

Is travelling in it this day.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

September 15th.

Manufacture," and that as soon as we came to know each other better there would be no more difficulties.

The picture of Lord Carson and Sir James Craig, loyal citizens of the Republic outvieing with the usual zeal of the convert, the elder Republicans in their work for our common country, tickled the audience. The Republicans will not fight the North—unless the North tries to begin; they do not deny that they have the right to take even Abraham Lincoln's line against Partition if expedient and necessary; but "a Mother does not go to war with a rebellious and stubborn child." "She puts her naughty child in the corner perhaps, or isolates him and deprives him of some of the privileges which would be his if he were good." And we began to ask ourselves: how "Ulster" might "be put in a corner" by Mother Eire.

Armagh has wakened up, and Armagh is going to work and to do its best to return Dr. McKee at the head of the Poll.

It was a great day, and now we hear that the President himself is coming North and will take Armagh in his tour. Surely, Armagh must work well not to disappoint him.

Three Northern Homes

For a lover of trees and the wild, wet colours of Ireland there is joy in October, travelling through Tyrone. The wide land rolls away, green and tawny, in mounds and ridges and hollows to far blue hills. Moorland, red-brown with myrtle, flows into emerald pasture, then a desolate stretch of bogland comes, with its rich black pyramids of cut turf. In the low fields haystacks are standing in deep water with sea-gulls flying and floating between. In blue-shadowed groves of old fir-trees spring young saplings of ash, their scarlet berries smouldering through the gloom. Villages that are long, irregular rows of painted houses, edging wide roads, straggle up little hills, and in between the houses are golden trees, and there are trees along all the roadsides and in the fields. They are losing their leaves in the wind and taking every day more marvellous colours, orange and amber and crimson, bronze and vermilion and flame, the beech-trees burning like sunset clouds. . . . "A land worth fighting for!" as the English say. "Worth fighting for," the Irish have said, too.

But the Irish—those who dare to lay claim to Ireland—are poor and troubled in this goodly land.

* * *

I came to a riverside village whose name I remembered vaguely—I had heard it in Mountjoy; then I remembered Nelly and found out the pleasant farmhouse that is her home. Nelly was very busy, for her mother, long years a widow, is an invalid now, and they were alone. I was anxious to hear how things had gone with them since Nelly's release, for I knew life had gone hardly before that.

Their house is just on the Northern side of the river and just across the river, in the "Free State," Nelly's brothers had been on guard. I knew how David, coming home one day over the bridge had been arrested by specials, and had escaped from the barracks and made his way into the Free State and been arrested and imprisoned there. Then Nelly, travelling in the Free State, had been arrested and taken to Mountjoy, and how Michael was captured then and the brothers were on hunger-strike together in Tintown Camp. Nelly, when she came home at last found her mother broken down: the house had been fired into and the hay burnt.

They told me the rest. Michael and David were released at last and the mother had her children at home. One evening, at about five o'clock, an officer of the Specials called with an official order: Michael and David and Nelly were forbidden to reside in the Six Counties: on pain of immediate arrest they must be beyond the boundary before curfew that night.

They made the last day together as long as they dared, then, at nightfall, the brothers and sisters, taking what necessaries they could carry, crossed the bridge to seek shelter in the Free State, leaving their mother alone.

Word came to them, in the sad days after, that she was ill. They could go to the river bank and look across at their home, but she could not come to the door to wave to them, and they dared not pass the bridge.

It was on conditions too insufferable to bear telling that Nelly had been allowed, at last, to return: nothing but anxiety and pity for her sick mother could have made her consent to them. They dared not, they told me, be suspected of communicating with Republican friends. They dared not let me come to their house again.

Mrs. MacRory is the mother of five sons, all good Irishmen, and that is to be the mother of many sorrows in the little town where she lives. During 1920 the busy little house and shop were raided again and again. In August the first blow fell—Liam was arrested on an alarming charge—the murder of D. I. Swansea. He was sent to Belfast Jail, but there was no ground for the charge against him, and he was never tried: he was interned in Ballykinlar.

While Liam was in Ballykinlar his brother Pat was in Glasgow. Terrible news came of him: he, too, had been charged with murder—he has forgotten the name of the man he was said to have killed. He, too, was imprisoned, but never tried.

They were both released during the Truce, and one night, in January, 1922, there were five of them round the fire. Specials came and arrested Barney and Mick. They were charged with being in possession of ammunition. They were told, afterwards, that the charge against them had been withdrawn; nevertheless, they were imprisoned in Belfast and then in Larne.

Larne Workhouse is cold and damp; through the broken windows the rain drives in; often the prisoners have to sleep on wet mattresses in an icy wind. Barney, a delicate boy, became very ill: it must have been rheumatic fever: he was unable to use his limbs: his fellow-prisoners had to lift him out of his bed. The prison doctor gave him two pills, and after seven days visited him again. "I should be in hospital," Barney said. A threat of punishment for "insubordination," was the reply.

He was transferred at last to Belfast Jail, where he lay in an ordinary cell alone, for three months. Each week the pain and exhaustion grew worse; each week the doctor and the jailors urged him to appeal before the Commissioner and offer bail; each week he refused. He was unconditionally released, a cripple, just in time to save his life.

Raids on the house continued: in May, 1923, it was Liam's turn again. Raiders came at midnight, arrested him, and asked for the youngest, Jo. He was out: they knew well where to get him, they said, and took Liam away.

It was curfew time: impossible to send a warning to Jo. At dawn the mother stood at her door, watching, and saw him led down the street, under arrest.

Liam and Mick are prisoners still in Belfast; Jo is in Derry Jail. No charge has been made against any of the three: they are prisoners because they are Irishmen and will swear no allegiance to England's King.

* * *

Two years and a half ago I was in Downpatrick, enquiring for Erskine Childers into the effects of the pogrom there. No one whom I visited then remains so vividly in my mind as Mrs. Blayney—her grief and thankfulness, her dread and trust were so strangely mingled and so intense. Seumas, her only boy, had been captured in a field, made to stand with his hands up and shot while so standing, in the head. He had been kicked, then, and left so long bleeding that he nearly died. He was a prisoner in the county infirmary, hanging between life—life in prison—and death.

"But he will live!" his mother cried to me passionately. "God is stronger than the devil, and he will live!"

I read in the newspapers a little while later that a prisoner named Blayney had been "kidnapped" and recaptured in a boat in Carlingford Loch.

In Downpatrick, when I asked for him, a week ago, they told me that he was dead.

Pitiful ill-luck and most pitiless cruelty followed him, it seems.

Recovering from his wound in the Infirmary, so great a dread of prison came over him that he begged his friends to take him away. One Sunday morning some of the Volunteers succeeded in carrying him off, wrapped in sheets and blankets, in a motor. There was an accident and they were all flung out on the road.

Seumas declared he was none the worse and they carried him to a friendly house. But his flight was discovered and the broken car, and the hunt was up for him before night. He had to be carried out of the house in blankets and put to lie in the shelter of a ditch. His comrades meanwhile secured a motor boat and they took him away by sea.

They were near Greenore, near land and safety, when the engine broke down and the boat began to drift back. It drifted to Portaferry—enemy ground: Seumas was concealed in a house again.

Desperate now, the Volunteers commandeered the first motor boat they could find. Four men manned it, while another, in a small boat towed behind, took care of the suffering boy.

In the dark of night they went out over Carlingford Loch, but information had been given and they were pursued. Specials in a swifter boat overhauled them and fired a bullet through the boat in which Seumas lay. He was captured and taken to Belfast Jail.

His wound was serious: again and again he was urged to sign the undertaking, and refused. He would go out a free man or a dead man with no lie on his soul. He became desperately ill. An eminent surgeon operated but the operation failed. His mother was sent for at last to take him home, unconditionally released.

She could hardly understand her boy when she saw him: he seemed unwilling to come.

"I'd rather stay a wee while longer," he said.

His mother implored him to come with her.

"You don't know all that's wrong with me," he said, troubled. "How will you work with me at all?"

"The Sacred Heart will help me, son," she answered, and the doctors persuaded him to go.

"You'll not be afraid of me, mother," the boy kept asking anxiously, "when I take a turn?"

It came very soon: a terrible epileptic fit. She had seen nothing like it before, and could only hold him and talk to him lovingly and say the Rosary by his bed.

He spoke to her comfortingly when he recovered. "I was not bad this time," he said; "there was nobody to say Rosaries for me there; they would stand grinning at me and telling me to stop twisting my face."

His father gave up his work and stayed near Seumas night and day. The fits grew less exhausting after a while, but he had to be kept very quiet and told nothing that could excite him at all.

The newspapers were kept from him on the eighth of December, but a friend came to visit him that night. When the friend had gone they heard him sobbing passionately—he had been told of the executions in Mountjoy. All night they were trying to comfort him, but in vain; in the morning a fit, more appalling than any before, seized him and in a little while he was dead.

"They murdered him," his mother said to me stonily. "They shot him with his hands up and they kept him in prison till he was dying. Doesn't it make you wonder what God will do?"

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

(NOTE.—For the safety of the people concerned, it has been thought advisable to alter the names in the first and second sketch.)

BELFAST IN 1792

"Drums beating, colours flying, and all the honours of war."

Belfast is en fête this 14th July, 1792. "This day dear to every heart that has once felt the consoling and dignifying throb of Liberty and pleasing to every mind that has been lifted above the debasement of Tyranny and Despotism by a love of JUSTICE AND VIRTUE—this day, the anniversary of the 14th July, 1789, when Despotic Government in France received the fiat of expulsion, was observed here with every demonstration of joy suitable to the consequence and solemnity of the GREAT OCCASION."

Since April the Belfast Volunteers have been preparing for "this day." On April 10th was held a meeting of delegates at which it was decided that Belfast should celebrate in proper manner the overthrow of tyranny in France. The call was sent out to Belfast and the surrounding districts. On that night three Belfast regiments of Volunteers handed in their names. On May 16th Larne gave the lead to the country districts. A company of Volunteers was formed. 40 had already joined up and double that number would take part in the July demonstration. On May 13th, the Muckamore Fusileers had signified their intention to be present. Ballynahinch, Downpatrick, Carrickfergus soon followed. "Ca ira, ca ira." By July 7th all was in readiness. Eleven companies from Belfast, from South Antrim, and from North and East Down. North Antrim was holding its own Review at Ballymoney, South Down at Newry.

On July 7th, the orders of the day are issued. All companies to be in town in time to assemble in High Street "precisely at 9 o'clock." Badges are ready, silver on the National colours, to be obtained at the booksellers and of all leading haberdashers, and one is not surprised to learn also at "Sam Neilson's, in Parade" There are to be no bonfires, illuminations, nor "such silly demonstrations of joy," which would, in our opinion, tend to lessen that majestic solemnity with which we mean to celebrate the EMANCIPATION OF TWENTY-FIVE MILLIONS OF OUR FELLOW-BEINGS"

Organisation and enthusiasm have gone apace, as witness this notice posted on a house in Mallushi.—"All spirited persons who approve of the French Revolution and rejoice in the demolition of despotism, are entreated to assemble at the Trench, Mallushi on the morning of Saturday 14th of this inst. July, with each a green cockade, for the purpose of proceeding to Belfast to join in the celebration of the Glorious Revolution of France, which is to take place that day. The company, attended with music, will leave the Trench exactly at 6 o'clock. Trench, July 5th, 1792.

N.B.—It would be deemed an insult to your understanding as well as to your knowledge, to enumerate reasons to excite your attendance on that day; let it suffice, therefore, that you are called upon to rejoice in and shew your approbation of the EMANCIPATION OF TWENTY-FIVE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, from a state of the most abject slavery, who, by their own efforts, have raised themselves to LIBERTY, in the highest and most emphatic sense of the word."

Evidently it is true that "the principles of liberty are making rapid progress and are as well understood in the country as *in this town.*"

It is Saturday morning, and "drums beating, colours flying, and all the honours of war." The Companies are lined up in High Street, "their right to the old bank, their left to the quay"—upwards of 700 men in their bright scarlet or blue uniforms. The infantry is formed into three battalions with their field pieces—"brass six-pounders," and march to the huzzahs of the citizens to the review ground. At 11 o'clock "the discharge of cannon told the approach of the General, John Crawford of Crawfords-Burn, attended by the Belfast Volunteer Company of Light Dragoons."

Important visitors from Dublin are present. During the Review they hold "a council of war in a potato field." Two addresses are to be read later in the day, and one of them has given rise to some controversy. It demands the extension of all rights to Irishmen of all denominations, and the more timid—amongst them some of the Catholics, on whose behalf it was written—fearful that it should not be endorsed, are inclined to withdraw the offending paragraph. But, Mr. Sinclair, of Belfast, and the writer of the address, "that able and steady friend to the interests of Ireland, Mr. Hutton," carry the day with Mr. Sinclair's argument. "Unanimity was a good thing in itself, but much more essentially as it was a means of promoting good principles; *if, however, the principle must be renounced, to procure unanimity, it was not worth buying at that price.*" So the controversial paragraph will stand for the approval or condemnation of Antrim and Down.

After the Review the "Grand Procession" is formed.

The Reviewing General (preceded by two troopers) and followed by the Belfast Troop of Light Dragoons. The Commanding Officer and his aide-de-camps. The train of the Belfast First Volunteer Company. The standards of the FIVE FREE NATIONS, with their respective mottoes, "borne by boys dressed in the NATIONAL UNIFORM OF IRELAND with blue sashes." Portrait of Dr. Franklin, with the motto: "Where Liberty is there is my country." Portrait of Monsieur Mirabeau. "Can the African slave trade be morally wrong and politically right?" Part of the Brigade. The Grand Standard," supported by Volunteers elevated in an triumphal car." Part of the Brigade.

"The citizens in pairs and people of the neighbourhood for several miles around with green ribbons and laurel leaves in their hair. One hundred and eighty of the most respectable inhabitants from the parishes of Carnmoney and Templepatrick, joined in the procession. They bore a flag with the following mottoes: "Our Gallic brother was born, July 14th, 1789, alas, we are still in embryo." Reverse: "*Superstitious jealousy the cause of the Irish Bastile. Let us unite to destroy it.*"

"In this manner the procession passed through the principal streets of the town and proceeded to Linen Hall Street (now Donegall Place) where the whole fired three feu de joies and then entered the White Linen Hall (now the City Hall) where a chair was raised in the centre of the hall, and round which the Volunteers and principal inhabitants assembled to the number of 5,000 at least. Amongst whom an elegant group of the fair sex were conspicuous."

It had been found necessary to place a guard at the entrance of the hall to prevent the crowd from impeding the march of the Volunteers. The guard was now withdrawn, the gates thrown open, and a crowded hall waits breathless to hear the address by Dr. Drennan to the National Assembly of France and the "*Address to the People of Ireland,*" by an interested spectator of the days events—*Theobald Wolfe Tone.*

K.

BOYCOTT INDIRECT IMPORTS

Irish Imports Controlled by British Profiteers.

English intermediaries exercise an almost complete control of Ireland's import and export trade with other countries. This unhealthy dependence on the foreign intermediary has developed into a system which leaves Ireland's economic interests at the tender mercy of her enemy. The French exporter ships goods to England; the English intermediary adds his commission to the price and sends on part of these goods to Ireland. The French exporter and the Irish customer are complete strangers to each other, whilst benevolent John Bull, the "generous friend" of each of them, earns a handsome living out of the industry of the one and the need of the other. I am told, for instance, that Dr. Faivre's tabloids, manufactured in Lyons, and exported to Ireland *via* London, are sold in Dublin at 3/–, which is nearly 200 per cent. higher than the price in Paris; the London agent must be a prosperous man; the Lyons firm is perhaps managed by philanthropists but, as likely as not, it is ignorant of the fact that it has any Irish customers; as for the Irish purchaser, well, perhaps he does not yet realise how he is being robbed.

Irish Exports Controlled by British Firms.

Irish exports to France and other countries are likewise controlled by English intermediaries; an important Munster firm asked me some time ago for the names of French importers of bran and pollards, and, at the same time, informed me that Irish mills were in the habit of exporting their surplus mill offals to the Continent *via* English and Scotch firms of middlemen. Irish potatoes and oats have been sold in France by English firms, and the same remark is true in the case of homespuns and other goods. The consequences of this indirect trade are as follows:—

The Economic Penalties.

1. The intermediaries being domiciled in Britain, the commission collected by them is spent in Britain, and not in Ireland or in France.

2. Shipments are made *via* British ports, and not direct between Ireland and France.

3. The establishment of an Irish mercantile marine is thereby rendered almost impossible.

4. The French exporter underestimates the importance of the Irish market, his sales there being in most cases unknown to him. Similarly the Irish exporter looks upon the British intermediary as being his real customer.

Lack of Information by Continental Firms.

Continental firms are in the habit of appointing agents for the "British Isles" or the "United Kingdom." Contracts are made which are generally on a yearly basis. The British representatives appoint sub-agents in Ireland. Most of these sub-agents are Belfast firms.

If the continental manufacturers are approached and reminded that with direct agents in Ireland their business would be increased, they generally reply that they are bound by contract with London firms; that in any case they have been in friendly terms with latter for many years and would not care to upset them by making new arrangements; that their trade with Ireland must necessarily be very small as compared with the sales effected by their agent in Britain and the British Colonies and that the Irish people are apparently perfectly satisfied to deal with sub agents appointed from London.

It is quite true that the continental manufacturers are neglecting their own interests in not attaching more importance to direct trade with Ireland and with England's Colonies. They seem to overlook the fact that English manufacturers so frequently manoeuvre to get foreign rivals to appoint certain agents, who make it their business to keep down the sales of these rival firms as far as possible. We are not, however, concerned with the interests of these short-sighted manufacturers, but with the economic needs of Ireland, and our big need is direct trade. No goods should be imported into Ireland unless accompanied by a certificate of origin, and all indirect importation should be subjected to a special tax. This would force the manufacturer to ship his goods direct to Ireland; the English intermediaries would find it necessary to establish themselves in Ireland, where, as foreigners, they should be subject to a certain measure of control. Requests reach me from Irish agents anxious to represent French exporters of motor-cars, perfume, etc., and I am reminded that these firms would be much better advised if they appointed direct agents in Ireland. Now and again a French manufacturer does decide to take this step, but very little progress has been made in this direction in the last couple of years.

One Remedy.

There will certainly be no attempt made by the "Free State Government" to interfere with the interests of its English friends, and it is difficult to suggest a practical means for removing this burden from Ireland's external trade. The boycotting of French goods sold in Ireland by sub-agents appointed from England would be a practical step and one which would go a long way towards forcing French exporters to cancel their contracts with English intermediaries. Pressure must be brought to bear on our friends in France and elsewhere if we wish to relieve economic distress in Ireland.

