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THE RED HAND MAGAZINE

"If a man will plant himself on his instincts, the great world will come round to him."—*Emerson*.

An Irishman's instincts must lie embedded in the soil of the Land that bore him. To know his own instincts he must know the traditions of that soil and speak the language of that soil.

COURAGE.

"Courage consists not in hazarding without fear, but being resolutely minded in a just cause."—*Plutarch*.

BELFAST :

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The Red Hand Magazine

Editorial

On the standard we raise is written—"This before God we believe to be true."

That is the only test we shall set our contributors; that is the only test our readers should apply to us, for that is the only test one errant and erring human being can set another as errant and as erring.

We believe "the hour is come" when men must face the naked truth so that they may be powerful to strip the sophistry to its naked falsehood. Therefore we shall reject no man's opinion, whether we personally consider it to be vital truth or vital falsehood, so long as it be vividly presented and fearlessly expressed, for only by such means can we separate the tares from the wheat, the shadow from the substance, when the crisis is upon us. At the same time, we reserve the right to spare our readers the tedium of wading through the platitudes of that individual who gasps to call himself "a moderate man," when he is merely afraid to face the discomfort of admitting a moral conflict reconcilable only by action.

We expect those readers who frankly disagree with certain opinions of ourselves and our contributors to state as frankly exactly where they differ from us, and to any such resolute grappling with any issue raised in this magazine our columns are always open.

Our Policy

We are calling upon minds of the present in Ireland, and we are conjuring up the great spirits of the past to present before our readers a clean-cut conception of the first principles of every Irishman's relationship to his fellow-Irishman, and thence to the rest of the world.

On the bedrock of his own traditions alone may an Irishman stand no slave; there alone can he be armoured and girded by the genius of his Motherland, and from there alone can he set forth powerful to do good and resist evil.

We need not recall long centuries of blood and tears to impress upon our readers that if we be Irish we cannot be British. To us, in so far as it is Irish, every thing is clean and sweet and good, and in so far as it is English every Irish growth is blighted. We therefore accept and endorse in 1920 the policy of Wolfe Tone in 1798 :—

“ To break the connections with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all dissensions and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter—these were my means.”

In fine, we hope to retune the dumb string of '98 in the subconsciousness of the Ulsterman till it vibrates, as it vibrated in our forefathers a century ago, through the whole Irishman.

Our First Number

Broadly speaking, we have attempted to lay before our readers a perspective of the elementals which cause the friction in Ulster.

In his masterly analysis of the situation in the North, Capt. J. R. White probes to the primal roots of that conflict which Edmund B. Fitzgerald, while yet the English machine guns are at their work, describes in effect. Both writers locate “the Western focus of the forces of God” in Ulster.

Our cover symbolises the dawn of “The Red Hand,” whose history and significance F. J. Bigger has set out. Ella Young hails the breaking of to-morrow upon the land, while Eoin MacNeill in fact and May New in myth tell us of the light that was yesterday. We are all, whether we be Protestant or Catholic, weary of the sordid night

that we have known, and whether consciously or subconsciously we are every one of us in Ulster, as in all Ireland, looking for the coming of the great new day which will not only dissipate the mists of our present but which will also illumine our past, giving it a new and a true meaning.

Sean McMullen, secretary of the Gaelic College, Belfast, will direct our Gaelic feature. P. S. O'Hegarty has undertaken to edit our literary reviews. We leave our presentation plate to speak for itself to our readers.

Our correspondent for foreign politics in "To Compromise is to Lose" has attempted to tackle the burning question among the Irish in Britain, "Who should we vote for?" We invite those who cannot accept his suggested solution to propose an alternative policy for our people in exile, our only stipulation being that the question at issue must be faced frankly and fearlessly.

For those who do not understand the driving force behind Irish Republicanism we have included "The Faith of Our Fathers" and "The Passion of Padraic Pearse." Any sane reader will draw the obvious moral that all the power of man-made force cannot destroy this spirit which is in truth The Right Hand of God.

THE EDITOR.

The Red Sunrise

(Moraig's Song)

O, it's dark the land is, and it's dark my heart is,
But the Red Sun rises when the hour is come.
O, the Red Sun rises, and the dead rise; I can see them,
And its glad they are and proud. White Oscar's with them,
And my own boy and Conn, who won the battles, and the lads who lost.

They have bright swords with them that clash the battle-welcome.
A welcome to the Red Sun that rises with our luck.

ELLA YOUNG.

The Red Right Hand of Ulster

By Francis Joseph Bigger, M.R.I.A.

“The Right Hand of God hath the Pre-eminence.”

Of all the symbols of Ireland, that adopted by Ulster and the O'Neill's is the most ancient and most widely distributed amongst the nations of the world. The Dextera Dei, the Right Hand of God, was set up by Saul in Carmel in token of the victory over Agag and the Amalekites. It was brought out of Egypt by the Israelites. Jews and Mahomedans have it over their doors still at Tunis; it is over the great gate at the Alhambra, and is used by many people, including the Jews when taking an oath. The uplifted right hand is the sign of victory; it was borne on the Roman standards as the symbol of power and triumph. It is said to have been used by Conall Cearnach, one of the most



THE SEAL OF HUGH O'NEILL, PRINCE OF ULSTER (Circa A.D. 1333).

heroic of the Red Branch Knights of Armagh before the dawn of Christianity in Ireland. It is the sign of benediction and the hand of glory. It is found in the sixth century mosaics in the Church of San Vitale at Ravenna—it is seen over the door of Ferrara Cathedral with a wheel cross behind it. It surmounts the great Crucifix at Romsey Abbey, and is depicted on the twelfth century seal of St.

Andrew's Cathedral at Wells. It is constantly referred to in the Scriptures—"The Right Hand of God bringeth mighty things to pass." In Christian times it is always used as a symbol of the first person of the Blessed Trinity, and so it appears on the High Crosses at Kells in Meath and at Clonmacnoise and Monasterboice. The Red Right Hand is the well-known symbol of the O'Neills, the *lambh dearg*. It is worked on a metal plate of ornament on one of the oldest Irish harps still preserved in Trinity College, Dublin. It is shown on a remarkably fine seal of Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, whose death is recorded in the Four Masters under the year 1364, "the best man of the Irish of his time, having gained the palm for humanity, hospitality, valour and renown"—surely a noble epitaph for an Irish King. Sir Bernard Burke describes this seal as "an exquisite specimen of art, the finest work of the kind connected with Ireland . . . it is to be observed, too, that the hand as in other early seals of the family of O'Neill is a dexter hand." It is also shown on a very old seal of Turlagh O'Neill preserved in the Belfast Museum. This only follows the whole tradition of the symbol, "The Right Hand of God," the hand of power and might and blessing, and so forms a fitting device for the Northern province, proud of her position, proud of her past as well as of the lordly O'Neills whose war cry was *lambh dearg abu*—*lambh dearg Eireann*. The raised right hand is frequently used in salutation. There is a stupid misunderstanding abroad about the left hand, which has no real symbolic meaning except a sinister one. This arises from a legend of an O'Neill chieftain cutting off his hand and flinging it ashore, from a boat, in order that he might claim the land as having first touched it. The Right Hand was in constant use centuries before this legend was concocted, and the *Dexter a Dei* had a world-wide symbolic use anterior even to the recorded ancestry of the princely O'Neills. At the present time the Red Hand has come into a fuller use than ever before. It is used by all parties on varying occasions, so it is well that it should be at least correctly used and its meaning fully understood.

The Faith of Our Fathers

The Rights of Man are the Rights of God, and to vindicate one is to maintain the other. We must be free in order to serve Him whose service is perfect freedom. Let us swear to maintain the rights and prerogatives of our nature as men, and the right of Ireland as an independent people.

THEOBOLD WOLFE TONE.

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

THOMAS DAVIS.

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

JAMES FINTAN LALOR.

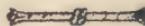
The nation's sovereignty extends not only to all the men and women of the nation, but to all the material possessions of the nation, all wealth and all wealth-producing processes within the nation.

P. H. PEARSE.

The object aimed at is to establish in the minds of the men and women of Ireland the necessity of giving effective expression, politically and socially, to the right of the community to control for the good of all the industrial activities of each, and to endow such activities with the necessary means.

This, historically speaking, will mean the enthronement of the Irish nation as the supreme ruler and owner of itself, and all things necessary to its people—supreme alike against the foreigner and the native usurping ownership, and the power dangerous to freedom that goes with ownership.

JAMES CONNOLLY.



THE EMMET.

By MARY ROBINSON.

*Tis homeless we are, and sick-hearted ;

All worry and work in our town !

Big John with his harrow has started

To hew our small emmet-hill down.

Room for the tare and the nettle,

Thorn, dock, and thistle pernicious ;

But let our poor emmet-hill settle,

The Red Man proclaims us seditious.

Vain were our sighing, our yielding !

Ill used to his cruel campaign,

We gird up our loins to re-building,

And rally our forces again.

