A SHORT SERIAL OF THE I.R.A.

THE CURLEW'S CRY

By DOROTHY MACARDLE.

'Twould be little use, Mary knew well, trying to sleep, though such tiredness was over her that she could have crept into comforting arms, had there been any to hold her, and cried like a child.

She raked the glowing ashes together on the hearthstone, turned out the lamp, lit a candle and went into her cold room. But she did not undress. There was a listening wakefulness in her head; her heart throbbed, paining her, and she heard her breath come shudderingly, as though she were afraid. Tears welled, stinging, into her eyes.

The open square of her window showed no star; nothing but thick blackness lay outside; the curlews were crying out, wild and lonesome, over the boglands; the wind was crying shrill along the quarries below: from far off came the low sorrowful sighing of the sea. And in all the wide night there was no one stirring—except the soldiers, maybe, hunting for men. . . .

The harsh crackle of rifle shots split the silence: it must have been near the quarries, it echoed so. . . . God send they were not raiding the Glen!

She went back to the hearth and sat down again on her stool, striving to gather quietness into her mind. "'Tis too much!" something inside her was crying, but that was wrong and she answered it, clasping her hands tightly together—"Nothing is too much."

A kind of strong peace came to her then. She rose and opened the door and a sweet, moist air blew in from the night. The world lay dark before her, the ridges of the hills scarcely visible against the heavy, clouded sky. But there was a pale, still glimmer where the sea lay and lights shone in the harbour of Carrigrone. A thought seemed to blow into her mind with the wind. She would be wanted—she would be ready—she would not be long alone. Half in obedience to the whispering thought she put fresh sods on the fire.

She went in then, and knelt praying a long time, and lay down, dressed, on her bed.

* * * * *

As far back as memory went of them the Gilligans had lived in that little stone cottage on the mountain. There John Gilligan had been born, and there, in the fulness of time, two strong sons had been born to him, and one daughter, and Tom, the poor weakling boy, whose crippled life had cost the mother her own. The home had seen little, since the fighting started, of Jo and Peader, but John Gilligan would not complain. He had his health yet, thank God, and poor Tom was no fool. And if his own boys were far off, many another man's son got good rest and shelter in it, in those times of peril and dread.

Tom would stay out, the long night through watching, and come in at dawn to guide them again on their way, and return, dark and wistful, to the work of the farm. It was Tom who used to be reading to her the old stories and ballads of Owen Roe and Sarsfield and Emmet, since first he had learned to read: Mary knew, though not a word of it was said between them, how near Tom's heart would be to breaking when the lads fastened their rifle straps in the morning and swung off into the hills.

And three nights ago they had taken her father and Tom, surrounding the house noiselessly while all were sleeping and suddenly breaking in. The officer hurt Tom, twisting his arm, asking where the guns were, and she screamed. But in Tom's face when they were taking him away, handcuffed, in the lorry, there was a kind of joy. Her father looked gloomy, though, thinking she would be there alone. . . .

"Get Kitty Ryan to sleep with you," he said to her, bending down, and she had promised, but Kitty refused to come. She would go down to Carrigrone to-morrow and see would one of the Timminys come. . . .

What harm, anyway, being lonely? There were girls who had worse to bear. . . . If only they didn't beat poor Tom. Father had never beaten him, never, even the day he took the pony out on the road and it ran away—laughing, Tom was, too, the villain, with his little thin face and big eyes—laughing, and he crossing the stepping-stones on his crutches—running on his crutches to her. . . . Tap, tap, tap. . .

* * * * *

Mary sprang up, startled. Someone was knocking at the door—knocking lightly—'twas not a raid. . . . With a head still mazed with dream she crossed and opened it, and bolted it quickly behind the man who stepped in.

Very tall, he seemed, in the darkness of the little porch. Mary could not see his face. He spoke in a deep voice hushed to a whisper. "Is this John Gilligan's? Did Andy Timminy call? A lad belonging to Carrigrone."

"No," Mary replied, wondering. "Andy didn't come."

The stranger seemed perplexed.

"Did he not? He had an hour's start of me. He was to warn you that I'd be here. I hope nothing went wrong." . . .

He seemed lost in thought for a moment, then spoke contentedly: "Anyway, he gave me good instructions; I found my way. He said surely your father would take me in. Niell O'Lochlawn is my name."

"You are welcome, Niell O'Lochlawn," Mary replied gravely. "Your name is well known to us here. Won't you rest yourself by the fire?"

(To be continued.)

(Copyright in U.S.A. by "Columbia.")

SOMETHING TO SMILE AT

A man is reported to have been cured of deafness while looking at a talking-picture. It seems very hard luck that the cure should happen just then.

* * *

A boy, coming home one Sunday afternoon with a string of trout, was suddenly confronted by the minister. There was no way of escape: but the boy rose to the occasion. "Minister," he exclaimed, "d'ye see what thae troots got for nabbin' worms on a Sunday?"

* * *

The film director was making a Western thriller, and working very hard to get some action into it.

Finally he turned from the brink of a cliff, mopped his brow, and glanced at a dummy made of straw and old clothes lying on the ground beside him.

"Good heavens!" he shouted, "Who was it we threw over the cliff?"

* * *

Doctor: "Your husband must be absolutely quiet. Here is a sleeping draught."

Wife: "When do I give it to him?"

Doctor: "You don't, you take it yourself."

* * *

Fritz: "Dad, you are a lucky man."

Father: "How is that?"

Fritz: "You won't have to buy me any school books this year. I have been left in the same class."

* * *

Possibly nothing since the second Einstein theory has seemed so involved at first sight as a remark overheard by a Boston *Globe* writer: "What did you choose that book for me to read out of to from for?"

* * *

Political orator, advocating assembly rooms: "Gentlemen, what we want in this district is a hall."

Voice from crowd: "How do you spell it, Tim?"

(Continued from column 3).

ness had endeavoured to steal a march on the Irish leader, now simulated indignation and said Mr. de Valera's message "constituted a grave challenge." The *Sunday Express* said Mr. de Valera had killed the Conference with his "rash and rancorous pen." The *Evening Standard* referred to "De Valera's offensive repudiation of allegiance to the Crown." These angry comments show how keenly the English Press, politicians, and public realised that the Irish position had not been abandoned.

Nothing New.

The London *Daily Herald* (present organ of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's party) had a wiser comment:

> "There is absolutely nothing in Mr. de Valera's telegram," it said, "which adds anything whatever or takes anything whatever from the position which he, as elected spokesman of the Irish people, has always undeviatingly maintained."

The marvellous thing about this search for the "surrender of the Republic" by Mr. de Valera is that it leads to overwhelming evidence, not only that the position was not given away, but that it was maintained with a vigilance and a strength which made all British assaults upon it futile until some of the Irish garrison opened the door to the English attackers.

A Famous Telegram to the Pope

A GAME THAT WAS SPOILED.

The third week in October, 1921 was a sensational one. The Anglo-Irish Conference met on October 11, and on October 20 the President of the Irish Republic spoiled the carefully-planned game of the British Premier and his Press. They were very angry.

The fables that have followed the "Treaty" débâcle are legion; but none is more extraordinary than that which has convinced some people that by entering into negotiations with Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. de Valera, then President, "gave away the Republic." No one has ever explained how, nor has anybody said why, if the Republic had been given away in July, 1921, Mr. Lloyd George had to threaten war to have it given away again in December. The popularity of this particular fable, of course, results from the careful concealment of essential facts whenever our precious Press has the matter under discussion. Despite that, the truth is slowly but widely becoming known. Eventually, the people as a whole will realise the persistence with which the independence position was safeguarded at every step in the communications and conversations with Mr. Lloyd George.

Pope, King, and President.

One of the most famous incidents of that time, now almost forgotten, because the Press has never once mentioned it, was the telegram of the Irish President to the Pope on October 20, 1921. Whether His Holiness acted entirely on his own account, moved only by his well-known anxiety for peace, or whether some of those around him suggested that it would please the British Government if a telegram of good wishes for Anglo-Irish peace were sent, is not certain. At all events, on October 18 the following telegram from the Pope to the British King was published:

> "We rejoice at the resumption of the Anglo-Irish negotiations and pray to the Lord with all our heart that He may bless them and grant to Your Majesty the great joy and unperishable glory of bringing an end to the age-long dissension."

Mr. Lloyd George, though a member of the Conference then sitting, used this telegram in his tricky way to misrepresent Ireland's position to the Pope. The British King's reply, drafted of course by his Premier, was as follows:

> "I have received the message of your Holiness with much pleasure and with all my heart I join in the prayer that the Conference now sitting in London may achieve a permanent settlement of the troubles in Ireland and may initiate a new era of peace and happiness for my people."

"Independence Has Been Proclaimed."

That reply was also given to the Press. Unless answered, Ireland's position would have been compromised by it. Mr. de Valera answered it in this telegram to the Pope:

> "The people of Ireland have read the message sent by your Holiness to the King of Great Britain and appreciate the kindly interest in their welfare and the paternal regard which suggested it. I tender to your Holiness their gratitude. They are confident that the ambiguities in the reply sent in the name of King George will not mislead you, as it may the uninformed, into believing that the troubles are 'in' Ireland or that the people of Ireland owe allegiance to the British King. The independence of Ireland has been formally proclaimed by the regularly elected representatives of the people of Ireland and ratified in subsequent plebiscites. The trouble is between Ireland and Britain, and its source that the rulers of Britain have sought to impose their will upon Ireland and by brutal force have endeavoured to rob her people of the liberty which is their natural right and their ancient heritage. We long to be at peace and in friendship with the people of Britain as with other peoples, but the same constancy through persecution and martyrdom that has proved the reality of our people's attachment to the Faith of our fathers proves the reality of their attachment to their national freedom, and no consideration will ever induce them to abandon it."

The telegram caused a crisis. Nobody could mistake its meaning. Mr. Lloyd George had been endeavouring by whisper and suggestion to spread the belief that the Irish position had been abandoned. The London Press was diligently assisting him, with our own daily Press here at home acting the enemy part, too. The telegram spoiled the game and consequently the Press was very angry.

An Angry Press.

"The telegram is as unnecessary as it is provocative," said the *Westminster Gazette*. The *Daily News* denounced Mr. de Valera as the "evil genius" of Irish affairs. "It will certainly arouse indignation among the people of this country and of the British Dominions," said the *London Times*. The *Manchester Guardian* deplored Mr. de Valera's "unhappy message to the Pope." Mr. Lloyd George, who in drafting the King's reply to His Holi-

(Continued at foot of previous column.)

true, that the objection is much greater when live stock is the main product of agriculture. Agricultural turnover of capital is always slow, but in stock farming it is very slow indeed. In manufactures the turn over may be much more rapid and losses may often be recovered. It is generally agreed that the tax-payer should, if possible, be encouraged to further effort, or to a maximum of effort. Therefore, a tax that does not increase with increased effort is desirable. It may be said that the present tax on the occupation of land is such a tax, but where most of the revenue will have to be raised from land the present arrangement can hardly continue. Revenue will have to be collected from *all* occupiers of land.

To base an income tax, or rather a land tax, (for it is such in effect) on local government valuation is altogether wrong. Local Government authorities must make their valuation and strike their rates from points or view widely different from those of a Finance Minister, and to base a tax on occupation of and on a valuation in which the buildings necessary to the proper husbandry of the land are separately valued and more highly rated that the land itself is simply to ask for disaster.

A tax on the occupation of land should be what it professes to be, and should be based on the value of the land, and its probable return to the husbandman. Ownership (as it is called) of land should be recognition of a right to occupy and till the land of the State in the joint interests of State and owner, a sight permanent and devisable to heirs or assigns, subject to laws protecting the general public. It seems that at present all suggestion of laws on this subject make for separations of the interests of the State and of the occupier of land, but these interests are common and their separation *must* be mischievous.

If it were possible to at once abolish the annuities and to provide for the interests of those who have already paid, in the institution of a graduated land tax, the land being valued on the basis of its present yield without further provision of capital, we might get near to a solution. The tax on land yielding a bare susbsistence should be nil, and should in no case exceed £1 per statute acre. Increments should after revaluations in periods of five years, and no increase of value should be admitted if over 2/1 per statute acre.

But we shall never get to a satisfactory solution until we learn that the land is the land of the country and that the State must provide capital to make that land yield as much as possible. The fact that the husbandman finds that his interest is to provide capital on his part does not in the least exonerate the State.

It is pitiable to see a State professing to provide agricultural credit, knowing no better way of doing so that to make personal loans to farmers on a system in which more anxiety is displayed about getting the money back again that about its proper application to agriculture.

The money found by the State for agriculture should be applied to the land without any question whatever of its repayment by the farmer, unless he is shown to have misapplied or wasted it.

J. P.

"THE ENGLISH FLAG."

To the Editor, "The Nation."

A Chara.—If it were the English flag, what harm? If the friends of England here wanted, on international occasions, to fly the Cross of Saint George, nobody would interfere with them, I am sure. But the Union Jack contains the Irish emblem, St. Patrick's blue, and is the symbol of an enforced and hated union, of Ireland's subjection, therefore.. It is the flag wheich we saw flying triumphantly over the smouldering ruins of little Catholic houses in Belfast. It is the flag of the Black-and-Tans. It is a flaw which no one of any intelligence would fly in this country, if their sincere intention were "courtesy." That is why no Republican can feel anything but indignaiton against those who display it, and cordial admiration of the spirited men and women who took it down.

The "courtesy" of flying the Union Jack in Dublin is as ironical in its stupidity as the courtesy of the phalanx of bayonets with which the Free State Ministers saw fit to welcome the "emissary of peace."

Is mise le meas,
DOROTHY MACARDLE

16 Herbert Place, Dublin.

THE CURLEW'S CRY

By DOROTHY MACARDLE

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT

Mary Gilligan, alone in the Gilligans' house, near Carrigrone, is haunted by an uneasy feeling of something about to happen. Her father and brother, Tom, have been arrested. As she stands at the window she hears rifle shots in the distance. While she waits, restless and anxious, a knock comes to the door and a stranger appears who asks if the Gilligans have been told to expect him. He says his name is Neill O'Lochlainn.

A little flush had come to her pale face. Niell O'Lochlainn! The man Tom would be talking about day in, day out, comparing him to heroes of old times! It was Niell O'Lochlainn rescued the men in Scotland who were being taken to Peterhead. It was he broke out of jail when he was sentenced to execution and got captured trying to carry Andy, because Andy had a wounded leg, and escaped again. . . . It was he took Drumcarn Castle with seven men. . . His was a name of power.

She was too busy to talk, putting eggs in the pan, pushing gorse-bushes under the pot, setting the table for a meal; and he, too, was silent, sitting forward in her father's chair, his head on his right hand

It was not until she knelt by him to blow up the fire that she noticed dark stains on his left sleeve.

"You're not wounded?" she exclaimed.

He drew his hand out of his pocket and looked at it. "Only a graze; it's bleeding all the time, though. It made me weak. Maybe if you had a rag?" . . .

While Mary got warm water and linen and bandaged the injured hand he told her, with keen enjoyment, the story of his escape, his brown, furrowed face and dark eyes lit up by the leaping fire.

"A 'poteen still' we had in the old limekiln away there in Ben Roe, but 'twas something stronger than poteen! High explosives—gelignite. We must have been informed on, I think. They surrounded us at dark and thought they had us trapped like badgers, but we fought them for one good hour and every one of us got away. I think none of the rest were hurt. . . . Thank you, that's splendid now!"

"Are they after you?" Mary asked anxiously. "You're worn out. . . . Do they know which direction you took at all?"

"I think not. Andy guided me by some twisted way of his own. He's the best boy in the world. He stuck to me like a brother, though he was good for twice my pace. I got weak from loss of blood. I made him go ahead then, to prepare you and get on to Carrigrone before daylight. I was to give three whistles like a curlew if I got lost or needed help. It is a signal we had. His plan is to go to Carrigrone and arrange for a boat to take us to the Island to-morrow night. If meanwhile I might stay here. . . . But isn't your father? . . . Surely you're not alone?"