L. H. KERNEY.

The "Free State" Ruin-Economic Slavery

I have received information from one whose occupation takes him around the Southern Coast, to the effect that he saw no less than 63 foreign trawlers, mostly English, some French, between the Bull Rock and Cape Clear within the three mile limit and very close to the shore. They are hauling up the cables with the fish; thereby interfering with submarine communication. The people of Cobh find it well nigh impossible to obtain fish. Senator Love is proprietor of the only fish shop in the town, and but for a few local street traders he holds the monopoly. His son holds a job under the "Minister of Fisheries." There is no protection for our fisheries, not a patrol boat is to be seen, as they dare not fly any flag but the British Ensign, because under the "Free State" flag they have been treated as pirates. It is to be hoped that this brief outline of our predicament will enable the people of Cobh and all whom it may concern, to realise that one of the "untold" blessings of the so-called Treaty is the payment of a "Ministry of Fisheries" with all the jobs attached thereto to protect that which it is powerless to protect, and all the while local fishermen starve and Mr. Hennessy, T.D., the local representative, is down in Limerick repeating his master's (Cosgrave's) voice." This, no doubt, we will be told is a sample of the political and economic freedom given us by the "Treaty. It is economic slavery. Prior to the so-called Treaty the greater portion of the fish landed at Cobh was packed and sent by rail to Billingsgate. Now British trawlers loot with impunity, within the three mile limit, taking all they can, direct to London by sea; thereby depriving not alone local fishermen, but many others, of employment.

AN ASPECT OF THE "FREE STATE" BUDGET

More Favourable to Great Britain than to Ireland.

According to the "Free State Budget," a protective tariff of 3½d. per lb. is charged on all sugar confectionery and on jams and marmalade; and a tariff of 6d. per lb. on all chocolate and cocoa preparations. Those tariffs are all charged on a flat rate and have no relation to the amount of sugar, cocoa, or chocolate in the preparations.

Up to this time, the duty was chargeable on the amount of sugar or cocoa contained in the preparations, so that cheap confectionery, cheap chocolate, and cheap jams and marmalade, which contained only about 10 per cent., 15 per cent., or 20 per cent. sugar had only a very small charge on them—in some cases as low as 8/3 per cwt. On the better class confectionery the charge was about 23/– per cwt., on jams about 15/10 per cwt., and on chocolate about 36/– per cwt. (This does not refer to liqueur chocolates.)

The new tariff will, therefore, operate considerably against the cheaper class of confectionery, chocolate, and jams, but to a much lesser extent against the better class goods. In other words, good class boiled sweets which contain a large amount of sugar are only protected to the extent of about 5/– per cwt., or ½d. per lb.; good class chocolates are protected to the extent of about 1d., 1½d. per lb.; jams about 1½d. per lb.

In reckoning the ⅜ of a penny which is charged is not taken into account as this fraction is merely included to make calculation easy. Our principal imports in these goods are of English manufacture, and, as an Imperial preference of 1/6 operates in Ireland under the Pro-Treaty rule, the protection of 3d. is only placed on English goods. Of course, the full 3⅜d. operates against American goods of this description, of which we import a little.

On the other hand, cheap confectionery which contains a large amount of flour and only a small percentage of sugar, is protected to the extent of 2d. or 2½d. per lb. This confectionery is principally what is known as "count lines." Cheap jams are protected to the extent of about 2½d. per lb., and cheap chocolates about 4d. per lb.

It will be seen, therefore, that the new tariff operates to a great extent against the importation of cheap jams, chocolate, and confectionery, but only to a very slight extent against the better quality goods.

There is another very important point in this connection which cannot be lost sight of in reckoning the relative prices of goods produced in England and in the "Free State" which the operations of the two Budgets affect.

The duty on sugar in England is reduced from 25/8 per cwt. to 11/8; on cocoa, chicory, coffee, etc., by one-half. Entertainment tax is also to be reduced. This will cause a considerable reduction in the cost of living in England, and one can safely trust the employers in England to demand an equivalent or greater reduction in wages. No corresponding reductions can be demanded by Irish capitalists, as the "Free State Budget" tends to increase rather than reduce the cost of living here. So that the cost of production in England will be considerably reduced, while in Ireland it will remain as at present.

Another advantage to be gained by English manufacturers is that the necessary outlay of capital on raw material such as sugar, cocoa, etc., will be very much less than that of Irish manufacturers. As an example of this we will take the case of a manufacturer in each country who produced confectionery requiring the use of 100 tons of sugar per week. Assuming that each buys in the same market at the same price, the sugar will cost the English manufacturer in duty £1,106 13s. 4d., whereas the Irish manufacturer must pay £2,386 13s. 4d. In other words, the English manufacturer is left with £1,400 to play with, and which he can use for buying up machinery or any other improvements which may help him to reduce further the cost of production.

Summing up, therefore, we can safely say that the small English manufacturers who supplied us with cheap jams, confectionery, etc., can no longer send his goods into this country at competitive prices with Irish manufacturers of these goods. But the larger companies and trusts who sent us high class confectionery, chocolate, jams, etc., are at a very slight, if any, disadvantage. In fact, it is possible that in the course of three months it will be found that the advantage will be with the English manufacturer of these goods.

"SEAMAS."

WHILE IRELAND HOLDS THOSE GRAVES

I have been travelling in the changeful May weather through wild regions of Kerry—glens and mountains which our army held for the Republic all through the autumn and winter of nineteen-twenty-three. Strongly and fearlessly the Republic lives here still.

From the soft, drowsy valley of Killarney I came through passes rich in history to the naked Atlantic coast, where, over creek and ocean, rocky islands and far-seen promontories, sun and cloud and shower weave glories purple and azure, and silver and topaz and green and grey.

Then, along hazardous roads around stony mountains, dominated by Carrantuohill, the Ard-righ, I came down to sorrowful Loch Acoose, to Glenbeigh with its blossoming gorse and thorn-trees and singing rivers, to that lonely hidden meeting-place of sweetness and grandeur—Glencar.

Everywhere there were mist and gleam, cloud-wreathes on the mountains, cloud-masses in the sky, sunbursts lighting now the bare summits, now the wooded hollows below, the dark, glistening holly and emerald birches; now turning the black loch to a sheet of azure, now enthralling the farthest ranges in a mystic glamour, now blazing on Carrantuohill's crown of snow. Ever-moving shadow, ever-changing colour, beauty and radiance beyond dream. . . .

And everywhere—at Killarney, at Beaufort, at Mountain Stage, at Loch Acoose, and Derrynafeena, at Glenbeigh and Glencar, there were little crosses on the roadside where Kerrymen have been murdered by the enemies of the Republic that they upheld.

And at Ballyseedy there are more. . . .

There was a meeting at Gortaglanna on Sunday, the eleventh of May. On the way to it I was taken to "The Caves." The sea was like molten sapphire under the sun; the breakers raced and curled in creamy foam over the lower rocks; sea-gulls perched on the dark, precipitous cliffs where sea-pinks blossom in every nook. The air was sweet and warm.

Here, too, I was shown a cross. It stands on the grassy edge of a high cliff where Paddy Daly let down the treacherous rope. "Aero" Lyons, having surrendered after four days' siege in the caves, climbed up. Before he could reach the edge the rope was cut and he was riddled with machine-gun fire while he fell.

Two of his comrades were drowned; the other three were taken and beaten and executed in Tralee jail.

Last Sunday an immense throng came to this place to celebrate the anniversary of their deaths and to set up this cross.

The sky clouded over and heavy showers came down, but the road to Gortaglanna was crowded with men and women, marching in procession from Listowel, with people in traps and motor-cars, and carts, with bare-foot, lovely children and women in dark shawls. The field of Gortaglanna was a bog from long rains, but the people stood there, forgetful of themselves and of the weather, remembering their dead.

Three little crosses stand in a fenced plot. They commemorate Padraic Dalton, Padraic Breatnac, and Diarmuid Lyons, who were murdered in that place on May the twelfth, nineteen-twenty-one by the Black-and-Tans.

There was no difference, the speakers said, between the manner of their deaths and the deaths of a hundred others murdered on the roadsides of Ireland by "Free State" troops: there was no difference in the cause for which they died. "If I had a thousand lives," Padraic Dalton had said—it was the last thing his friend remembered his saying—"I would give them all for Ireland; but it is only for complete independence that I would die."

"While Ireland holds those graves," was written across the tricolour under which they spoke. And I knew, looking at the earnest, upturned faces of the men and women and children thronging the boggy field that no living leader had more power to inspire them, more power to make them brave and keep them faithful, more strength to overwhelm Ireland's enemies, than those dead.

There was a rhyme going through my mind—I could not remember whether I had heard it or dreamed it or made it up:

"Vain as against the wind you rage,
Against a host divinely led—
Vain as against the wind you wage
Your wars on our immortal dead."

Wherever it came from, it is true.

As we drove home in the late evening the rain cleared away. The young trees of the hedgerows stood silhouetted delicately against the western sky, all faint, liquid primrose and swimming gold. Dim fields flowed down to the misty sea. A revolving light shone out at rhythmic intervals from the far, grey headland of Clare. The evening star hung over all like a great white lamp of benediction. It was an evening that made life seem too dear to lose.

At the cross-roads, boys and girls were standing in happy groups waiting for the music to begin their dance. The memory of boys who should have been with them, who had gone, out of their reckless love for Ireland, through lonely agony into the unknown, was a heartbreak for a while. . . .

Would these, too, these dancers, be so brave, if the need came again, to fling life away?

"Up Rory!" they shouted joyously as we passed. "Up Rory!" the whole crowd took up the cry.

"Up Rory!" . . . Rory the fighter, Rory the challenger, the great scorner of death, is their leader still.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

KERRY, *May*, 1924.

FOREIGN NEWS

ZAGHLOUL PASHA IS SOUND.

One of the most treacherous warfares that the British Government are so adept in waging is that of propaganda, and we have been watching a complete campaign directed against Zaghloul Pasha. Early in March an Ed torial appeared in the *London Times* praising Zaghloul for his great common sense; hailing him as the one leader of the oppressed nations who (unlike Mazzini, President De Valera, etc., it said) was content to make "compromises" in order to see his object attained rather than hold to an ideal which might not be reached in his generation. At the time our Irish correspondent in England asked: "Has Zaghloul Pasha been bought?" and we cautioned our readers against the article. There followed on this editorial in the *Times* many reports and rumours building up the fear that he might compromise, until Zaghloul Pasha's visit to London was announced, with "Promising outlooks for settlement" and together with these prophecies of "successful" negotiation, the announcement in the House of Commons that the negotiations would be based on the Declaration of 1922. The results of such

The Suffering of our People in Connemara.

(From Our Own Special Correspondent.)

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Those two lines have been running in my mind ever since I came to Connemara. For here men are being destroyed, here the very foundations of our National future are being undermined—because of a criminal policy of pampering the least worthy of the Nation and condemning to death by starvation or the loss to Ireland by emigration of the purest and most virile of our racial stock.

"There is no wealth but life," said Ruskin; but since life may be of many qualities—from the criminal to the saint, the paralytic to the athlete, the anti-nationalist to the patriot, such a statement requires qualification. The strength of a society or a state depends upon the quality, from generation to generation, of the living foundations upon which the structure of that society or state is built. Perhaps I can express it better if I say that the National future depends on the quality and source of the national parenthood. In the Gaedhaelteacht this source is allowed to disappear or to decay. I am aware that these arguments will bear no weight with those renegade "Ministers" who by usurpation have made themselves responsible for the present state of affairs here in the Gaedhealteacht, but I am hoping that some of their supporters are still susceptible to patriotic and human impulse and will see the urgent necessity of putting aside all personal ambition in order to secure the foundations now for Ireland's future.

At present, all that is corrupt and selfish, all the alien commercial adventurers, all our own precious imitation Englishmen of the cities—all these are climbing to the top of our social pyramid, over the crumbling ruins of its base, without a single thought of the National future. "The Free State Government" cares nothing for the present welfare or the future of Ireland.

No class in Ireland can afford to look idly on while this destruction of the Irish race at its source is allowed to continue. If Ireland is to come into her own, it is flesh and blood, brain and soul that will get her there. Without these material possessions are of transcient import. It will be the sheer human strength of our people—the strength of their body, the strength of their mind, the strength of their spirit—it will be these, and these only, that will give Ireland her rightful position in the world. All else—financial strength, industrial strength, commercial strength—are illusory, temporary, unless at all times built upon that human strength. And it is that human strength that is now being cruelly sapped at its source, by starvation which leads to race degeneration and physical and mental infirmity.

. . . . . .

Yesterday I visited one of the National schools here in Connemara. There were about 90 boys and girls present, though some of them only looked about three years of age. The first thing to catch my eye was a number of loaves of bread. They were for the children's mid-day meal, provided out of the Casement Fund. Just a slice of dry bread and a drink of water—that was the children's "dinner," and they clamoured for it ravenously. A little questioning elicited the information that at home they got two other meals—both consisting of bread and tea. Out of nearly a hundred children only three had butter in the house, only two had potatoes in the house, and not one family there represented had meal for stirabout. A fair number were proud of being able to claim that they had had milk in their tea at breakfast, but many more had only had black tea with their dry bread. Tea and bread twice a day and dry bread and water once—such is the daily fare, day after day. No meat, no vegetables, no milk, no meal, not even an occasional egg. The bread they get at home is merely a little flour and water baked into a cake. The faces of many of the children showed obvious signs of semi-starvation—big eyes and hollow cheeks. Others looked healthy in spite of everything, and all were very clean and reasonably cheerful. The smallest boy on the school was anxious to show me how he could wrestle, and accordingly challenged a bigger boy. This little fellow was one of four orphans living with another family, and the two families were living on the grandfather's old age pension. That meant about ten people existing on ten shillings per week, or one shilling per week per person. The reduction of that pension to nine shillings will be practically condemning one of the family to death.

An average family in Connemara would be comparatively well off on a shilling per day—but they haven't that by a long way. Yet the people of Ireland are paying Mr. Timothy Healy more than one hundred pounds per day. One hundred pounds is two thousand shillings; **the cost of supporting one "Governor-General" in the Free State would support 2,000 families in the Gaedhealteacht.**

Some little attempt has been made to relieve distress, out of some private fund, but unfortunately the Home Assistance Officer, a close relative of the local Free State deputy, allows her political prejudices to influence the granting of relief.

I went with the doctor to call on a Mrs. John Cloherty. She and three of her children were sick. She had applied for relief, but her husband's cousin was said to have helped the Republicans, and the Home Assistance Officer had refused assistance on the plea that the sickness was only a sham—a mere plan to get relief. We took the temperatures of the three children—they were 103°, 101.4°, and 100.4° respectively. One child had bronchial pneumonia and two influenza. There was no bed in the house, no food and no milk. The three sick children were huddled together on the floor between the heat of the fire and the draught of the door. The youngest child appeared to be dying. There were also four other children about the house, but the father was away—looking for food. I passed into the little room adjoining the kitchen. When I put my hand on the door frame the whole structure collapsed. Inside the room were two wooden bed frames, with a little loose straw on them—not a blanket of any kind. The only other piece of furniture was a box, which had once contained meat but was now empty. Mrs. Cloherty had just a double handful of flour left—enough to make one small cake.

I also saw a Mrs. Kate MacDonagh, of Knock. Her husband died of typhus, her only daughter was in hospital with hip disease and she herself was a chronic invalid. In spite of a doctor's certificate the relieving officer had refused to grant relief. On the last application, after endeavouring to shame the poor woman before all the other applicants, and after some sarcastic references to the Republican candidate for whom Mrs. MacDonagh was supposed to have voted, the relieving officer condescended to give her a stone and a half of flour but no tea and no sugar. The other applicants, friends of the relieving officer, received a bag of flour as well as tea and sugar. This, it appears, is all because a relative of Mrs. MacDonagh had helped to collect funds for the I.R.P.D.F.

I have visited numerous cases of a similar nature. These I have quoted are not exceptional but real typical examples of the awful want and misery here in Connemara. Families are going to ruin. The apathy or ignorance of the general public, and the utter selfishness of the "Free State" authorities, are carrying on the old British policy of permitting conditions which will bring about the disappearance of the Irish race from Ireland.

Economic Expansion

In order to develop trade with other countries a number of commercial attachés have been appointed by the French Government in recent years. They are chosen for their technical knowledge of other special qualifications by a Commission composed largely of business men. They act as technical advisers at the embassies or consulates to which they are attached. They keep the Minister of Trade posted in all matters concerned with customs legislation, commercial agreements and the economic situation in general. They guide and coordinate the activities of other organisations of commercial expansion. Their duty is to supply information as to trade openings, conditions of sale, of delivery and of payment, to give consultations, to help in the settlement of trade disputes, to facilitate the work of home firms' representatives, etc. From time to time they return to France and enter into direct touch with exporters. They endeavour to stimulate initiative and point out mistakes to be avoided. In France, as in Ireland, however, there is an extraordinary amount of indifference to foreign markets, even in industrial and commercial centres where such apathy would scarcely be expected.

In countries with which French trade is already flourishing commercial offices are formed, whilst these are controlled and subsidised by the Government. Special facilities are here afforded for the display of samples. Publicity work is undertaken by these offices, which attend to the presentation of the samples, issue invitations to local buyers, and satisfy themselves as to the financial standing of latter. They also recommend suitable representatives.

There are of course also French Chambers of Commerce in foreign countries, and on these bodies the Minister of Trade is represented by the commercial attachés. A Bulletin is usually published by each of the Chambers of Commerce.

In France itself there are in every Department Counsellors of Foreign Trade, and these are linked up in a central National Committee, whilst, under the direct control of the Minister of Trade, there is the important National Offices of Foreign Trade.

It is well to note the efforts made by independent countries to develop their foreign trade. Wherever there is opposition to economic freedom the enemies of political independence will be found.

The Dunkirk Trade Fair is receiving scant attention from Irish manufacturers and exporters, although it would have been even possible to exhibit samples of Irish goods and produce free of charge and duty free at the stand of the Franco-Irish Chamber of Commerce. The semi-official "Temps" published a 16-page supplement on 22nd May dealing with Dunkirk, its past history, its present possibilities and its approaching Fair; the poster of the Fair was reproduced showing Ireland (there was no mention of the "Free State") as one of the fourteen participating countries. Dunkirk is the principal French port for the importation of wool; the Roubaix and Tourcoing Chambers of Commerce have been considering the possibility of establishing a market there so as to be no longer dependent on the London market. Dunkirk imported 2,321 tons of butter in 1923; 10,878 tons of oats and 15,055 tons of potatoes.

The monthly bulletin of the Franco-Irish Chamber of Commerce (53 Rue Ste. Anne, Paris) publishes, free of charge, the requirements of Irish exporters and importers desirous of trading with France.

L. H. KERNEY.
Consul for the Irish Republic, Paris.

PRISON CONDITIONS

Inspection of Hare Park and Tintown A Camps by Pro-Treaty Authority

We desire to call attention to two reports received from the Prisoners' O/C's in Hare Park and Tintown A Camps with regard to their inspections by a Visiting Committee appointed by the "Free State Government" at a date so late that it can only have been for false propaganda purposes that the inspection was attempted.