The labour of one never-tiring

Yet sheweth us well to forfend;

And the thought of that Brother, inspiring,

Shall enerve us to build to the end.

The Passion of Padraic Pearse

Professor R. M. Henry, of Queen's University, Belfast, in his recently published book, "The Evolution of Sinn Fein," says of Pearse:—

Their (the Irish Volunteers) guide was P. H. Pearse, a man of great gifts, a high and austere spirit, filled with a great purpose. Through all his work, both in English and Irish, plays, poems, and stories, runs the thread of ardent devotion to goodness and beauty, to spiritual freedom, to the faith that tries to move mountains and is crushed beneath them." Before he quotes further, the present writer must state his own "credo." I believe that the pure flame of Pearse's faith not only moved the mountains of England, but that, far from being crushed beneath them, he was lifted up by tender, strong arms to burn a living and immortal beacon within the bosom of his own mountains of Ireland.

Professor Henry continues:—"For many years his life seems to have been passed in the grave shadow of the sacrifice he felt he was called upon to make for Ireland: he believed that he was appointed to tread the path that Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone had trodden before him, and his life was shaped so that it might be worthy of its end.

"To Pearse the ideal Irishman was Wolfe Tone, and it is significant that one of the first occasions upon which the Irish Volunteers and the Citizen Army held a joint demonstration was a pilgrimage to Tone's grave at Bodenstown. It was here in 1913 that Pearse delivered an eloquent and memorable address, in which he proclaimed his belief that Wolfe Tone was the greatest Irishman who had ever lived. 'We have come,' his speech began, 'to the holiest place in Ireland; holier to us even than the place where St. Patrick sleeps in Down. Patrick brought us life, but this man died for us.'"

Seven years later we say of Pearse, repeating his own

words, "This man died for us." One had almost written—Man.

And from his own lips again let us take the passion of this man. I quote from his posthumous play, "The Singer."

The Singer—"I have done nothing all my life but think: think and make poems."

The Master—"If the thoughts and the poems are good, that is a good life's work.

S.—"Aye. They say that to be busy with the things of the spirit is better than to be busy with the things of the body. But I am not sure, Master. Can the Vision Beautiful content a man? I think true man is divine in this—that, like God, he must needs create, he must needs do."

M.—"Is not a poet a maker?"

S.—"No. He is only a voice that cries out, a sigh that trembles into rest. The true teacher must suffer and do. He must break bread to the people: he must go into Gethsemane and toil up the steep of Golgotha. . . . Sometimes I think that to be a woman, and to serve and suffer as women do, is to be the highest thing. Perhaps that is why I felt it proud and wondrous to be a teacher, for a teacher does that. I gave to the little lad I taught the very flesh and blood and breath that were my life. I fed him on the milk of my kindness. I breathed into him my spirit."

Pearse has here answered the eternal question every seriously-minded man puts to himself; the vital question—"Who am I? What is my function?" And has he not answered it? Later on in the play he answers that other question—"What is God?"

The Singer—"Once as I knelt by the cross of Kilgobbin it became clear to me, with an awful clearness, that there was no God. Why pray after that? I burst into a fit of laughter at the folly of men in thinking that there is a God. I felt inclined to run through the villages and cry aloud: 'People, it is all a mistake; there is no God.'"

The Master—"MacDara, this grieves me."

S.—"Then I said, 'why take away their illusion? If

they find out that there is no God their hearts will be as lonely as mine.' So I walked the roads with my secret."

M.—"MacDara, I am sorry for this. You must pray, you must pray. You will find God again. He has only hidden his face from you."

S.—"No, He has revealed His face to me. His face is terrible and sweet, Master. I know it well now."

M.—"Then you found Him again?"

S.—"His name is suffering. His name is loneliness. His name is abjection."

M.—"I do not rightly understand you, and yet I think you are saying something that is true."

S.—"I have lived with the homeless and with the breadless. Oh, Master, the poor, the poor! I have seen such sad childings, such bare marriage feasts, such candleless wakes! In the pleasant country places I have seen them, but oftener in the dark, unquiet streets of the city. My heart has been heavy with the sorrow of mothers; my eyes have been wet with the tears of children. The people, Master—the dumb, suffering people: reviled and outcast, yet pure and splendid and faithful. In them I saw, or seemed to see again, the face of God. Ah, it is a tear-stained face, blood-stained, defiled with ordure, but it is the Holy Face!"

Professor Henry once said to me: "I never met Pearse, but I know he was a good man." It was a simple statement of fact, which no man may doubt who has read what I have just quoted.

Pearse, a devout Roman Catholic, honoured most among men Wolfe Tone, a Protestant, and every Catholic and every Protestant worthy of the name of Irishman, who knows this pure spirit, must honour this Catholic above all men of his generation when, in Pearse's own words, he learns the truth—"This man died for us." For Pearse rose from his Gethsemane and climbed the steep of his Golgotha, conscious every step of the way that he walked to his death. Let not my pen but his own tell it in the great cry he puts in "The Singer's" mouth:—

The Singer.—"The fifteen were too many. Old men,

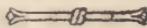
you did not do your work well enough. You should have kept all back but one. One man can free a people as one Man redeemed the world. I will take no pike. I will go into the battle with bare hands. I will stand up before the Gall as Christ hung naked before men on the tree!"

I shall conclude by quoting the words of "The Mother" of the play as she sends her boy out, as many an Irish mother has sent her boy out to die through all the seven centuries of the Captivity.

The Mother (in a low voice)—"Soft hand that played at my breast, strong hand that will fall heavy on the Gall, brave hand that will break the yoke! Men of this mountain, my son MacDara is the Singer that has quickened the dead years and all the quiet dust! Let the horsemen that sleep in Aileach rise up and follow him into the war! Weave your winding-sheets, women, for there will be many a noble corpse to be waked before the new moon!"

And there you have the faith of Padraic Pearse, and of his heirs, the Irish Volunteers. It is a simple creed, as simple as the creed of Christ himself.

W. F. P.



MAYFAIR.—1916.

I hear no music in this place,

Where music is a common thing,
And everyone can play and sing,
And no one sings, and no one plays.

The Lady is a Poetess—

Has written parodies on—Blake!
Oh, let me out, that I may take
My soul into the wilderness!

DUBLIN, 1916—

I hear a trumpet sounding far,

That man to manhood calls again;
Where slaves are slaves, and men are men,
And knaves are known for what they are.

That clarions from the distant strife
What this dead soul but feebly saith;
Oh, open me the gates of Death
That I may learn the Songs of Life!

PEADAR POL.

Shane's Cairn versus Shane's Castle

By Captain J. R. White

The Voice of Shane O'Neill.

By a strange coincidence a recent article of mine, "Sinn Fein through Socialist Spectacles," has just appeared in an English paper, "The Woman's Leader," side by side with another by Major Hugh O'Neill, M.P., "The Home Rule Bill as Ulster sees it."

I am in a sense a neighbour of Major O'Neill's at Broughshane, but now that I am a closer neighbour of Shane O'Neill at Cushendun, it would seem that the murdered chieftain wishes to refute through me the arguments of his titular successor for the Anglicisation of Ulster.

Major O'Neill writes in no harsh spirit, and I hope there will be no harshness in my reply. Indeed, I do not wish to refute his arguments so much as to translate them to a deeper and wider plane, where alone their conclusions can be found, so far as they are true, and their aberrations corrected so far as they are false.

His article commences as follows:—

"Not many years ago an Ulsterman would have felt himself competent to write about the Irish question as a whole. To-day he can only deal with it so far as it affects his own province, because he does not know or understand the political forces which have recently grown up and are now powerful in the south and west of Ireland. There is a great deal of loose talk about "partition." It is said that nobody in Ireland wants it, that it would prove unworkable in practice, that it is as distasteful to Ulster as to Sinn Fein. This is not so. The logic of facts and the march of political events have already created between the north-east and the remainder of Ireland a partition as complete as any which could be established by statute. While

Southern Ireland persists in its insane demand for secession from the British Empire, for complete independence, for a separate and sovereign republic, there can be nothing but partition between north and south. Union in such circumstances could only mean union in the campaign for independence and to such a union Ulster will never consent. 'Ulster' in this connection means the homogeneous Protestant and Unionist population in the north-east, which is roughly comprised within the six counties of Antrim, Down, Londonderry, Armagh, Tyrone, and Fermanagh. Its population, according to the census of 1911, is just over a million and a quarter."

From the above one thing is plain. Though Major O'Neill disclaims for the Ulsterman knowledge or understanding of the political forces which have grown all powerful in the South and West, he shows that he at least understands their actuating cause perfectly well, namely, a demand, which he terms insane, for "complete independence."

The Will to Freedom.

He knows then that the forces in the South and West are not some strange freak of the Celtic nature without any relation to the intelligence of humanity in general or of Ulstermen in particular. The will to freedom is a universal, racial, and human characteristic. Men are brutes lacking it, and noble in the measure that they possess it. The all-powerfulness of the will to freedom in Irish Ireland reflects the hardening and tempering of spirit due to centuries of incessant and unconquerable struggle.