He stood up and looked at the frail girl before him with compassion gathering in his eyes. She *was* alone, he could see it before she answered—the loneliest little soul in the world.

She lifted grey eyes to his face calmly: "Tom and father were taken on Friday night," she said; "I think you'll be safe here for a while."

Without answering he sat down to supper, Mary waiting on him quietly. She felt no uneasiness, he could see; if he had been her own brother returned she could not have shown more serene, happy confidence in sheltering him. A great surge of desire—desire for life, that he had held so lightly—for all the tranquil years that might be, rose in him. It was weakening: he fought it down.

"Your father—he wouldn't mind? . . . No one would be vexed with you for keeping me?" he asked gently.

"My father would not forgive me," she answered, "if I turned any hunted rebel from this door."

"I will stay, so, and God bless you," he said, smiling.

A thought held Mary very still.

"If they caught you," she said in a low voice, "they would kill you, wouldn't they?"

He laughed. "Oh, they have a rope in pickle for me right enough, but they're not going to take me alive." . . .

He stopped, reproaching himself; what a child she was, with her fair, silky hair and pale, little trustful face! But she met his look with a smile.

"Andy'll get you safe away," she said, "if anyone will. I know Andy; he used to be helping Tom."

"Yes, yes," he replied: "I'm sure Andy will do it somehow. He's a brave little lad."

Mary was handing him a lighted candle, but it was blown out in his hand. The door had swung open; a sharp, chilling air blew in. Niell turned quickly, his revolver in his hand, facing the night. Mary started to his side and for a moment they stood waiting, tense. Then Mary turned to him with a little gasp, half laughing:

"I was frightened! Wasn't it Andy? Why doesn't he come in?" She went to the door and looked out.

"He is beckoning to you," she whispered. "Something is wrong."

Niell stood behind her in the doorway and looked out. He saw the low stone wall and the shape of a haystack beyond it; nothing else but the strong line of the hills.

"I see no one there," he said.

Mary looked up at him, astonished. "He was behind you in the doorway when it opened. Didn't you see him?"

Niell shook his head with a low laugh. "You are dreaming! There's no one there."

"But look! Look!" She was trembling as her hand clutched his arm. "There, with his hands to his mouth calling! Don't you see the light of his hair?"

Niell drew her in and shut the door.

"Child," he said, "you are tired; you are upset. Go to bed and have a sound sleep till morning. There's not a living soul out there." But her face was white as death and she sprang past him, opening the door again.

"Look there! He has come closer! He is there by the wall! He is calling you!" And she ran out crying in a low, anguished voice, "Come in! Come in!"

Niell saw her stumble by the gate and fall, and ran out and brought her in. She was shivering convulsively.

(To be concluded.)

SOMETHING TO SMILE AT

The arrest of Madame MacBride has added interest and zest to these meetings. The Free State's challenge to the right of free speech has been effectively taken up. In trying to silence these meetings, which express the people's real views, they have defeated their own ends.

On Sunday, May 16th, the meeting was of unusually large proportions and an array of speakers attended sufficient for many meetings.

As Madame MacBride, who presided, put it—everyone seemed anxious to commit sedition. Amongst the speakers were: Miss Helena Moloney, Miss Dorothy MacArdle, Miss Bridie O'Mullane, Mrs. J. Donnelly, Mr. McGann, and Sean McConnell, recently released from Mountjoy. In his case the crowd was deeply impressed by the type of splendid young Irishman the Free State tries to brand as "criminal."

On Sunday, May 25th, the meeting was of even larger proportions. In the absence of Mme. MacBride, the meeting was presided over by Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington, who, in her own inimitable style defended the prisoners and the prisoners' cause. Miss D. MacArdle spoke at length on the throttling of representative opinion. She likened those meetings to the duty of the sentinel who stands at his post in spite of all. The Juries Bill she compared to the symptom of a fell disease, at first small perhaps, but which indicates the unhealthy and dangerous state of the whole system.

"John Brennan" spoke of the insidious Empire propaganda shown on the screen in some of our cinemas. Her quotation from Davis's poem "We'll have Our Own Again," was greeted with wild enthusiasm.

Another brilliant array of speakers promised for next Sunday, June 2nd.

M.D.

SEVEN YEARS.

Mr. Cosgrave has passed seven milestones on the road to national disunion and decay. We have lost in the seven years more than one-tenth of our population. The decay has been more rapid than it was at any period during the seven centuries of British rule. It is a long road that has no turning. There are signs of a revival of the old spirit of our people. It will come with a rush and Mr. Cosgrave and his Royal Irish Company will go with a sprint.

The Nation 1922-1936, 01.11.1930, page 6

For the Love of Deirdre

By DOROTHY MACARDLE.

"The great myths of the world are centres of magnetism to all men," Eva Gore-Booth wrote in her preface . . . "these shapes of ancient beauty are ever ready to bear the brunt of new interpretations and individual experiences." So it is that the enchantment of the story of Deirdre has found two more witnesses—poets so different in temperament and technique that their submission to the same magic is proof indeed of the potency of the spell.*

A POEM OF TORRENTIAL POWER.

Moirin a Cheavasa has written a narrative poem, opening when the lovers are in exile, which carries us through the scenes of their tragedy with a torrential power, almost bewildering the senses at times. The people in it are intensely, violently alive; they feel and suffer more than mortals do; their agony in the hold of a relentless destiny has a quality in it like that of a conflict of Gods and Titans. Conchubhar is terrible; Naoise heroic: Deirdre's anguish is the anguish of one who goes on living beyond the point where another woman would die.

These beings move in a region of epic tragedy and splendour, through an atmosphere which seems to make their shadows follow them like phantoms. Much of this strangeness and grandeur of environment is due to crowding similes, images drawn from wild primitive life, keeping the sounds and scents and movements of untamed nature always before the mind. Often these similes are in themselves exceedingly beautiful. If the poem shows a serious fault it is in their excess, where one is interwoven with another, obscuring the original image and tiring the senses a little.

FULL OF DRAMATIC INTEREST.

The poem is written in the metre of which Moirin a Chevasa has made a rhythm of her own, exquisitely adapted to her moods—a five-beat line so varied that it is equally responsive to storm, slow menace, frenzied sorrow, and the return of peace—to Conchubhar's dark, starving passion, Deirdre's despair, and the calm that comes to the lovers before the end.

The story of Naoise's one unfaithfulness and the part it plays in their tragic destiny, is unfolded and interpreted in a way that is full of drama and interest, and full, for the lover of the colour and music of language, of delight which modern poetry rarely brings.

EVA GORE-BOOTH'S VERSION.

Altogether different is Eva Gore-Booth's telling of the story. Although written as a three-act play her work is philosophic rather than dramatic in its interest, and the profound, poetic beauty of her Deirdre's nature moves us more than the events.

The poet was deeply interested in the doctrine of re-incarnation and, with Dr. Douglas Hyde, believed that it formed part of the Druidic teaching of Celtic peoples. The buried life of Deirdre, in her tragedy, was a life lived centuries ago, when a jealous king slew his wife and her lover; and Deirdre was that king. Through the scene of the first meeting of Deirdre and Naoise, and the night in Alba when men come to recall them to Ireland, and then in the hour of death, mysterious knowledge of that other life comes to Deirdre, making her hopeless and calm and wise.

THE SIMPLICITY OF DEIRDRE.

The tragedy is written in prose that moves gently and peacefully with only a little imagery. There is no outcry, no real fight for love or happiness or life; the emotions are poignantly suggested, never exhausted or explored. The lovers move to their doom with a sad fatalism, broken by piteous moments of rebellion, when Deirdre seems lost and blind.

The great and lasting charm of the work is due chiefly, perhaps, to the clear simplicity of Deirdre—her knowledge and acceptance of things, beyond contending, that belongs to the seer and the child. It is a mood that finds a true expression in quietly-moving, lucid words.

The book is, in format, everything that such a book should be, with fine paper, wide margins and type that is a pleasure to the eye. At the end are twelve pages reproduced from the poet's own hand-work, the words in script, with drawings of trees and figures that, although unfinished, are full of atmosphere and delicate grace.

TWO ASPECTS.

To the lover of Deirdre the two tellings of her tragedy do not clash, for they give us two aspects of her deep and elusive self. In one she is the child of the mountains and rivers, too full of knowledge and vision to suffer overmuch. In the other she is the human, passionate woman, wrestling against death and afterwards against life. And, perhaps, in each poem the moments of sharpest beauty are those in which the child becomes the bewildered, tortured woman, and those in which the woman, worn out with anguish, becomes a child.

*The Buried Life of Deirdre, with twelve illustrations. By Eva Gore-Booth. (London: Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. Edition limited to two-hundred and fifty-six copies. £1 1s. 0d.)

The One Unfaithfulness of Naoise. By Moirin a Cheavasa. (Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd. 2s. 6d.)

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

The contents of the October-December *Dublin Magazine* are of great variety. Monk Gibbon and Padraig Colum contribute poems and Nicholas Troy a squib. There are articles by Prof. Edmund Curtis, Mr. Lyle Donaghy, Prof. Rudmose Brown, Mr. Louis Golding, and Mons. A. Rivoallan. Mr. Robert Brennan gives us three dreams full of naive charm. Mr. M. J. MacManus adds as the fourth of the series of Bibliographies of Irish Authors, the works of John Millington Synge. There are twenty pages of book reviews, among them a fine essay by Mr. Arthur Kells on the late Dr. Bremer's "Ireland's Place in Pre-Historic and Early Historic Europe." Several of the articles call for special comment. Prof. Curtis in a discussion on the Icelandic sagas uncovers the Irish influences that went to their making. It was something of an accident which fifty years ago popularised the Viking folklore: if those who translated it into English had a wider learning they might have given the world the still more dramatic literature of the Gael. But in the Icelandic epics there was more than a little that was Gaelic. Dr. Curtis, after an examination of the many contacts between the races is able to conclude "That Icelandic literature might never have been without Irish we can well believe." Mons. Rivoallan's "The Celt in Louis Hemon" makes live for us this Breton novelist who chose his characters from the Mike O'Gradys and the Pat Malones of London and who was killed at the age of thirty-three, leaving behind him the manuscript of one of the great Catholic novels: *Maria Chapdelaine*. Altogether this issue of the *Dublin Magazine* is among the best that have appeared.

F.G.

RUSSIAN POSTERS.

One's first impression on visiting the Exhibition of Russian Posters in St. Stephen's Green last week was of vigour—an impression deepened by study of the slogans, translated for the occasion. Co-operation, the use of machinery, the evil of drink, the care of children, the importance of education and the necessity for defence against world-wide hostility—these are the ideas displayed on Russian hoardings.

Pictorial diagrams for illiterates showing correct methods of preparing horsehair, hides, and cement hung side by side with such appeals as "Let us raise the level of cultural education," or, "The illiterate is just the same as the blind man." Other slogans: "Sell your white elephants, invest and get tractors," "We will lend to the State two weeks of our earnings," "We will complete the 5 years' plan in 4 years"—show the spirit which has already, as one poster states, increased the number of co-operative village stores from 600 in 1922 to 35,000 in 1925.

It is instructive to observe how often boots and shoes are here thought of as the symbol of a decent standard of living—as in our slums and countryside. Smiling peasants are pictured emerging from stores with boots for which they have exchanged their produce, and the posters repeatedly connect this sign of comfort with the benefits of machinery, owned by the workers.

E.C.F.H.

The King who was a King

The Book of a Film. By **H. G. Wells.**

Benn. 7/6 net.

There are few writers so good to quarrel with as H. G. Wells. Neither fastidious as an artist nor cramped to logic as a thinker, he flings his ideas and fantasies abroad with equal lavishness, and sets his world thinking, even if he does not convince.

The art of the cinema was bound to fascinate such a mind: he sees in it "The possibility of a spectacle-music-drama, greater, more beautiful and intellectually deeper and richer than any artistic form humanity has hitherto achieved"; and he has written—in the form of a description of a long film, as seen with all its photographic effects, symbolic shadows, even accompanying music—an exceedingly readable book; a book moreover, which is a contribution to political thought.

Mr. Wells is not a trained scenarist, and his ambitious imagination outsoars the present scope of cinematographic art. His device of showing the dialogue in writing superimposed on the moving picture could scarcely be successful, and the device which makes the great beauty of his scene on the balcony, overlooking the city and countryside, requires from the camera focal adaptations which cannot yet be achieved.

This is perhaps one reason why this story has never been screened, but in all probability the chief reason is its argument.

It is the misfortune of the art of the cinema that the film must appeal to the million, and there are millions, throughout America and the British Empire, to whom Mr. Wells' argument would not appeal. Wars, he contends, are deliberately brought about by great industrial Powers for their own financial reasons, and are precipitated by patriots who, for the most part, are blind and mischievous dupes.

That would not make a popular thesis yet awhile, although Mr. Wells has brought to the propounding of it all the glamorous stuff of old romance. Paul Lelinke is as heroic a prince as Rudolf of Lenda; his cousin Michael is a proper villain; his princess a formidable enemy and enchanting bride.

The exponent of the author's pacifist idea is Paul: a student of modern thought and a workman in an American factory, idealizing the New World as "the World of human unity." "The old world" he says, "is division and war, rank without effort, and servitude without hope, tradition and decay. From that, this land is escape."

But that old world which he fears seizes him, when a bomb explodes in the Cathedral of Clavopolis, and Paul, inheriting a Central European Kingdom, inherits a war.

The flags are flying, the bugles blowing, the stop-press editions of newspapers selling, the "wild patriots" shouting, in Clavery and Saevia, which are to be Allies, and Agravia which is to invaded. King Paul, brooding alone in his council-chamber, sees vision after hideous vision of mechanic and chemical warfare; all Europe engulfed. These little countries, he knows, are pawns. Agravia contains the deposits of Calcomite which America needs, if the metallurgical industries of the world are not to be monopolised by Britain. The foreign policies have lighted the underground fuses which he, single-handed, must now put out.

Paul and the President of Agravia meet secretly at night and agree to stop the war: "traitors to our foreign policies, loyal to mankind."

The solution is a call from both for organised control of Calcomite: world control.

Paul's character, finely portrayed, his magnificent sympathies and ideas, and all the phases of his struggle against the war-fever of his own people, the interests of his press, the code of his army and the power of his ministers, make a story rich in dramatic action and vivid scenes.

And the sympathies of all readers who hate aggressive warfare will go to Paul.

Yet Mr. Wells has not left us without something to quarrel with. There is a matter of human psychology and political necessity on which, to an Irish reader's mind, Paul and his author are all astray.

Why, in condemning aggression, must the whole spirit of nationalism be condemned? All the flags and national emblems are to be done away with, as well as all customs barriers and all armies, before the world can have peace; so Mr. Wells contends.

The world, then, can never have peace; for a nation is a reality, and an inextinguishable entity; national feeling is as elemental a human instinct as family feeling, and no more to be destroyed.

Does Mr. Wells fail to recognise this? If so, it is because, living in the centre of an Empire, a member of a nation whose existence has never been endangered since, as a nation, it was born, he is unconscious of nationality as a peaceful, generous and natural extension of family loyalty and kindness. Patriotism, as this Englishman has heard of it, connotes the invasion and plunder of other countries for the enrichment of one's own. Nationalism, as he knows it, is an insular arrogance, an ignorant contempt for "foreigners," "natives" and "niggers." Therefore, an advanced thinker, he reacts against all nationalism and all patriotism.

We in Ireland are at the other extreme. We, who have never known the desire to possess any territory but our own, or exercise dominion in any other country, or infringe the rights of any people on earth—we know nationalism as the great bond of loyalty which binds a persecuted race together; we know patriotism as the law which forbids us to desert one another in our common suffering, makes us pity and protect and care for one another as children of one another should do. No wonder if to us "Nationality" and "patriotism" have become words and ideas almost sacred, so that Ireland may be slow—too slow, even—to welcome federal ideas.