It will be observed that while the reception given to the Inspectors by the O'C's in the two camps differed in minor ways, on all major points it was the same. Both O/C's in their reports call attention to the fact that the Visiting Committee was not impartially constituted. Both in consequence refused to recognise the status of the Visiting Committee and both held that it was without competence for its task. The one refused to receive it and the other, as an offset to probable false F.S. reports later, submitted a statement under protest and with reservations.

REPORT FROM O/C., HARE PARK CAMP.

"The Visiting Inspectors appointed by the Free State Ministry arrived in camp at 10.30 a.m. on Monday, 26th May. Accompanied by the Free State Governor they called on the Camp O/C. They stated they had come to visit the camp and see how conditions were. They asked the O/C to accompany them on a tour of inspection of the camp, when complaints affecting the prisoners and camp conditions generally would be taken. The O/C pointed out that he was unable to see his way to accompany them on their inspection as they had no powers to see that improvements recommended by them would be carried out. Mr. Parkinson as spokesman admitted that they had no such powers. It was also pointed out to them that complaints were being continually made in the usual way to the Free State Governor, and as the Visiting Committee could not be looked upon as an independent body on the one hand nor as definitely charged with the supervision of camp administration on the other, it was obvious that no useful purpose could be served by making complaints to them. They then stated that since the O/C would not accompany them it was useless inspecting the camp, and having finished their conversation they left.

The views expressed by the O/C are those held and expressed freely by the prisoners. The members of the Visiting Committee are well-known Free State partisans who are, moreover, without any powers to improve the conditions in the camp. Their sole object in visiting the camp seems to have been to secure recognition from the prisoners of a Free State tribunal, a recognition which they have always refused and continue to refuse to give. A measure of their interest in the condition of the camp and solicitude for the prisoners' welfare may be judged from the fact that they did not even enter a single hut while they were there."

REPORT RECEIVED FROM O/C, TINTOWN A, ENCLOSING COPY OF STATEMENT HANDED TO VISITING COMMITTEE:

"Attached is a copy of a statement handed by us to three members of a visiting committee yesterday, May 26th, who were nominated by the "Free State Government" to inspect and report on this camp. A similar copy was, at the same time, given to "Comdt." W. Byrne, the "Free State" Governor.

After deliberation it was unanimously decided by the Camp Council to submit it under protest, informing them that we did not consider them a suitable committee for that purpose. The question of ignoring them completely was discussed, but in view of the fact that they would ask for complaints, etc., from us, it was thought they may, maliciously, make false propaganda out of our refusal; to guard against that, the statement in question was prepared and handed to them. It will be seen that the statement is fairly moderate, but the circumstances necessitated that, and every statement is true in fact. As it had to be prepared in a hurry, only our salient grievances were embodied in it.

The Visiting Committee were accompanied by McAllister from the "Free State" A/G's dept. Conditions or complaints our O'C refused to discuss with them, merely referring them to his statement. They stated they would give this to the Chairman of the Committee (Mr. Parkinson) who was not present.

As their report, when published, may be misleading, it would be thought well if this correspondence were sent to our Publicity Departments.

STATEMENT TO COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY FREE STATE "GOVERNMENT" TO INSPECT CONDITIONS OBTAINING IN TINTOWN A CAMP FROM PRISONERS THEREIN:—

A chairde,—Inasmuch as you are a body nominated by the Free State "Government" to inspect this camp and to report on its conditions, we do not consider the personnel of your committee representative or impartial, and are of opinion that your report must obviously be prejudiced. Therefore we do not recognise you as a suitable visiting committee. Your visit, too, coincides with the most favourable period of the year, and when the number of prisoners is reduced from 1,200 some months ago to about 100 at present, thereby ameliorating the worst conditions. It is under protest therefore that we state the following for your information:—

About a week ago—to be exact on the 17th inst.—a general issue of new clothes, boots and sheets was made in the camp. Up to that time there were men amongst us whose clothes and boots were literally in rags, and despite repeated applications from our camp Quartermaster, the supplies forthcoming were totally inadequate. Finally he was informed that the issue of clothing, etc., to this camp had ceased altogether. Sheets till then were an unknown quantity, and we had to sleep in the dirty blankets some of which have never been fumigated. This sudden solicitude on our behalf came as a surprise, but in the light of your visit it is apparent to us that it was merely window-dressing, and on a par with the method by which men did months of internment in rags in the cold and rain of winter, and were supplied with new suits on being released, to throw dust in the eyes of the public. The new articles of clothing appearing on the men may verify the statement concerning the recency of the issue.

As regards the food, the scales of rations may appear tolerable on paper, but were it not for the parcels of food which we receive from home, it would fail to maintain even an indifferent standard of health. The little quantity of milk which we receive about 4 p.m. daily is invariably sour, and unfit for cooking purposes. The quantity of vegetables is, when suitable, inadequate for health requirements. Tinned salmon is supplied on Fridays for dinner, but in consequence of its inferiority and dangerous effects, is rarely eaten. The potatoes are, as a rule, bad and uneatable, as is likewise the meat, and as both these articles of diet constitute one of the three meals daily supplied we are compelled to rely on our own food to ward off the hunger.

We strongly protest against the system obtaining of sentencing men to the glass-house, often on the slightest provocation. At the whim of an irritable or vindictive policeman or officer, a man may be removed, and without the opportunity of defending himself, sentenced to a term there where he is compelled to work and his hair cropped off like a criminal. A glaring case of cruelty and injustice occurred a few weeks ago when one of our comrades—W. J. Houston—was taken to the glass-house though ill at the time, because an electric bulb and wire were found near his bed. This man was absolutely innocent of possessing it, as it was connected with the light before ever he arrived in the hut. Yet he was taken from his sick bed, and sentenced to three days in the glass-house where his hair was cropped and he was compelled to work.

Several men who have no connection with the I.R.A. and guilty of criminal offences, have been thrust in amongst us to degrade us.

The huts in the camp itself are about the worst in the Curragh, and are infested with rats. They are terribly cold and draughty in bad weather, and the rain enters under the roofs and falls on the bed-clothing. It was found necessary to stuff them with rags, etc., during the winter months. It may be pointed out that the only camp in Tintown in which the huts are any way habitable and comfortable was closed down before last Xmas and the prisoners removed to this camp and Hare Park. We refer to Camp 3, which is since lying idle and which has the additional advantage of possessing baths, which this camp has not.

In order to provide against the possibility of your stating later in your report that we had no complaints to make, we submit this statement, subject to the conditions mentioned at the outset.

Signed on behalf of prisoners:—

SEAN O LIATHAIN,
GEAROID O BOLAIN, T.D.
EAMONN DONNELLY.
PAT McDONNELL.
PADRAIG S. O'CONAILL.

Stories for Children

No. II.

The people of Ireland made a Republic. So the English said, "We must destroy that Republic," and they sent a great army to Ireland to make a terrible war and kill Republicans and shut people up in jails. But it cost a lot of money, and English soldiers were killed, and they could not make the Irish people give up the Republic and they got tired of making war, so they thought of a clever plan.

They sent for some Irish leaders and said, "We will take our army away, and we will let you have an army of your own called the Free State Army, and we will let you have a Parliament, and you are to make the people give up their Republic and obey our King." And those leaders agreed and the English army went away.

But thousands and thousands said "We will never give up the Republic, and we will never obey the English King." And the Free Staters did not know what to do. Then the English said, "You must have a war," and they gave the Free Staters big guns.

So the Free Staters made a terrible war and killed Republicans and shut people up in jails. And the English had no trouble at all; so they laughed and said, "Wasn't that a good plan?"

But after all, the Republic was not destroyed.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

THE BON-FIRE.

PART I.

Sitting in the arm-chair of slate and white-washed stones that Seumas had built for her by the cottage gate, Mrs. Herity could look east down the hill to the chapel and the end of the village street, and west, down the hill over the wide country, the bogs and the river and the road. She was glad always when the warm weather came and she could sit out there in the evening, resting and watching the road from the east—the road by which Seumas would come home. . . .

She would be as weary as an old woman in the evenings nowadays, though she was little over fifty years of age, but she had a man's work to do in the field as well as a woman's work in the house, since she was left alone.

At first some of the neighbours used to be condoling with her and hinting that Seumas should not have gone, she being a widow and he her only son, but she had put a stop to that talk in her own way. 'Twas to Mrs. Macken she said it, but that was as good as saying it to all.

"I reared a strong, wise Irishman," she had said, "without falsehood and without fear, and do you think it is to be digging potatoes I reared him, or to be keeping his mother company in the long days? There's better work to be done by the men of this time for Ireland, and Seumas is doing it, with the help of God."

Maggie, her daughter, that was married in Galway town, came to bid her go live with herself and Johnny, "and quit this old crumbling cottage," she had said, "that is fit only for ghosts." The mere thought made her heart pain her so that she answered Maggie with bitterness and contempt, saying things about Johnny she'd never meant to say. Is it leave the house Seumas was reared in and thatched and mended with his own hands? The home that should be his heart's dream always and he in prison or lying cold and hunted in the hills; the fireside he would come to, and his mother waiting him, please God, when the war was done! She would not sleep outside of that cottage, please God, till she went to sleep in her grave.

And what matter lonesomeness? What matter poverty and hardships, these days that were making Ireland free? The more the labour of the day told on her the more pride would be in her thoughts: "'Tis a hard task is before us all, surely, but God helping, we'll see it done." And if she was tired in the evenings she was well contented, sitting in her chair on the roadside.

Very grand it was often, at sunset, looking west. This soft May evening it was all shining; there were small fiery clouds low down and the sun behind them, giving out rays of gold. It made her think of an unearthly bon-fire that would be lighted for victory—it reminded her of the bonfire Seumas lighted in the garden the night De Valera escaped—the marks of scorching were on the fence to this day. Crazy after bonfires, he was . . .

Dreary enough, on a dull day, was the wide country lying west; the leagues of rough, barren land marked only by a few grey skeletons—dead houses and broken towers—the road, growing grassy and forsaken, winding and dwindling out of sight—the slow river level with the bogs, what thoughts could it give you but thoughts of failing, and loneliness, and age, and death? But under a rich sunset, the bogs washed and gilded with the dying light, the river burnished, the road gleaming, the ruins standing black against golden fire, it was a glorified and spacious land.

Mrs. Herity felt a little cold, sitting there, but what harm? Her black shawl was thin and threadbare and full of holes; a smile of reverie lit her eyes as she thought of it—reverie and hope. Since he was ten years old Seumas was promising her a shawl "as warm as a bear's skin and as light as a bird's feathers and as grey as a dove's wing," and it was to have a border pattern of black. He had remembered it the night he went off with the column the first time. Half laughing and near enough to crying he was and he kissing her good-bye. "'Twill be a while yet, mother, till I'm sending you that shawl," he said; "'twill be a token of victory when it comes."

There was heaviness in his heart, 'twas easy telling, to be leaving her in hardship alone, and there was dread in hers, God . . . God only . . . knows. But he laughed back at her bravely and they turning the village street . . . three years ago, almost to the day.

Those were slow, cruel, anxious months. She never learned, more's the pity, to read or write, and it was only when the priest would come up to her with a letter from Seumas that the dread lifted at all. But there is a wonderful power in prayer, surely, and Our Lady of Perpetual Succour brought him safely through the Terror and safe home to her at the Truce.

She wanted that night to light a bon-fire that would burn the world, but Seumas would not let her; he was displeased that they were lighting them far and wide.

"'Tis not victory yet," he said, "and 'tis not right, showing too much rejoicing for peace. If we light bonfires for a peace that's not freedom," he said, "we'll never light them for freedom at all." And six months later he was saying, with bitterness in his voice—"Don't you see, now, I was right? Some will be lighting bonfires over this."

There were tears in his eyes and he had the newspaper crushed in his two hands. That was when the Treaty was signed. A letter came next day calling him to Dublin; she had never seen him since.

And then, another six months and the war broke out again; big guns, she was told, the same as in Nineteen-Sixteen, were bombarding Dublin town; again the lads were being hunted and driven in the hills, again they were being captured and put into prisons—women, too, they were saying, and young girls. And there were Irishmen doing it, she was told, this time, like the Yeos in Ninety-Eight. They said Michael Collins had reneged. It took her a long time to understand what they were telling her and longer to believe. . . . Lads that had been his own comrades would be hunting Seumas . . . Lads he loved and risked his life for, maybe, would be taking him to gaol . . . men of the Republican Army had deserted and were fighting on England's side. . . . Would you think there was gold enough in the British Empire or in the whole earthly world to buy men to do a deed the like of that?

Dark and violent thoughts used to be storming in her; she was afraid herself of the powerful curses would rise to her lips when a soldier in uniform passed her door; she had to confess, many a time, to thoughts of hate and vengeance that would shake her when a woman spoke to her that gave men to the traitor army—Mrs. Macken, that had three sons in it, and boasted of the money they sent. . . .

She saw Mrs. Macken in the draper's one day buying herself a blouse of crimson silk. "You chose the colour well," Mrs. Herity said to her; "blood-money is paying for it, and with blood it's dyed!"

Father Carey told her she had need to pray, and pray she did, long nights between dark and dawn. She prayed that in spite of traitors Ireland would soon be free; she prayed for Seumas that he would do a man's part and a hero's part and be guarded from all harm; she prayed for herself to be kept from thoughts of hate.

Sometimes, in answer to her prayers, a message would come, a postcard from Seumas to the priest—"Tell my mother I am safe and well." On those days she could keep quietness and charity in her heart. Once, for a long time there was no message; she thought surely he was in prison, and there was a kind of peace for her in the thought. She used to be knitting vests and stockings to send him when she would hear.

That was in the autumn. In November the first news of executions came, and she lived days and nights that seemed a dark madness of anger and of dread. Erskine Childers, that gave up the world for Ireland, taken and killed . . . men that had been months in prison taken out to the yard, shot dead and buried, their mothers never told. . . . Even her courage left her then . . . Seumas to be killed some night in prison, his strong young body thrown in a hole . . . with quick-lime . . . his grave not to be known . . . It was what, even for the Republic, even for Ireland, she could not bear. "God, God, God," she prayed, writhing and sobbing on her bed, "make it not come to us! . . . Make me able to bear it if it comes! . . . Mother of God, have pity! You didn't suffer this!"

At last, by the dint of prayer, and of the brave, good words the priest said to her this much was granted—strength and calmness to bear it if it should come. And soon, again, messages came: "Tell my mother I am safe and well."

And now it was May. The President had ordered the army to cease fire; the war was over; the boys would be coming home.

II.

It was about a bonfire Mrs. Herity was thinking again, lost in a day-dream, when she saw the postman coming up the hill; he was carrying a big, soft parcel, and his two eyes were blinking with curiosity when he handed it to her; but she thanked him and carried it into the kitchen, her heart beating painfully, and shut the door.

Before she had cut the string she knew. When she opened it she saw a thing no different from her vision—the widest, softest shawl ever woven, grey, with a border-pattern of black.

The postman got no satisfaction though he hung round a good while before he went on. Mrs. Herity was kneeling on the kitchen floor, her hands clasped on the table, her head lying on the shawl, her prayers of thanksgiving broken by long, gasping breaths of incredulous joy. Seumas was coming home—dear God, dear God, life would begin again—the old sweet life of mother and son. His strong voice singing in the morning and he digging in the field—his tall figure darkening the door—the fearing look on his face when he'd complain she starved him, meaning to praise the dinner she'd cooked—his arm round her and she washing the dishes, forcing her to her chair, he boasting he'll do the job better himself—the boys and girls thronging in to them in the evening—his talk and stories by the fire—he that had helped to make Ireland free.

She stood up at last, smoothing the shawl with her hand, remembering his smiling, sorrowful look when he said, "'Twill be a token of victory when it comes."

Laying the shawl on the table she went out to the shed, carried armfuls of twigs, old boxes and baskets, papers and dead leaves, rubbish hoarded for years, to the burnt patch near the fence and threw in a whole candle to start the blaze. 'Twould be the equal of the bonfire he made himself, and if it burnt the fence again, what harm? So full her mind was of his coming that she had lighted it before she knew. But what harm again? She had turf and timber stacked for a month; however long he was on the road, there'd be a bonfire to welcome him, when he'd come: a bonfire he'd get sight of miles away and it blazing golden up on the hill.

She went in and put the kettle to boil for tea.

When she arranged the shawl over her shoulders it fell behind her in wide, lovely folds almost to the ground; soft it was as a fledgling's feathers; its colour was like a dove's wing.

She went out again to the gate; it was cold; the sun was gone and the pale after-glow fading; a ghostly mist floated below on the bogs; the warmth of her shawl, enfolding her, was like the warmth of love.

She saw the priest coming up the hill. "God pity him, he's tired," she thought, "and walking like an old man." She walked down a bit to meet him; he had no letter in his hand.

"I was coming up for a talk with you, Mrs. Herity," he said. "May I come inside?"

"Never so welcome, Father!" she answered, and brought him in and stirred the fire and lit the lamp. The light of the bonfire was glimmering through the back window, but he didn't notice, and he didn't notice her new shawl. There was trouble and weariness in his face, and her heart ached for the good, kindly man who thought and suffered for one and all. He refused a cup of tea and sat on the settle, leaning back in the shadowed corner. Mrs. Herity drew her wooden chair to the fire and sat opposite him, pouring out her story of joy and blessing, thinking to share her contentment with him.

"Thanks be to God and his Holy Mother," she ended, with tears standing in her eyes, "more than I would know how to pray for they are giving me in answer to my prayers."

The priest leaned forward and felt the shawl.

"That's the finest shawl ever I saw," he said. "Where would you say, Mrs. Herity, that Seumas got the money to buy that?"

"'Twill be a token of victory when it comes!" she quoted softly; then she looked up. "I will tell you what I am thinking, Father, though you'll say, maybe, for an ignorant old woman, my thoughts are over bold. It is what I'm thinking, it's some kind of a victory has been won, and De Valera is able to give the lads a bit of money to go home, and you know well, if ever Seumas got ten shillings he would give me eight."

"God pity you, Mrs. Herity!" Father Casey said suddenly; then, beating his two hands together, "the news I have for you will be hard for you to bear!"

The blood stood still in her body; she sat straight and quiet in her chair; the image was before her of Seumas, dead. She saw him with a red wound in his breast; she saw the black, gaping grave.

"God will help me to bear it, Father," she said.

Father Casey looked at her white face; he had always thought it beautiful—the firm, sweet lips of a mother, the deep eyes with their brave, clear look, and the serene, queenly brow. He thought now she looked like a saint, like a martyr at the hour of death. His head sank and he covered his eyes with his hands.

"No, no," he said, speaking with difficulty, "Seumas is not dead, not wounded. . . . He is coming home, travelling by the night train; he'll be with you in a few hours."