The Issue.

It is quite a clear issue. There is nothing unintelligible about its cause or method. Both sides have thrown off the mask. The declared will of the Irish people has been set aside. From the embryo League of Nations in Paris, Ireland has received as little satisfaction in the recognition of her national identity as from the British Government un-

diluted. Sinn Fein's message of reliance on ourselves has found support in every failure of the appeal to the moral sense of single or associated Governments. Long before Geddes' cynical pronouncement in America that Ireland was strategically necessary to England, and that, therefore, her aspirations to independence could not be entertained, the real state of the case had been both intuitively fore-known and experimentally proved by the Irish people.

That "Never."

"But," says Major O'Neill, after characterising the demand of the South and West for complete independence as insane, "Union in such circumstances could only mean union in the campaign for independence, and to such a union Ulster will never consent." If Irish Ireland's demand is morally insane, then probably Major O'Neill is right in his prophecy. But if he is hasty in using such a strong epithet about an attitude which he states the Ulsterman does not understand, then perhaps he is equally hasty in pledging Ulster's future.

The Shadow and the Substance of the Truth.

I admit a measure of truth in Major O'Neill's words, that the logic of facts and the march of political events have already created between the North-East and the remainder of Ireland a partition as complete as any which could be established by statute. But my reading of those facts and my conclusion from his premises is very different from his. Political events have certainly marched to an apparent impasse. Major O'Neill wants to stop their march and stabilise them by statute at the point where they coincide with his preconceptions. I say otherwise. To quote my article:—

"In Ulster alone Ireland has not, as yet, been able to exorcise the evil spirits raised and perpetually invoked by foreign domination.

"But even here (it is in Ulster I write these lines) the disciplined organisation of Sinn Fein is advancing spontaneously and irrevocably, while the anti-Irish activity of

the Protestant population has to be laboriously fanned into expiring flame.

"In the Shankhill Road district of Belfast, the very Piccadilly of Protestant Ulster, a Sinn Feiner headed the poll at the recent municipal elections. The same occurred in the Ballymoney district of County Antrim; and I myself recently preached the most uncompromising Labour Sinn Feinism to a mixed audience at Ballycastle, the north-easternmost town in Ireland, without evoking a murmur of dissent.

"The present tragic happenings in Derry are seized on eagerly by the anti-Irish Ulsterman, whose constant effort it has been to foment them as a proof of the necessity of the British Government to keep the peace between rival factions. Yet it is necessary to find a programme worldwide and man deep in its appeal to unite finally the two religiously distinct sections in Ireland. A population of somewhat unimaginative Protestants of Scotch extraction will not embrace the ideals of Celtic nationality simply because it is Celtic. But both the unification and the liberation of Ireland will arise automatically from the enlightenment of the Ulster workers as to their true economic interest.

"Sinn Fein's economic policy is the "Co-operative Commonwealth"—a somewhat vague phrase, I admit, unrealisable without a high degree of disciplined organisation on the part of the productive and distributive workers. But that organisation is speedily being evolved by the distinctly Irish Labour Unions, particularly that of the Transport and General Workers, founded by Larkin.

"Irish labour so organised is the sledge hammer with which the wedge of political independence is being driven home, and which gives more and more a Labour complexion to the sympathies and policy of Sinn Fein. This organisation is extending among Protestants in Ulster. 'The cause of oppressed races and oppressed classes is one and the same.' The truth of this is being recognised before our eyes to-day in concrete form. The Southern

workers refuse to handle munitions for their extermination as a race, and the whole instinct of English and Scotch Labour supports them. It can only be a matter of time, and a short time at that, till the Ulster workers awake with fury to the fact that their bigotry has been played on to their own hurt, and that they are being used to play the traitor not only to their country but to their class.

So far as Major O'Neill puts up a moral defence for Ulster's attitude, he relies on a letter, alleged to have been written by Father O'Flanagan, to do it for him. I quote it in full (written before 1916) :—

“ If we reject Home Rule rather than agree to the exclusion of the Unionist party of Ulster, what case have we to put before the world? We can point out that Ireland is an island with a definite geographical boundary. That argument might be all right if we were appealing to a number of island nationalities that had themselves definite geographical boundaries. Appealing as we are to continental nations with shifting boundaries, that argument will have no force whatever. National and geographical boundaries scarcely ever coincide. Geography would make one nation of Spain and Portugal; history has made two of them. Geography did its best to make one nation of Norway and Sweden; history has succeeded in making two of them. . . . Geography has tried hard to make one nation out of Ireland; history has worked against it. The island of Ireland and the national unit of Ireland simply do not coincide. . . . ”

My reply to Father O'Flanagan is to admit the force and fairness of his argument as a piece of formal analogy with no moral base or human purpose, but to question his insight and emphatically to deny his reading of history.

What is History?

I submit that history has worked and is working steadily to make one nation in Ireland. What is history? It is a meaningless record of disconnected facts unless read in the light of its plan and purpose. But when we become aware of the trend of historical evolution towards a pur-

pose that satisfies the heart and mind, history becomes the garment God weaves to enable us to see Him. Father O'Flanagan as quoted divorces the temporal from the spiritual in history, with the result that he understands neither. The key to history is the struggle of the workers against oppression till they overcome their menial status in each nation and so abolish the external tension between nations, which is the result of and safety-valve for the internal class tension. Connolly has shown this in masterly fashion with regard to Ireland in "Labour in Irish History." A careful study of that book alone would have shown Father O'Flanagan the key both to Irish nationhood and the ultimate solution of the Ulster problem within the Irish nation. For Connolly shows how the cause of oppressed races and oppressed classes is one and the same, and how stable national freedom is impossible without universal working class emancipation. He shows how it is necessary for Ireland to get back to Wolfe Tone, and to combine Catholic and Protestant, Gaelic peasant and Ulster operative on a basis which is national because it has its roots in reality, and international because it is universally true.

The Significance of Ulster.

Read thus, history has shown in the past what it is about to repeat with final emphasis in the near future: that Ulster is the point where a fusion of the distinct religious elements in Ireland with a unified Irish nation advances pari passu with great world movements for the healing of the nations. In the cosmic heat of the French and American Revolutions the separate religious elements in Ulster fused, and in the rebellion of '98 made the symbolic sacrifice for the idea of Irish nationhood organically one with human brotherhood. Here is the content of Ireland's spiritual destiny.

1798—1920—192?

Nor was the sacrifice of '98 in vain. Such sacrifice must precede all spiritual achievement. In '98 Ulster

vibrated in response to the declaration of the idea of the rights of man. Already to-day Ulster vibrates in response to the realisation by Russia of the idea which Napoleon lost, but left to germinate in the ashes of Moscow, and Hoche lost, but left to germinate in Ireland. First the corn, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.

The French Revolution was the corn, the Russian Revolution is the ear, the World Revolution will be the full corn in the ear. Ulster will ripen with the full corn.

The Forces of the Spirit of God.

Says Major O'Neill, with some reason:—"The date of Irish union may seem far away just now, but before long all sorts of forces may come into play of which we have no conception in existing circumstances." But we have a conception of those forces—at least, I have, for one; and so might Major O'Neill, if he were not blinded in heart and mind by the false feeling and false thinking of his imperial tradition. They are the forces of the Spirit of God, no less, working to liberate and unify the world. And Ulster is their Western focus. It was no accident that the extreme tension in Ulster in 1914 merged into the world war; nor will it be an accident that the tension of 1920 will merge into another and fiercer world-war before it is finally solved. Already the clouds gather, and burst they must.*

Dukes and Dupes.

I can point out to Major O'Neill the falsehood in his own premise that keeps him blind. "The Ulster people and the Ulster movement are essentially democratic. Belfast is a great working-class community." No, Major O'Neill. That the Ulster people are essentially democratic I grant, for all people at heart are essentially democratic; but the Ulster movement is essentially reactionary, an affair of Dukes and dupes, very dangerous for both, especially the former. Dukes are not the natural allies of great working-class communities. But there is a great world-wide

*Written before the events in Derry and Belfast.—Ed.

movement, based on the will to power of such communities, armed or arming, over all Europe, controlling much of Central Asia, and knocking at the gates of the Far East, both within and without, and the strains of the Workers Internationale will drown your music, charm ye never so wisely.

Ulster will Fuse the Functions of Russia and Ireland. .

But it may be objected : even granted that natural affinity will align the industrial workers of Ulster with the aims and action of the Russian Revolution, how does that reconcile them with the aims of Sinn Fein, which are reputed to be almost fanatically National ? Because, to quote Fintan Lalor, Sinn Fein is seeking not to repeal the union with England but to repeal the conquest, and with it the feudal system it introduced, and thus to cut down beneath the roots of Capitalism to a communal past; while Russia clears the way for a communistic future. Ireland restores the old roots, cutting out the poisonous graft; Russia hacks away the poisoned branches and helps each vampired nation to help itself.