It is probably somewhere between our worship of nationalism and Mr. Wells' fear of that spirit, that wisdom will be found. A world in which nations live, each free of its own language and culture, its own life and laws, respecting one another's rights, and unafraid for its own; co-operating in world-control of essential products, and in organization for the good of all—is this an impossible dream? It is nearer to nature and nearer to possibility therefore, than a de-nationalized committee-controlled, Esperanto-speaking world. It is a dream which we in Ireland can dream and work for to our hearts' content, while we revive our language and rebuild the Republic that was, and that is to be.

Dorothy Macardle.

Foreign Notes

By Francis Carty.

Lord Cushendun speaks for us at Geneva.

At the meeting of the Preparatory Committee of Disarmament on April 30th, Lord Cushendun announced Great Britain's ratification of the Geneva protocol of 1925 prohibiting the use in war of poisonous and asphyxiating gases, with the reservation that it was conditional on the other powers also ratifying it.

Lord Cushendun then said: "I have also been asked to announce on behalf of the Governments of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the Irish Free State that they desire a similar declaration to be made on their behalf."

This is a further instance of the dangerous manner in which the present Free State Government allows this country to be identified with English policy in international affairs. Under no circumstances whatever is it advisable to have Great Britain's delegates making such announcements on our behalf, especially in a matter relating to the question of Imperial Defence, giving nations outside the British Empire the impression that we stand shoulder to shoulder with England on a united Imperial front in war and peace.

Canada is the only part of the British Empire which has acted independently of England in this matter. The Protocol regarding the use of gas will not be ratified by the Canadian Government until the approval of the Canadian Parliament has been secured.

The Shipping Industry.

The Spanish Government, like the governments of most other countries, subsidises the shipping industry. In Madrid, on April 30th, the Minister of Marine, speaking of Spain's maritime communications, announced further subsidies for a number of new shipping lines. His programme contemplates the building in Spanish shipyards of two mailboats for the service to South America, and of three ships of 15,000 tons for the line to Cuba, Mexico, and the United States.

The best ships in the world are built in Ireland! And Ireland in all ages has produced good sailors. Yet we have no mercantile marine. Our shipping industry remains under foreign control, so that we can't leave our shores except in a foreign boat. And Irishmen sail the seven seas under the Union Jack.

(*Continued from column* 3.)

and under the bloody feet of contending chieftains would be trampled down, perhaps for ever, all hope of popular privilege—all chance of social improvement."

Comment to-day is struck dumb in face of the whole proceedings in Derry Cathedral.

Culdaff.

Sidelights on Irish History

I.—Who Won Emancipation.

I observed in last week's *Nation* that Proinnsias O Riain, with a fine contempt for the power of moral force, commits himself rather hastily to the view that it was the physical arm that really won what is known as "Emancipation."

Hear all sides.

I present your readers with a quotation which shows the pacific steps by which moral suasion gradually led up to that measure. It is taken from pages 48-49 of the *Memoir of the Ordnance Surrey of the County of Londonderry*, and deals with the history of the city of Derry, 1788. I omit parts which contribute nothing essential to the brilliancy of the description. I supply the italics:

"In this year the commemoration of the Shutting of the Gates was celebrated for two days with great vivacity and splendour and in an uninterrupted spirit of harmony by the *citizens of every denomination and class.*

"On the first day, Thursday, the 7th of December (O.S.), the dawn was announced by drums, bells and a discharge of cannon which had been used during the siege. . . . At half-past ten o'clock a procession . . . moved towards the cathedral in the following order:

"The Corporation and City Regalia.
"The Clergy.
"The Officers of the Navy.
"The 46th Regiment.
". . . . etc., etc.

"After the service an admirable sermon, on the text of Joshua iv. 24. was preached by Dean Hume. . . From the cathedral the procession moved in the same order to the meeting-house, where the Rev. Mr. Black delivered an *oration which evinced his knowledge of British history and his ardent zeal for liberty.*

". . . At two o'clock the Apprentice Boys . . . went through the ceremony of the Shutting of the Gates and afterwards proceeded to the Diamond with King James's colours, captured during the siege, where a *feu-de-joie* was fired in concert with the ships and batteries.

"At four o'clock the mayor and corporation, *the clergy, both Protestant and Roman Catholic*, the officers of the navy and army, etc., dined in the town hall. . . . In the evening the city was splendidly illuminated. . . . In the morrow . . . the festival was concluded with a *ball* and supper.

"1789. August 1 (O.S.) The centenary of the deliverance and Opening of the Gates of Derry in 1689 was celebrated in the same spirit of general concord. . . . On this, as on the former occasion, there was a public procession of *all* the citizens to the cathedral, where they offered up their united expression of gratitude to GOD the Deliverer. It is marshalled in the following order:

"The Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry, accompanied by Dean Hume and a numerous body of the clergy of the Established Church.
"*Dr. MacDevitt, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Derry, and several of his clergy.*
"The Presbyterian Ministers and Elders.
"The Worshipful the Mayor, and Corporation, etc., etc.

"Thus all sectarian and political differences were happily laid aside in the universal rejoicing for the *triumph of that civil and religious liberty*, a blessing to all, which was celebrated on this occasion.

"A sermon, remarkable for its eloquence, beauty and appropriateness was delivered in the cathedral by the Rev. George Vaughan Sampson. . . . In his discourse he enforced with singular strength and touching persuasiveness the *Christian doctrine of humanity and brotherly love.* 'If,' said the reverend gentleman, 'ye would draw from the example of your fathers a lesson suited to this solemn hour, you must be not only pious in your courage, but also humane in your opinions. . . .'

"From the cathedral the procession moved in the same order to the Bishop's Gate, where the first stone of a triumphal arch was laid. . . . The festival was concluded by a splendid ball."

Some credit must therefore be given to those who hugged their chains so persistently and so tightly that in the long run they crushed them. What the Most Reverend Dr. MacDevitt listened to from the preacher at divine service in the cathedral one could learn by reference to Sampson's sermon, which was afterwards printed. Sampson published a ludicrously inaccurate "Memoir" on the County of Derry, 1814. Discussing his Catholic fellow-countrymen, he says at page 193:

"If to the Catholic the power was for a day entrusted, that very day must fiat a sequence of calamity, ending our misfortunes only to commence their own. To the acts of religious pride would succeed the acts of political humiliation,

(*Continued in column* 2)

A SHORT SERIAL OF THE I.R.A.

THE CURLEW'S CRY

By DOROTHY MACARDLE.

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.

Mary Gilligan, alone in the Gilligans' house, near Carrigrone, is haunted by an uneasy feeling of something about to happen. Her father and brother, Tom, have been arrested. As she stands at the window she hears rifle shots in the distance. While she waits, restless and anxious, a knock comes to the door and a stranger appears who asks if the Gilligans have been told to expect him. He says his name is Neill O'Lochlainn.

Mary remembers the name. Niall O Lochlainn is a famous fighting man, hero of many daring adventures. While she prepares supper for him he tells how he reaches the house. He has been told the way by Andy Timminy, a lad of the neighbourhood. While they are talking the door opens and Mary thinks she sees Andy outside, and hears him calling Niell. She goes out, followed by Niell, but Niell sees no one. He helps her back to the house.

"He is gone," she gasped. "I saw him, but he is gone now! You must go! Why doesn't he come for you? Oh, what does it mean?"

He made her sit by the fire and drink some milk and talked soothingly, as to a frightened child.

"Poor girl! Three nights alone! No wonder you're imagining things!"

"I saw him! I saw him!" she repeated, trembling. "He was calling you! You must go."

"Calling me? I didn't hear a sound."

"No, but he had his hands to his mouth, and then he beckoned, frantically!"

"If it had been Andy he would have come in."

"I know, I know. . . . Perhaps it wasn't. . . . But it was somebody. . . . I couldn't see. . . . Only you must go, now. Oh, for God's sake, go!"

Her voice was wild and broken, her eyes staring: she was shaking from head to foot; it was dreadful to see her like that. He spoke firmly: "I can't leave you like this."

Mary understood. She knew that so long as she seemed unnerved and shaken he would not go and she knew that he must go or die. And she knew, looking up at the kind, troubled face bent over hers, that his life was more precious than all the world.

She hid her face in her hands and strove to quiet her breathing—to keep the terror out of her voice. Then she looked up and said more steadily, "Won't you go, now?"

He straightened himself, relieved, but looked round, smiling:

"But where will I go to? 'Tis not very safe outside. And it's so good here by the fire. Surely you would not drive me out in the cold?"

His light tone sent terror into her heart again. "Oh, Mother of God, help me!" she moaned. "What will I do?"

"Whisht! Whisht!" his voice quieted her suddenly. His hand was on her shoulder. He stood erect. A low, tremulous call, wild and mournful, was rising from the bogs below. Mary knew it; all her life she had heard it, wandering between the shore and the mountains—the curlew's cry.

Three times it was repeated and then three times again. Niell started to the door.

"It is Andy!" he exclaimed. "That's our signal! He's in trouble, wanting help—I must go!"

"The curlews do be crying when the tide ebbs," Mary said, "crying like souls in pain. . . . But go, and God be with you!" she added quickly. "Stoop down! Don't show yourself! Hide in the quarries below!"

He gave one glance at her face and saw that the fear was gone from it.

"I'll be back," he said, and then he was gone.

* * * * *

Not a quarter of an hour had passed—Mary was still on her knees, praying, when the shouting and thundering came at the door.

"Open this door or we'll break it in!"

Mary drew the bolt. the soldiers rushed in with fixed bayonets. The officer had a revolver in his hand. With practiced celerity they dispersed themselves through the four rooms, and the opening of chests and cupboards, wrenching of boards and ripping of mattresses began.

"Who's in this house?" "Are there any men here?" "Where's the man that was here to-night?" The questions were flung at her. Mary replied to all quietly, "There's no one but myself."

She stood in the centre of the room, scarcely heeding them, untroubled and unafraid, wrapt in a dream. To the officer's bullying tones, the revolver pushed in her face, the jibes of the soldiers, she made brief, absent-minded replies. The officer lifted his hand, exasperated, at last, and struck her on the side of the head, and she raised grey eyes so childlike and wondering, filling with tears of pain. that he cursed himself and turned away.

The men were quieter after that and they left soon, without saying "good-night."

She left the door ajar and crept into bed, and lay crying for a long time, tired out. But presently a strange sense of rest stole over her, of everything being well. It filled her body and her heart and soul—a drowsy knowledge of sweetness and wonder and safety greater than her life had known. Her whole being breathed that lovely fragrance and became one with it, and as dawn glimmered faintly behind her window, she slept.

* * * * *

When, in full daylight, she put on a new blue dress and went into the sun-flooded kitchen, Niell was there. He had washed the dishes and set the table and had the pot boiling on the fire. All traces of the raid were cleared away.

"Thank God, they didn't harm you!" he exclaimed when she came in. His face was very grave and pale.

"They were not too bad at all," she answered, longing to question him, yet feeling something withheld.

"What will you do now?" was all she asked.

"I will ask you," he said gently, "to go for me to Carrigrone and find Andy's brother. He—will help to get me away."

He broke off and turned from her and stood looking into the fire. She could see how his hand clenched. It came to her that a great grief filled him and he thought to be keeping it from her.

"It is Andy," she said softly: "he is dead."

He held out his hand and she took it between her own, holding it strongly. His voice was low and strained.

"I found him—down by the quarries—shot through the head."

"I heard the shots that killed him," she said, slowly, "a little before you came."

"He was thinking about my safety only. He threw away his life for mine."

"And he kept you safe!" A light of great wonder lit Mary's face. "It is maybe the death that he would choose."

"He was the bravest boy." . . .

Niell sank down, struggling with flooding sorrow, but a calm, shining wisdom was in Mary's eyes, as she looked over his bowed head to the sun.

(The End.)

(Copyright in U.S.A. by "Columbia.")

SOMETHING TO SMILE AT

"Doyle," said the bank manager, "there'll be a vacancy at the head office shortly, and I'm thinking of nominating your twin brother for the job."

"My twin brother!" exclaimed Doyle. "But——"

"I mean the one I saw watching a football match yesterday, while you were at your aunt's funeral."

* * *

"What are you doing here in the woods, Professor?"

"Taking my daily horse exercise that the doctor ordered."

"But where is the horse?"

"Oh—er—I have either left him somewhere or forgotten to bring him with me."

* * *

An official at a Government Office was much annoyed by a man who wanted a job as doorkeeper and messenger. After the sixth or seventh visit, the official sent for the man who then held the position.

"Did you see that man just now who has been here so many times?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the messenger.

"Do you know what he wants?"

"No, sir."

"Well, he wants your job, and if he succeeds in seeing me again he will get it!"

* * *

"Now," she asked, "is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up."

A meek little man rose to his feet.

The lecturer glared at him. "Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?" she cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologised. "I thought you said slaughtered."

Our Race Abroad

Mgr. Thomas J. Eaton, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Mobile, Alabama, who died recently, was a native of Foxford, Co. Mayo.

J. L. McGrady, F. O'Brien, and R. Nagle were among the competitors in the "National Air Tour" at St. Louis (U.S.A.) on October 15.

The Marquis Merry Del Val will lecture on November 30th to the Irish Literary Society, London, on "Irish Soldiers in the Service of Spain." The Marquis, who is Spanish Ambassador in London, is descended from the Co. Waterford family of Merry.

Justice Stephen Callaghan is a candidate for re-election to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Mayor J. Walker is a candidate for re-election as Mayor of New York on November 5th. John F. Curry (born in Ireland) is at the head of his election campaign. Mr. Curry is leader of the New York Democrats.

The Sydney Gaelic League is very active in keeping alive the Irish language, customs and music among Irish people in Australia. A very largely attended gathering of Gaels was held in Sydney on July 20th to bid farewell to Miss McGarry, one of the principal workers in the Gaelic League, prior to her departure for Ireland. The Ceilidhe was attended by members of the Gaelic League, Fainne and other Irish societies, and also of the Scottish Highland Society.

Mr. James Henry Scullin, who has become Prime Minister of Australia, was formerly a grocer's assistant in Melbourne. He was elected a Labour M.P. in 1910, lost his seat before the war and was not elected again until 1922. He became leader of the Australian Labour Party last year.

The Rt. Rev. J. Mahony, D.D., Bishop of Sioux Falls, S. Dakota, has been paying a visit to Kerry, his native county.

France and Her Bread

MAKING WHEAT PAY.

The French Government, faced with the possibility of wheat becoming an uneconomic crop, takes prompt measures to solve the problem, as is shown in the following message from our Paris correspondent:

"The abundance of the wheat crop in France this year has resulted in a fall in price and this in turn has led to discontent amongst the farmers. The Minister of Agriculture has set up a special department to deal with what is known as the wheat problem, and Andre Tardieu, the Minister for the Interior, has made an important speech dealing with the matter. He points out that it is a social problem even more than an economic one. The cultivation of wheat is a great national tradition, the very soul of rural life, and, to prevent emigration from the country to the cities it is essential that the cultivation of wheat should be made profitable for the French peasant. In most departments the cultivation of wheat does not pay, and in others the profit is small, the price of wheat being five times, and the costs of production more than seven times the pre-war figures. If the cultivation of wheat were abandoned in the departments where it is not a paying proposition, France would have to purchase wheat from abroad to the extent of £64,000,000 This, M. Tardieu says, would be placing the price of French bread at the mercy of the foreigner. It would also lead to a total desertion of the villages, and therefore, at all costs, means must and will be found to make the production of wheat remunerative and to keep the French peasant on his native soil."

"THE IRISH BOOKLOVER."