She relaxed, shuddering, with a sigh, "God be praised for His mercies! But didn't you say, 'bad news'?"

Father Casey drew a letter from his pocket and began to read. "I'll ask you to go to my mother and put it right with her before I come. Maybe the grand present I am sending will make her a bit more satisfied. She'll know it was the thought of her passing her old age in hardship I couldn't bear. But I'm afraid she'll not like the idea at first. I kept it from her as long as I could, knowing the way she'd feel" . . . The priest let his hand with the letter fall.

"Mrs. Herity, I should have told you sooner—I knew it this two months past—your son joined the army a year ago."

"He went down the hill with the column," she said slowly, a dazed look on her face. "'Twas three years ago . . . three years and three days."

Father Casey said nothing. Out of a heavy silence she spoke again in a thin, breathless voice. "You're not telling me, Father, that Seumas—that he reneged—that he joined the Yeos."

"He joined the Free State Army, Mrs. Herity, like many another—God knows 'tis hard to understand—but we mustn't condemn."

Her face was hidden in her hands; her body was trembling; the priest rose and put his hands on her shoulders, waiting for her to speak or cry. At last he said:

"He says that he did it for love of you."

At that she grew rigid for a moment and he heard her breathe, desperately—"Love!"

He waited, knowing his own helplessness, until her voice came again, hard and even:

"Thank you, Father; I'll not be keeping you now."

He stood by her a little longer, murmuring incoherent prayers, counsels, blessings. She made no answer, and he went away.

When the priest had gone, shutting the door after him, she stood up. It was unnatural to see the familiar room, the clock seemed a mockery, ticking there; didn't it know time was broken and things changed? She shuddered and put out the lamp. Her feet were on the soft, grey shawl—that was what made her laugh. She stood firm on it and took the two ends in her hands and pulled: she tugged with all her strength, but it wouldn't tear. A wild, red light flared on the walls; the whole room was stained within it, blood-red. Fear gripped her, like the fear of Cain. She opened the back door and ran out, gasping, dragging the shawl. The bonfire was immense, ravenous, fierce enough to burn up the world. She threw on it the turf and timber she had stacked, then she opened out the grey shawl single, and lifted it and flung it on the flames. She watched it fall into black, charred fragments; that eased the clutch of terror at her heart, quieted the dumb cry that she'd heard herself crying but that didn't break the silence at all. . . . She went on, then to the house.

She put her old black shawl over her head, holding it tight against her mouth with her left hand, then, warily, furtively, she looked out from the door.

The last glimmer was gone from the horizon; a grey winding-sheet lay on the bogs and a grey pall of cloud covered the sky; the road was a pale path into darkness; earth was hushed; in all the cold world nothing stirred.

She stole along close under the hedge in the black shadow, knocking against tree stumps, stumbling over stones piled by the roadside, staggering with dizziness now and then. On down the hill she went and on over the boglands, westward, away from that blood-red glare, away from her memories and her terror, into the ignorant night.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

Teagasc na hEireann

PRINCIPLES OF FREEDOM

Bun-ailt na Saoirse.

(Aistriú ó Béarla Toirdealbaig Mhic Suibne).

THE BASIS OF FREEDOM

Bunús na Saoirse.

CAIBIDIL A DÓ.

Scaramhaint ó Sasana.

V.

Nach é rud is mian le gach éinne atá dáiríribh, pé taobh ar a bpuil sé, ná deire a cur leis an g-cogadh fada, síochain a théanamh a beidh seasmhach agus onórach, a tabharfaidh sos d'anam na tíre, i dtreo go bféadfaidh sé é féin d'aitbheóchaint agus a smaointe do labairt; agus go mbeidh filiocht, ceol agus ealadha á nDoirteadh amach le h-átas gan stad, agus iad níos gile agus níos flúirsighe mar gheall ar an bpraid a bíodar á mbrúghadh fé? 'Sé sin an tairbeam a bíonn againn go léir. Ach cad é an dóchas go dtiocfaidh an tsíochain buan so, có fada agus a coisctear aon chuid d'ár neamhspleáchas orainn? Óir có fada agus atámuid ceangailte ar aon chuma le h-Impireacht Sasana, beimid spleách de'n Impireacht ar slí éigin; ní féidir é sin a bhréagnú; agus cia atá ar dit céille có mór san, gur dóigh leis nach mbeidh aon choimeascar le Pairliminte Sasana, có fada agus atá a leithéid sin de cheangal ann le h-Impireacht Sasana? Má tá éinne, tá a chuairim i n-aghaidh ghnáitheoluis agus i n-aghaidh na staire. Mar ní h-ionann tairbe an dá thaobh, an taobh Sasanach agus an taobh Éireannach, agus beidh easaontas eatorra i gcomhnuidhe. Cuimhnigh ar an easaontas a bíonn idir dhreamanna polaitiochta i n-aon stát san Eoraip, idir luchd buanuidhe agus luchd athruidhe. Is dóigh le h-aon taobh acu go bpuil calaois nó baoghal nó dul ar gcúl' do réir mar atá an cás, i n-aon chomairle a thugann an taobh eile; ní bhíd ar aon aigne choidhche; uaireanta féin bíd ag cur fill i leith a chéile; ní bíonn aon tsíochain eatorra. 'Sé ghnáth an imris polaitiochta é. Agus cia béadh ag súil le síochain nuair atá deifriocht sleachta idir an dá thaobh, nuair nach idir dá dhream polaitiochta atá an an troid, ach idir dá náisiún? 'Sé sin an dóchas baoth go deimhin. Agus cuimhnidhear nach é an cúis go bpuil an deifriocht sleachta ann, an formór dinn a beith de shíol na nGaedhal, ach sinn do chomhnuidhe i nDá thír nach ionann le chéile, agus i nDá chumann de'n cine daonna nach ionann le chéile. Dá mbeimis go léir de shíol Sasanach, do bhéadh an deifriocht ann mar sin féin. Tá cás na Stát Americánach sa stair, agus is furiste é do thuigsint. Nuair fásann clann athar suas, cuirid fúta féin, agus mairid go neamhspleách. Bíonn cion acu ar thigh a n-athar; ach má cuireann an t-athair isteach i dtigh an mic cun é do riaradh ar aon dealach, ragaid an beirt i n-acrann le chéile. Ní gádh dúinn an ceist seo do mhiniú go ró-chruinn. Dá mbéadh gach éinne sa tír seo de shíol Sasanach, agus dá mbéadh na Sasanaigh ag éileamh mar gheall air sin, an náisiún so do coimeád i gcuing leo féin, agus smacht a cur air, do bhéadh bruighean ann; agus ní fhéadfadh aon deire beit leis an mbruighean ach an scaramhaint amháin. Pé sliocht as a shoilsighfeamar, d'féadfaimís ar mbeatha do thabairt mar chomharsana nádúrtha dos na Sasanaigh; ach do b'fearr leo san sinn do mheallad agus do chrád, agus caithfid siad deagh-thoil a thaisbeáint dúinn ar fead aghaidh sar a ndéanfaimíd dearmad ar neithid áirithe. Airis, agus airis eile, ná biódh mearball ar éinne i dtaobh na síochána deireannaí; ní thiocfaidh sí có fada agus a beid aon spléachas ann do réir dli. Deid spiorad na fearúlachta i gcomhnuidhe ag lasad feirge agus nirt ionainn i n-aghaidh an spléachais úd. Nuair a beimid scarta le chéile, agus có-ionann le chéile, beimid 'nár gcáirde airis; ní féidir é ar aon tslí eile: mar 'sé an ceacht a múineann an beatha ná gur ceart do'n naisiún, fás go neamhspleách, agus deagh-thoil a thaisbeáint do'n dorman ar fad. Féadfaimíd a beith 'nár gcomharsana maithe, nó 'nár náimhde contabartacha, agus ní oirfid sé d'ár sean-namhaid san am le teacht sinn do beith ag bagairt air ó'n dtaobh thiar. Tá dóchas againn san am so, agus an rud ag fás: sroisfimíd an baile gan amhras. Ach tugaimis aire sonnus go mb'fiú sinn.

(A Tuille le Teacht.)

CHAPTER II.

SEPARATION.

V.

Is it not the dream of earnest men of all parties to have an end to our long war, a peace final and honourable, wherein the soul of the country can rest, revive and express itself; wherein poetry, music and art will pour out in uninterrupted joy, the joy of deliverance, flashing in splendour and superabundant in volume, evidence of long suppression? This is the dream of us all. But who can hope for this final peace while any part of our independence is denied? For, while we *are connected in any shape with the* British Empire the connection implies some dependence; this cannot be gainsaid; and who is so foolish as to expect that there will be no collision with the British Parliament, while there is this connection implying dependence on the British Empire? If such a one exists he goes against all experience and all history. On either side of the connection will be two interests—the English and the Irish interest, and they will be always at variance. Consider how parties within a single state are at variance, Conservatives and Radicals, in any country in Europe. The proposals of one are always insidious, dangerous or reactionary, as the case may be, in the eyes of the other; and in no case will the parties agree; they will at times even charge each other with treachery; there is never peace. It is the rule of party war. Who, then, can hope for peace where into the strife is imported a race difference, where the division is not of party but of people? That is in truth the vain hope. And be it borne in mind the race difference is not due to our predominating Gaelic stock, but to the separate countries and to distinct households in the human race. If we were all of English extraction the difference would still exist. There is the historic case of the American States; it is easy to understand. When a man's children come of age, they set up establishments for themselves, and live independently; they are always bound by affection to the parent-home; but if the father try to interfere in the house of a son, and govern it in any detail, there will be strife. It is hardly necessary to labour the point. If all the people in this country were of English extraction and England were to claim on that account that there should be a connection with her, and that she should dominate the people here, there would be strife; and it could have but one end—separation. We would, of whatever extraction, have lived in natural neighbourliness with England, but she chose to trap and harrass us, and it will take long generations of goodwill to wipe out some memories. Again, and yet again, let there be no confusion of thought as to this final peace; it will never come while there is any formal link of dependence. The spirit of our manhood will always flame up to resent and resist that link. Separation and equality may restore ties of friendship; nothing else can: for individual development and general good will is the lesson of human life. We can be good neighbours, but dangerous enemies, and in the coming time our hereditary foe cannot afford to have us on her flank. The present is promising; the future is developing for us: we shall reach the goal. Let us see to it that we shall be found worthy.

(To be continued.)

The Hope of Ireland.

If his allegiance had been proved in deeds as well as words, if he had followed the same road as her young lover in his tragedy, if he had defended Cathleen ni Houlihan from those who rent asunder her four green fields, if he had tried to tear down the gallows and been, to-day, a prisoner for her sake, would they have given him this "ribbon to stick in his coat"? . . . . These speculations are unprofitable—ungracious, too.

For it is only half true, what Seumas O'Sullivan wrote in a bitter mind:—

"And not to you, whose heart goes anywhere,
Her sorrow's holy heritage belongs;
You could have made of any other air
The little, careful mouthfuls of your songs."

Only half true, because, though now he has extended his heritage, it was the only world in which such poetry as his could be made. Not of any other air could be spun music so tragically beautiful, so mystically heroic, so full of triumphant pain. It is, however remotely, the music of a race whose doom it has been, generation after generation, to choose between faithlessness and agony, and who, generation after generation, has found men to choose nobly, paying no toll to fear. And it is to that poetry, that singing voice of Ireland's holy sorrow, that the judges have given their award.

It is of the strong, primal impulses of human life, the simple, universal passions of man, that lyrical poetry is made; compromise and sophistry speak in prose; they sway more eloquently, but they do not sing. Whatever delicate, subtle, perfect verse this poet may make for the philosophy of his older years he will never make such lyrics as these again.

Mr. Yeats has lived to disillusionment with his old ideals and impatience with those who endanger the tranquilities of existence for what seems, at last, to him, a lost cause. He has no faith left in absolute justice or abstract principle or immaterial good; we must content ourselves, he preaches now, with the world as erring men have left it to us, cease to war against those who have stronger armies than ourselves, accept, for the people, safety and peace. . . .

"When did the poets promise safety, King?" His Seanchan's heroic challenge rings rebukingly from The King's *Threshold to where he lies starving to* death, refusing food for the sake of an ancient right. And will the maker of Seanchan sit at table with the King's Ministers and say no word at all for three hundred who are doing what Seanchan did?

It is a hard thing for those who hold desperately to a spiritual weal when their poets desert to the enemy. If even the poets mock at the mood which stakes all on the miraculous potency of truth, holds faith against all the cynicism of the world that justice will prevail, gives life itself to keep unbroken the pride of man's spirit and will—when their priests blame and their poets mock, when both take sides with the world in persecution, hope grows forlorn indeed.

Such mournful thoughts must come over us, thinking of the Nobel award. Yet one great compensating truth remains—a man, having lit a torch from which a thousand others are kindled may let his own light die, yet those burn on.

Ireland's poet has lost faith and hope; the world's reward for his ideals comes after he has surrendered them—because he has surrendered them, may be; yet the faith and hope live still, live most gloriously and serenely in dying men. He has brought thousands of lovers to the feet of Cathleen ni Houlihan whose love will not falter before danger or fail with age. He cannot unsay his Seanchan's sayings or unsing Red Hanrahan's song:—

"The old brown thorn trees break in two high over Cummen Strand
Under a bitter black wind that blows from the left hand.
Our courage breaks like an old tree in a black wind, and dies;
But we have hidden in our hearts the flame out of the eyes
Of Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

The wind has bundled up the clouds high over Knocknarea
And thrown the thunder on the stones for all that Maeve can say,
Angers that are like noisy clouds have set our hearts abeat,
But we have all bent low and low and kissed the quiet feet
Of Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

The yellow pool has overflowed high up on Clooth-na-Bare,
For the wet winds are blowing out of the clinging air;
Like heavy flooded waters our bodies and our blood;
But purer than a tall candle before the Holy Rood
Is Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

poet and friend of yeats

An Beag

A Dhé dhonóir rilig
Ni h-ag deólad na mblát
Taoi maidin glas geimhriú:
Dé, an marb atá!

Bíodh an drúcht 'á spealadh
De bláithíní leo sgiatán
Maidin do mí mheala
Is an grian 'na lán.

'Sé mo cúig céad cuma
Nár deólais mil na milse
Laistig de blát cumha
Fad ó'm lic tighe-se.

D'foirfead leac do'n dream daondá
Ná tugann toradh ar bláta,
Fad i gcéin ó lic aoidá
Da-mhil duitse an bás.

Deoraidhe.

Prelude.

The soldiers are around the sepulchre
And Christ is slain—His Body in their keeping.
These have triumphed at last.
They have struck down the star, the soaring flame.
All things are silent now for love and shame.
Sorrow has smitten mute
The turbulent storms, and the faint-breathing shells,
The ocean music and the fledgling's flute . . . .
Passion is overpast.
All pain is stilled to prayer and silent weeping.
Empty the waiting world: no sound, no stir
Save where the amazéd earth is blindly trod
With unawed footsteps by the sentinels
Set for a guard upon the tomb of God.

M. S.

Dare Ireland Speak!

(After Maurice Gauchez).

They have wrenched your teeth. They have shut your lips.
Your native tongue is no more your own.
Echo must suffer a mute eclipse,
Nor from your pallet be heard one groan.

You must be silent, and think no more:
For eyes in your night will search your brain,
And for each brave dream you hold in store
Those eyes would cloud like the eyes of Cain.

You may only live in hunger, dumb,
Seeing (mirrored within your eyes)
Your hopes fly home, as from Heaven they come—
And the faith re-wakng that never dies.

You can bear: be still. You can break: be still.
You can watch youth fade; and the slave be lord;
And your children's pangs, and your will no will;
Yet, Ireland! dare you to speak the word?

GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT.

PRINCIPLES OF FREEDOM

DUN-AILT NA SAOIRSE.

(AISTRIÚ Ó DÉARLA TOIRDEALBAIG MIC SUIBNE).

CAIBIDIL A SÉ.

Na Dun-ailt á gcur i bpeirdm

V.

Ní mór dúinn machnamh agus socrú a déanamh 'nár n-aigne ar conus á riarfaimíd ar mbéasa sa beatha féin agus ar cad é an sórt iomcair a beirid againn. Tá earráideacha áirithe le séanadh. 'Sé an céad ceann díob a ceapadh nach bfuil orainn dílseacht d'admháil do'n bratach ach amháin i n-áiteannaibh áirithe, nach bfuil orainn ómós a tabairt dó ach go h-annamh sa beatha, nuair a bíonn cruinniú éigin ar siubal; agus is gnáth linn faoisiú ó dílseacht do'n cúis a glacadh i n-áiteannaibh eile, go mbíonn teagasc eile i mbéal no i n-aigne daoine. Ní mór dúinn ár mbratach a taisbeáint ins gach áit, agus gan faoisiú a glacadh i n-aon cor: 'siad san na príom-ailt ár bpeallsamhachta. Macaire cata is eadh an beatha, agus is féidir go gcuirfear dubhlán fé'n mbratach aon uair sa lá; annsan caithfidh an fear dílis seasamh dó agus a réasún a tabairt cuige sin. Ní h-amháin san áit 'na bpógarthar an fírinne go gcaithfear i d'admháil; cloisfir ag cogarnaigh i i n-áiteannaibh nach mbeirid coinne agat léi, agus caithfir a teagasc a chaobscaoileadh. Ní fágann an fírinne aon scit agat; caithfir bheith ag maoidheamh aisti nó beith 'gá séanadh. Ní féidir leat i do seachaint, níl aon meadón-casán. Pé bóthar a ragair, beirid sí romhat agus beid ort do rosga a déanamh.

Má cuir uait an fírinne ar aon nuid sa domhan. Ní féidir léat beith díomhaoin; béarfaid cúrsaí do saoghal cun taoid éigintí. Agus nach iontann beith díomhaoin agus beith ar taob éigin? Tágach éinne freagarthach sa ceist seo, sagart, file, ollamh, fear poiblí, fear gairma léigeanta, ceannaighe agus ceárdaighe. I ngach slí beatha caithfidh an fírinne troid i n-agaid na bréige; agus caillfimíd an troid sin má dímíd sásta le díospóireacht scoile amháin nuair a bíonn saoire againn. Aois na gcumann díospóireachta is eadh i seo; agus is minic ná cuirtear aon tsuim i gcaint ar son an cuspóra is fearr, murab ionann agus cleas aragóinte é. Ach má creidimíd sa cuspóir agus má deinimíd troid go díograiseach ar a son i measc daoine, tuigfear é, agus beirid daoine ag cur suime ann ná tuigfeadh ar aon tsli eile é. Mar cúirtear d'fiachaibh ar an saoghal éisteacht annsan, agus spéis a cur sa caint, agus sprioctar iad mar sin cun céim ar agaid a déanamh.