The Religious Question.

I am loath to conclude without touching on the deepest aspect of the Ulster question—the religious—the aspect which, rightly understood, is the key to all the rest. Major O'Neill speaks of a better understanding between Protestants and Catholics bred by working together under an Ulster Parliament. It is strange he does not see that the argument applies as forcibly to an all Ireland Parliament. But that is a detail. I wish not to sink the religious differences for the sake of political harmony, leaving the members of the creeds divided from each other in their most fundamental relationship. I hold that the divorce of religion from politics is the shallowest fallacy, and that man's attitude to man must always be deeply affected by a common or divergent conception of his relation to God.

The common son-ship of God is the first requisite of the Brotherhood of Man.

Catholic and Protestant—What Each Stands For.

I wish rather to show that the divergences of the Catholic and Protestant ideas are necessary, or have been necessary hitherto, because each represented an aspect of truth. That each is bound to be unwaveringly true to itself until such time as their truths can be reconciled and manifested without surrender on the part of either. If it is grasped that the spiritual and material orders are connected all along the line, that divisions in the material must be projected into our conception of the spiritual, and persist **there** till they are healed **here**, both the origin and end of the root division between Protestant and Catholic can be seen and foreseen. Ulster appears as the meeting point of all that was stable in the old primitive community with all that is fluid and free in the world community about to be.

Catholicism stands in the main for the rights of the community, Protestantism for those of the individual. The Protestant Reformation synchronized with and was evoked by a greater fluidity of commerce and world-intercourse requiring a greater liberty of individual thought. World-commerce bred world-empires, and the Protestant empires beat the Catholic out of the field because they had a more expansive religious philosophy.

But since Protestantism stood for the detachment of the individual from his stable base in a particular community in the interests of a more fluid world-intercourse, it missed in its transitional function the factor of a stable community-sense at all.

Thus Protestantism with its economic reflection (individualistic capitalism) was bound to be pulled up short by the flaw in its philosophy.

Its function was to go as far wrong as it could, to overstep the limits of the old communities, and to provoke, by reaction against its inherent individualism, the idea and reality of a world community.



QUI NON RENUNTIAT.

'Mid pleasant paths my feet are led,
The leafy boughs give covering ;
(Oh, wreathèd thorns that pierce His head !);
I am the servant of a King.

I nothing bear of aching pack,
Nor provender or other thing ;
(Oh, leaden cross that bends His back !);
I am the servant of a King.

The grass is cool in scorching heat,
The healing herbs give comforting ;
(Oh, stones that wound His bleeding feet !);
I am the servant of a King.

My thirsty lips refreshèd are ;
I lay me down beside the spring ;
(They give Him gall and vinegar);
I am the servant of a King.

EDMUND B. FITZGERALD.

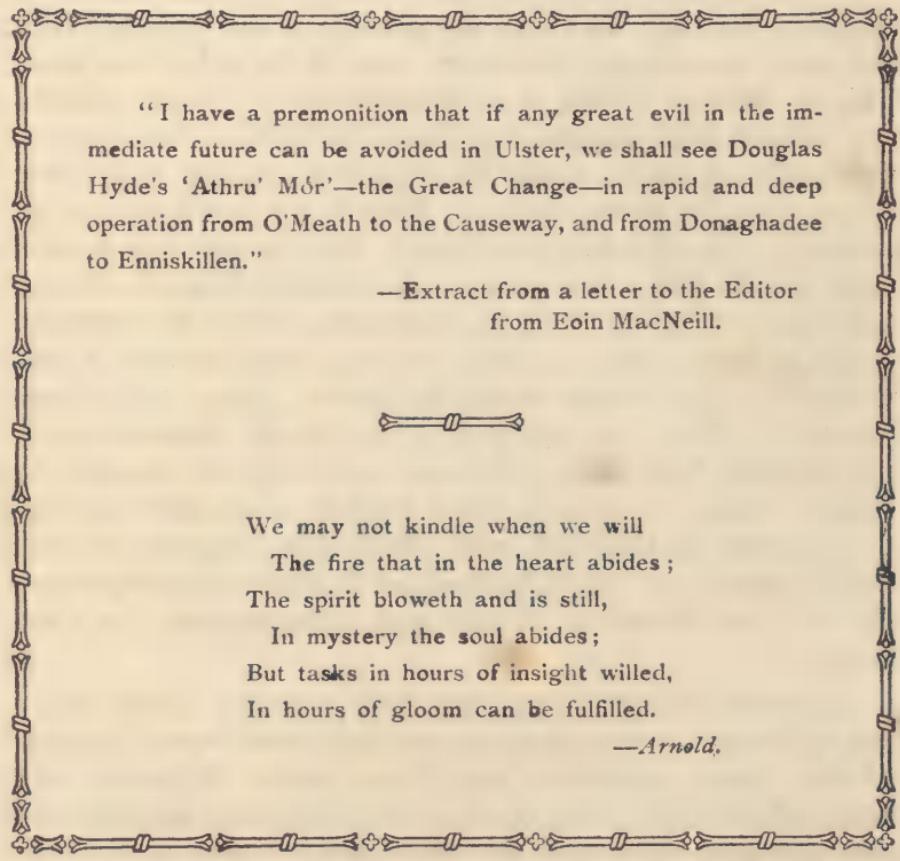


Catholic and Protestant Fused in the Unity of God.

The function of the Protestant idea, as distinct from the Catholic idea, cannot continue after the idea of a world-community is born, and cannot cease before it.

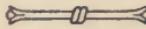
In world communism the rights of the community and of the individual find at once their fullest expression and their harmony. It is thus that Protestant and Catholic will reach a better understanding by realising that the ideas for which they respectively stand are complementary, not opposed. They are reconcilable in the full Brotherhood of Man, which is the realised unity of God. Indeed, Major O'Neill subserves a greater union than he knows.

J. R. WHITE.



"I have a premonition that if any great evil in the immediate future can be avoided in Ulster, we shall see Douglas Hyde's 'Athru' Mór'—the Great Change—in rapid and deep operation from O'Meath to the Causeway, and from Donaghadee to Enniskillen."

—Extract from a letter to the Editor
from Eoin MacNeill.



We may not kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart abides ;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery the soul abides ;
But tasks in hours of insight willed,
In hours of gloom can be fulfilled.

—Arnold.

To Compromise is to Lose

There has been a significant passage-of-arms between Colonel Malone and Mr. Thomas.

Colonel Malone took the offensive as follows :—

Sir,—Passing through Belfast and reading the accounts of the N.U.R. Congress, and especially Mr. Thomas' speech, I feel some comments are necessary lest Irish Labour should think that Mr. Thomas, M.P., represents democratic thought in England. He is the conscious or unconscious tool of the capitalists and Ulstermen. May I deal with two or three points? First, the question of the boycott of munitions for Ireland. Mr. Thomas excused himself from stopping his men handling munitions on the grounds that the men who made munitions should be called on first. This is childish. Most of the munitions were made months ago for the Imperialistic war with Germany. Mr. Thomas said that changes could be obtained by the ballot-box rather than by direct action. This is a gross insult to be stated in Ireland, where the British Government has flouted with armed force the almost unanimous decision by the ballot-box at the Election in December, 1918. Mr. Thomas spoke as usual with "a deep sense of responsibility" (his words). The responsibility is, indeed, great if he continues to allow his railwaymen to handle munitions for use against Irishmen. The war can only be stopped by Direct Action. I haven't much faith in a so-called Labour Government in England, with Henderson, Thomas, Clynes and Co. doing no more for Ireland or England than Kerensky did for Russia or Noske and Scheidemann for Germany.

I believe the Irish question will only be solved when the workers in Ulster realise that they have been the tools of the Ulster capitalists and linen lords. Salvation will come when they awake to class consciousness and appreciate the true International character of the movement.

Then Unionism in Ulster will collapse, and the masses in North and South Ireland will be united in a common struggle. The spirit of the United Irishmen of 1798 should be revived. Through Communism to Freedom!—Yours,

L'ESTRANGE MALONE.

Belfast, July 8.

Mr. Thomas replied at the Railwaymen's Conference, as quoted in an evening paper of the same date.

Mr. Thomas on Mr. Malone

Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., said that on the one hand he was treated as being and accused of being the tool of the British capitalist, and on the other as the agent provocateur of the Sinn Fein party. He noticed in that morning's Press there was a new champion of Ireland come into the open. Colonel Malone, M.P., who said he read his (Mr. J. H. Thomas's) speech on Sunday last when passing through Belfast, and contributed a letter to a local newspaper. Mr. Malone, who he understood was a Colonel of the British Army, the member for Leighton who successfully opposed a Labour candidate at the last election, wrote that he felt it his duty to let the people of Ireland understand Mr. Thomas did not represent democratic thought in England, and that he is the conscious or unconscious tool of the capitalist and Ulstermen. He goes on to say that there was only one remedy, and that was by direct action, as he has no faith in the so-called Labour Government in England that would contain Henderson, Thomas, Clynes, etc., who would do for England what Kerensky did for Russia.