The latest number of the *Irish Booklover* (July-August) is an attractive and informative publication. Dr. Crone continues his "Sgéala ó Chathair na gCeó." The editor—Seamus O Casaide—reprints a song written about 1740 by Father William Burke, an Augustinian Friar, in praise of Mayo. He also has an interesting note on O'Baggot, a Limerick school-teacher who was concerned in a plan to seize Limerick at the time of Emmet's rising. Among other useful features is the half-yearly bibliography of books of *Irish interest for January-June, 1929.*

Christmas in Irish-America

(*Continued from page 1.*)

Christmas had a touch of magic in it; its beauty had the wonder and glory of the unknown. Combined with the strangeness of the great looming sky-scrapers, the clattering elevated, the spacious sweep of Fifth Avenue, the glitter of Broadway—it all seemed part of some gigantic Christmas-card. It was not surprising to find that even the robin in America is the size of a large thrush, so big and lavish in proportion did everything seem those first days.

New York's Christmas.

New York flings itself with intensity and enthusiasm into Christmas, making much more of a fuss about all its preparations and ritual than any part of the Old World, except, perhaps, Germany. There is a dressed-up Santa Claus outside most of the big department stores, with frosty beard, red fur-trimmed coat, bulging sack and tinkling bell, all complete. In Madison Square there is a huge illuminated Christmas-tree set out with glittering gauds for the delectation of the poor children of New York that come to dance about it. With its background of snow it is a thing of beauty and joy to young and old. Then almost every window had a Xmas wreath of holly or laurel tied with red ribbon, hung out, while in Irish houses the tall, familiar Christmas candle, lighted by the youngest member on Christmas Eve, glows out into the darkness. I think this cult of the Christmas candle is peculiarly Irish. And each nation brings its own contribution to the American conception of Christmas—the Germans have their Christmas-trees, the Scandinavians Santa Claus, the Saxons the plum pudding. In most of the Catholic churches there is midnight Mass: in many a Crib.

In New England.

My second Christmas was spent in the heart of New England with an Irish family that hailed from Waterford. Here, but for the deep snow outside, and the cosy "central heating" within, one might fancy oneself back "at home." We were an entirely Irish gathering—Irish songs, Irish dances, stories of Ireland round a big Yule log, Irish voices with pleasant echoes of home in them—in fact, an Irish Christmas more Irish than the Irish themselves enjoy. Liam Mellows, Nora Connolly, Margaret Skinnider, Nelly Donnelly were among the guests around that time and many a tale of Easter Week (then fresh in everyone's memory) was told. When, in 1922, I visited that place again, after Liam's execution, my hosts showed me a blackboard with an Irish lesson upon it in chalk. The lesson was the last given by Liam to his little class; the chalk was traced afresh from time to time, carefully, lovingly preserved, a precious, sad relic of happier days. And Liam sent from Mountjoy a few last words to his pupils.

Christmas in Montreal.

In 1922, when fate again beckoned me to America, I spent my Christmas with relatives in Montreal, Canada, and had an almost Arctic Christmas—sleighs and sleigh-bells, sledges cutting their way through forest paths glistening with ice and hard, packed snow—a wonderful drive to the mountains over the city, torches casting their flares across an ice-bound lake, a Christmas party "deep in Canadian woods"—that, too, is an unforgettable Yule-tide memory. And the chorus of that fine old song comes back to me, sung lustily by Irish exiles:—

"Here's dear old Ireland,
Loved old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!"

THE HOLY TREE

By DOROTHY MACARDLE.

The night was so quiet that it seemed, each moment, as though, from somewhere, a sound must come. The tree-stems rose up, still and solemn, like pillars in a great temple that had the whole sky for a roof.

Gamaliel sat on a boulder watching the stars. It seemed to him that it was growing dim, withering, the star that had bloomed like a white rose in the sky; it made him feel lonely to see it dying, as though all that wonder had been a dream. But it had not been a dream or he would not be here alone. And old Matthias was no dreamer, nor was Jacob—the wisest shepherd in the hills. . . . Yet Gamaliel had been the first to see. . . . The others had fallen on their faces, some afraid, but Gamaliel had knelt still, his face uplifted, and had seen the glory of the Lord.

The angels would come again, once more, surely, only once, while he watched alone? Such holiness and quiet was in the night—surely they would come? He felt as if his wishing could open Heaven and call down the angels, it was so strong. Once, staring into the sky, he imagined he saw that light breaking slowly, like the rising of a thousand moons; he imagined he heard a far-off singing, sweeter than all the birds of the air. . . If they came, he thought he would die of wonder, yet he ached and hungered for them to come. But there was nothing: only the cold stars shining: no sound but the breathing of the sheep.

What were his comrades doing now? Why had they not come home? It was nine days since they left him, striding away into the darkness, singing a wild Alleluia as they went. He had wept, implored and entreated to be taken too. Matthias had been angry: "We go to welcome the King of the World," he cried, "and must we be burdened on the road and go laggard, for a cripple with a twisted foot?" He was a boy yet, they told him, and should obey; someone must mind the flock. Jacob had been kind and sorry; he had left him figs and meal and a jar of wine and bidden him take good care of the sheep.

Gamaliel had obeyed. He had slept in the noon-tide only and watched each night, keeping great fires up to scare the wolves; and not one sheep had been lost. He was tired now, but he would not sleep.

He sat erect and stretched his eyes wide, staring at the star in the East, trying to keep himself awake. It was changing its colour. . . It was gold . . . a King's crown . . . a King's golden throne . . . On the throne was sitting the Son of David, the child that was the Lord of the World. Purple robes were on him, embroidered with rubies; a sword and sceptre were in his hands; his servants were giving gold to th people; the mighty ones of the earth lay at his feet. . . Jacob and Ezekiel were there, and Matthias and the rest. . . . They would go out with their gold and buy great houses and never come back again . . . never come back to Gamaliel any more . . . He started up, shivering with cold and fear. The temple was gone, and the gold and purple; clouds had shut out the star-light; his fire was dying; there was no light anywhere in the world; he could not keep the tears out of his eyes.

There was no more wood for the fire; he would have to go down to the thorn-tree and break some branches; they would burn quickly because the tree was dead. Why had he been born with a twisted foot that hindered him and hurt him when he tried to run?

Gamaliel lit his lantern and, limping, sobbing a little in spite of himself, made his way down to the thorn-tree that stood at the side of the road.

There, in the shadow, something was moving—crouching as though for shelter—a dark form. Gamaliel thought of wolves, and grew brave instantly, as a shepherd does when danger threatens his sheep. He had his sling on his shoulder and a pouch of stones. He waved his lantern and gave a wild shout. To his astonishment a man's voice replied—a deep, kindly voice that called "Friend!"

Gamaliel answered "Friend!" joyously, and waited, holding his lantern high. The man drew near and the light shone on his face. It was the face of a just man.

"Is there shelter and welcome with you," he asked "for travellers fleeing from danger, perished with hunger and cold?"

"There is shelter and welcome," Gamaliel replied; his voice was low, for he felt a wonder that made his knees tremble, stranger than when the angels sang. He began breaking branches from the tree with such eagerness that he tore his hands on the thorns. The man tethered a little ass to the tree and came up the hill with Gamaliel, followed by a woman who carried a child.

When they came to the fire and Gamaliel flung the sticks on it a blaze lit up the hills and valleys more beautiful than the light of a thousand moons. When the woman spoke to Gamaliel, thanking him, it was music sweeter than the angels' song; when she laid the child in Gamaliel's bed of straw, Gamaliel thought that it was better to be here on the hillside than in Bethlehem of the King. While they slept and he sat, guarding them, such peace and gladness came into his heart as in all his life he had never known.

At dawn the travellers woke and made ready to start again on their journey, and Gamaliel gave them food and wine. There was much more than Jacob had left with him, it seemed. Then he fetched water and bathed their feet. He bathed the feet of the child. "Now," said the woman, with a smile full of happy promise, "take this water and bathe your own feet." Gamaliel obeyed, and lo, the foot that had been twisted was straightened; the flesh that had been shrivelled grew white; strength and fleetness came into the two feet of Gamaliel; he leaped and ran; laughing he sprang down the hillside to untether the ass.

As though summer had come in winter, as though life had come out of death, the withered thorn-tree had grown green again. Its branches were smooth and supple and covered with glistening dark-green leaves, and among the leaves were bright clusters of berries, red as blood.

Gamaliel stopped, astonished. "The tree is all beautiful!" he cried.

The man smiled, saying:

"From this day men will call it the holy tree, because it gave warmth and comfort to the Lord."

Gamaliel was lost in wonder; so lost in wonder that he could only stand there, silent, gazing after the travellers while they moved along the valley and out of sight; so lost in wonder that he started and could not remember how he came there, when he heard the voices of his comrades, Jacob's voice above the rest, singing loudly, "Alleluia, Alleluia," as they drew near.

This picture of the Madonna adoring the Child is by Fra Fillippo Lippi. It is considered among the most beautiful of the Nativity pictures.

EXCITING CHRISTMASES OF THE PAST.

(*Continued from page 7.*)

released from Frongoch. Most of them, it was remarked, looked "wan and sickly." It was their first taste of imprisonment, but, for many of them, not the last. Western names bulked large in the list of releases. (One group of Westerners raised a cheer as they passed the General Post Office.) Among names prominent in the events of later years were those of Terence MacSweeney, Arthur Griffith, Sean T. O'Kelly, Henry Dixon, Helena Moloney, Padraic O Maille and William Sears.

THE BLACK-AND-TAN CHRISTMAS.

Christmas, 1920, was an abnormal Christmas. The Black-and-Tan terror was at its height. Owing to curfew and restrictions on travelling the spirit of festivity was very much checked. Indiscriminate raids and arrests continued during the holidays. A fortnight earlier there had been a gleam of hope and much talk of peace, but it was soon made clear that what Lloyd George wanted was not peace, but surrender. The week before Christmas the voice of Arthur Griffith, the real Griffith, calm and resolute, spoke to the people from Mountjoy: "Those on whom the Irish nation has imposed the duty of speaking and acting on its behalf have never ceased to make known that Ireland desires to live in peace with all nations without exception; but Ireland will not accept subjugation in any form in the false guise of peace." The Black-and-Tans replied by setting fire to Cork. And when they should have been engaged in Christmas shopping, some of the finest business premises in St. Patrick Street and other quarters were in ruins. The total damage done was estimated at £3,000,000.

LATER YEARS.

The scene had changed completely by Christmas, 1921. On December 22nd Dáil Eireann adjourned its discussion of the "Treaty" and the deputies hope beg[an] back to their areas to pr[epare] trembling peace. Christmas, [1]9[2]1 spent under the shadow of [civil] tions and the Christmas [of] 19[2]2 did not lack that of 1916, when the ja[il]ed people will once more opening, giving[C]hristmas Eve, 1916, loved ones thousands of[f] Westland Row suffering had remained fait[hful] welcome the men ideal.

page 5.)

Prisoners' Notes

"Interrogating Suspects."

Patrick Murray lives with his sister and her husband, Leo Guilfoyle, in Olaf Road. Since the last week of February the little house has been raided more often than they can count. The C.I.D. wanted information. They arrested Leo Guilfoyle, released him and re-arrested him four times. He has a delicate wife and their baby was in hospital. He had work with the Russian Oil Company and became very much afraid that, absent so often, he would be dismissed. The other day he had a visit from Detective-Officer Mark Byrne, who promised that Guilfoyle would be left in peace, and would be enabled to keep his job, on one condition. The condition was that he was to meet Byrne at any place and time Guilfoyle might choose and give him certain information. Guilfoyle refused.

They came again and again for Patrick Murray, usually between 3 and 4 a.m. They would take him to the Bridewell, question him, release him after a day or two, and, a few nights later, come to the house and take him again. It happened, as well as they can remember, eight times.

At last, worn out, he left his home and went out to sleep in a house in Ballybrack. There, too, the C.I.D. found him. They took him out on Tuesday last, the 3rd April, at night, and made him walk to a field. He recognised two of the men, Sergeant Hughes and Mooney of the C.I.D. They had guns and they ordered him to "talk." He refused, and they threatened him with punishment. Their final threat was: "We'll take your girl."

He was put into the side-car of a motor bicycle and taken to the Bridewell.

When Margaret Lally went to her friends in Olaf Road the next evening, there were men sitting in wait for her there. "We're taking you to Pearse Street," they said.

They took her in a car to the Bridewell, where she was locked in a cell.

D.O. Mooney came and questioned her. She refused to tell him anything. He left, and returned after a while. "I saw Murray, and he says you are to answer everything," he told her, but she knew that it was not true.

She and Murray were released together at about 10 p.m. He dared not go to his home, nor to his friends at Ballybrack. His health was broken down; he needed a rest. Any friend who took him in knew that his house would likely be subjected to midnight raids. It was not easy for him to know where to go.

Interrogation is the avowed purpose of these proceedings. "We have carried out hundreds of raids for the purpose of interrogating suspected persons," a Free State official is reported to have said to a correspondent of the *Daily Express*, and he seems to have told a luridly alarmist story of death's-head conspiracies.

An unpopular Government, which owes its position to threats, murders, and to the support of a foreign power, rather than to democratic approval, is easily made nervous. Two crimes have been committed in Ireland which make it suspicious of a dangerous plot. It might be pardoned for taking precautions and allowing unusual temporary powers to its police. It might even plead the necessity of interrogation and arrests.

But there are elementary principles of justice which, in such a situation, a government worthy of the name would take care to observe. A suspect is not a criminal. A citizen uncharged with any offence should not be deprived of the protection of the law, or made a victim of Coercion Acts. There should be as little infringement as possible of the constitutional rights of the liberty of the citizen and the inviolability of the home. Interrogation by government agents should be conducted without rudeness and without threats.

But to allow or order the police to carry out raids at midnight, arrest men at their places of employment, seize girls in the street, carry prisoners about in lorries half the night, detain them for hours or days, even, in unheated, insanitary cells, without light or food unless friends supply them; interrogate them with abuse and threats, release and re-arrest again—this is to give licence to the force to obtain information by the method of the third degree.

The C.I.D. have a tradition in this matter, as has their Government. Free State Ministers know well what "interrogation" meant for their prisoners during the Civil War. If the methods used now are within the law it is because this Government has passed Acts which legalise every violation of liberty, every judicial crime.

Whether these things are within the law of the Free State remains to be seen. Patrick Fox and Charles Carey, each having been arrested six or seven times and questioned in the Bridewell, were released at midnight to be seized by men who carried them off to the country to be interrogated with blows, shown guns and threatened with death unless they gave the information required. If they could identify their assailants there might be legal redress. But the men who beat Fox were strangers to him, and the men who took Carey wore masks. There is no legal redress.

These injuries are incidental. But the raids which make a man's home uninhabitable; the arrests which cause him to lose his employment; the repeated detentions which destroy his health—these have become systematic. If interrogation is their purpose, it is part of the purpose to break the health and nerve of their victims, so that they may, perhaps, become ready to buy peace at any price. It is punishment amounting to persecution.

And punishment for what crime? For a crime that has been created by British and again by Free State law—the crime of being a suspected person: of being a Republican.

That crime has been prevalent in Ireland since '98, and persecution has not cured us of it yet.

Dorothy Macardle.

O'Connell Recalled and Cross-Examined

In view of the forthcoming Catholic Emancipation Centenary Celebrations, we presume, Mr. MacDonagh, a well-known writer on Irish historical subjects, has rewritten, compressed in some parts, and enlarged in others, his life of O'Connell which appeared in 1903; and has published his retouched picture of the Liberator under the title, *Daniel O'Connell and the Story of Catholic Emancipation* (Talbot Press. 20s. net.). "My aim has been," the author confesses, in a somewhat lengthy introduction, "to present a picture of him in his weakness as well as in his strength. In him one sees exhibited to a singular degree the most incompatible, the most discordant qualities. He was a stormy demagogue, with a profound reverence for law and authority and property; an advanced democrat, with the deepest attachment to monarchical institutions. The English Crown had no more loyal subject than this agitator, who spent a long life in conflict with the English Government . . . Irish in his weakness as well as in his strength, he had that curious limitation (curious in a race so humorous)—a want of sense of the incongruous; an obliviousness to the line where things noble and solemn verge on things puerile and ridiculous. . . . Yet, taking him all in all, O'Connell was the greatest and the most typical of Ireland's sons. His name is mightier in its appeal in Ireland than any other name."