Agus pé áit 'na mbeirid orainn seasamh ar son an bhratuigh, tá gaiste cúrtha romhainn ag an namhaid. Tá á rian san ar gach leathanach staire ár dtíre, agus ní gádh dúinn aon cás a luadh pé leith. Is eol dúinn gur móide na fádair a geobaid sagart má cuireann sé i gcomhnid náisiúntachta; go bfuighidh ollamh breis páighe agus onóra má's féidir leis í a dhíbirt; go bfuighidh fear poiblí post agus teideal má théigeann sé i; go mbitear ag tairgsint breise tábachta do'n bhfear gairma léigeanta, breise ceannuigeachta do'n bhfear trádála, breise gnó do'n ceárdaighe, má's toil leo an bratach a cur uatha. Is fealltaighe agus is contabhartaighe an cat a cuirtear ar an bhfear ós cionn. Déarfar leis: "Tá féith ionat, tar amach fé'n solus. Cuir uait an nuid san, coimeádann sé sa doirceacht tú. Agus cad cuige anois é? Díod ciall agat agus comáin leat." Agus b'feidir go ngéillfir, go dtiocfair amach fé'n solus i dtreo go mbeidh cách ad' mholadh; ach beidh an sean-rún ag cnaigeadh do chroidhe nó go múchfar é. Déir fé'n solus annsan, agus tú id' bochtán dona gan leigeas gan vócas, cé nach leir do'n coitchiantacht é.

Má seasann tú an fód, má dhúltuigeann tú an bhreab, má bíonn tú dílis do'n bhratach, measfar gur amadán agus díol truaighe tú. Ach an t-é a measann é, ní tuigeann sé go bfuil buaidh fagálta agat is mó na caithréim aon impireachta. Mar coimeádfair id' anam solus fíor agus áilneacht buan, agus cloisfir an ceol a bíonn do shíor sa chroidhe díograiseach uasal. Cifir aisling na buadha deireannaighe, do cuir misneach sa domhan le linn saoghair na gcéadta bliain, an aisling a cuireann feadhas ar duine agus cruinneas ar náisiún, agus a béarann cine ar fán sa bhfásach isteach i dTír na Tairngireachta.

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCIPLE IN ACTION.

V.

We have, then, to consider and decide our immediate attitude to life, where we stand. There are errors to remove. The first is the assumption that we are only required to acknowledge the flag in places, offer it allegiance at certain meetings at certain times that form but a small part of our existence; while we allow ourselves to be dispensed from the fidelity to our principles when in other places, where other standards are either explicitly or tacitly recognised. That we must carry our flag everywhere; that there must be no dispensation: these are the cardinal points of our philosophy. Life is a great battlefield, and any hour in the day a man's flag may be challenged and he must stand and justify it. An idea you hold as true is not to be professed only where it is proclaimed; it will whisper and you must be its prophet in strange places; it is insistent of all things—you must glory in it or deny it; there is no escaping it, and there is no middle way; wherever your path lies it will cross you and you must choose.

Beware lest on any plea you put it by. You cannot elect to do nothing; the concourse of circumstances would take you to some side; to do nothing is still to take a side. Priest, poet, professor, public man, professional man, business man, tradesman—everyone will be called to answer; in every walk of life the true ideal will find the false in conflict and the battle must be fought out there—the battle is lost when we satisfy ourselves with an academic debate in our spare moments. This is a debating club age, and a plea for an ideal is often wasted, taken as a mere point in an argument; but to walk among men fighting passionately for it as a thing believed in, is to make it real, to influence men never reached in other ways; it is to arrest attention, arouse interest and quicken the masses to advance. And wherever the appeal for the flag is calling us the snare of the enemy is in wait. Our history so bristles with instances that a particular concrete case need not be cited. We know that priests will get more patronage if they discourage the national idea; that professors will get more emoluments and honours if they ban it; that public men will receive places and titles if they betray it; that the professional man will be promised more aggrandisement, the business man more commerce, and the tradesman more traffic of his kind—if only he put by the flag. Most treacherous and insidious the temptation will come to the man, young and able, everywhere. It will say, "You have ability; come into the light—only put that by; it keeps you obscure. And what purpose does it serve now? Be practical; come." And you may weaken and yield and enter the light for the general applause, but the old idea will rankle deep down till smothered out, and you will stand in the splendour—a failure, miserable, hopeless, not apparent, indeed, but for all that, final. You may stand your ground, refuse the bribe, uphold the flag and be rated a fool and a failure, but they who rate you so will not understand that you have won a battle greater than all the triumphs of empires; you will keep alive in your soul true light and enduring beauty; you will hear the music eternally in the heart of the high enthusiast and have vision of ultimate victory that has sustained all the world over the efforts of centuries, that uplifts the individual, consolidates the nation, and leads a wandering race from the desert into the Promised Land.

VI.

Má's mian linn beith foghanta 'nár ré, ní mór dúinn deire a chur le faoisiú. Téidheann a lán daoine macánta amú i dtaob na ceiste seo; dar leo gur cheart an saghas iomcair ba chiontach le gach ar deir orainn. Cad é an laige seo? Tá sé có simplí i a mínú agus có saoráideach ia thuigsint go gcuireann sé iongnadh orainn a fuid atáimíd go léir 'gá scaoileadh carainn i ngan fios. I n-áiteannaibh áirithe, mar do connacamar, aithnigeann duine a bhratach; i n-áiteannaibh eile cuirtear dubhlán faoi agus baineann sé amuas é. Gabann sé faoisiú chuige féin. Creideann sé 'na chroidhe; b'féidir féin go scriobfaidh sé leitir gan ainm chun an páipéir. Tabharfaidh sé ómós do'n bhratach ainis i n-áit eile, ach ní bearfaidh sé leis é thré gach cath ná le linn gach lae. I n-am guaise éigin a baineann le búird agus le daoine poiblí agus le daoine thráchtála, nuair a beidh orta súd nuid éigin a chinneamaint ar son an náisiúin nó i gcoinnidh an náisiúin, measfaidh sé nach ciallmhar d'á leithéid beith i gceannas ar a thaob féin. Séanann sé na cruinnighte gan focal a ráidh—cuireann sé sintiús ach bíonn leat-scéal aige chun gan beith láithreach. Is leor dó a chreideamh á ráidh ós iseal, agus beith ag cur misnigh sa bhurdean i mbeárnaim an baoghail—le cogar ná cloispear i bfad uaidh. Agus 'sé an cuid is measa de'n scéal ná gur dóigh leis go bfuil an ceart aige, de bhrigh go bfuil maoin shaoghalta éigin aige, do cuirfi i gcontabairt dá mbéadh sé nios dásachtaighe.

VI.

If we are to justify ourselves in our time we must have done with dispensations. Many honest men are astray on the point and think attitudes justifiable that are at the foot of all our failures. What is the weakness? It is so simple to explain and so easy to understand that one must wonder how we have been ignoring it quietly and generally so long. A man, as we have seen, acknowledges his flag in certain places; in other places it is challenged and he pulls it down. He is dispensed. He believes in his heart, may even write an anonymous letter to the paper, will salute the flag again elsewhere, but he will not carry his flag through every fight and through every day. When a particular crisis arises, which involves our republic boards, public men, and business men in action, that requires a decision for or against the nation, he will find it in his place in life not wise to be prominent on his own side, and he is silently absent from his meetings—he gives a subscription but excuses himself from attendance. He satisfies himself with private professions of faith and whispered encouragement to those who fill the gap—words that won't be heard at a distance—and, worst of all, he thinks, because some stake in life may be jeopardised by bolder action, he is justified.

ÓRÁID CHUILM UÍ GHADHRA

I gcuimhne AR SÉAMUS Ó MÁILLE

(Do láimh i d-Tuaim, Abrán, 1923)

A Ghaedheala agus a mhuintir na Poblachta!

Suil má sgaipimíd ó na céilibh anseo indiu, b'féidir nach mbeirid sé ceart againn imteacht gan cúpla focal a ráidh, ar chródhacht, ar chalmacht agus ar ghníomhartaibh an té a dtáinigeamar anseo le n'ár meas, ár nomós agus ár n-urraim a teasbáint dó. Na sean ndaoine a connaic 'eisean 'na páiste in uchd a mháthar, na fir óga agus na mná óga a bí 'na ngasún agus 'na ngearr cailí leis ar bántaibh, sléibhtibh, agus cnocaibh Connamara—na páisti a chuir sgéala a báis uathbás agus gannradh orta—ár gcóm-Ghaedheala atá indiu i bpriosúin ag gciollaí na nGall—agus go mb'é mian a gcroidhe a beith linn anseo—agus sinne a bí 'nár gcomráduidhe leis ag troid na sean-námad—ar a son-san agus ar son saoirse Gaedheal 'sead labhraim libh indiu. Nuair a deirim sinne, deirim cuid againn a siubhail na bealaighe cruadha aistreannach agus na cosáin achrannach a siubhail seisean. An seadaire Gaedheal—Séamus Ó Máille a cuireadh faoi'n bpród bliain ó soin, do dún-marbhuighead leis an tsean-námaid—siubhail seisean slighe cruaidhe na saoirse. Nuair a bí sé ag troid ar son na Poblachta thall i dtír na nGall—ag troid ag béal dorais na sean-námaid—sead, agus nuair a bí sé 'na cime i bpriosún Sasana—an pionús, an spideamhlacht agus an géarchall a ndeadaidh sé thid, ní'l 'fios ag mórán. Nuair a d'éiriġ cuid againn arist le fogha a tabhairt faoi'n tsean-námaid nior le Séamus Ó Máille b'faillighe é—bí se i dtús an cata. Mar go leór eile rugtas air 'san troid, agus rinneadh príosúnach cogaidh de—agus an céad ghéal eile fágann sinn faoi—le ordú na sean-námad—tugtar amach é féin agus cúigear eile óglách—agus le maidneachain an lae caitear iad i nagaid ballaí dún-puirt na námad i dTuaim.

Ar ucóid naomta stáireamhail de'n tsórt seo, caithfe duine borbas, searbas, agus fearg á cur ar leat-taob—ach deirim ar ucóid de'n tsórt seo féin go bfuil 'chaon nid aca riachtanach ar uairibh. Nuair atá an feall, an t-éiteach, agus gach droch-bheart nios gráinneamhla ná a chéile le cuing na daoirse 'fáisgead nios daingne ar tír—annsin buaidh ó Dia féin fuat 'na n-agai', agus tá sé com riachtanach le biadh do'n corp nó creideamh do'n anam.

"An té ghráduigeas an fírinne 's a clann 'tá fá chráidh,
Le náisiún a dhíogadh 'un éirghe ó'n mbás—
Gráduigeann Dia 'eisean dá fada an lá,
'S i bflaitheas a véas sé 'na mhaitir go hárd!"

An t-óglách a cuireadh de'n tsaoghal bliain ó soin creid seisean i saoirse. Mar go leór eile tuit sé ar son an chreidimh sin—tuit sé ar son an chirt—tuit sé ar son saoirse Gaedheal, sead, agus an creideamh a bí aige-sean agus ar chreid na céadtaibh leis a sgaoilfeas Gaedhil ó ghéibeann.

Tá 'fios agam go maith gur mian libh teachtaireacht uaim-se. Tá 'fios agam cé'n teachtaireacht í sin! An bfuil an troid thart nó bfuil an Poblacht marbh? Com fada agus béas oiread amháin agus is fiú únsa snaoisin de dhíghe Sasana in aon bhall de'n tír seo—Éire—caithfe an sean troid a thuil ar agaidh. Ní'l an Poblacht cáillte—ní rabh sí ariamh com láidir agus tá sí an uair seo de ló, agus tá borradh agus fás ag teacht fuithe gach noiméad—ní'l sí ach ag leigean a sgíthe; ach dá láidre dá bfuil sí tá ár námaid láidir freisin. Le na cuid gliocais agus beartaideacht fuair sí giollaí dán bfuil agus dá'n bhfeóil féin, atá ag déanamh na hoibre a chinn uirthi féin a déanamh leis na céadta bliain; mar sin ní mór dúinn a beith áirdeallach faireach—ach dá gcice dá bfuil sí, nior leag sí an cloch-bunn ceart ariamh 'san tír seo, agus tá sí ag tuitim 'ona céile indiu le toil agus dioghaltas Dé. Gidh go mbíonn sé mall amanntar, fágann an fírinne agus an chneastacht an buaidh ar an bhfeall agus ar an éagcóir.

Táimíd amuigh anseo ar úcóid bróin agus dóláis—an leóman seasmhach, an gaisgídeach calma, agus an t-óglách chródha—Séamus Ó Máille—atá ag tabhairt an féin indiu—go bfeicim a spiorad i gcroidhe gach duine dá bfuil anseo. Ní'l seisean caillte mar tá a spiorad 'gá dtreóiriú 'un slighe na saoirse nach bfuighe bás go deó in Éirinn, agus cé nach fáidhe mé mairfe a spiorad i gcroidhe gach Gaedheal dílis i gConamara, agus faoi ceann fiche bliain béidh turas anseo go dtí na leacht gur clú de Ghaedhealaibh Connamara. Dá brigh sin ní bhrón ach átas is cóir a beith in ar gcroidhe gur tuit mac com dílis dúthrachtach leis ar son Caitlin Ní Uallacáin. Ó's í seo an céad uair againn anseo le chéile—ag tabhairt onóra d'ainm an óglaigh sin, agus do'n nid gur tuit sé ar a son—saoirse Gaedheal—mar sin mionnaighmíd agus tugad gach duine againn a mhóide a bhfiadhnaise a spiorad-sean atá linn, agus milte spiorad Gaedheal eile a tuit san tsean troid chéadna—leis an troid a cur ar agaidh gan stopadh gan staonadh go bfeicimíd saoirse Gaedheal.

"Úmalluighim le urraim d'ainm an laoich
In éindigh le céadta de thaoisighibh na nGaedheal—
Gurdim le dúthracht cun na flaitis go hárd,
A slighe-san a leanacht go dtigid an bás."

BEACON SONG.

(To the tune of "The Heath is Brown on Carrigdown.")

The sun is gone that sweetly shone,
Across the bogs the sea-mews wail,
On hills and shores the tempest roars,
The night is dark o'er Inisfail.

And many a light that from the height
Made Erin's might with beauty glow
Burns dim and quails—O Inisfail,
My heart is weary for your woe!

Yet one pure fire no storm can quell
Burns clear and well o'er Inisfail—
The holy pride of him who died
In prison cell to save the Gael.

His memory a fire shall be
To free our souls from traitor shame—
A quenchless brand to light our land
We kindle at this sacred flame.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

In the Isle of Wight

Continued from col 3 page 2

Sad and despondent thoughts closed over me like a fog as I waited at Parkhurst Prison, in the visiting room. Outside a gang of convicts in their striped clothes were labouring, drawing a heavy cart. Some of them stared, brutal and sullen looking enough, but one young lad looked at me piteously, with dark eyes full of pain.

A warder closed the door from outside and turned the key in the lock; very softly, very tactfully, it was done, but one knows the sound.

A counter divides the small room into two. From a door on the other side a warder entered, followed by the prisoner I had come to visit, a captured soldier of the Irish Republic, a member of "a criminal conspiracy to set his country free."

The boy's face was ablaze with excitement: he stood laughing at me, stammering, unable at first to speak. It was like a breath from the West to look at him, his tall, lithe figute, keen face and frank blue eyes. All the time he was trembling a little, talking very quickly, his face working, his eyes saying more than his lips had time to say: that nervousness was partly due to excitement, no doubt; partly to too much solitude; partly to want of food. I was to write for him to his mother and tell her—be sure to tell her—that he was well. How was it going in Ireland? What about the elections? Was it true they had De Valera in Belfast Jail? . . . .

It was not to be talking about his sufferings, nor to be asking the chances of his release, nor to hear what was being done for the prisoners that he wanted; I soon realized that; it was to know that the struggle was going on, that the people were getting to understand, that we had De Valera still . . . . "It should be hard for him: he has three Governments against him now," he said. He was saying things full of thought, full of that deep, long-brooding wisdom that comes to some minds in prison; things full of faith and hope. The depression that had been over me cleared away, like a mist before sun and wind, as this prisoner talked of Ireland, his invincible spirit lighting his clear face.

"The others will be going soon: Barney gets out in December," he said.

"And you?" I asked.

"I'll be the last," he answered; "I have ten years," then laughing gaily at my dismay—"Ah, there'll be a change before then."

Time was up. The warder rose. The prisoner stood up and gave me a strong hand-clasp and a blessing in Irish that was a blessing indeed, and went back with his jailor to his cell.

It had been raining in Freshwater, and there was a soft fragrance in the evening air; birds were calling to one another with sweet, teasing notes; in the sky, in the green afterglow, hung a frail new moon. But it is for wide bogs and the crash of Atlantic breakers the heart hungers, and the high, travelling clouds of the West, for the strong winds that rush from the mountains at twilight, and the warm cabin and the odour of burning turf.

Ten years to be waiting . . . . Ten years!

But there'll be a change before then, please God!

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

ESCAPE

By DOROTHY MACARDLE.

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It was ten when Father Kiernan went to the gaol; it was going on for midnight now; with a sound that was like the death-watch, time ticked on. There was no sound in the world but that ticking, and the shuddering breathing of the child. The fit of terror and crying had left her lifeless; she lay with her eyes closed and her lips parted, her hands, palms upward, spread out on the counter pane. With her little face worn and peaked from suffering and her dark head shorn like a boy's she had a queer look of Festy now.

The priest was a long time gone; it took but eight minutes to the gaol; he was kept there, surely—waiting to bring the boy. . .

Mrs. Fahy went to the crib and lit the candles. They shone on the gold of the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, every one a prayer. It was a beautiful crib and it took up the whole of the top of the chest of drawers. It would be the first thing Nora would see when her eyes opened—it would distract her, maybe, from her terror and her crying for Festy, for a while.

If only they could have kept it from her that this was Christmas Eve! But every night, since fifty nights ago when he was taken, even in her illness, she had marked off the days on the almanack on the wall. She had it under her pillow now.

"Don't fret, Noreen *a gradh*," he had said to her, leaning down to her from the lorry; "I'll come home to you for Christmas, never fear."

'Twas a pity he ever said it, he that never broke a promise to Nora yet. Day long the sick child had been listening and watching for him, till by evening she was burning with fever again. Then the fit of delirium and raving terror, the wild screams that they were willing Festy, killing him the way they had killed Shawn. . . Father Kiernan quieted her at last, saying it would not be Christmas till midnight, and maybe at midnight Festy would come. Then he had gone, to plead in Christ's name, to the gaol.

John was sitting crouched over the hearth; the trouble was turning him into an old man. His wife sat down by him and put turf on the fire.

"She is lying very quiet," she whispered. "If he comes now, please God, she'll get well."

John did not look up; he said, heavily, "He'll not come."

"They'll hardly refuse the priest," she said, "and it Christmas night!"

"'Twas on the feast of the Immaculate Conception," he answered, "they did their murders in Mountjoy."