That was the view of an English member of Parliament. That may be perfectly true, but he would suggest to Colonel Malone that at least if he wanted to render any service to the Irish cause he should attempt before writing that letter to be quite sure that he represented English opinion.

(Hear, hear.) He should test it in the only possible way. At the General Election Colonel Malone received the Coalition ticket. He defeated the Labour candidate on that issue. He has refused to act with or support the Labour Party in Parliament. He apparently had now quarrelled with the Coalition Government. Colonel Malone accused him of being the tool of the Ulster capitalist, which was quite a new position for him to occupy—(laughter)—and he would suggest that there was a very simple method by which Colonel Malone could test the sincerity of the English people, and that was by giving up what he got in December twelve months ago under false pretences, by a majority of 650 over Labour, and if he was now satisfied that he backed the wrong horse let him have the courage and common decency to resign his seat and test the electorate in the new. (Applause.) If at any time he found it necessary to depart from his election pledges, if he found it necessary at any time to depart from his Labour programme or policy, he would not continue to take advantage of the position he held as a member of Parliament, but he would immediately ask his constituents to endorse or otherwise his action. He thought it would be more honest and consistent of those people who had so soon discovered that whilst they could be militarists 18 months ago, nothing short of a bloody revolution would please them to-day, that they should give the people that returned them an opportunity of judging of their new faith. In any case, he had only to remind Colonel Malone that they had in that Congress more responsible people than him who talked so lightly about direct action. And it was so easy for people in Colonel Malone's position, representing nobody, carrying no responsibility, having to bear no burden for any of their actions, it was so much easier for them to give lip-service and advice, when they are never called upon to bear the consequences of their action."

How Malone may be consistent.

It will be noticed that Mr. Thomas, while freely criticizing Colonel Malone, makes no reply to Colonel Malone's

criticism of himself on the two most vital points at issue, namely, the handling of munitions and the forced futility of the ballot-box in Ireland. The fact is, Malone is so obviously right that Thomas cannot reply and can only ignore.

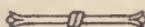
We admit, however, that Thomas is right in demanding that Malone should regularise his position by an appeal to his constituents. He was elected as representing something to the right of the Labour Party; now he has found himself, and moved far to the left of them. He writes as a Communist. There is no place for a Communist at Westminster unless he forces his way there after refusing the oath to the King. A Communist pledged to a monarchy is absurd. A Communist taking an oath with his tongue in his cheek is worse than absurd. We suggest to Colonel Malone there is a great opportunity before him: to accept Thomas's challenge and go to his constituents for re-election pledged to refuse the oath of allegiance. Whatever the result in his constituency, he would thus by a practical and fearless course end the interminable discussion in the left wing of British Labour as to the ethics and expediency of Parliamentary action; also, he would crystallise a party round himself on a clear-cut issue.

The first conference for Communist unity meets in London on August 1st (written in July). Without a practical issue forced on them, it is to be feared that they will waste still more time in talk. If through Malone's example, given as we suggest, the British left wing could be got to adopt a definite policy of contesting seats by candidates pledged to refuse the oath, it would at once unite the genuine revolutionary element among themselves and be a valuable approach towards a common platform for the revolutionary forces both sides of the Irish Channel.

How Irish Republicans in Britain may be consistent.

At present there is no one for whom the Irish in England and Scotland, believing in the complete independence of their country, can conscientiously vote. If they

boycott the polls, the whole weight of their progressive influence is lost. If they vote for a candidate about to swear allegiance to George Wettin as King of Great Britain and Ireland they morally stultify themselves. There is urgent need for candidates at the polls in England pledged to make no compromise in word or deed with the system, political and economic, they are out to destroy.



The Pound Boreen

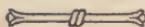
By MICHAEL WALSH.

The Pound Boreen in summer-time is decked with wild-flowers gay,
And feathered warblers sing their songs the live-long happy day;
The hawthorn waves her fragrant boughs above the meadows' sheen,
And the cuckoo rings his gladsome chime down the old Pound Boreen.

The Comeraghs rise up to the North in purple majesty,
And to the south old Helvick Head leans out beyond the seas;
There castle ruin and fairy fort stand on the meadow-green,
And the friends I ne'er shall see again walk the old Pound Boreen.

Old Auchloumling, that famous bridge, where Oscar's sword of might
Hewed down the foe, long, long ago, in fierce and deadly fight;
Aye, many's the dauntless hero-form, whose prowess there was seen,
Charges under the cover of dusk through the old Pound Boreen.

But the Pound Boreen on a summer day ! To see it thus once more,
And I could better be content upon the foreign shore ;
For ever my heart is wandering there, o'er the rolling seas between,
And yearning to stray but one summer-glad day down the old Pound
Boreen.



TWO-O'CLOCK-IN-THE-MORNING COURAGE.

"As to moral courage, I have very rarely met with the two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage. I mean, unprepared courage, that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and decision."

—Napoleon.

Yarns from the Vineyard

By SANDY HANNA.

Scene : Royal Avenue, Belfast. Time, 1913.

The Vineyard* had a holiday and as I was comin' down Royal Avenue a' fell in wi' a frien o' mine.

"Hullo, Nelly," says I, "where've ye been ? "

"Indeed, Willy John," says she, "it was at Church I was and that's where you ought to have been too."

"But," says I, "if it's a fair question, girl, what were ye doin' at church in the middle o' the week. Is it turned a Pape, ye have ? "

"No ! Heaven forbid," says she, "we were prayin' that the Lord would keep the Home Rule Bill out of Ireland."

"Don't ye think," says I, "ye're placin' the Lord in an awkward position seein' that the Papes are askin' Him to strengthen Ireland's arm. Now, in the name o' common sense, girl, how can He answer yez both ? "

At that she stud back an' lukked me thru and thru. "Ye—don't—mean—to—tell—me,—William John," says she to me an' every word comin' out as if it wur comin' up from her big toe, "that—you're in league with them?"

"Sure, wasn't I born in Ireland," says I.

"No, Willy John," says she, "you know as well as I do you were born in Sandy Row, Belfast. Och ! och ! och ! your father would turn in his grave if he knew how you have turned from grace."

"Well, well," says I, "he's been a long time on his back anyway an' I'm thinking the change'll do him good."

Wi' that she picked up her skirts an' left me. But that was seven years ago, an' tho' a' haven't been spakin' to her since, I'm wondering is she prayin' now for the new Home Rule Bill.

* The workers' nickname for the ship-yards.

Land-Work and Hand-Work

By Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P.

So many of our town dwellers will take their summer holidays on the Land that we would encourage them to rest their weary brains not merely by a change of scene and air, but by a change of interest and thought. Doomed, as most of our town workers are doomed, to the dismal routine of office or factory, let them go out from the towns which man has made, and meditate on the land as God has made it. If it can be arranged, they should go to some farmhouse, as far as possible from what we pathetically call the conveniences of modern life. I knew a great architect who, in choosing a summer dwelling place in the Cotswolds, made it a point of necessity that there should be no railway to the nearest town.

It is best for the town-dwellers when the farm to which they go belongs to their kindred ; and still better if it belongs—as many still belong, thank God !—to a good Irish stock, for whom not a few of the conveniences of modern life are but masked inconveniences bought at a great price. In such a home and homestead there is a chance of seeing in full life some of the old hand-crafts which once made a farmhouse.

A Kingdom-in-little.

Much wisdom—perhaps more than might be expected of townfolk—would be shown if these summer dwellers in the homestead could lead the same daily life as their hosts. In saying this I am not counselling the heroic, but merely suggesting to common folk the common sense of health-finding. It is the wearisome round of town life that makes summer holidays in the country such a yearly need. But it would be good for these fugitives from town-life; and in some slender degree good even for the land and the land-tillers, if their kinsfolk took a part in the daily hand-worship of the God of the hills and vales.

A man might even give his watch a rest, and time each day by the sun. The healthy, strengthening sleep bought by a day's work under the sun will come to its own natural end when the sun gently summons him through the open window to another day of fellowship in praising God. At night, whilst the hours are still young and darkness has not yet cloaked the full shoulders of the day, weariness after a day's work will be the irresistible summons to sleep.

To be afield when the earth is still sparkling with the morning's dew is to see God's earth, perhaps, as God saw it on the morning of its making. A man should make any pretence with himself or with his kin to see this miracle of jewellery in which the earth—a vain Eve, I warrant—decks and undocks herself for very joy. He should show sudden interest in the milking of the cows or the search for hidden eggs or the making of breakfast cream or the leading of cattle to their day's pasturage.