The picture is drawn with the skill and ease of a master-hand. It is strikingly life-size. And the whole effect is just as the artist intended. Were it not for the prohibitive price, the book deserves, and undoubtedly would have a wide circulation. Having read it, you know O'Connell more intimately than you did years ago in the class-hall and the debating-room; you can appreciate better the human side of his character and career; and you will judge more impartially his policy, principles and methods though you may still be slow to admit that O'Connell was the greatest and the most typical of Ireland's sons.

Perhaps the most interesting and most valuable chapters are the first two and the last. The first two chapters give a deal of fresh and reliable information as to the influences that helped to mould O'Connell's character during his childhood and student days. While the last chapter, entitled, "In the Valley of Despair and Death," gives many poignantly sad details of his last illness and tragic death at Genoa.

When treating of O'Connell's political activities, Mr. MacDonagh but seldom obtrudes his personal views on the reader. If he does, it is usually to bear out his contention that O'Connell had the deepest attachment for monarchical institutions. For instance, on page 254 he remarks: "It seems to me that O'Connell desired to repeal the Union mainly for utilitarian reasons. If Ireland had been prosperous under the rule of England he would be the last man, I think, to disturb the relations between the two countries." Again, commenting on O'Connell's contempt for the Irish language, the author writes: "Nothing perhaps illustrates more clearly how practical was his conception of nationality." In our humble opinion, nothing illustrates more clearly how servile and imperfect was his idea of a nation. Thomas Davis could have enlightened him on the point. But, of course, O'Connell would not deign to consult one of "The Little Irish Gang." By the way, that word, "Gang," sounds very familiar.

Many who had to face the real hardships and cruelties of prison life during the recent struggle for Irish independence will smile as they read of the jolly time O'Connell and his companions had during their short stay in Richmond Jail. "In the garden a spacious tent was erected, styled 'The Rath of Mullaghmast,' where O'Connell received visitors and gave large dinner parties." Surely he had no sense of the incongruous.

A charitable but futile attempt is made to explain away O'Connell's chronic money troubles. As a lawyer, O'Connell earned as much as £8,000 per annum. From the O'Connell Tribute, collected at the chapel doors in November and February, he often received the enormous sum of £20,000 for his personal use; while the Repeal Rent during the few years of its existence totalled £134,379. How the recipient of so much money could nevertheless, through no fault of his own, be for years on the verge of bankruptcy, is a mystery that even Mr. MacDonagh cannot solve.

At times the author seems to subscribe to O'Connell's cardinal doctrine, namely, that national freedom is too dearly bought for the shedding of a single drop of human blood. Yet when he discusses the merits of the controversy between O'Connell and the Young Irelanders—or as he styles it not inaptly, "the collision between the illusions of youth and the disillusions of old age"—here is his verdict: "The Young Irelanders had no other course open to them as honourable men but to recede from the Repeal Association. The pledge that civil and political wrongs ought not to be righted by force of arms under any conditions was not only gratuitous and pedantic, but it belied all the lessons of history." Only an able advocate like MacDonagh could afford to make such a damaging admission so candidly and so unconcernedly.

Take another example: If the author wished to conceal O'Connell's weakness and vindictiveness after the ejection of the Young Irelanders from Conciliation Hall, the following quotation from *Greville's Memoirs* could have been easily withheld: "I am very glad," Greville writes under date August 7th, 1845, "that O'Connell has defeated Young Ireland. O'Connell is behaving exceedingly well just now. He went to Lord Bessborough and told him that after defeating the Coercion Bill he felt bound to give the Government any assistance he could in repressing outrage and restoring peace, and that they might depend on his doing so. In fact, he actually means to support the Government as strongly as he can, and he carries the priests entirely with him, who appear to have all determined against the violent party. Bessborough told O'Connell that he was determined to restore peace to the disturbed counties by deluging them with soldiers, and Dan replied: 'The more soldiers the better.'"

But then comes the author's powerful apologia. "The great Tribune—his mighty brain, his splendid nervous system, his vigorous body, being undermined by the fell disease which began its attack two years before—had grown weary of agitation and was losing heart in his cause. At no time in his career, indeed, was his ambition of restoring to Ireland her independent Parliament really possible of realisation under the condition which he insisted must be observed. He had over-rated the effect of moral force; he had over-rated the menace of the display of numbers at the monster meetings, marvellous in their extent but indisciplined and unarmed. No Government, with the unanimous support of the English people behind it, would have yielded Repeal save to the compulsion of superior physical force. In no circumstances would O'Connell fight; and even if he were prepared to try the hazard of rebellion, there was not the slightest prospect of success in the existing circumstances. Was it strange, therefore, that in the breakdown of his mental and nervous system he should grow faint-hearted, and that, still desiring to serve the land he loved so passionately, he should embrace the hope which an alliance with the Whigs inspired of remedial measures and peace for Ireland?"

Thus, at any rate, did the mighty Repeal agitation come to an inglorious end in a Whig alliance. But who will cast the first stone? "Hearing this they went out one by one, beginning at the eldest."

M. O'B.

PEADAR O'DONNELL'S NEW BOOK

REVIEWED BY DOROTHY MACARDLE

Peadar O'Donnell has written a story* about Irish people that affects us not as fiction at all, but as some awful news might affect us—news about old friends. A rush of pity to the heart, of wild indignation to the head, a foolish impulse to be doing something, fighting somebody, is one's first reaction to the book. This seems as true a story as Upton Sinclair's *Boston*, with the difference that Sacco and Vanzetti are dead while Peadar O'Donnell's people are living and suffering, starving even while we read. For as Adrigoole is a name that stands now for any hunger-stricken townland in Ireland, the Dalachs stand in our imagination for all the men and women wrestling for existence with the bogs and mountains, all the children walking hungry to school.

This story is more tragic than *Storm*, in which Irishmen fought the foreigner with exultant hope; and more tragic than *Islanders*, in which they fought the sea for a living and won. Hugh Dalach is as good a man as Charlie Doogan, but he has worse enemies, the cold nature of the bogland and a war of neighbours, and those beat him in the end.

Peadar O'Donnell's quality as a writer is proved by the fact that in the grip of a story so piteous he loses none of the simplicity of his style. The objective, hard economy which made the finest part of *Islanders* like wrought iron, are here again, and with traceries yet more delicate, effects more sensitively achieved. There is a use of episode to suggest at once circumstance, character and theme which I dare to believe Chekov would have praised. Hugh's feelings about his "shop" braces, Mary Nabla's shame and the lonely pride that hides it, Brigid's shyness eating her "boxty," are keys to a secret world; and, without any strained symbolism, the incident of the spirited horse that plunges wildly when the soft skin of ground breaks under him, tunes the imagination to the human tragedy so soon to come.

The sorrow of people who have never seemed capable of happiness is less moving than the defeat of those who have grasped at joy. The Attic tragedians knew that, and showed us the downfall of proud kings. Peadar O'Donnell uses this art of the "peripety" well. The story opens joyously for the Dalachs and moves quietly over half a lifetime of brave effort to a time full of promise and peace. Calamity accumulates stealthily and falls with stunning suddenness at the end. For the most part the story is made up of small, everyday events. But there is heartache in these little things—in Mickey Sheila wishing Brigid joy when his own hope is stone dead in him, Hugh in prison finding comfort in cleaning between the floor-boards with a nail, Neddie Brian making his cottage ready for Brigid to come home—we remember them as we remember small things connected with vivid people whom we loved and who are a short while dead.

A glorious race of people they are, these of O'Donnell's Donegal; such fine, high-bred sensitiveness is in them, such tact and "nature" for one another, such firm standards of neighbourly obligation, and, with all their stoical endurance of hardship, such energy in the struggle to conquer it.

Their talk is like themselves, sad and merry, childlike and wise. Says the older woman to a younger one: "Tossin' about the world maybe brings no more happiness than creepin' into some glen with a man you could look at with as little heed as a donkey," but she admits that "Them that once tastes life can't mock it."

The writer never makes the mistake of letting his characters become too conscious or express thoughts that would not be their own; the wise thoughts about life that flow into Hugh's mind would, we feel, come to a man like Hugh, and the dialect, turned like the Irish, is able to express them in words as direct and simple as the Dalach ways.

They are grand people, and they are our own, and their fate is pitiful. When those boys and girls stand in the hiring fair, go shipped like cattle to work in Scotland, lie rain-soaked in the crowded sleeping-shed, sink exhausted in the potato field, the story-teller has no word of compassion for them, and, by the bare telling, as though of an everyday thing that must be taken for granted, arouses bitter compassion in the reader's mind.

Pity and anger make it difficult, at first, to keep the critical faculties alert. It was only on a second reading that I wondered whether the author's quality of economy has not its defects, felt that phrases like "he tensed" and "he panicked" distract attention at a climax, and thought that he leaves too much unexplained. I hope that Peadar O'Donnell in his next book will give himself wider scope and take us farther into the same world, for it is a world almost unexplored. Knut Hamsun in *Growth of the Soil* and Rolvaag in *Giants in the Earth* show this struggle in countries where rich virgin soil becomes a man's own for his labour; but Peadar O'Donnell shows us the struggle of a people dispossessed and driven into the hungry wastes. It is, perhaps, only out of Ireland now that a book such as this could come. And it is not only because the subject is unique, but because the conditions of authorship are rare.

In modern peaceful civilisations the writer too soon becomes a professional desk-man, loses touch with active life, ceases to experience its contacts for himself, and must strive to make up in thin-spun invention and argument what he lacks in vital feeling for the world. There comes also, that form of literary snobbishness called "detachment," which forbids an imaginative writer to hold convictions and damns him as a propagandist if any enthusiasm for a cause or a militant ideal breathes in his work.

Peadar O'Donnell does not write with detachment; objective as is his style, his sympathies are fiery and undisguised. The one impulse, born of an enthusiasm and a conviction, drove him to fight and now drives him to write. Fine, sincere writing is done, lasting books are made, in that way. Ireland has another such book in Frank Gallagher's *Days of Fear*, and it is good that we may hope to have more. They are at least as well worth having as the books written from the detached standpoint of Irishmen who scorned the nation's struggle and who now sell their scorn of it to the English public at a pretty price.

That books like *Adrigoole* should have a good welcome in Ireland proves that they are true of Irish character and of their time. We may hope that, like *Islanders*, this book will find a welcome abroad that will prove there is truth in it for all humanity, and will win for the gallant people he tells of, understanding, and respect, and friends.

Dorothy Macardle.

**Adrigoole.* By Peadar O'Donnell. Jonathan Cape. 7/6 net.

A CENTENARY RECORD.*

No one who was present at them can forget the scenes in Phoenix Park on June 23rd, or the scarcely less remarkable celebrations in Cork, Cashel, New Ross and other parts of the country. Many people, however, would like to possess some permanent souvenir of a notable event This is provided by the *Catholic Emancipation Centenary Record*, which is intended, says Father M. Ronan in his preface, "to record aspects of Ireland's story between the coming of Patrick and the securing of Catholic Emancipation," and to "awaken in the hearts of the Irish at home and abroad, fresh love for their country."

The articles deal with a wide variety of subjects, including "Memorials of our Faith," "The Boyne, Aughrim and Limerick," "Our Ancient Cathedrals and Churches," "Catholic Education in Penal Times," "Church Art in the life of our People," "Urnaidhthe Gaedhal san Ochtmhadh Céad Déag," "Dublin in 1829," and "O'Connell as a World Power." Among the authors are: Rev. Professor Power, Rev. P. Woulfe, Rev. Brother Austin Queenan, Rev. T. Corcoran, S.J.; Mr. J. J. Robinson, Fiachra Eilgeach and Mr. Michael MacDonagh.

The record is produced with much care and taste. The illustrations include reproductions of the best examples of Gaelic metal-work in the National Museum and of the beautiful west doorway at Clonfert Cathedral. There are photographs and drawings of Irish churches, ancient and modern. Some interesting sketches are also given of incidents in the life of O'Connell (there is one of the Monster Repeal Meeting at Tara; what a pity they had no machines for making talking-pictures then!) Other illustrations include reproductions from Irish religious books printed on the continent during penal times, and drawings of Blessed Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop John MacHale and other famous Irishmen. The book contains some tasteful headings and tail-pieces, designed by William MacBride and Micheál O Briain.

**Catholic Emancipation Centenary Record.* Edited by Rev. Myles V. Ronan, C.C., M.R.I.A. Dublin: Colm O Lochlainn. 2/6 net'

This Week in other Years

July 20th.—Hugh O'Neill died in 1616.

The Irish lord was dead. The Romans saw his funeral held in a way that was fitting for one so highly esteemed by the Pope and the King of Spain. "As the long procession slowly ascended the Janiculum the tolling of a hundred bells, the throb of the muffled drum and the minute guns of San Angelo announced to the imperial city, the shepherds of the Campagna and the vine-dressers among the Alban hills that an illustrious personage was there laid in his last resting place."

An illustrious personage, indeed. Eight years before, he had entered Rome in state. His journey across the Continent had been a march of triumph. Archdukes, princes and governors had hastened to honour a man of such extraordinary fame. Henry of Navarre, no bad judge, had placed him among the three great soldiers of Europe. And "although," say the Four Masters, "he died far from Armagh, the burial-place of his ancestors, it was a token that God was pleased with his life that the Lord permitted him no worse burial place, namely, Rome, the head city of the Christians."

But those last years were full of sorrow. The Pope had neglected nothing for his honour and comfort, but he had always expected to return with a great army and there were many other exiles, in Spain, in France, Germany, Italy and the Netherlands who hoped to see again "the waves break on an Irish shore." Hopes, plans, promises, disappointments. Latterly he had been blind, and he failed fast in the sultry Roman summer.

What thoughts were in his mind? Of Slieve Gullion and the cool Ulster hills? Of the freshness of the Bann, where he had gone fishing with his bride, Mabel Bagenal, when Tir Eoghain was arming for war? Of that frosty December, when all the rivers and lakes were ice-bound and he traversed Ireland from end to end? Of the dark night at Kinsale, the confusion, blundering and treachery? Of the insane despair of Aodh Ruadh, the magnificent youth, "comely in face and beautiful to behold," whose voice was "like the music of a silver trumpet"?

To the Four Masters, writing in the monastery of Donegal, the blow was final:

"Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that decided on, the project of their setting out on this voyage, without knowing whether they should ever return to their native principalities or patrimonies to the end of the world." Three hundred years ago they believed that it was all over with the Irish nation, the Irish language, Irish everything. And yet Irish nationality has never been more vital than it is to-day.

THE ABBEY THEATRE.

"Look at the Heffernans."

"Look at the Heffernans" is a comedy of match-making. It could not be described as a sparkling comedy, but then, people like the Heffernans are not much given to witty conversation. They are solid people, and when the village of Garradice wants to point out an example to imitate they say "look at the Heffernans." But they begin to say it in a different way. The Heffernans are too stodgy, too sure of themselves. "Look at the Heffernans" means beware lest you become like them, without any romance in you, or any joy in life.

Then Festus Darby, the local gossip and busybody, tells the brothers James and Paul what people really think of them and of James Heffernan's children. The brothers are upset, but they decide that no one shall have cause to say in future that the Heffernans never marry. An orgy of match-making begins, which is encouraged, for reasons of her own, by the widow, Marcella Molloy. Many amusing situations result. The brothers, and, in fact, almost everybody in the play, are working at cross-purposes. But the right people marry each other in the end. Some of the characters change the manners and behaviour of a life-time at rather quick notice, but no doubt, a dramatist must be allowed to take these liberties.

A large audience enjoyed this revival last week of Mr. Brinsley Macnamara's play. The acting was excellent. If one had to single out any actor for special mention it would be Mr. P. J. Carolan as James Heffernan's son Marks.

THE IRISH DRAMA. 1896-1928.*

REVIEWED BY DOROTHY MACARDLE.