Her faith battled with his bitterness: "The Mother of God will put pity in their hearts this night, surely, for the sake of her Holy Child."

Her husband was not listening; he was muttering to himself.

"God knows I never grudged the boys to Ireland. I never lifted a word against Him when they slaughtered Shawn. Why wouldn't he leave the little girl to me, that is the light and angel of my days?"

Her man was crying and she could not comfort him. She sat silent, listening to the passing of life and time.

Father Kiernan sat facing the Governor at the office table. The business-like room with its filing cabinets, documents tied with red tape and printed schedules, drained him of his confidence. His mission began to appear like a pitiful effort to stay the ruthless wheels of some huge machine. But he noticed that holly and ivy were twined round the gas-jet and that gave him hope.

The Governor, a stout man with a pale, somnolent face, listened to him in silence, pricking a paper with a pencil all the time.

"I remember the case of Shawn Fahy," he said at last. "Shot trying to escape, wasn't he, by the Black and Tans?"

"They dragged him from the house at night. . . Only his mother and little Nora were in it. . . They heard the shots. . . Some friends brought the body in. . . The little girl was in convulsions all night. . . She has never got over it. There is only herself and Festy left, and when your men took Testy away. . ."

At the Governor's impatient gesture Father Kiernan broke off.

"He was identified as taking part in the attack on the barracks. Two of my men were killed. A revolver was found in his bed."

Father Kiernan's tone became pleading, shaken by nervousness.

"But the little girl! It's life or death for her to-night. These convulsions of terror would kill a strong man. If her brother doesn't come. . . Another attack—the doctor warned them—it would be the last. To see him, to speak to him for even a few minutes might save her life. Can't you give him one hour's parole? I will be responsible myself. I beg it. I ask it in the name of charity—in the name of Jesus Christ!"

The Governor's pencil tore a gash in his paper, but he spoke in a controlled formal tone:

"The Government cannot grant parole on any grounds whatever. I refused it to a man whose wife was dying only last week. He signed the undertaking, however, and was released in time for the funeral."

Father Kiernan's gentle face looked troubled.

"Festy. . . He was always a determined lad," he said, "but he's crazy about little Nora. . . If it is to save her life. . . I wouldn't like to press him in any way, but still. . ."

The Governor shook his head.

"You don't quite understand the situation," he said. "It is more serious than that. In possession of a revolver—you see? The courtsmartial will be coming on. The penalty, as you know. . ."

"In God's holy name!" Father Kiernan recoiled, paling. "You would not. . . you could not . . . execute . . .?"

"It has been done in similar cases," was the firm reply. "To be perfectly open with you—I speak in confidence, Father," he continued, "the probability is that this batch of prisoners will be sentenced to death. The sentences would not, however, be carried out unless the Irregulars gave trouble in the area. It would rest with themselves."

"Hostages!" Father Kiernan exclaimed.

The Governor did not reply.

"Have you no compassion for the poor people?" the priest cried out then. "Shawn murdered, little Nora dying, Festy. . . Is there no humanity left in Ireland?"

The Governor considered for a moment, his lips compressed. Then he struck the bell on his table.

"I will send for the prisoner," he said, "Perhaps something can be done. So far I have failed; but if you will add your efforts to mine. . ."

. . . . . .

The joy that lit up Festy's face at the sight of Father Kiernan had changed to white, staring anguish when the tale was told.

"Little Nora! Little Nora!" he gasped. "I—I'd give up my life to come to her! What will I do? O my God, what will I do?" His head went down between clenched hands for a moment, then he wheeled and faced the Governor and said abruptly, "You sent for me; what do you want?"

There was a pause. The Governor rose, crossed to the door, locked it, came back to his chair again and lit a cigarette.

"Festy Fahy," he said then, speaking gravely: "You have a duty to your family, haven't you? A little sister dying. Your parents growing old. They have no other son. The courtsmartial come on next month and your case is the most serious that will come before them. I have said nothing to Father Kiernan, but you trust him. I suppose. . ."

Festy's whole body was strung tense, his head set back. He spoke between his teeth, interrupting:

"What is your price?"

The Governor spake slowly, without looking at him: "I made a proposal to you before. The same proposal is open again—for the last time."

Father Kiernan had known Festy Fahy since he was a loving, sunny-hearted little ragamuffin, impossible to approve of and hard to scold. He had never known the boy who stood opposite the Governor now, bent forward, his hands clutching the table, his face distorted, his voice choked with hate.

"You cur! You devil!" the boy gasped out. "Nora's dying and you'd use it to make an informer of me! You'd play your filthy game with the child's life! O God's curse on you for a murderer!"

Father Kiernan flung his arms round Festy and the boy clung to him, broken down.

"'Tis a thing I couldn't do! Don't ask me, Father! I couldn't—to save Nora's life!"

The Governor rose again, opened the door and called an orderly.

"Take the prisoner back to his cell," he ordered, "and if he is fit to go to midnight Mass. . ."

Despairing sobs echoed through the dark corridors as Festy was led away. Father Kiernan said "Good-night," and went out into the foggy air. He felt confused. It would be bad, going back alone to the Fahys. He would call home first for the Holy Oils. . .

The prison chapel was lighted up; the prisoners were getting midnight Mass; it was by no means the worst of the gaols.

. . . . . .

Five minutes to twelve and the priest not back yet. Mrs. Fahy got up noiselessly and took down the clock, saying she would put back the hands. Her husband stopped her.

"You can't cheat the child," he said, "and you can't cheat Death. She'll hear the Christmas bells."

Nora was wakeful again and moaning: "Festy, darling, put your hand on my head—'tis hurting me—can't you stop the pain?" . . . "Where are you, Testy? . . . Mammie, mammie, I want Festy; why doesn't he come?"

John stood at the foot of the bed, impotent, looking down at the child with sombre eyes. The mother sat down, bathing her forehead, murmuring that Festy would come soon, surely—that it wasn't Christmas yet.

The child grew easier then and talked to herself in a soft, contented little voice. "I will hear him coming down the street and the latch will be lifted and I will hear him crossing the kitchen and he will come in at the door. He will be laughing. He will make me well. . ."

They heard footsteps while she whispered to herself and heard the latch lifted, but it was Father Kiernan and he was alone. He stood in the doorway and shook his head sorrowfully. His face was drawn with grief.

The mother and father stood still, saying nothing, while clearly and remorselessly the clock struck twelve. Nora lay stretched out on the bed, gazing up at their stricken faces. Terror was gathering in her eyes; a shrill little cry broke from her and she trembled from head to foot. Outside the bells clashed and clanged, broke into chimes and then into a tune: "Come all ye faithful—." The clamour was pierced by the sharp crack of a shot. . . "Joyful and triumphant!" Another shot crashed out and the bells rang on. A storm was rising round Mrs. Fahy—a blackness drowning her senses; John was saying "'Tis from the gaol!" and Father Kiernan answered quickly, "No, no! It is nothing. Don't fear, Mrs. Fahy; we'll go and see." The two of them went away. She could not see Nora for the dark fog that was in her eyes. She reached the altar, but the lights slid away from her. . . The room floated away from her and she fell.

When her senses came back to her Nora was calling in a weak, excited voice. Mrs. Fahy rose dizzily and drank some cold water and knelt down by the child's bed. Nora's eyes were wide and wondering; a sweet radiance lit up her face; she was lying quite still.

"Mammie, Mammie, didn't you see him?" she asked, softly. "Why were you sleeping on the floor? He came so quiet, so quiet, and he couldn't stay. He put his hand on my forehead and the pain is quite gone."

Mrs. Fahy's heart was beating painfully. She heard people running past the window, no other sound.

"Tell me, daughter, what did he say to you?" she asked under her breath.

Nora was drowsy. "He just said he escaped from them," she replied sleepily. "He said he would be safe from them now; he will be in a place where they can't find him ever, he said, and we are not to be afraid any more."

Her eyelids closed but she opened them to say, "Please, Mammie, go to bed; you are so tired." Then she was fast asleep.

There were voices at the street door; there were people around the house, whispering; an old man's feet came dragging across the kitchen floor. Mrs. Fahy went in. John was there with the priest. He lifted his face with a half-blind look, speechless, and shook his head slowly from side to side, then sank down in his chair.

She looked at Father Kiernan. The women in the doorway were sobbing but there was calmness in her voice.

"Is it Festy?" she asked.

"God comfort you!" Father Kiernan said, his voice trembling. There were tears in his eyes. He took her by the two hands.

"It is Festy. He collapsed during Mass, it seems, and some of the Guards took him out. Crossing the yard he made a dash for the wall. He had no chance at all and he never reached it. He was shot through the heart."

Mrs. Fahy said nothing for a moment, but looked at him with bewildered eyes. Then: "Aren't God's ways very strange, Father?" she said, and turned to her man.

John put up his hands and clung to her. She folded him in her arms.

"Little Nora is spared to us, John," she told him gently. "Come and look at the lovely sleep that is on her. She is spared to us: God is good!"

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

leabra nuada

Clann Lir, 1s. 3d.; **In Oige an tSaogail**, 2s. 3d. Micéal Ó Colmáin do scriob: Abuistin Ó Maoldoib do maisig; ar n-a gcur i gcló do Colm Ó Loclainn, Cló na gCoinneal, in Áit-Cliat.

Ni éirigeann na leanbai tuirseach coidce ó beit ag éisteacht leis an sean-scéal álainn úd—Oide Clainne Lir—in a ndeintear trácht ar imteachtaib Fionnuala agus a triúr dritháireach, ar an saogal truaigméileach do caiteadar de barr an éad do glac a leas-máthair cruaócroideach dóib. Tá an scéal ait-miste ag Micéal Ó Colmáin ar nós go dtaitneoidh sé go mór leis na páistib go hairigte.

Sa dara leabar ait-scriobann sé, i ngaeilg simplide, cúig cinn de sean-scéaltaib Gaedlaca. (1) Dronntanas an Ri—scéilin i dtaoib Naoim Caoimgin faid a bi commuide air i nGleann-dá-loc. Léirigeann sé dúinn méid a gráda dos na hainmidte fiadaine agus dos na héanluite: (2) Connla agus an Aimsir Side—cur síos ar cionnus do meallad Connla ó na muinntir féin go Tir na mBeo: (3) An Bean Aéranach—scéilin greannamair i dtaoib beirte do mair in aimsir Finn Mic Cumaill: (4) Domnall Cneasta—buacaill bocht go n-éirig an t-ád leis toisc croide mait beit aige, agus do pós ingean Ri Connacht i ndeire na dála: (5) Bás Baluir—in a bfuil cur síos ar Lugh Lámfada agus an cat Maig Tuiread.

Molaim an dá leabrán so mar dronntanas deas nodlag dos na leanbai. Tá a gcrut go gleoidte, slachtmar agus an cló agus na peicitiúiri go hálainn. Táid ar fágail anois ó'n "Emton Press," Áit Cliat.

Fuiameanna agus Blas na Gaedhilge; 8d. Shan O Cuiv do chuir le cheile i gcoir na sgoileanna; ar a cur amach do Dún na nGall, Teor, Áit-Cliat.

Ni't buaim agam anois téir-meas ceart a déanamh ar an leabrán so—mar ba mait liom. Leabar púntac tairbeac i lám múinteora 'sead é—cun cleachtana bpuaimeann dréir nós Gaedlac.

Cúpla leabar eile do cuireadh ag triall orrainn, atá tréis á gcur i gcló do Alasdair Maclabhruinn is a Mhic Glascho. Sgillins an ceann.

"Comhraidhean Gaidhlig." Book I.: Four Gaelic Dialogues, being three old favourites and one hitherto unpublished.

(1) Am Maighstir-Sgoile agus Calum Posta.

(2) Fionnlagh Piobaire agus Para Mor, an Oidhche mu'n d'fhag iad Glascho.

(3) Eadar Cuairtear nan Gleann agus Eachann Tiristeach.

(4) Tormod Mac Misdein, is Sonaid, Bantrach an tSaoir.

"Dealbh-chluichean Gaidhlig," le Eathann Mac Dhughaill, two Gaelic plays: Coir Samhna air Leannan: agus Mar dh' aisigeadh dhi a' Ghaidhlig.

Tóir.

"A PRECIOUS MOMENT"

"This is surely a precious moment" said the new Chief Justice, speaking in Irish, "when the silence of the Gael in courts of law is broken . . . the moment when Irish Courts . . . are thrown open to administer justice according to laws made in Ireland by free Irish citizens for the well-being of our dearly-loved land and its people."

"Laws made in Ireland by free Irish citizens.!"

What oath had those Irish law-makers to take before they dared enter Ireland's legislative assembly? Where were the elected representatives of the people, the deputies who headed the poll in Clare, in Kerry, in Louth, in Mayo, and forty more, while those laws were being made? Why were fifteen thousand "free Irish citizens" absent from the polling booths when Ireland's law-makers were chosen?

"Among the glories of our past history were a love of justice and a highly developed judicial mentality. It will be for us in these newly-established courts to enshrine the ancient inspiration and to evoke again the dormant reverence for the judgment by establishing confidence in its fearless and impartial justice and the expectation that as the law is made by the people so shall be the judgment."

He spoke thus in the presence of Mr. Cosgrave and his ministers, of Mr. Mulcahy and other persons responsible for the regime of the past two years. It is under the auspices of such men, under their government, under laws enacted by them, that the new courts claim Ireland's confidence.

A strange patronage, surely, for the justiciary of the Gael!

Any victorious despot, any Czar, any Herod, can make a law. To frame laws based on natural justice for the protection of the weak against the strong is the difficult task of civilised communities and their democratic assemblies. To make laws, based on self-interest for their own protection, to silence opponents and secure themselves in power, has been the easy achievement of tyrants of all time. Such laws and such despotisms the reformers and revolutionaries of long ages have agonised to overthrow.

Where the tyrant is cunning enough to disguise tyranny in the trappings of constitutional rule, to employ the phraseology of democracy and cover the iron hand with a velvet glove, a section of credulous people may be deceived. They may be deluded and confused, hypnotised, even, into believing that the acts of the tyrant are their own voluntary acts. The "judicial mentality" of a nation may become atrophied through disuse until justice becomes a meaningless word unattached to any idea.

So accustomed has Ireland been, for generations, to know "law and order," "justice," "public safety" and "the will of the people" as hypocritical phrases cynically used to cover tyranny with a veil, that contempt for the sham thing has left callousness to the reality in our minds. We can see justice mocked and stand apathetically by.

The new Chief Justice dreams of restoring those sacred words to their true sense and reverence.

It is at "a precious moment," under ill-starred and most foreboding auspices that his task begins.

Test the regime of his patrons, not by statutes and law-books but by the common sense of human right and equity, which is the ultimate touchstone of all laws, and how does their "judicial mentality" stand?

Where there is justice, humanity asserts, the citizen is assumed innocent until he is proved guilty; his personal liberty is inviolable until there are reasonable charges brought against him; to confine him for even a week, uncharged, is a flagrant defiance of his right; if he be tried it must be openly by a jury of his peers, containing no enemy of his; if he be convicted his punishment must be strictly measured, without favour or prejudice, by exact standard and precedent, to fit his crime; he shall not, without the gravest of crimes being deeply proven against him, be sentenced to death. The awful machinery of punishment, the prerogative of the State, must, in brief, be used only in the cause of justice and with scrupulous discrimination and restraint.

The Ministers who sponsor the new Irish Courts have governed Ireland for two calamitous years.

Having, without consulting parliament or people, created war conditions in their country they empowered themselves to arrest on suspicion any citizen of the State. They desired to force the "free citizens" of Ireland to sign certain undertakings securing peaceful office to themselves. The power of arrest was used to throw young girls and boys, old men and women, as well as writers, speakers, political leaders and combatants into jail, there to be detained, in conditions inducing physical and mental disease, until they should consent to sign the undertaking as required.

Under this Ministry prisoners were sentenced to death and executed for deeds known to have been committed by others; prisoners were sentenced to death in order that they might be held as hostages; they were sentenced that their goalers might bargain with the prisoner's leaders for the surrender of guns; they were sentenced to induce them to give information against their comrades, to accept commissions in the Free State army, to betray their own leaders in any way.

Under this Ministry death sentences, imposed from such motives as these, bearing no relation, real or pretended, to the prisoner's own activities, were "commuted" to terms of imprisonment of five, ten, or twenty years.

So cynical has this government become, so shameless, so reckless of even the pretence of justice, that they admitted that these sentences had no necessity or legal consideration in them. The government, however, assumed the prisoner guilty, laid on him the onus of proving himself innocent, the onus of appealing for a fair trial.

The men had been sentenced in order to induce them to commit an act of surrender—to acknowledge the Dominion Courts.

The whole machinery of punishment—the power of imprisonment, the power of life and death, has been used by this government as an instrument of torture to force "free Irish citizens" to acknowledge an allegiance which they abhor.

There is another rule, older than the rule of justice, known in this world. It is the rule of force. Its motto is "might is right"; its war-cry is "Vae Victis!"—"Woe to the conquered"; "The spoils to the Victor!" is its cry in the wilderness which it has made, calling it peace.

Under this rule of the British Empire, this law of the jungle, Ireland has existed for centuries and is existing still. It is no new thing to the Irish people; it does not dismay or amaze them; the race has learnt to defy it and to laugh at it in seven hundred years.

But let it stand for what it is and be called by its own name. For to invoke to its upholding the glories of Ireland's sovereign past and to name it with the sacred name of justice is to blaspheme against a holy thing.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

The Suffering of our People in Connemara.

II.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

This distress here is truly awful, and the "Free State" people let it go on unrelieved.

We are having a very strenuous time. The doctor is very busy, and he has a tremendous area. Some of his cases are way off the road and we get lots of heavy tramping over bogs and hills. I get wet through often.

The relieving officer here has the handling of some private funds for relief purposes and uses it politically. The typhus has abated for the present, but the doctor says it is liable to break out again at any time—nothing is done to prevent an outbreak. Very few potatoes have been planted. Seed was supplied at 2/- per stone by the L.G.B. or Co. Council, and the people could not afford to contract debts at such high rates. Shopkeepers have stopped credit. This year's crop will be small. It is not expected to be very good either. If it turns out bad this district will be going through another '47 over again.

There is one simple relief measure that could be put into operation, if there was an honest administration in power. That is afforestation—especially fruit trees. This land would grow fruit all right, and I think it would be a good scheme. Possibly you might care to get somebody who knows something about afforestation to go into the subject.

Dr. Tubridy has not been sanctioned by the L.G.B.—they refuse to sanction him because his mother helped in the election organisation against P. O'Maille. He is carrying on here without pay. God alone knows what would be happening to the people if he were not here.

It is all simply criminal. I feel sick at heart and disgusted. The Indians of Bolivia and Peru are infinitely better off than our own Irish people here in Connemara. Those who can go away are going.