No craft in life has so many things to do as the hand-craft of wooing nature for those her gifts which are the necessities of our life. Nor need any hour or minute be spent in merely seeking health, as, alas ! it must be too often spent by

The Poor Broken Potsherds

of our town life. A man who, for the rest of the year, has but one little thing to do; and who is almost as broken in mind as in body because "he sees it and does it," has now each day a thousand things to choose. Whilst the grain is ripening night and day towards harvest he can take the horses to be shod, or cut back the summer effrontery of the hedges in the lane where the harvest-wain must pass, or dung the byre, or, on wet days (how my fingers tingle as I write) twist straw ropes in the barn in time for the ricks of grain, or dig potatoes in the home-garden or weed in the wheat fields, or—if, like all good farmers, he has a turn for tools—make ready the reaper, or mend the thatch, or build up fallen walls, or steep the flax in the lint-hole, or, with the farm-dog to heel, harry and shoot

those thieves of rabbits in the sandy ditches near the field of oats.

None of these thousand works, that give a man the most motley day, will fail to give him time and a challenge to think. He will think all the better, and his thoughts will almost unfailingly be prayer if he is at pains to be beyond earshot or eyeshot of a daily paper. A man who has the scholarly instinct for first-hand information can hardly need a morning's paper when God has given the daily good news of daylight and the morning sun. Let him read that First (not Last) Will and Testament of his Father in Heaven, and all day long his mind will be filled with faint murmurings of the good news. Here on the land, on the land alone, is all to be found. Everything that crowds the city shops, and makes town life possible, must have been one day taken from the open hand of the earth. Here, and here only, nothing need go to waste: not even the leisure moments which a tired brain must have to fit it for more and more weariness of spirit. Here, and here alone, is

The World's Cleansing Place,

where all the dross of human life is given back its cradle innocence. Here, and here alone, the earth takes even the ordure of our towns and gratefully gives us back her thanks in the harvests of autumn. Here what the earth might corrupt the air will cleanse. Here, where earth or air or water will not mend, the sun with sovereign power will touch to life. Here, and here only, when men have built Romes and Jerusalems for inevitable doom, may the nations flee as to a City of Refuge: yea, as to very Hotel-Dieu—Hostel of God—where not a tear shall fall without springing up into flower and fruit, and God, in very joy for our wisdom returned, shall once more walk amongst the corn-fields.

(With permission of the Editor of the "Catholic Times.")

On Ulster History

By Eoin MacNeill

I.—THE MORNING TWILIGHT

The Origin of the name "Ulster."

The first fact of Irish history that emerges in clear outline from the twilight of ancient legend is the division of Ireland into five kingdoms, named in the oldest traditions "The Five-Fifths of Ireland" (cuig cuigdh na h-Eireann). One of these, the northern fifth, was called Cuigeadh Uladh, "The Fifth of the Ulaidh." The Norsemen had a half-Norse way of saying this, and from the Norse name came the English name Ulster.

Ancient Ulster.

The ancient Ulster was larger in extent than the modern. For its boundary line the principal point to be noted was the northern end of Loch Bo Deirge on the Shannon. From this point the boundary ran up the Shannon to near its source and crossed to Loch Macnean (Loch Mic an Ein), running thence by the water to Loch Melvin (Loch Meilghe) and the river Drowes (Drobbhavis) to the sea at Bundrowes (Bun Drobhavise). In the other direction the boundary ran from Loch Bo Deirge through the southern part of County Leitrim to Granard, to Loch Sheelin (Sileann) and to Loch Ramhor in the south of County Cavan; from Loch Ramhor it followed the course of the Blackwater (Seile) to where it enters the Boyne at Navan, and it followed the course of the Boyne from Navan to the sea. So lasting is tradition in Ireland that people still speak of northern Ireland as the part "north of the Boyne." The boundaries here indicated were changed at various times, as were the boundaries between France and Germany, but the Ulster they delimit is the genuine Ulster of tradition. By a late and arbitrary arrangement of the English administration,

Leinster for the first time in history was made to include the County Louth.

Ulster the Country of the Ulaidh.

Ulster means the country of the Ulaidh. This modern Irish word represents an early Celtic name, Uluti, twisted into Uoluntii by the scribes who copied the description of Ireland written by the Greek geographer Ptolemy about A.D. 150. The Uluti or Ulaidh were not the inhabitants of all Ulster; they had part of it and dominated the rest. The part they held lay wholly or mainly within the counties of Down, Armagh, Monaghan, and Louth. The chief residence of the Kings of Ulster was at the Navan (an Eamhain), a short distance from the city of Armagh. The oldest known history of Ireland was a chronicle which ended in the year 609, and was probably written in Bangor (Beannchor Uladh) by Saint Siollan, abbot of the monastery of Bangor, who died in that year. According to that chronicle, the credible history of Ireland began with the foundation of this royal residence of Eamhain. The founder was a King named Ciomaoth, and his wife was Macha, and from her the fortress was named Eamhain Mhacha and the neighbouring height, on which Saint Patrick built his metropolitan church, was called Ard Macha. It must be said, however, that other accounts indicate this Macha to have been a heathen goddess, not a queen. However that may be, the oldest of our chroniclers has written that "all the documents of Irish history are uncertain before the time of Ciomaoth." From that time, about 300 B.C., he gives the succession of the kings of Eamhain, and for three centuries he names no other kings in Ireland; so that whether it was a Bangor monk's partiality for Ulster or not, this chronicle makes Eamhain the chief seat of authority in Ireland before the time of the Twelve Apostles. In their time, it declares, the kings of Tara began to dominate.

The Picts in Ulster.

Just before this, at the beginning of the Christian Era,

the same chronicles and all our early historians locate the events of the great Ulster cycle of epic tales. The King of Eamhain, or of Ulster, at that time was Conchubhar MacNeasa ("son of Neas"—Neas was his mother, and the ancients differ about his father, whether he was Cathuth, a Druid, or Fachtna, King of Ulster). The truth, as it appears, was this, that for a time, especially in northern Ireland (Ulster, Connacht, and North Leinster) the law of succession to a kingship followed Pictish rather than Celtic usage. In the law of the Picts, a heritable property or office was inherited from the mother, not from the father. A daughter of the late queen became queen in her own right, and whoever became her husband became king. This custom was kept up by the Picts of Scotland until their kingdom was overthrown in the ninth century.

Who then were the Picts? Their Irish name was Cruithin, afterwards Cruitnigh, at an earlier time Qreteni. The British and Gaulish form of this name was Pretani, and the Gauls called the people of Britain Pretani and the islands of Britain and Ireland the Pretanic islands. Julius Cæsar confused this name with the name of the Britanni, a Gaulish or Belgic people who dwelt in the region of Flanders, and his mistake has been followed ever since. From this we may judge that the Pretani, Qreteni, Cruithin or Picts were at one time the chief people of both Britain and Ireland. They were certainly at one time a large element in the population of the northern half of Ireland, and the inhabitants of various districts in southern Ireland were also known to have been of Pictish origin. Their custom of matriarchal inheritance, with other things, argues that they were not Celts nor akin to the Celts, and we can only say that they formed an important part of the population that inhabited Ireland and Britain before the Celts came from the Continent. The Celtic colonisation of Ireland and southern Britain began about 400 B.C.

The Heroes of Ulster.

In the time of Conchubhar, three sons of a king of Leinster held the kingship of three of the Five Fifths.

Probably in virtue of the Pictish matriarchal custom, one of them, Ailill, became the husband of Meadhbh ("Maes"), Queen of Connacht; another was King of Tara, or of North Leinster; the third was King of South Leinster. Munster was then of much smaller extent than at present. These four Fifths joined together for a time against Ulster, and the events of the conflict, with the events that led up to it and resulted from it, form the material of the "Ulster cycle" of hero tales. If we may believe the ancient epic-makers, as the late Dr. Hogan once wrote, the whole trouble arose from an effort to improve the breed of cattle in the west of Ireland. How this was attempted may be read in the translations of *Tain Bo Cuailnge* by Mrs. Hutton and Mr. Dunne. It may be lawful, nevertheless, to hold the view that the war of the *Tain* had for its aim to extend the power of the Leinster dynasty. The main actions of the war were these. The forces of the Four Fifths were mustered at Cruachain, the capital of Connacht. Avoiding the difficult country of lakes and forests in south-western Ulster, they skirted the frontier until they reached the Blackwater in Meath, then they pushed northwards through County Armagh, Down, and Antrim, meeting no army in resistance. The legend says that the Ulaidh were under the spell of a magic sickness, and that the only one of them exempt was the young hero Cuchulainn, who, taking advantage of the laws of chivalry of the time, forced the invaders to halt at the crossing of every river and send a champion to meet him in single combat. At long last, the Ulaidh gathered their forces and compelled the invaders to retreat. Following them up, the Ulaidh overtook the Connacht army before it could cross the Shannon and won a partial and indecisive success in the battle of Baireach. Next year, Conchubhar led his army against the two kings of Leinster and defeated them in the battle of Rosnaree (Ros na Righ), where the King of Tara fell. The ancient stories that describe these events and other conflicts of the time, describe them as if they were combats in a tournament, which, though fierce and deadly, bespoke no hatred or enmity and nothing more

than a proud rivalry between the combatants. Both before and after the battles of the Tain, the Ulster heroes meet those of Connacht and Leinster as fellow-guests and sharers of the same festivities. Owing to the apparent security of Ireland from invasion and conquest, the Irish of old did not consider political unity essential to national unity. It was only when they came into conflict with a centralised power seated outside of Ireland, and even then only slowly and imperfectly, that they came to understand the necessity of political unity as a safeguard against external dangers.