To everyone who follows the work of the Abbey Theatre it has been increasingly evident during the last few years that a change, and not a happy change, has come over the spirit of that enterprise. It would be true, perhaps, to say that the spirit of enterprise and the spirit of nationality seem to diminish as prosperity advances there. A critical survey of the work of the theatre, with a record of its origins and its ideals and a study of its present tendencies, was urgently needed, if there was to remain any hope of preserving a sense of cohesion among the workers and a sense of direction in the work.

It was an arduous task which the compiler of such a chronicle undertook, and Mr. Malone has completed it with a thoroughness and precision which make this a really valuable book. The index and appendices render it useful as a work of reference, while the text is very readable in spite of the methodical manner in which the sections are arranged. His preliminary enquiry into the cause of Ireland's unique lack, until our own time, of all dramatic literature, is suggestive and interesting, even if none of the theories which he advances in solution are quite satisfying.

PIONEERS.

The story of the origin of the Irish dramatic movement, already told in fragments by its creators, is ably summarized, with care to give due credit to pioneers like Frank and William Fay. The divergent ideals of the founders, and the emergence and development of these are analysed with clarity, and the growth of various types of drama is traced in detail, with critical estimates of each author in turn.

Mr. Malone accords high rank to Mr. T. C. Murray, whose *Autumn Fire* he considers "one of the best plays of its time in any country"; and he deplores the exclusion from the Irish stage of serious discussion of moral questions which has prevented performance of his beautiful little tragedy *The Briery Gap*. Mr. Lennox Robinson's *The Big House* might, he feels, have been a great play, had not the characters been less petty and had the author's sympathies been less confused. The welcome given to Sean O'Casey he admits to be somewhat extravagant, and describes him as using "the disillusionment of the post-war period in such a way as to attract the kindly attention of all the anti-Irish elements in the country, and to attract at the same time an audience which sees only humour in his grim irony." But Mr. Malone himself acclaims *Juno and the Paycock* as "modern tragedy at its best, almost at its greatest"—high praise from a critic who has read "hundreds of modern plays from every land,"—has read, we must suppose, Claudel and O'Neill and Toller, Pirandello's *Naked* and Shaw's *Saint Joan*. On the whole, however, most of his readers will probably agree with Mr. Malone's critical estimates which seem generally reasoned and fair.

LACK OF SYMPATHY.

He likes Irish intellect and wit, it is clear, very much better than Irish feeling. He differentiates admirably between English and Irish humour, and what could be more penetrating than his description of Irish intellect as "so logical and so exact that it is capable of pushing logic to extremes where it is mistaken by other peoples for romance"? But Mr. Malone seems himself a victim of that blindness which has become epidemic in Ireland among professionally intellectual men—he can see nothing in the peasant except materialism; he distrusts the validity of any emotion which is shared by a group, and he fails altogether to recognise the fact that the passion for national independence can be as personal, heartfelt a thing as love or ambition or the fear of death, and therefore as legitimate a theme for the dramatist's art.

It is probably because of a lack of imaginative sympathy with Irish feeling that Mr. Malone becomes uninteresting, and even inaccurate, when he epitomizes the subjects of plays. Too often he gives a mere lifeless summary of the plot, while the inner theme of drama, the tragic conflict which the dramatist had perceived in Irish life and striven to represent in his story, remains unrevealed. To examine the tragedies of the Irish theatre and show how they reflect the fundamental conflicts of Irish character and life, would be a task for a mind less out of sympathy with the Irish people and their deepest aspirations than is his.

"AN ABSTRACTION."

Mr. Malone refers to the Republican ideal as an "abstraction," yet goes to strange lengths to make it appear to have taken concrete form. Whether carelessness or unscrupulousness account for his misrepresentations of political events it is hard to guess. Does Mr. Malone sincerely believe that Arthur Griffith was among those who proclaimed the Republic in 1916? Or that Pearse "knew that the Republic could never be made a reality in world politics"? Or that the cause for which MacDonagh died is "known to the world as Saorstat Eireann or the Irish Free State"? He must be given the benefit of the doubt. His undertaking was to write, not of the Irish national struggle but of Irish drama, and that he has done well.

As to the future development of the Abbey Theatre, now that the Minister for Finance is one of the controlling agents and experiment no longer a part of the directors' plan, Mr. Malone feels some doubt. Irish writers seem to be turning to the novel rather than to drama now as a creative form. Mr. Malone laments the dearth of new plays, but does not discuss its cause. It is not so far to seek as he imagines, maybe, nor would a remedy be hard to find—but that is a question for another day.

The urgent need to-day is a criticism which will recognise Irish play-writing and Irish acting, whether in the Irish or English language, as arts with a fine and individual character of their own, and with a high destiny, a vital part to take in the nation's mental life. The basis for such criticism Mr. Malone has laid. He has done the work of a pioneer, mapping out with admirable exactitude the territory already explored. We may hope that dramatists and critics alike will venture with better courage into the *terra incognita* now.

* *The Irish Drama.* By Andrew E. Malone. (Constable. London. 15/-.)

CUCHULAINN FIGHTS THE WAVES.

A Ballet-Play by Mr. W. B. Yeats.

The most experienced theatre-goers must have been puzzled by this ballet-play of Mr. W. B. Yeats' which was produced at the Abbey Theatre last week. Wonderful and hideous masks worn by the players, weird music, unearthly dances, ancient Irish legend, futurist scenery—all these together make an unusual combination. The subject is one of the most moving stories of the Red Branch saga—"The Only Jealousy of Emer." As Cuchulainn lies in a trance the Goddess Fand, who loves him, seeks to entice him away from Emer. She is defeated by the love of Emer, and Cuchulainn awakes. This episode is combined by Mr. Yeats with the other story of how Cuchulainn unknowingly kills his son. At the opening we are shown Cuchulainn fighting the waves in a frenzy of grief—the waves represented by six dancers.

No Celtic Twilight.

"Fighting the Waves" has not the haunting glamour which we get in other versions of the Fand legend. It is more like the uneasy dream of a mind disturbed by grief. Mr. Yeats has got a long way from the Celtic twilight. This ballet is of no country and no period; the action seems to take place only in the imagination, outside space and time. We confess that it interested more than it pleased us. The costumes and curtain, the music, the production and the masks all had originality and distinction, but the general effect was confusing. The actors were thrust into the background, and the words of the dramatist often failed to break through the tumult of sound. It is a curious fact that the Abbey audience, which has managed to become famous for obtuseness and for seeing the wrong point, behaved admirably for once. It heard the play in impressed, perhaps stupefied, silence.

The Abbey programme lacked nothing in variety. Mr. Lennox Robinson's "White-headed Boy" palls a little when one has already seen it twice, but evidently the actors have none of this feeling. They acted it with as much spirit and freshness as ever. The entertainment provided by the Abbey School of Ballet included a delightful waltz and polka by Johann Strauss and Schubert's "Tyrolese."

(Continued at foot of next column.)

This Week in other Years

STRONGBOW.

August 23rd, 1170—Strongbow Lands in Ireland.

Strongbow! The very word suggests a man of action, mighty in fame, reckless and impetuous, crashing his way through all obstacles. These Normans were born for conquest. They were "enduring of toil, hunger and cold wherever fortune laid it on them, always ready to give up one inheritance in the hope of gaining a greater." Wherever glory and power might be won, from Scotland to Jerusalem, the Normans were there. They conquered England in one afternoon.

For over a year the coming of this man had been anxiously awaited. Urgent messages from Diarmuid Mac Murchadha bade him make haste: "We have watched the storks and the swallows; the summer birds have come and are gone again with the South wind; but neither winds from the East nor the West have brought us your much-desired presence." Well, here he is in Waterford harbour at last—a man who does nothing in a hurry, not in the least strong-minded or reckless. He was grey-eyed and freckled, his features were rather feminine and his voice was thin. He was courteous and gentle. He preferred talking things over to fighting, and he was better at carrying out the plans of others than at forming plans of his own. In fact, he was no Napoleon, but he had a great name, and the army he brought was the latest thing in warlike equipment.

A Wedding in Waterford.

Raymond Fitzgerald had landed before him, and was already hovering around Waterford. This fat man, so amazingly active in spite of his weight and so popular with his troops because he always allowed them to plunder, was a much abler commander than Strongbow. So was Diarmuid Mac Murchadha, who hurried from Ferns to meet his future son-in-law. Waterford was taken by the combined forces after a heroic resistance. The citizens were slaughtered, and the city looted. There is a general belief that Strongbow and Aoife were married in the street in the midst of the carnage. The real ceremony was less picturesque. It took place "quietly," as the society reports say, in the Cathedral of Holy Trinity. Aoife's part in the Norman invasion, so far as we know, was purely passive. She was the prize offered to any man who would restore Diarmuid to his kingdom. All the romantic writers have made Devorgilla, not Aoife, Ireland's woman of destiny. We have only one personal detail about the bride of Strongbow, the daughter of Diarmuid and the niece of St. Laurence O'Toole, but the one detail is important. She was "most beautiful."

It might be possible to build on that a romance of a "face that launched a thousand ships." But we may doubt if it was romance that brought "this timid, respectable man" (as a modern historian calls him) from Wales to Ireland. He was to have Leinster after Diarmuid's death. That would have moved him more. There was enough of the Norman in him to appreciate the advantage of getting something for nothing.

A FILM OF THE WEEK.

"On Trial," shown at the Capitol last week, is one of the most successful talking pictures we have seen. Its success does not depend upon any great variety of scene or action. The scene is a court of justice, and the action develops during a trial for murder. The atmosphere of suspense is skilfully worked up. The audience is kept guessing up to the end. Miss Pauline Frederick, an actress of great experience, both in stage and "silent" films, has adapted herself to this new form of drama with success. The film gives an interesting impression of an American court, with its judge, jury, lawyers, witnesses and audience—all with their part in the drama.

A FOREIGN SURVEY

Honeyed Words at Geneva—Trouble in the Anglo-American Negotiations—That Optional Clause—An "Eminent Authority on Palestine."

The Vultures Discuss Peace.

The sight of the British and French Premiers out-doing one another at Geneva in their eloquent veneration of Peace goes so far beyond the ridiculous that we can laugh at it. M. Briand talks of the need to save the rising generations from "the poisonous influences of war," and denounces warmongers and hate-breeders as "detestable criminals." Mr. Macdonald no less impressively declares that civilisation must never again be destroyed nor people impoverished by "a resort to arms." These words would be glorious if they were any sign of their being more than words. But the very men who speak them have only just arrived in Geneva from The Hague where they fastened like leeches upon Germany and burthened all the Fatherland and its children's children with financial anæmia for generations. M. Briand and Mr. Macdonald talk as if there had never been that ghastly Peace of Versailles which turned Europe into an armed camp in two years; as if we were not less than a year from the discovery of a secret Anglo-French war pact. We here in Ireland have a very simple touchstone by which to test British sincerity for peace. If Mr. Macdonald stands for troops on Irish soil while he clears them out of Germany he is merely jesting at the expense of simple hearts the world over.

Hoover Takes in His Horns.

How much farther the British Premier's words go than his achievements is evident from his blunder about the Anglo-American Naval negotiations. Obviously he said too much at Geneva. With a neophyte's glow at his one good act, Mr. Macdonald told the League of Nations that the Anglo-American agreement was practically complete. Of 20 points at issue all but three had been solved and the other three were so near solution that before the Assembly dispersed they might see the text of the Agreement. This statement dumbfounded Washington. Mr. Hoover summoned Mr. Stimson, his Secretary of State, and Mr. Adams, his Secretary of the Navy. He called also into council the members of the Navy General Board. After the conference was over Mr. Stimson had to break the news to the American Press. He declared that speedy results were not to be looked for in this matter:

> "Much hard work is necessary before an agreement can be reached between the two countries."

And one of those "Irish Independent" correspondents who always write from the British angle underlines the coldness with which Mr. Macdonald's speech was received at Washington. "A subdued feeling has suddenly replaced the optimism of last week," he said. He adds gloomily that more and more Americans are beginning to regard the "parity" question as very easily solved. Britain need but sink the number of ships necessary to come to America's level, or America build the number to come to Britain's level! He concludes naïvely that sinking "would probably be quite unacceptable to British opinion."

That Optional Clause.

The British Government, Mr. Macdonald also announced at Geneva, is to sign the Optional Clause. Though so named, the Clause does not mean that the signatory has the option of submitting or not submitting to the arbitration of The Hague International Court all international disputes. Arbitration under the Clause is compulsory. "Then is Britain binding herself to submit every dispute to the International Court?" No; diplomacy is never as simple as that. None of the nations, except the very weak ones, like the International Court. But the big nations like the prestige which attaches to the seeming fairness of accepting arbitration. To get that, and at the same time to remain free, they did what they have done in regard to the Kellogg Pact—they accepted it, they hugged it, they kissed it all over, but "with reservations." Britain intends to accept the Optional Clause—with reservations. And already the "Irish Independent" is able to tell us what one of the reservations may be:

> "Mr. Macdonald may yield to their (the Tories') pressure by reserving inter-Imperial affairs from the International Court's jurisdiction."

This reservation will allow Mr. Macdonald to carry on the proud British tradition of settling disputes in Ireland, India, Egypt, etc., with the arbitration of the machine gun.

Those Promising British.

The "Irish Independent's" habit of getting Englishmen to instruct its readers on foreign affairs has gone wrong for once. Usually we get 100 per cent. British propaganda. But Mr. H. St. John Philby, described as "The Eminent Authority on the Middle East," was evidently not correctly instructed when asked to write on the Palestine affair. He is refreshingly outspoken. The real origin of the trouble in Palestine he says was the fact that in 1915:

> "The British Government certainly made a series of promises to King Hussein as the then protagonist of the Arabs' cause which, beyond question, included an undertaking to leave Palestine within the orbit of an independent Arab State or Federation when victory in the Great War should make such a development possible."

In return for this promise the Arabs threw themselves heart and soul in on Britain's side. But in 1917 Britain needed a lot of money and so made a promise to the Jews of the world:

> "Two years later," says Mr. Philby, "in the famous Balfour Declaration, she (Britain) made promises to the Jews which conflicted materially with her promises to the Arabs."

Then as a delightful solution: "At the end of the war, being unable to keep both sets of promises," Britain took over Palestine herself! How familiar we are with this diplomacy—Asquith promising Redmond that Partition would only be for five years, and at the same time promising Carson that it would be forever: Lloyd George interpreting Article XII of the "Treaty" to Griffith as meaning the inclusion of Tyrone and Fermanagh and to Craig declaring that it ensured the retention of the whole Six Counties by the Belfast Government!

NEW ABBEY PLAY.

MISS MARGARET O'LEARY'S "THE WOMAN."

"The woman who brings destruction," the woman who tears a man out of his own world, where he is needed and has peace, has appeared in the poetry and drama of every land. She is Helen; she is Cleopatra; she is Deirdre; and she is the poor, desperate Ellen of Miss O'Leary's play. Beautiful and untameable, over-charged with intensity of life, she is in wild revolt against the drab misery of her home. Merciless in her craving for love and freedom, she is yet in the unawakened depths of her nature, tender and pure. She is foredoomed to torment others as she is tormented herself. Miss O'Leary has created her with a rare power and artistry, and the part is played brilliantly by Miss Eileen Crowe. Ellen Dunn will surely live in our memories with a vitality which belongs to a few only of all the characters born on the Abbey stage.

It is into a kindly, simple Irish home that "the woman" breaks; and it is on a fine young Irish farmer that she casts her spell. His wife is dead, but every natural tie binds him to his home—his two children, his good parents, the soil which he understands and loves. And there is Kitty, a brave, sweet-natured girl, home-loving and motherly, who would be happy to marry him and whom he likes well. But Maurice is driven and tortured, enslaved and maddened, by his passion for Ellen Dunn.

Every one of the relatives of the lovers are entangled in that coil. We see the mother of Maurice striving in her own way, sometimes wise, sometimes foolish, to save her son; and Mrs. Dunn, greedy only to make money by means of the affair; and the men, with queer, human, contradictory instincts in each of them, of good and evil, weakness and strength.