One of the few means of earning a livelihood open to the people of Galway is the lobster fishing. For many it is the only thing they have. Even this is now denied them. French trawlers are fishing within a few hundred yards of the coast. The lobster fishing is being destroyed. French lobster pots are everywhere. The Irish fisherman, with his inferior equipment is crowded out. A few days ago some of the Galway men rowed out and cut a number of the French lobster pots adrift letting them sink to the bottom. When the Frenchmen discovered this they landed at Slane Head and raided houses there, under the impression that the lobster pots had been brought ashore. Such is the protection afforded by the Free State authorities that these French fishermen were able to go from house to house, threatening the people with their knives and telling them by signs that any further interference would be punished by a little throat cutting.

All this was duly reported to the Civic Guards, but as far as can be ascertained no action has been taken. Representations were also made to the local Free State deputy, P. O'Maillie, T.D., who informed the people that nothing could be done as the "Helga" was in dock.

How England Captures the Profits

Sir Robert Horne, recently Chancellor of the Exchequer in the British Government, in the course of an address to the British Chamber of Commerce of Paris, pointed out that "for the first time in history England is to receive appreciable imports of steel goods from France; she is seriously affecting us to-day in the steel trade in England just as she is affecting our people in the wool trade." This assertion merits a little reflection on the part of steel importers and wool exporters in Ireland. Sir Robert Horne also said, "I look forward to the prospect of some commercial agreement between England and France. A great deal could be done by such a treaty to advance the prosperity of both countries." The "Free State" does not believe in commercial agreements, perhaps for the very reason assigned by Sir Robert Horne in their favour; or is it because "mother England" refuses permission?

I understand that the French Government has now appointed a Commercial Attaché to look after the interests of French trade in Ireland, and this gentleman will doubtless shortly make his appearance in Dublin. It may or it may not be mere chance that makes this long-deferred appointment coincide with the swing of Irish opinion in favour of the Irish Republic.

The bulk of wine imports into the 26 Counties seems to consist of port wine, judging by the following summary extracted from the Free State trade returns for January and February.

Consigned from:	Gallons	£
Portugal	105,351	44,761
Great Britain ...	70,090	38,670
France	17,751	12,022
Spain	16,931	5,798
"Northern Ireland" ...	3,251	1,925
Algeria	1,494	178
Other countries ...	1,504	507
	216,372	£103,861

It will be noticed that wine consigned direct from France amounts to only 8 p.c. of the total quantity of wine imports, whilst intermediaries in Great Britain draw commission on at least one-third of the quantity consigned to Irish importers. Indirect trade leads to the spending of Irish money in England and encourages unemployment in Ireland.

L. H. KERNEY.

Stories for Children

No. III.

"Poor Paudeen"

Paudeen was in a fix: he promised the people he would never give up the Republic, and then Mr. Churchill made him promise to give it up and the people said—"How dared you make such a promise as that?" So Paudeen said—"Whist now! it'll be all right; when Mr. Churchill has taken his soldiers away I'll break my promise to him and keep my promise to you; we'll have the Republic again."

So when the soldiers were all gone he made an agreement with the people that he wouldn't give the Republic up unless they gave it up themselves. Then Mr. Churchill called Paudeen and said—"How dared you make such a promise as that?" And Paudeen said—"Whist now, wait awhile, 'twas only to keep them quiet, and sure I'll break my promise to them and keep my promise to you." So he made an agreement called a Constitution to give the Repubic up. Then the people said—"How dared you make such a promise as that? We won't have it!" And Paudeen didn't know what to do, so he put a lot of the people in jail. But the others said again—"How dared you make such a promise as that?" So Paudeen said—"Whist now, wait awhile, 'twas only to keep Mr. Churchill quiet, and sure I'll not keep that promise at all." But Mr. Churchill said—"How dare you make such a promise as that?" And he made Paudeen stand up in front of Tim Healy and promise to give the Republic up. And the people said again—"Well, Paudeen, and how dared you make such a promise as that?" So Paudeen said—"Sure I had to make it to get into Parliament, but put me back into Parliament and I'll break it for you the first minute I can."

But the people were sick and tired of Paudeen and they told him to get out of that.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

CONVICTS OF WAR.

(Continued from col. 1 page 1.)

desolation, nights of despair, yet each morning a morning of hope again.

For the prisoner of war, the prisoner of a good cause, never utterly loses hope. There are men and women outside who have not forgotten; there is chance and change; there are wars and revolutions; there is justice somewhere. Surely, surely some day justice will triumph, and when justice is triumphant they will be free.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

MISS ELLEN DALY.

Miss Ellen Daly, who died recently at an advanced age in Limerick, was a srster of John Daly, who ranks as one of the great Fenians of the last generation. His long imprisonment in a convict jail only strengthened his spirit and made him a greater force and inspiration to a younger generation in Easter Week. His close connection with Tom Clarke is well known to our readers. Edward Daly, who was also executed in 1916, was Miss Daly's nephew. Her work for the cause and that of her family was unceasing, and her spirit never bowed before the terrorism of Black and Tan or before the terrorism of its successors. When her house was burnt by General Sacready's worthies she stood by unprotected from the falling rain erect and proud to suffer for the sacred cause for which so many of her family suffered. Miss Ellen Daly will be ever honoured as belonging to that untamed Fenian tradition which knows no compromise and which has never shirked a duty imposed by those ideals upon true Irish women and men.

THE LATE LAURENIE GINNELL, T.D.

The celebration of the anniversary of one of Ireland's most faithful heroes recalls the memory of one who fought alone and single-handed against the bitter passions of hostility aroused by the men of Easter Week. From the hour he joined the Republican movement he never wavered in his faith, and in his difficult diplomatic work he left the deep impress of his clear, deep vision of the Republic as a vital reality. In days of apathy his anniversary comes as a source of strength and inspiration.

IRISH REPUBLICAN PRISONERS' DEPENDENTS' FUND.

The Reconstruction Committee, I.R.P.D.F., regrets to announce that the funds are now completely exhausted, and that no further applications for loans will be received at present.

ROGER CASEMENT SINN FEIN CLUB, LONDON.

ADDRESS ON "THE NATIONAL IDEAL."

"The National Ideal" was the title of an interesting and stimulating address delivered by Padraig O'Boyle at the meeting of the Roger Casement Sinn Fein Club, held at 84 Blackfriars Road, London, S.E., on Thursday evening, 23rd ult.

The lecturer ridiculed the idea that the National Ideal was limited to the work of the Gaelic League, the G.A.A., and Irish Industrial organisations, which were important subdivisions of the national effort which sought to secure the political, economic, social, and cultural freedonm of the Irish nation. Ireland, Padraig asserted, needed national character as well as a national language at the present time, but there was, of course, no conflict between the Language movement and the national ideal which involved far more than a Gaelic-speaking Ireland. For six hundred years after the Anglo-Norman invasion began, he pointed out, Ireland was Gaelic-speaking and struggling, a fact which proved that the mere possession of the language could not, of itself, restore Ireland to her position among independent nations. Many people salved the consciences by confining their activities to the perfectly safe pastime of studying the national language and playing Irish games, but these people could not be compared with the humblest of those who risked their fortunes, their liberties and their lives to maintain the Republic. The national language had its place and a high place, in the life of the nation, and on that account the language movement deserved the support of all Irishmen and women who believed in their country's right to political and economic freedom.

An interesting discussion followed.

The next important lecture will be delivered under the auspices of the Club at the above address, on Thursday, 14th inst., at 8 p.m., when Sorcha MacDermott will speak on the highly interesting subject of "Irish Heroines." Admission will be free, and all Irishmen and women are cordially invited.

Now that Sinn Fein is the only body in England receiving official recognition, it is expected that there will be a big increase in the number of Cumainn in Great Britain.

PUBLIC INQUIRY DEMANDED.

Official Statement Political Prisoners' Committee.

Miss French, on her return from England, reported on her visits to the Irish political prisoners in Parkhurst and Maidstone prisons. She stated that Mr. Heuston was in very bad health. He had suffered greatly in Belfast prison, and had never recovered from the effects.

A letter was received from Most Rev. Dr. Foley, acknowledging receipt of the telegram sent by Political Prisoners' Committee re the threatened flogging of the prisoners arising out of the protest against his Pastoral, and said he had communicated with the authorities on the subject. We hope that, in view of the publicity given to the affair, the flogging has not been carried out, but Mr. O'Higgins was forced by Mr. O'Connell to admit the savage punishments inflicted on those who protested against the Pastoral—6 months close confinement on punative dietary scale—would ruin the health of a man for life: it was worse even than we stated in our last report.

In view of the official contradiction of our statement on the scandalous treatment of the prisoners in Maryborough and the subsequent admission of the truth of these statements by Mr. O'Higgins, **we demand a public sworn inquiry.**

M. G. MacB.

ULSTER PRISONERS' DEFENCE FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged ...	89	4	6
Pembroke Comhairle Sinn Fein. proceeds of lecture by Madame Gonne MacBride ...	1	2	0

THE CAOINE OF THE EMIGRANT

(FAMINE IN THE WEST, 1897—1925).

In 1897 there was a partial famine in Ireland, just as there is this year. The Free State Government is acting to-day exactly as the English Government acted then. Through its official press it denies famine and minimises distress. In the House of Commons when confronted by the Irish M.P's with the names of people who had died from starvation, Mr. Balfour jocosely asked if the Irish expected him to supply their peasants with champagne. To-day Minister McCilligan in the Free State Dail, replying to the Labour T.D., admitted that there would be deaths from starvation in Ireland, but added it was not the business of the Dail to provide work for the people, and the sooner they realised this the better.

The Awful Poverty.

I was in Mayo during the last bye-Election Whilst canvassing I discovered that in some of the houses I visited there was no food. Women told me they had not broken their fast that day; one woman showed me a piece of dry bread she was giving to a sick child and said it had been given her by a neighbour, and I saw that the sugar bowl was quite empty. Hunger is written on the thin faces of the crowds of unemployed men standing listlessly about the streets. They will tell you "we want work," and turn away ashamed lest you should take them for beggars; except the professional beggars, who follow you around promising prayers, no one asks for alms, the people are very proud and very sensitive, and try to hide their poverty as if it were a disgrace. Only when someone is ill, or when the crying of the children for food becomes too intolerable, some woman will burst forth and tell the truth. How they are maintaining existence on the "relief" that is being given them, is a question I have not been able to solve. "Four shillings a week for a widow with 7 children!" No wonder the children are naked under the ragged outer garment, no wonder consumption is rife!

The Shops.

What makes the danger of the present situation is, that the shops who by giving credit have tided the people over many hard years, are themselves in very bad straits, and are no longer able to give credit.

This is the second bad harvest, following on the disorganisation caused by the war. In Charlestown and Swinford this is plainly evident, if one looks at the empty shelves, and the shop-windows filled with dummy boxes and empty bottles, and notes the general air of depression. Many of the shopkeepers are on the verge of bankruptcy, they are going "a wallop" is the local expression. In Ballina, which is one of the most prosperous trading towns of the West, and where the depletion of stocks is not so evident, I saw women from the country in shawls buying tea by the ounce and sugar by the ¼ lb. and meal by the pound, and so ashamed and so timid, fearing anyone should notice the tiny marketing, and still more fearful that their credit was run out and that they would meet with a refusal.

Relief Works.

Though the roads are such as to make motor travelling exciting, little is being done to repair them, in some places, however, the Free State Government has opened relief works just before the election 3/4 per day seemed to be the average pay, and when compared with the 1/- per day given by the English, it looked good, but the rate of living has trebled in Ireland since 1897, and the English gave work six days a week, **and did not make relief work conditional on belonging to any political organisation, while the Free State authorities generally provide two or three days' work a week and make employment conditional on the man first paying 1/- and joining the Cumann-na-Gael organisation, in cases where the man is too poor to pay the 1/- eggs are taken in lieu of payment to the Free State Party Fund.** The Famine is partial and curiously patchy, it was the same in 1897, in Killala, for instance, and in Ballycastle this year's potato crop was splendid, and farmers have seed to sell, in Portacloy and other places not 40 miles distant, it has failed completely and the people have been able to save no seed, the oat crop on which their poultry industry so largely depends was also a failure, and the hens are dying for want of food. Seed oats and seed potatoes are the urgent need if an even worse famine next year is to be avoided.

After the famine in 1897, fish curing stations were put up at Belderrig and others of the worst districts, so that the people might salt the fish so plentiful along the coast. Fishing used to be the main industry of the people. **To-day the fish curing stations are closed, there are no fish. During the Anglo-Irish war and since the Free State came into existence the English steam trawlers have been allowed to come into the coast within the prohibited three-mile area with their huge nets and powerful engines they have, as the poor fishermen say, "dragged the bottom out of the sea," in other words, they, have destroyed the spawning beds and now there are no fish, the little fishing boats lie idle and the nets have rotted. An inspector of Fisheries told me that it would take five years probably for the fishing to recover, even if the English trawlers were now to be kept outside the coastal area. The Free State evidently fears antagonising their English masters and make no effort to protect the fisheries.** The "Helga," the gunboat used by the English to shell Dublin in 1916, has been taken over by the Free State for the protection of the coast, but the English captain is still retained, and it is not likely he will be disagreeable to his countrymen. An occasional little French fishing boat is caught and fined, but the big English trawlers, who are doing all the damage, are left in peace to ruin the fishing grounds on which the life of the Western seaboard depends. This means that whenever, like this year, there is a partial failure of the potato crop, there is actual famine and people dying from starvation, and among the children only the fittest survive. Emigration goes up, the English colonies alone profit where conditions are hard and cheap labour is wanted.

As I returned in the train from Mayo, at each station I heard the emigrant "Caoine." All who travel by the Western line know it, and it is hard to forget, it tears one's very heart out. The crying of the mothers as the train bears off their dear ones to foreign slavery, the shrill cry of the old people who know they will never see the bright boys and girls who are going, again. The "Caoine" echoes right along the line as the train steams away, to be taken up at the next station where more emigrants are waiting. **The emigrant "Caoine," which had almost ceased during the war, when the Republic brought hope to the people, is echoing wildly again through the Free State.**

At the Workers International Felief Committee I have seen letters telling of the conditions in Donegal, from people like Paddy Gallagher (Paddy "The Cope") and Joe McDevitt, former Head Master of Padriag Pearse's School (St. Enda's), from which it is evident that things are quite as bad there as in Mayo. Colonel O'Callaghan Westropp's statement at the Farmers' Congress, describes starving conditions in Clare. The "Irish Times" had an article published, front page, from a correspondent contradicting this, but a few days later had to admit everything as far as the wiping out of the cattle, and the desperate need of the small farmers was concerned.

MAUD GONNE McBRIDE.

ULSTER PRISONERS' DEFENCE FUND COMMITTEE.

Contributions may be sent to 27 Dawson Street, Dublin, or to Hon. Treas., 57 Brewery Rd., Plumstead, London, E.C.18."

	£	s.	d.
Per Poltical Prisoners' Committee, Dublin (to April 30) ...	84	4	6
P. O. O'Hart ...	5	0	0
M. Brian Hannigan ...	5	0	0
Mrs. MacDermott ...	0	5	0
Mrs. P. Maguire ...	20	0	0
Tomas O'Sullivan ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Sorca MacDermott ...	5	0	0
Mrs. H. Craggs ...	3	0	0
Mrs. E. Christitch ...	0	10	0
Rev. T. McNiff ...	1	0	0
N. M. Donnelly ...	0	10	0
Rev. J. McQuillian ...	1	1	0
Frank McHugh ...	0	10	0
T. Smith (collected) ...	0	17	0
Mrs. E. Cassidy ...	3	3	0
Anon. (Six-County Area) ...	2	0	0
Rev. J. MacElroy ...	1	0	0
Peter Murphy ...	0	10	0
Misses A. and K. Kelly ...	1	0	0
Miss M. O'Mahony ...	0	10	0
Mrs. O'Donoghue ...	0	10	0
T. More O'Driscoll ...	1	0	0
Tomas Traynor, S.F.C., Burnley	1	0	0
Woolwich Catholic Club ...	2	0	0
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Anon. ...	0	1	0
Mr. Nuare ...	0	2	0
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P. Kiernan ...	1	0	0
Roger Casement S.F.C., London	5	0	0
S. Nunan ...	1	12	6
P. Hovenden ...	0	2	6
Liam Newman ...	0	5	0
M. J. Kenny ...	0	2	0
Padraig O'Boyle ...	0	10	0
Miss B. Hunt ...	0	5	0
Eamon Costigan ...	0	2	0
J. Rice ...	0	2	6
Sinn Fein Organization (Mr. Austin Stack) ...	10	0	0
M. M. per Fintan Murphy ...	3	0	0
W. Dempsey, per Fintan Murphy	0	10	0
A. E. B., Liverpool ...	0	5	0
George Clancy ...	1	1	0
Sean O'Mahony ...	2	2	0
H. F. ...	1	0	0
Miss C. King ...	2	0	0
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Miss R. Killen ...	1	0	0
	£186	17	9

Sinn Féin

NEW SERIES.

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CONVICTS OF WAR

"He told us to carry on; but it's not to be known that he ordered it," an Ulsterman said to me. He was speaking of Michael Collins. That was in May, 1922.

Ulster Catholics were being burnt out of their houses; the streets of the Catholic quarters of Belfast were swept with machine-gun fire; men were dragged out and murdered on their doorsteps; snipers picked off men, women and children as they crossed the streets; the McMahon family were locked into their living room and massacred; in Arnon Street a father and his children were butchered with hatchets in their beds; within four months fifty children under sixteen years of age were shot.

Ulster Specials, armed by the English Government, were doing these things; Sir Henry Wilson and the Northern Government were ordering or condoning them; the Specials were "doing their duty," said Sir Dawson Bates.

Michael Collins told the Catholics to resist, to "carry on." "He says he'll drive a coach-and-four through the Treaty and get a Republican Constitution," they told me. "We're willing to hold on the best we can. But what will he do for our wives and children? There'll be a round-up one of these days . . ."

A few days later the round-up came.

Some of the men taken then were for two years and a half untried prisoners on the ship, in Larne Internment Camp in Belfast and Derry Jails. They were charged with "being suspected of being about to commit an act . . ."

Others, engaged in defending their streets against death-dealing armoured cars, or sniping or attacking barracks, were taken with arms.

At that time, while it was a "duty" for every Protestant to carry arms and a "Fenian brat" might be shot with impunity, for a Catholic to carry a revolver was a "crime."

The men taken with arms were sentenced to penal servitude for terms, in many cases, of fifteen years.

Penal servitude is a punishment against which we like to keep our imaginations shut; it is too death-like, too unnatural . . . To be led away, still young and vigorous and loving, from all that makes life good—the cravings of the body for warmth, food, sunlight, movement, still urgent, the longings of the mind and spirit still eager and unquelled, the will unbroken, imagination quick—to be immured in a stone-cold, narrow cell, in a granite and iron prison, and not to die—to live a month, a year, five years, ten, and never to forget . . . it is not a desirable thought for hawthorn time.