The Origin of the Name Scotland—The Link between Scotland and Ulster.

The chief sequel of the struggle of the Cu Chulainn period was the gradual decay of the kingdom of North Leinster. The Connacht kings seized on the western portion near the Shannon, and there are signs that the Ulster kings for a time took possession of the eastern portion around Tara. This would be in and about the second century of the Christian Era. Meanwhile, most of Britain had been subjugated by the Roman Empire, and submission to the Imperial yoke had brought an external semblance of civilisation that covered a real degeneracy. In the third century, Irish invaders began to prey upon the northern parts of Roman Britain, and these invasions led to Irish settlements in southern Scotland. The Irish invaders were known to the Romans by the British or Gaulish name of Scotti, meaning raiders. Most of these raiders at first must have come from eastern Ulster. It was from its north-western quarter that the Dalriadic dynasty came, which afterwards became the ruling line of all Scotland; but at the time we speak of, Scotti, Scots, meant Irishmen, and as late as the eleventh century Scotti still meant Irishmen and Scotia meant Ireland.

Connacht Deposes Ulster from Tara.

It may have been the invasion and plunder of Britain that diverted the activity of the Ulster Kings

from Meath. At all events, we find them now losing ground and the Connacht dynasty gaining ground in that direction. The greatest king of that dynasty was Cormac, son of Art. Under him for the first time a standing army was organised, under professional military leaders, in imitation of the Roman legions. Cormac defeated the forces of Ulster in the battle of Crionna, in the Boyne region, and took possession of Tara. He may be regarded as the first king of all Ireland. It is told of him that he compelled the King of Ulster to give him hostages. In those days it was the privilege of hostages, being men of high degree, usually of royal blood, to sit at the table of the king who held them. The Ulster hostages insulted Cormac at his table and set fire to his beard. At another time the Ulster king revolted and drove Cormac out of Meath back into Connacht. But all this was in vain. The master of the Fiana prevailed. Ulster in turn took a leaf out of the Roman book.

The Old Wall between North and South.

The raids in northern Britain found their chief obstacle in one or other of the great Roman walls which guarded the northern frontier of Roman Britain, and the Ulaidh now fortified their frontier with a great wall, leaving Louth and parts of Meath and Cavan in the possession of the rival power. For about a century this barrier preserved them aganist further encroachment. Many portions of it still remain, bearing such names as the Worm Ditch (Sladh na Peiste), the Black Pig's Dyke (Cladh na Muice Duibhe), the Dunchladh, etc.

The Great Northern Road past Slieve Gullion.

In ancient times the Great Northern Road, called Slighe Mhiodh-luachra, corresponding as an artery of transit to the modern Great Northern Railway, ran by Drogheda and Dundalk to Eamhain, passing, not like the railway to the east, but to the west of Slieve Gullion (Sliabh of Cuilinn), and through the pass that divides the hills now called the Black Bank,

formerly Sliath Fuaid, north of Newtownhamilton. These hills formed the last natural obstacle to an invading army which, advancing from the direction of Tara by this road, sought to enter the plain of Macha. The southern approaches to the pass, in the neighbourhood of Cullyhanna and Silverbridge, were guarded by a great fortified encampment. In the northern and southern ramparts of this earthwork there were openings through which the highway passes, and these openings gave the whole work its name of Doirse Eamhna, "the Doors of Eamhain," a name still found in the Anglicised form Dorsey. The Dorsey earthwork still survives in places, where it consists of a lofty embankment with a deep ditch on each side. It seems to have imitated the fortified stations occupied by the Roman legions on the Imperial frontiers.

The Fall of Eamhain—Connacht Encroaches on Ulster.

King Cormac's grandsons, the three Collas, were commissioned by the King of Tara, Muireadhach Tireach, their kinsman, to undertake the conquest of the kingdom of Eamhain. They raised an army in the west among their kinsfolk there, and marched against Eamhain. It is likely that they made a feint attack on the Dorsey position, but their main stroke was delivered a little further west along the line followed by the recently constructed railway from Castleblaney by Keady to Armagh. They fought, the story tells, seven battles on seven successive days, and in the last battle the King of Eamhain fell, and his forces were completely defeated. The Ulaidh abandoned Eamhain and withdrew eastward beyond the vale of Newry (Gleann Righe). Between this valley and Loch Neagh (Loch n Eachach), they raised a new earthwork, a portion of which is to be seen in the neighbourhood of Scarva, where it is called the Danes' Cast; for those who have lost the old traditions or never learned them imagine that the Danes constructed various earthworks in Ireland that were constructed centuries before the Danes appeared in history.

The three Collas and their followers took possession of all the middle parts of Ulster, from the borders of Meath to Loch Foyle (Feabhail), a region comprising the present counties of Armagh, Monaghan, Tyrone, and most of Derry and Fermanagh. The descendants of the Collas who ruled this region, and the region itself from them, were named Oirghialla, "Oriel" in English. Thus fell the ancient kingdom of Eamhain, after centuries, we do not know how many, of rule over northern Ireland. Many brilliant memories of its glory remained and took form in legends that have now a world-wide celebrity. Authentic dates for the events we have related do not exist, but we shall not be far wrong in dating the reign of Cormac and the first great inroad on the old Ulster territory about the middle of the third century., and the fall of Eamhain about a century later.

Despotism tends to Centralise, Freedom of the People to Decentralise. ,

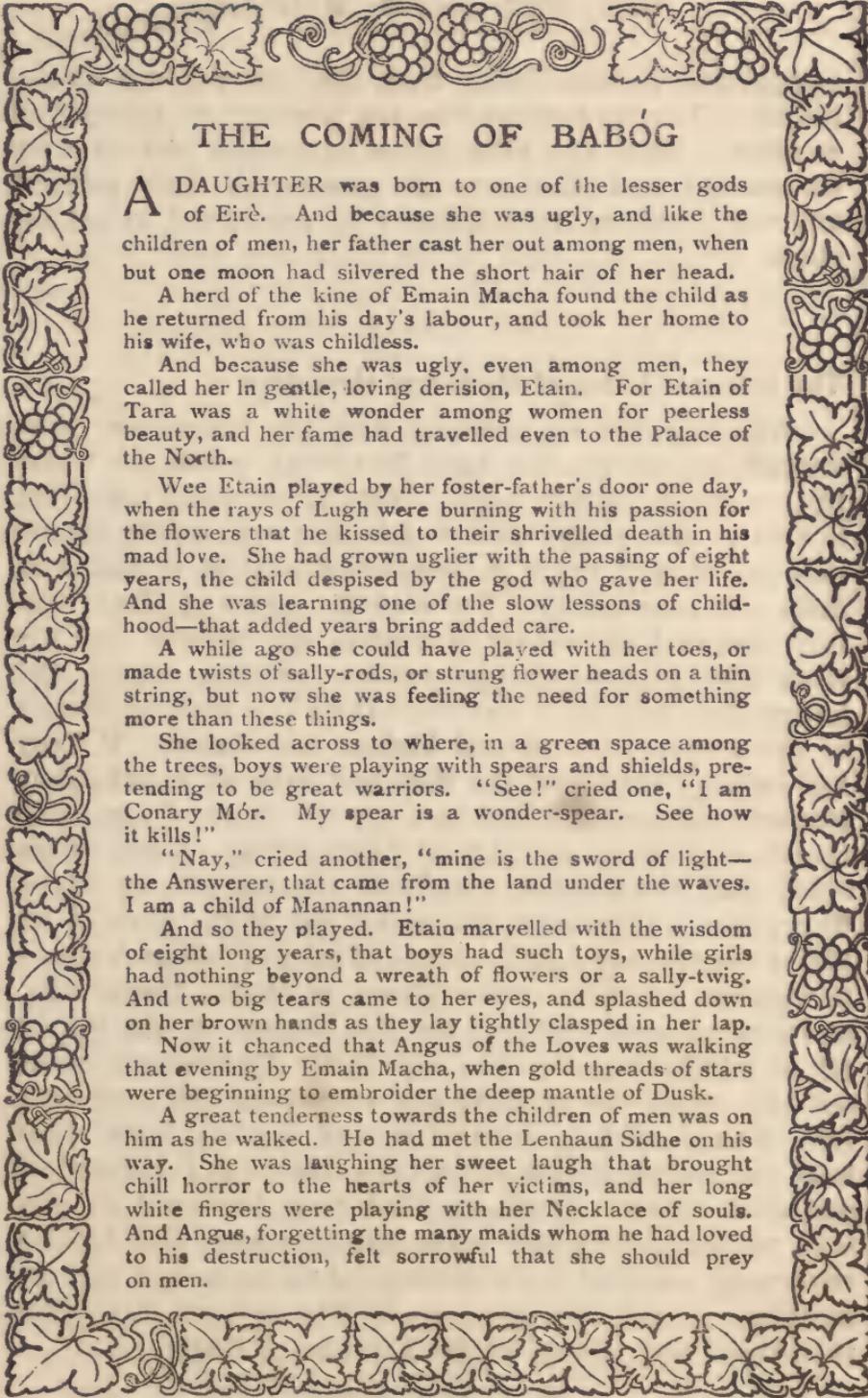
One result of the overthrow of the old kingdom was that sections of the population formerly subject to its rule now rose into prominence in eastern Ulster. It should be noted that among the Celts, as among the Greeks of antiquity and the Italians of the Middle Ages, the instinct of local freedom usually prevailed over the policy of centralisation, and what we may call neighbourhoods, in which the people knew all about each other, so to speak, formed themselves into states for the regulation of their own affairs. The principle was the same as that which measures the areas of local district councils in our time, but the district council of antiquity had all but sovereign powers, and its president was called king. When no invasion by some great external power was feared, and when no need was felt for combination on a large scale for mutual benefits, it is evident that this local autonomy was the national arrangement, and history shows that centralisation of old arose usually either in resistance to foreign aggression or in submission to despotic power,