It is pleasant to realise that "The Woman" is the first play of a new Irish dramatist, for it is an exceedingly interesting piece of work, and of a kind admirably suited to show the Abbey Company at its best. It is the work of a writer who combines a loving knowledge of Ireland with a comprehension of the facts of human nature that belong to all nations and all times; who realises that

> "The troubles of our proud and angry dust
> Are from eternity and shall not fail."

In a play which is familiar in its setting, and in characters such as we know in our own place, she can reveal the great, ancient conflicts and the subtle, modern complexities all at work. She gives us much to think about and much to feel.

We have had enough in the Abbey Theatre, recently, of cynical comedy and crude farce. Our welcome is the more grateful to a dramatist who brings to the theatre a sense of beauty and pity and of the rich, joyous secrets of human life.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

A Famous Letter

WHAT LLOYD GEORGE ASKED HARRY BOLAND.

Eight years ago—on September 12, 1921—the President of the Irish Republic stood his ground against the British Premier and won. Those who think uncritically or never think at all have fallen into the frame of mind which rejects the correspondence between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. de Valera as unimportant. The fact is, as Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago is said to have expressed it, that these letters from Dail Eireann were "magnificent diplomacy." They were more. They were magnificent diplomacy which succeeded.

LLOYD GEORGE'S AIM.

Mr. Lloyd George's purpose from the beginning was to compromise the position of the Irish delegates. He wished to make it a condition of their entering the proposed conference that they should accept partition and the supremacy of the British Crown. Ireland's case would have been given away at the very start and the Republic betrayed if the Irish plenipotentiaries had allowed their position in this respect to be misunderstood, either by Mr. Lloyd George or by anybody else. In the circumstances of the time it was almost essential for the Republic that its recognition should be secured by negotiation if possible. In order that this negotiation should not fail at the outset it was vital that Mr. Lloyd George's efforts to force a compromise be defeated in the preliminary correspondence. The thoughtless, aided by an anti-national press, cried out that the exchange of letters had gone on long enough. Dail Eireann and its head refused to be bustled.

ASSERTING OUR INDEPENDENCE.

By September 12 a basis of discussion had been agreed upon. Mr. de Valera, acquainting Mr. Lloyd George of Dail Eireann's acceptance of a conference on that basis, made it evident, in what was to have been the last letter of the series, where the Irish Government stood. He wrote to the British Premier:

> "In this final note we deem it our duty to re-affirm that our position is and can only be as we have defined it throughout this correspondence. Our nation has formally declared its independence and recognises itself as a sovereign State. It is only as the representatives of that State and as its chosen guardians that we have any authority or powers to act on behalf of our people."

A crisis followed. Mr. Lloyd George when he saw the latter appealed to Harry Boland, who acted as the Government's emissary, to bring it back to Ireland so that this paragraph might be erased. He promised he would regard the letter as undelivered and (cute old fox) would say nothing to anybody about it. He would not give it to the press. Nobody would know of it. If it were not brought back there could be no peace. Harry Boland, of course, refused to bring back the letter and when he reported what had happened to the President, Mr. de Valera promptly gave the letter to the press. Mr. George's trap having clicked in vain—for if the letter of September 12 had been taken back secretly or in any other way, Ireland's case was lost—the British Premier got angry.

NO WAR FOLLOWED.

He cancelled the conference arranged at Gairloch for September 20. He declared that further negotiation was impossible—but he continued to negotiate. Little by little he abandoned his two conditions—of acceptance of Partition and submission to the Crown; and at last on September 29 he issued a new and unconditional invitation to a conference. In accepting that invitation the Republican cabinet repeated in one brilliant phrase, worded by Arthur Griffith, the substance of the letter of September 12th: "*Our respective positions have been stated and are understood.*" And this time Mr. Lloyd George gulped it down in silence, and the conference sat with the Irish position uncompromised.

[In future issues of THE NATION we shall publish a series of articles covering this thrilling duel and its sequel.]

Books and Other Things

A NOVEL ABOUT CASTLEREAGH

I met Murder on the way.
He had a mask like Castlereagh;
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
Seven bloodhounds followed him.
—P. B. SHELLEY.

The late Mr. Donn Byrne was a writer of great but very uneven achievement. He was a born story-teller. He had imagination, a sense of drama, warmth and colour, but, against that, everything he wrote was heavily larded with sentiment. He took liberties with Irish history, traditions and legends which we found it hard to forgive, because so many of them were intentional. In his novels also there was a great deal of pandering to the notion that Ireland is an island of romance, that all its people are either picturesque ruffians or picturesque heroes, that it is a sort of fairyland, where no one ever does any serious business. Romance is not always a help to great causes. Someone has said that the Stuart cause in England was ruined, not by military or political force, but by making it a legend. "Bonnie Prince Charley," a fugitive in the Hebrides after Culloden, is one of the most romantic figures in English fiction. He did not appear so romantic in 1745, when he advanced through the heart of England, and it seemed almost a certainty that a Gaelic army would capture London.

The Mannerisms of Donn Byrne.

We regret Donn Byrne's untimely death all the more, because he was getting rid of some of his early mannerisms. Irritating faults remained, such as a too lavish and not always seemly use of quotations from the Bible and a ghastly fashion of writing the Irish language in phonetics. His inaccuracy in historical detail is also disturbing. In this book the Dillons, although an old Irish family, are not a Gaelic family. This would not matter very much if we were not told on every second page that they belonged to a line of ancient Irish kings. Good story-tellers are not very common in these days, however. It would be ungrateful to his memory not to admit that in *The Power of the Dog** Mr. Donn Byrne has given us a fine story, rich, human, and dramatic.

A Novel on the Grand Scale.

The plan of the book lacks nothing in grandeur. The scenes range all over Europe, and the characters include Napoleon, the "frog" King of France, Wellington, Canning, Pitt, Nelson, Wordsworth—and Castlereagh. The character of Castlereagh is masterly. Here, indeed, is a living picture of the man who was loathed by the Irish people more than anyone since Cromwell. In the first chapter there is a vivid scene in a garden by Lough Neagh. Castlereagh's friend, young Garrett Dillon, put a half-guinea into the hand of a blind fiddler.

> "And who," the fiddler asked courteously, "might I have the honour of playing to?"
> "I am Garrett McCarthy Dillon, of Derrymore, and this is Lord Castlereagh," Garry explained.
> The fiddler weighed the gold coin in his palm, and then, turning his hand over; let it drop in the dust of the road.
> "Lord Castlereagh's money can buy the nobility of Ireland," he said slowly, "but it can't buy one poor fiddler."

Garrett Dillon, Castlereagh's shadow, is a young Ulsterman of Unionist sympathies, who has married a niece of Henry Munro. It was Munro, as Donn Byrne recalls, who refused to take an unfair advantage of his enemies by attacking them at night. To that fantastic chivalry he owed his capture and death, yet he went to be executed without any romantic flourishes, stopping at the foot of the scaffold to arrange the settlement of a small money debt with an English officer. In those days the memory of the 'Ninety-eight leaders was warm and vivid among the people of Ulster. This imaginary niece of Munro's hates Castlereagh as the destroyer of her country, and resents his power over her husband. Garrett, who becomes a "king's messenger," after the Union, is a party to the inmost secrets of British policy in the war with Napoleon. It is puzzling how a man, himself honourable and straightforward, can serve such a master as Castlereagh, but such things happen. There must have been a sort of dark fascination about Castlereagh. His consummate intellectual power, his steadiness of purpose and his contempt for the kings, emperors, generals and statesmen, whom he looked upon as pawns in a great game, would appeal to a young man. Once again we ask ourselves: What would Ireland's destiny have been had such talents been used in her service and not against her? Suppose Castlereagh had remained a United Irishman?

There are some passages in this book of quite extraordinary merit. Where else is the attack on Copenhagen told in such a style? It is not an episode of which we hear very much in English histories of the Napoleonic Wars, but there have been few more cold-blooded butcheries in modern times. Donn Byrne gives it here exactly, we feel, as it must have happened. He is always good in describing scenes of action, but he is at his best when he writes of his native Ulster—Ulster hills and lakes, Ulster speech, legends and traditions. But even in these passages there are irritating faults which mar our pleasure. He draws a distinction in character between Ulster people and those of the South which is sharper than the distinction which existed a hundred years ago or actually exists to-day. We feel that he did this sort of thing chiefly because some of his immense public liked or expected it.

He had a true ear for the music of words, but the finer shades of thought and feeling escaped him. This fault is very obvious when he brings the poet Wordsworth into his gallery and tries to record the sources of poetic inspiration in the great "Ode on Early Intuitions of Immortality." The result is a terrible piece of banality.

With all his faults, however, Donn Byrne was a writer in the first rank, and there are many things in *The Power of the Dog* which make us regret that he did not live to re-create the past of our country, as he could have done, in a great panoramic novel.

* **The Power of the Dog.** By Donn Byrne. (London: Sampson Low. 7/6 net.)

"Ever the Twain—"

LENNOX ROBINSON'S NEW PLAY.

Mr. Lennox Robinson, after experimenting with varying success in many kinds of drama, has written a comedy of manners which is altogether delightful, compact of originality, poetry and satirical wit.

The shrewd Irish humour with which Goldsmith and Sheridan, Wilde and Shaw, flicked English sentimentality is in it—that mocking perceptiveness which makes Shaw afraid to live in Ireland because here he would be "seen through in a week."

Three Nations.

Through keen Irish eyes we see people of three nations—the Englishman, who never guesses that he is an ignorant, arrogant boor; the American hostess, whose faith in her own uplifting mission is never ruffled by a smile; the "wild English rose," who calmly and shamelessly annexes for her repertoire the songs of her Irish and Scottish friends; the Irish girl who becomes englamoured by New York City and the New York lawyer who flees from it to Spain. And we see Michael MacLiammoir as Michael Love, the Irish poet out to win dollars, roguishly playing the rôle he is paid to play, seeing through himself and the others, feeling himself the one hard-headed realist there, and yet discovering that the romantic boy homesick for Ireland is the strongest part of him after all.

The reactions of these people to one another produce a series of encounters, each of which seemed more enjoyable than the last. (Nearly every episode, however, lasts just a moment too long.) A kind of intellectual merriment is provoked and the whole thing is so entertaining that one listened without asking for action, climax or plot.

An Undertone.

But the play would not savour so truly of Irish humour if laughter were all. There is an undertone of sadness which the songs that find their place naturally in the action keep recalling all the time. Molly's song in the last act left after it a moment of pathos that held us under a spell. Miss Frollie Mulherne was clever in this difficult part, and, indeed, the whole company showed themselves equal to unaccustomed and exacting work. For

(Continued at foot of next column.)

once, care and artistry had been spent on the staging, and the expressionistic scheme in the second act was an unqualified success.

Iridescence.

Irish drama, while keeping its native spirit and quality unclouded, has here learnt lessons from other lands. The movement of the play, skilfully planned while seeming quite haphazard, owes something, surely, to the Russians; the delicate caricature is like Benavente's; Michael Love posing as Michael Love, and finding that the pose is almost the reality, is in the true Pirandello vein. The play is, indeed, the oddest medley of manners and personalities, designed to avoid quarrelling by a hair's breadth, that meet and flash leaving a bright iridescence in the mind.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

This Week in other Years

THE RISING OF 1641.

October 22, 1641—Discovery of the Insurgents' Plan.

All the autumn rumours of war had been finding their way across the Channel. In England the Parliament was making war on the King, but Ireland outwardly seemed quiet—so quiet that these dour, suspicious men, Borlase and Parsons, had no thought of anything afoot. It was after nightfall when Owen Connolly called at Parsons' mansion on Merchant's Quay. The Lord Justice was receiving visitors. He could not see anybody, certainly not a drunken man. But Connolly waited and argued with drunken persistence. Parsons was used to hearing unlikely news from unlikely people. One never knew from what quarter danger might come. At last he agreed to see Connolly. The news, of course, was about a plot. Always plots. There was nothing in it. This fellow wanted more money to buy drink.

OWEN CONNOLLY'S STORY.

But out of a great deal of repetition and vague nonsense some sort of consistent story seemed to be emerging. Rory O'More, Lord Maguire, Hugh Og MacMahon, Sir Con Magennis had been meeting together in the city. Parsons knew that; he knew of the Irish officers from Spain and the Netherlands who had been visiting Ireland of late. They talked a great deal of the time when their families had ruled in Ireland without the will of king, parliament or lords-justices. But that time was gone. The estates of these Irishmen across the seas had fallen into safe hands—many of them into Parsons' own hands, for a man had not been Surveyor-General of Ireland without some advantage to himself. He could not believe this story because none of these men, not even Rory O'More, would be followed by the whole country. Now, if it were Don Eugenio O'Neill, who had amazed Europe last year by his great defence of Arras against the French. . . . .

DON EUGENIO.

But Connolly persisted. Don Eugenio knew their plans and was only waiting the first blow to cross over and take command himself. He would be here within fourteen days. Five hundred men were to come into the city that night. Probably they were waiting now in the woods of Ranelagh. "Our design," one of the chief conspirators had told him, "is to take the Castle of Dublin, which we can easily do, they being off their guard. The castle once taken, the kingdom is ours, for there is artillery, powder and ammunition which Lord Strafford brought from Holland, enough for thirty thousand men." And the greatest part of the town of Dublin, being Papists, would join them.

Who had told him all this? His own foster-brother, Colonel Hugh Og MacMahon in his cups in a city tavern had told him everything. A flicker of interest showed in aged, cunning eyes. Irishmen kept few secrets from their foster-brothers. There was something in it. He would consult his colleague Borlase. Borlase also thought there was something in it. They must act without delay.

Soon the sleepy city woke into life. The gates were barred. The Castle was put in a state of siege, the city militia called up and arms distributed to all true loyalists. Rory O'More got away in time, but Lord Maguire and Hugh MacMahon were tracked down and brought before the justices. MacMahon told them that "what is done is now so far advanced that it is impossible for the wit of man to prevent it." Truly enough, all Ireland was in rebellion next day, but treachery and lack of caution had defeated the plan which would have given the insurrection complete and final success.

Books and other things.

EVA GORE-BOOTH AND CONSTANCE MARKIEWICZ

By DOROTHY MACARDLE.

When elements that seem at first almost to war with one another are welded into harmony, a sense of triumph is added to the pleasure which harmony always gives. This poet—who "sought the hidden beauty in all things"—found it in those great reconciliations—

"Where the river finds the sea,
Or the dark cloud finds the rainbow, or the desert finds the rain . . .
Or the spirit builds a rainbow from the whirling rings of pain."

A NECESSARY BOOK.

There have been men and women gifted with both sensitive feeling and strong intellect whose minds worked out such a harmony and whose lives give the same pleasure in contemplation as a work of art. Eva Gore-Booth was such a woman, and that is why we needed a book like this* which gives us not only her poems, but letters, and a prose fragment and Miss Esther Roper's beautiful little outline of her life.

So many of the poems are filled with a sense of mystical experience and unearthly peace that, read by themselves, they would make us think of the poet as a spirit withdrawn from the world; we would see her wandering about "the Lily town" of Italy, or through the soft Irish twilight at Lissadil, returning home to "the silence and the wise book and the lamp"; and hers, we might think, was "a fugitive and cloistered virtue" sheltered from the storms and battles in which her sister's life was spent.

AN ANARCHIST.

There are other poems that show how wrong we would be; show that if there was a rebel in Constance de Markievicz there was an anarchist in Eva Gore-Booth; that she, too, won her peace in battle, knowing that "only he who is at war with the powers of evil is at peace with God." Then, the biographical note shows the poet down in the dusty arena, speaking to hostile meetings, marching in processions, organizing, writing, keeping an office, running a dramatic club, studying social questions, fighting in the front ranks for reform.

EVA AND CONSTANCE GORE-BOOTH.
(From *Poems of Eva Gore-Booth.*)

The letters give intimate glimpses, and we recognize the gay audacity that we loved in Madame. Finding herself in Bordighera in 1921, where political feeling runs high and "the warring nationalities cut one another in the corridors," she writes: "I have just decked up my hat with my own tri-colour so as to be ready to plunge into the melée."