"But it is for criminals that such entombment is designed, creatures of low mentality, of sluggish impulses, coarse fibre, who do not suffer as *sensitive beings would*" —it is thus, perhaps, that good citizens exonerate themselves. "If such creatures are crushed by silence and monotony, devitalised by want of food and warmth, reduced by exhausting labour below the norm of life—well, wild beasts must be tamed!"

But what is to be said of the Ulstermen? One of them is a member of Parliament; many are young lads so loved in their villages that the people cannot speak of them without tears; all of them are kin to those men of all lands and peoples who, when their country is threatened by an enemy, march out, the foremost, to its defence.

In Peterhead, two, for attempting to escape, were for six months, night and day, in chains—in chains while they hewed stone from the quarries, in chains when they went to the altar-rails.

And Peterhead, bleak, wind-swept and desolate as it is, is not the worst of the convict prisons: a humane governor here does hte little he can to ease the crushing system and give the sufferers a little relief. *One prisoner applied to him to have his sentence commuted to execution, but that mercy the governor could not grant.*

Three years, a thousand days, have passed with the dreadful, stealthy slowness of prison hours, over most of these men; mornings of hope, evenings of overwhelming

(Continued on col. 2 page 2.)

LORD FRENCH to his successor, TIM HEALY:—"I always said—what was wrong with Ireland was that there were 200,000 young men here who should have emigrated. I'm glad to see that your government has taken my tip."

EMIGRATION—A PROTEST

It was very pleasing to read in your issue of last week about the struggle for supremacy at the great Gaelic football match held in Croke Park, on the previous Sunday. It was very stirring to behold the 25,000 or 30,000 of the flower of Irish manhood, who were interested and animated spectators of the match. But the event gives food for reflection of another kind. A friend mentioned to me the names of two of the Kerry team who were booked to sail to U.S.A, a few days afterwards, and doubtless many of the spectators were would-be emigrants also.

Some days ago I read in the New York "*Sunday News*" of March 22, the latest quota figures issued by the U.S.A. Commissioner General of Immigration, which show the Irish of the Irish Free State in the third place with 18,020 charged to the quota, and having a balance of 10,547 yet to come before the end of the fiscal year, July 1, next. Germany comes first, with Great Britain and Northern Ireland second. Sweden comes fourth with only one-third the total of the Irish Free State. When one bears in mind that along with the figures given above, there is also the unrestricted emigration to Canada, Australia, South America, etc., one can get an idea of the alarming rate at which some of our best brain and strength is leaving—never to return.

Of course it is apparent that Irish Republicans are not to get a chance of making a living in their own country, but yet the appalling unemployment here is not confined to them. I am told that the sights at the South Dublin Union every evening are distressing, and there the out-of-work applicants for a night's shelter include crowds of ex-National Army men.

Whilst bemoaning the saddening stream of emigration, people will tell you there is no alternative. I say there is. Emigration should be prohibited save in very exceptional cases. I have before me a copy of the Proclamation of July, 1920, issued by the Ministry for Home Affairs of Dail Eireann, the Government of the Irish Republic, prohibiting emigration without an authorised permit. It was very effective. Readers will remember what Lord French said about that time. It was his opinion that what was wrong with Ireland was the fact that there were 100,000 young men too many in the country. Evidently his Free State successors "by law appointed" are of the same mind. For Imperial purposes "the Celt must still go with a vengeance."

Forbid emigration and give the people a living in their own country. In Ireland, one of the most fertile countries in the world, there is enough unused land to give a substantial holding to every member of the farming community who has at present either an uneconomic holding or no holding at all. Why is not the untenanted land distributed? Six millions could easily live on the land in Ireland. A government in earnest would settle the land question at the very outside in one or two years. Then tariffs should be provided to suit our agricultural interests. Our Irish seas can give employment to fleets of fishers from England, Scotland, Isle of Man, and France and yet our very, very few fishermen are able to eke out only a miserable existence. The Free Staters will not help them. They must obey the orders of their Imperial masters, whilst incidentally feathering their own nests.

Can we Republicans do nothing? Cannot we educate the people, and impress on them their blindness in supporting such a reactionary and worthless government as the Irish Free State Government? Can we not endeavour through the Cumainn to educate by a series of lectures printed or otherwise, compelling the Cumainn to put their best into it. Can we not begin also by getting Republican groups to co-operate in their various spheres: farmers, agricultural labourers, shopkeepers, industrial workers, etc. Cannot Republicans support one another by co-operation, by purchasing from fellow-Republicans, and by seeing that, when opportunities for employment occur, Republicans get the preference, other things being equal.

DAITHI O DONNCHADHA.

THE CELT GOES—
THE BRITISH COME BACK

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

A REVIEW OF CURRENT POLITICS.
(By Our Political Correspondent.)

Mr. Devlin's Failure.

I understand that the organisers of the banquet to Mr. Devlin felt something like consternation when the replies to their invitations started coming in. Nearly all the great ones who were invited declined to come, including even Mr. John Dillon. A crueller blow, though a more significant one, was the refusal of the eight other Nationalist M.P's. to attend. The reason is obvious. Mr. Devlin's wanton scrapping of his definite promises not to enter the Six-County Parliament until after the Boundary Commission Report, is frankly regarded as one of the most callous and unparalleled breaches of public faith in the history of the long struggle of Ulster Nationalists. Mr. Devlin has deserted his co-religionists and nationalist colleagues in four of the six counties. How completely he has played the British game is made evident by the joy of the Six-County Unionists put into a sentence by Capt. Herbert Dixon in Derry, on May 4th:—

> "Mr. Devlin's decision to come into Parliament said Captain Dixon was a triumph for Sir James Craig, who had thus smashed the boycott for all time. He had made the Narionalists agree that the Parliament in Ulster was permanent."

The Local Elections.

In six weeks' time the local elections will be held. Sinn Fein is putting forward candidates everywhere. There is no Oath excluding them from the councils and corporations of the Free State, and these the nominees of Sinn Fein will enter to show that they can play as proud and efficient a part in the administration of local affairs as they would play in the administration of national affairs if Britain had not taken good care to keep them out by making the acceptance of Partition and Allegiance the basis condition of a deputy's service.

Executioners who Venerate their Victims.

In the daily Press of May 4th, it was announced that among those to be present at the Free State celebration of the memory of the men executed in 1916 was the Chairman of the F. S. Senate. This is Lord Glenavy who as Sir James Campbell, if he did not assist in the executions, created no doubt as to his approval of them. In actual fact, his Lordship did not attend. But Lord Glenavy would not be less sincere in his devotion to the memory of the Men of Easter Week than Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues who judicially murdered five Republicans for every one slain by Maxwell, and who to-day would do openly what they do in their hearts—scorn the name of Pearse as they scorn his policy—if they did not fear that the political reactions would be bad for themselves. In order to catch votes they go through the ghoulish farce of paying tribute to the memory of men whom Mr. Mulcahy would have executed without hesitation—founders of the Republic with which the F.S. Government is at war. It is not a very decent performance, but it is as decent as the performers. It needed but one addition to make its dishonesty complete, and that was supplied by the Free State Press which in its reports pretended that the relatives of the executed men participated in the hypocrisy. It is not necessary to tell Republicans that the relatives of the Easter Week leaders love their memory too dearly to sell it for a mess of imperial pottage.

Something from Sofia.

One of the latest telegrams from Sofia contains a sentence which will be readily understood in Ireland. One of those examined before the Court of Inquiry established to prove that Bolshevism was the cause of the revolt of the Bulgars against their particular tyranny" was", says the telegram, "evasive in his replies and the Court ordered his examination in private."

Many Republican prisoners have passed through "examination in private," and not a few of those who survived bear the marks of it to this day.

Imperial Peace.

The daily Press tucks away in a corner the

(Continued on col. 1, page 3.)

PAGES FROM THE PAST.

TRIBUTES TO IRELAND'S GREATNESS IN EARLY CENTURIES.

"The Irish nation possesses genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other European nation possessed," says the Scottish writer, Sir James MacIntosh in a dissertation on Irish history written more than a century ago.

An Irish writer, Rev. James Godkin, commenting on this ,in an essay published by the Repeal Association in Dublin, in 1845, says among the anomalies which strongly mark the condition of Ireland none is more striking than the general ignorance of her history.

That remark applies with force to conditions at the present day, the story of Ireland's past and its ancient greatness being for the most part generally unknown by many of the rising generation of the present time, no better advice could be tendered to young Irish men and women than to apply themselves to the reading of Irish history, which, if better known amongst them, would infuse their minds with more determined spirit to secure Irish independence and make Ireland a real nation instead of the half State that she is to-day.

The English poet, Spenser, declared Ireland a nation so antique that it is certain, he says, Ireland knew the use of letters very anciently and long before England.

Camden states that from Ireland the Saxons seem to have had the form of their letters, as they plainly used the same characters which were in use amongst the Irish.

The celebrated Dr. Johnson, arguing in support of the theory that the Saxons got the knowledge of letters from the Irish, says of the Saxons themselves that about the year 450, when they first entered Britain, what the form of their language was then cannot be well stated; but they seem to have been, he says, a people without learning, and without an alphabet

Lord Lyttleton, in his "Life of Henry II." pays the following tribute to Ireland as a seat of learning:—"A school was formed at Armagh which soon became very famous. Many Irish went from it to teach and convert other nations. Many Saxons from England went to Armagh for instruction and brought from there the use of letters to their own ignorant countrymen."

He adds, "We learn from the Venerable Bede, an Anglo-Saxon, that about the seventh century numbers both of noble and second rank in England left their country and retired to Ireland, for the sake of studying, or of leading there a stricter life, and all were received most willingly by the Irish, who maintained them and supplied them with books and teachers without fee or reward, which," says Lord Lyttleton, "is most honourable testimony not only to the learning but to the hospitality and bounty of the Irish nation."

Great praise is likewise due, adds Lord Lyttleton to the piety of those ecclesiastics who, as known from the clear and unquestionable testimony of foreign writers, made themselves the apostles of barbarous heathen nations without any apparent inducements to such hazardous undertakings except the great merit of their missionary work. By the preaching of these missionaries the Northumbrians, the East Angles, and the Northern Picts in England and Scotland were converted; convents were also founded by them in Burgundy, Germany, and other European countries, where they distinguished themselves by the rigid integrity and purity of their lives, so that Ireland, from the opinion conceived of their country was, says Lord Lyttleton, called the country of Saints.

Camden adds, "No men came up to the Irish monks in Ireland and in Britain for sanctity and learning, and they sent forth swarms of holy men all over Europe, to whom the monasteries of Luxueil in Burgundy, Pavia in Italy, Wurtzburg in Franconia, St. Gall in Switzerland, and Columbanus of Bobbio fame, and very many others, owe their origin."

Sir James Ware, writing in 1636, says Ireland for ages after the coming of St. Patrick abounded with most learned persons and was, he says, mostly called the Island of Saints.

Mosheim, a Protestant historian, says the Irish were lovers of learning and distinguished themselves in those times of ignorance, beyond all other European nations, travelling through the most distant lands, with a view to communicate their knowledge. We see them in the most authentic records of antiquity discharging with the highest reputation and applause the functions of doctors of learning in France, Germany, and Italy.

The Canton of St. Gall in Switzerland is called after an Irish missionary.

"Ireland," says another English writer, "has given the most distinguished professors to the most famous universities of Europe, as Claudius Clements to Paris; Albuinus to Pavia in Italy, and Johannes, Scotus Erigena to Oxford in England. The English Saxons," he says, "received from the Irish their characters or letters, and with them the knowledge of the arts and sciences." And Sir James Ware, above quoted, gives an account of the celebrated academies and public schools which were maintained in Ireland in the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries

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ORATE PRO ANIMABUS

JOHN PHELAN ✠ **JOHN MURPHY**

[*Executed December 29, 1922.*]

QUI MORTE DULCI ET DECORA

PRO PATRIA HIBERNIA CECIDERUNT,
ET IN CORDIBUS CIVIUM SUORUM,
UNA CUM VIRORUM ILLUSTRIUM CATERVA
QUI PRO HAC ANTIQUA ET SACRATISSIMA NATIONE
OMNI AEVO PASSI SUNT,
AETERNA MEMORIA VIVENT.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE.

THE PASSING OF EDWARD MARTYN.

I talked with Edward Martyn not more than half a dozen times, and that when he was growing old and sorrowful and ill, yet his death is a loss. It is like the vanishing of a sea-mark; for he was a quiet and steadfast light-giver to Ireland through years of murk and gloom.

He was a rare and valued influence; an Irishman who loved, hungrily and profoundly, all that belongs to old, unbroken civilizations and cultured peace; who secured the enjoyment of these things yet remained faithful to his own broken country, to her religion and her dream.

It is a bitter fact that such Irishmen and Irishwomen are rare—a fact bound up inextricably with the tragic destiny of our land.

For Ireland is a barren country now to the lover of the splendour of man's achievement in all forms of art. The old Gaelic civilization, as witnessed by the annals of the Kings and the tributes of travellers from other lands, was as full of grace, colour, music and beauty as any recorded in the mediaeval world. As savagely as by any barbarian invasion that noble order has been overthrown; its last monuments, pagan and Christian, have been wasted, its literature destroyed, the great clans of its kings and bards and scholars doomed to beggary and despair. It is in a land without edifices of ancient beauty, without cities enriched and mellowed by slow growth, without traditional homes of art and learning that we live. All these, other countries have: Ireland has little but her skies and waters and the gleam and shadow on her hills. Whoever has in him the hunger for the things of unbroken peace and fostered beauty must go abroad—to some country that England has not ravaged or to England itself, made rich and illustrious with the plunder of other lands.

And in the people who are the inheritors of the Gaelic civilization—the blood of those who created it in their veins, that hunger survives unquelled. Not only to enjoy art, literature and music, but to be making them, they crave. No people value and long for "learning" more. But they could have learning only at a price—that was the conqueror's most cunning plan—the price of their national integrity. Only through English institutions, through the English language, through English sources of thought and philosophy, through English versions of history, could learning be obtained: to be educated was to be anglicised; to be cultured was to become ashamed of Irish origin, contemptuous of the mother-land. It was a cunning plan and worked successfully. Very soon there was an Ireland in which the learned and cultured were enemies of freedom, while the lovers of freedom—the national aristocracy, were without education, defenceless and poor.

That was the rule; for the exceptions, faithfulness became harder, the temptation to desert to the Ascendancy became stronger as years went on. For if a poor man acquired learning and made art or literature in Ireland, Ireland was too poor to give him a living and too troubled to acclaim his work. His work, moreover, even though the subject might be Deirdre or Oisin, was in the English language or the English style; the English claimed his achievement, applauded and welcomed it, offered him hospitality, luxury, the life and intercourse an artist craves . . . but offered it at a price: there must be no talk from him of Ireland's national integrity; no resistance to the conqueror's plans.

The sacrifice demanded by faithfulness was very great, for, starved of comradeship and understanding as well as of material comfort, an artist can hardly live, can hardly save his art alive; the bribe was very real: no wonder that England has won to herself so much of Ireland's genius and Ireland's art.

A hard destiny, surely, is this of Ireland, that between intellectual advancement and the free spirit of national integrity we have to choose: that it is so hard—almost impossible, to have both. . . .

Edward Martyn had both: he was fortunate, and his good fortune did not make him unfaithful to Ireland. He studied and travelled and gathered into his mind the treasures of many countries, but he never learned to despise his own. He renounced the powers given to him by England, preferring the perilous way of Sinn Fein and never afterwards courted English favour or denied his faith. A conmopolitan in intellect, which all should be, he remained an Irishman in heart and spirit. When he looked at Ireland's poverty it was not to say that his spirit could not breathe in so barren and pitiful a land, it was to consider what he could bring to it to make it rich. He brought music and drama and he gave them to the poorest of our poor.

How many remember gratefully the vitality given to grey days by his little theatre in the city slums! It was good to take foreign visitors there. To take a tram to Hardwicke Street, grope along the unlit path until you found the opening in the wall, stumble across the courtyard into the dark, little draughty hall, to see the cheap serge curtain and know it was going to rise on Tchekoff's greatest play—that was an adventure that filled us with joyous hope for Ireland in stagnant times.

How he loved his theatre! With what reckless, childlike eagerness he would welcome a new play that had any originality, however ill-constructed, however crude. With what enthusiasm his company worked! He wanted a new drama of Ireland—an escape from the domestic peasant play; he wanted a psychological, half-symbolic drama and showed the way in his "Heather Field." We shall never forget his joy over a poetic tragedy of ancient Ireland which Moirin Chevasse brought him—a thing of real beauty and power. It called for a large company, rich dressing, and a great stage, but he loved the play and nothing would daunt him; it was put into rehearsal at once; it was misfortune he could not combat that prevented its being produced.

It is maybe three years since I saw him last. He was heavy with despondency then; his heart seemed half-broken with failure and a premonition of defeat, as though he felt Ireland's destiny too sorrowful to be borne, the forces dooming her to desolation too potent to be overcome. I thought of poor Tyrrell in his "Heather Field"—the pioneer who has striven through a lifetime to till the wild mountain-side and make it bear homely crops and finds, after all, the wild heather breaking through and taking possession again.

It seems a cruel thing that he should have died in this darkest hour, his powers obscured by long illness before the end, unable, it is most likely, to see any hope. If he could have lived even a few more years. . . .

He was a lover of his Faith, a lover of his country, a lover of the world's loveliest things; an upright and fearless man. He has bequeathed to Ireland noble music and a memory of a kindly life. Let us pray for him, listening to his music—God rest his soul! God grant him the vision of Ireland's freedom when his long dream is fulfilled.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

A Prophecy.

There are in the world noble races who are forced to submit to a superior force, and yet in whom will be found the very essence of spiritual and intellectual freedom. They refuse to render allegiance to the Oppressor, and in life and death never surrender their spiritual supremacy.

Before them the Oppressor must always quail, and remain conscious of fundamental defeat, since all his powers may not avail to subdue.

But in the world there are also to be found slave races who, for the sake of material comfort and under compulsion will give a bond which they intend to keep only so long as the oppressor's eye is upon them, and yet by that submission destroy their future power to resist. No peace will exist where such men predominate, and even the material comforts of life will not be secured.

In these false bond-givers, in these slave races, there is fear and abasement of soul; a pervading and paralysing sense of dishonour, which saps the upwelling spirit and makes shameful any apparent ease.

By their own acts they maintain in the Oppressor the will to oppress.

By their own act they render him secure.

By their own act they deprive themselves of power to resist. For this power is divine and is founded upon honour alone.

The Oppressor does not fear them, for he has broken and corrupted their will, and bound not only their bodies but their souls, and made of them his creatures.

They have signed away their birthright, and will henceforward assist the Oppressor in maintaining his tyranny over those noble races who desire freedom.

FAIDH.