"To Constance in Prison" she wrote poems as full of bravery as of compassion, for

"There are woods and primroses in the country of your mind."

And—

"What has time to do with thee
Who hast found the victor's way
To be rich in poverty,
Without sunshine to be gay,
To be free in prison cell?"

A PLAN.

The sisters planned—there was such communion between them—to listen, at six o'clock each evening, for one another's thoughts, and Eva writes joyously to the prisoner:

"The wind is our confederate,
The night has left her doors ajar,
We meet beyond earth's barréd gate,
Where all the world's wild Rebels are."

Of the insurgents of Easter Week she wrote as one who felt a glory added to life by "their strange, heroic questioning of fate"; yet she could never rejoice at the shedding of blood. When Cuchulain in her *Unseen Kings* declares:

"even the meanest soldier understands
The runes of life when there are deeds to do" . . .

Niamh answers:

"And strikes his own dream dead with murderous hands,
Discerning not the semblance from the true."

That was Eva Gore-Booth's sad belief about all efforts to use violence for the righting of a wrong.

PEACE AND ECSTASY.

Her religious faith was a profound harmonizing of much of the wisdom of Eastern teaching with Christianity in its purest form. To understand the intellectual basis of her interpretation we must turn to her book on Saint John's Gospel, but the poems reveal something of the peace and ecstasy which she found in faith, and the last poem is her glorious thought about death:

"Suddenly everywhere
Clouds and waves are one,
The storm has cleared the air.
The sea holds the sun
And the blue sky—
There is no under, no above,
All is light, all is love—
Is it like this when you die?"

Constance had a way of talking about her sister as though Eva were her angel, and when the news of Eva's death came there came to some of us in Ireland a sharp apprehension that we would not have Madame long. When she was dying, just a year later, she told her friends, in deep contentment, that Eva was by her side night and day. It was not hard to believe that once again "the night had left her doors ajar."

Of these two women which had the greater wisdom, the soldier or the pacifist? No matter. Both had an utter fearlessness before tyranny, a reckless militant pity for the oppressed that makes them of the kindred of Antigone. If Eva Gore-Booth's nature had the gentleness of water, her spirit had also a torrent's strength—

"Fierce with the stored-up force of streams that rise
In the deep waters of a Rebel will,
The hidden waters of the Brave and Wise,
That move the earth's heart with strange secret powers
Stirring the idle slumbers of the wheat,
They soak the bitter roots of the wild flowers—
The buried springs that keep the whole world sweet."

*Poems of Eva Gore-Booth. Complete edition with "The Inner Life of a Child" and "Letters," and a biographical introduction by Esther Roper. With portraits. Longmans, Green & Co. 8/6 net.

THE FREE PRESS!

The best joke of the week for which we have not offered a nickel penknife is the protest by Mr. J. Crosbie, one of the proprietors of the *Cork Examiner*, against the Censorship Act. He bases it on Blackstone's dictum: "The liberty of the Press is, indeed, essential to the nature of a free State." The liberty of the Press, ye Gods! It may have once existed in Ireland, but that was not in our time. To-day the daily Press is cowed even by the C.I.D. whose outrages, persecutions, arrests it is afraid to publish. "The liberty of the Press" pleaded for by an owner of the *Cork Examiner*—that is more than a joke; it is an occasion!

This Week in other Years

A STRANGER AT TARA

October 31—Some time in the third century.

Samhain Eve at Tara. For days past the five great roads of Ireland had been thronged with people, some walking, others riding, the richer folk in their private chariots. There were merchants, musicians, professional entertainers from all parts of the island, traders from Britain, Gaul and the shores of the Baltic; perhaps, here and there, the lean face and keen eyes of a Roman officer, surveying the scene and wondering if this people could be subdued as the Britons had been. It would not be easy. Marshalled along the plain there were lines upon lines of well-drilled Fianna. These men knew Roman discipline and organisation. The huge crowds were regulated, housed and fed with perfect system. There was no brawling. Goll mac Morna, commander of the Fianna of Ireland, had seen to that.

THE BANQUETING HALL.

Night fell, and the crowded plain with its multitude of houses, pavilions and tents, was quiet. This night no one who could avoid it wished to be out of doors. The pagan gods of the Gaedhil were still names of awe, and Samhain Eve was their night of power. At Tara the banqueting hall of the High-King was a blaze of colour. The light from long rows of enormous candles shone on the faces of the guests and on their silk and satin dresses, blue, red, yellow and green. At the head of the table sat the High-King, and, beneath him in order of rank, kings, poets, judges, and the chiefs of the Fianna. Very near him were Goll mac Morna, Caoilte mac Ronain, a thin man with the figure of an athlete, and Conan mac Morna. Conan's harsh laughter rang out above the murmur of talk. He was tactless and offensive as usual, but few dared to question him. The sons of Morna were all-powerful with the King. There had been a time when the Fianna had another leader, Cumhal, but Cumhal was dead this eighteen years, and his kindred and friends hunted down and killed to the last man.

THE LOST CHIEFTAIN.

To the last man? Goll mac Morna's mind turned, as it often had turned in these eighteen years, to the story of Cumhal's son. Suppose it was true that he had left a son who had been carried off to a forest in Munster and brought up there by two women. Suppose the imaginary son had inherited Cumhal's strength, beauty and cunning. Could this youth count on the old loyalty of the Fianna to his father?

But these were the idlest of fancies. The imagination played tricks with the strongest mind on the night of Samhain. The banquet was over and the story-tellers were telling tales of fairies and enchanters. An eerie spell seemed to creep over the audience as they listened to the familiar story of the magician from Sliabh Gullion who used to descend on Tara this night. They almost heard his giant feet splashing through the Boyne, felt the earth trembling, and were thrown into a sleep of enchantment by his music. When all were lulled asleep he would consume the building and every building at Tara by a blast of fire.

A BREATH OF THE FOREST.

Suddenly, and in real earnest, the great doors of the hall were opened. The night sky beyond showed brilliant with stars and the tall figure which stood in the entrance seemed clothed in a frosty white nimbus. To excited minds, fired by strong wine and by the story-teller's art, that figure seemed of more than human proportions. For a moment the chosen men of Ireland cowered in fear. Then the doors closed, as if of their own accord, and the stranger walked slowly up the hall—as calmly as if he knew nothing of the thousand arms which waited to strike him dead. He was a youth of great size and strength, but no giant or magician. He brought a breath of the forest into that civilised building, for he wore no mantle of silk, no brooch of bright gold or helmet of shining bronze, but was dressed in the skins of wolves and wild boars. He looked as if he had seldom slept beneath a roof, but he had not the appearance of a savage. His face, under silvery white hair, was fresh, youthful and very noble. Goll mac Morna's jewelled drinking cup slipped from his hand upon the floor. He knew that face. It was the face of Cumhal—Cumhal, pierced with numberless wounds, lying dead on the field of Cnucha near Ath Cliath. The stranger approached the throne and made a deep reverence. The High-King, the only man in the hall who had shown neither fear nor surprise, asked calmly: "Who are you?" And Goll knew the answer before it came. "I am Fionn, the son of Cumhal."

Books and other things.

YOUNG IRELAND LOOKS FORWARD

The Nation of the Future

By DOROTHY MACARDLE.

[The following report on the Essays on "Ireland Twenty-five Years Hence," submitted for our competition, has been written by Miss Dorothy Macardle at the Editor's request.]

There are so many faint hearts in Ireland to-day—so much discouragement is in the air, that to read the prophecies of these boys and girls was a very inspiriting pleasure indeed. There is no despondency, it would seem, in the generation which they represent.

Our only disappointment is that the competitors were so few—only fourteen essays were sent in; but there was compensation in the quality and variety of these; every one of the writers had something interesting to say.

The Ingenuity of Youth.

Much ingenuity was shown in the openings and various devices were employed for bridging the gulf of twenty-five years. Gearoid O Foghludha's account purports to be "an extract from a Student's History of Ireland, published in the year 2129"; two competitors invent men who, having lost their memory, have to be informed when they recover, as to the national events of the quarter century which they have missed. Anna O'Halloran returns, in her private aeroplane, from a long exile, on June 3rd, 1955. Henry Behan is carried through the years in a dream, hearing the wild, confused noises of birth and death, labour and war.

The Abolition of War.

Only one of all the essayists imagines that the world will have abolished war. John O'Mahony writes:

> "For years, the wisest and cleverest men in the world, representatives of every nation, have held council, as a result of which numerous pacts and laws were drawn up, which outlawed war and proved that the greatest differences could be settled peacefully, and to each party's satisfaction."

All the others, however, imagine Ireland undivided and free. No one can blame the young writers if they fail to tell us how that freedom is to be achieved. It happens, in most of the essays, "as if by magic." The Republic, in one, is simply "declared," and England,

> "deeming discretion the better part of valour . . . sends messages congratulating the Irish people upon their move towards independence, which independence was '*so gratifying to the impetuous Gaelic temperament.*'"

Others foresee war between England and America. The writer who shows the best political knowledge and understanding is John O'Shea.

Fascination of Machinery.

Ireland is free and united; the Irish language is heard throughout the country; emigration has ceased and the people of Ireland can find a livelihood at home: on these points all are agreed. Industries are flourishing, mines working; the fisheries are protected; farmers receive Government aid; "electricity is the servant of rich and poor"; the Shannon scheme has provided power without smoke and grime and the cities are bright and clean. The Drumm Battery has made travel swift, quiet and cheap.

The progress of machinery fascinates girls and boys alike, and the potentialities of speed. "Ships and aeroplanes can be controlled by radio," John O'Mahony writes, and adds:

> "A person can breakfast in Dublin, lunch in Rome, dine in Paris, have tea in Cork, and spend a pleasant evening with a friend in London, without the slightest inconvenience."

Another alarming boy is Andrew Ryan, who foresees miniature skyscrapers, and buses that go like moving palaces through the crowded streets. From these one turns almost with relief to Ulick Corkery, who banishes nearly all motors, so that pedestrians read the newspapers while walking in the middle of the road. He realises the value of horse-traffic to the farmers.

A vast city with fashionable suburbs and concrete boulevards is the dream of one competitor, while others would like to see comfortable little houses with gardens scattered all over the land, and even the lowliest linked to the best by good roads and by radio. Eibhlin Ni Phollaird thinks that the rush to the towns will be stopped and that the people living in the country will have libraries, dance-halls and picture houses. Exiles returning from America will endow libraries, another girl writes.

Fashions à la Government!

Some of the competitors, in their enthusiasm for things national, would provoke a counter-revolution, one fears! "Special clothes to be worn by men and women by order of the Government," and the prohibition of all foreign films are among drastic proposals advanced.

It is satisfactory to find that in spite of their natural interest in speed, machinery and the growth of cities, most of the girls and boys realise that Ireland is an agricultural country and that the best source of prosperity should be on the farms. Suibhá Ní Chibuáin (who wrote her essay in Irish, and in a beautiful script), imagines the pasture-lands divided into farms on which crops are grown; Enda Somers, too, visualises vast tracts covered with grain, vegetables and fruit.

Madge Kilroy describes how the plantation of trees reduces the importation of timber, and Nuala Ní Dhálaigh writes: "Trees cover bogs and hills, the result being that big paper factories are spread over the country, and the climate is much warmer."

Seen from an Aeroplane.

Anna O'Halloran, whose long essay shows both thought and knowledge, writes: "The Land Annuities that for years had been handed over to good John Bull, were now used to help the farmer and his family." The fisheries, also, have been protected by the Government, and she sees from her aeroplane wonderful boats, and the sheds where the fish are packed and sent direct to the markets. The fishermen's families work at gardening, weaving and spinning, and make in their own homes rugs, lace and toys. Lessons in practical matters are broadcast; there are great colleges where people are trained in the use of electricity and radio; there are vast aerodromes and busy ports; to every part of Ireland she ascribes an appropriate industry; the men are trained as soldiers, but the standing army is small; everyone speaks Irish and everyone has work. Hers is a prosperous Ireland, certainly.

On practical matters concerning the prosperity of the country, these young essayists show not only wide-awake intelligence but clear and informed thought. If they study hard and master the economic problems of the country they should give Ireland valuable service in the years to come. The ideal of nearly all, too, is a democratic and just ideal—they imagine the people as a whole, not a privileged minority only, as living in comfort and peace.

Something Lost!

One feels a shade of anxiety, all the same. The Ireland that they would make, would it not, in spite of all that it might have gained, have lost something more precious—something that no money can buy? Are they not neglecting, in their ardour for material progress, things that Ireland still treasures, though so much of the Western world has let them go? The character of the people, Thomas Markham thinks, will change; "the Irish nature will appear harder and hospitality be less in evidence than of old." That is a distressing forecast.

The essays that were pleasantest to read were those which showed that their writers, while anxious to see the country prosperous, care for other things as well—realise the beauty of Ireland's glens and mountains, love her music, dream that great poets will arise, and who believe that the people will remember, twenty-five years from now, the men and women who suffered to set them free.

This Week in other Years

THE WILD GEESE

3 February, 1702—Irish Brigade Saves Cremona.

Major Dan O'Mahony is in the barrack square,
And just six hundred Irish lads are waiting for him there.
Says he, "Come in your shirt,
And you won't take any hurt,
For the morning air is pleasant in Cremona."

—CONAN DOYLE.

In the winter of 1702, Cremona, a fortified town in the north of Italy, was held against the Austrians by 8,000 French troops under Marshal Villeroi. They included about 600 men of the Irish Brigade—the regiments of Dillon and Burke. One morning the town was surprised by the Austrians. A treacherous citizen showed them a secret way in—through an ancient Roman sewer—and at daybreak Prince Eugene, the Austrian Commander-in-Chief, was almost master of Cremona, while the French were still asleep. In order to secure the town he had to capture a certain gateway, and this gateway was held by thirty-five Irishmen, who, as a military historian says, "were not asleep on their posts like others of the garrison."

Fighting in Their Shirts.

The thirty-five Irishmen drove back the Austrians at the point of the bayonet. Meanwhile their comrades in barracks, hearing the firing in the streets, seized their arms and rushed out half-dressed—some, according to legend, in nothing but their shirts. (It was a very cold morning.) They fought without a pause from daybreak to noon, and it was entirely due to the stand which they made at this particular quarter of the town that the French were able to rally and drive Prince Eugene out of Cremona with a loss of 2,000 men. O'Conor, in his *Military Memoirs of the Irish Nation*, paid a tribute to the valour of these countrymen of ours in a cause not their own—

> Surprised in their beds, obliged to march in their shirts in the obscurity of night through streets filled with cavalry, meeting death at every step; scattered in small bodies, without officers to lead them, fighting for ten hours, without food or clothes, in the depth of winter, yet recovering gradually every post, and ultimately forcing the enemy to a precipitate retreat.

Irishmen on Opposite Sides.

Nearly half the two Irish regiments were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The pity of it was that many of Eugene's forces were also Irish. His galloper, Major Francis MacDonnell, took Marshal Villeroi prisoner. Poor MacDonnell was killed in battle shortly after, fighting against the French. His uncle, Captain Tiernan O'Rorke, was on the French side, while Tiernan's son, Rev. Dr. O'Rorke, was chaplain and secretary to Prince Eugene.

[That this blood were for Ireland.]

"A Noise in the Street."

By DOROTHY MACARDLE.

It is not often that the theatre provides the stimulous of controversy combined with strong dramatic action and emotional appeal, or that it sends playgoers home to sit up half the night wrestling with dilemmas which the play presents. "A Noise in the Street" is especially exciting perhaps to the Irish mind, because the moral and psychological issues which entangle the characters are akin to those which have tormented us in recent years.

To say that Mr. Schofield's play is "propaganda" is only a half-truth : a plea against needless war-making it certainly is, but the difficulties of finding a path to peace are shown with so much insight that a sense of compassion for humanity, caught in the toils of its own ignorance, is the feeling that remains.

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

In a small country intoxicated by war and