seldom and perhaps never from the enforced will of the people. Decentralisation was the measure of liberty and security. How the little states of ancient Ireland were constituted, and what was the manner of their political and social system, may properly be considered at a later stage.

The Intrinsic Value of Myth and Hero-lore.

With the fall of Eamhain and the consequent subdivision of Ulster, the fully historical period of Ulster history may be said to begin. This is not to say that what is told of the earlier time is fabulous and wholly uncertain, far from it, but it is doubtless a mixture of fact with fable and uncertainty. Yet even the fables of Ulster history, and of Irish history in general, are realities, and are facts well worth knowing; for the religious myths and imaginative fictions of our forefathers are facts of history of the deepest interest and highest importance. If Troy had never existed, and the Iliad had been all imagination, Homer's poem would still be a greater work of man, and therefore a more real fact of history than all the seven cities that Schliemann uncovered on the site of Ilium. There was a time when those that sat in the glow of an Ulster hearth were familiar with the tales of Conann's tower in Toraigh, of Balar of the Blows, of Macha Mongruadh, of Fearghus mac Leide, of the Red Branch, of the Fiana; all of which, because they are partly fictions, are great realities, being the products and embodying the trade secrets of that which is greatest in man, namely, mind. See how the greatest minds among the Greeks in the grandest period of Greek's greatness filled their immortal theatre with pictures of ancient myth and hero-lore, and devised caskets of material more precious than gems and gold to enshrine ancient tales not more worthy or more wonderful than those that should be the heritage of Ulster.

(To be Continued.)



THE COMING OF BABÓG

A DAUGHTER was born to one of the lesser gods of Eiré. And because she was ugly, and like the children of men, her father cast her out among men, when but one moon had silvered the short hair of her head.

A herd of the kine of Emain Macha found the child as he returned from his day's labour, and took her home to his wife, who was childless.

And because she was ugly, even among men, they called her In gentle, loving derision, Etain. For Etain of Tara was a white wonder among women for peerless beauty, and her fame had travelled even to the Palace of the North.

Wee Etain played by her foster-father's door one day, when the rays of Lugh were burning with his passion for the flowers that he kissed to their shrivelled death in his mad love. She had grown uglier with the passing of eight years, the child despised by the god who gave her life. And she was learning one of the slow lessons of childhood—that added years bring added care.

A while ago she could have played with her toes, or made twists of sally-rods, or strung flower heads on a thin string, but now she was feeling the need for something more than these things.

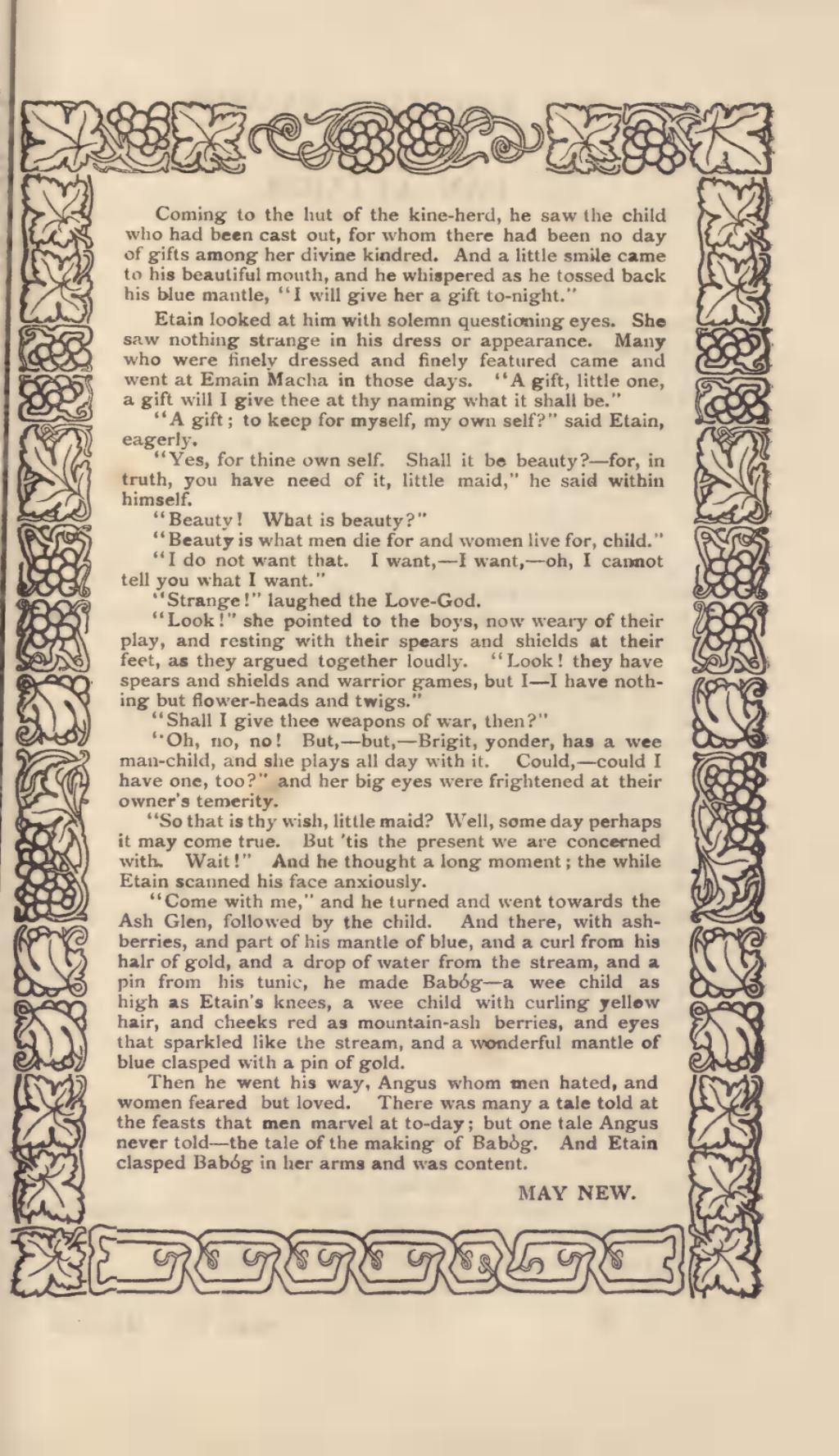
She looked across to where, in a green space among the trees, boys were playing with spears and shields, pretending to be great warriors. "See!" cried one, "I am Conary Mór. My spear is a wonder-spear. See how it kills!"

"Nay," cried another, "mine is the sword of light—the Answerer, that came from the land under the waves. I am a child of Manannan!"

And so they played. Etain marvelled with the wisdom of eight long years, that boys had such toys, while girls had nothing beyond a wreath of flowers or a sally-twigs. And two big tears came to her eyes, and splashed down on her brown hands as they lay tightly clasped in her lap.

Now it chanced that Angus of the Loves was walking that evening by Emain Macha, when gold threads of stars were beginning to embroider the deep mantle of Dusk.

A great tenderness towards the children of men was on him as he walked. He had met the Lenhaun Sidhe on his way. She was laughing her sweet laugh that brought chill horror to the hearts of her victims, and her long white fingers were playing with her Necklace of souls. And Angus, forgetting the many maids whom he had loved to his destruction, felt sorrowful that she should prey on men.



Coming to the hut of the kine-herd, he saw the child who had been cast out, for whom there had been no day of gifts among her divine kindred. And a little smile came to his beautiful mouth, and he whispered as he tossed back his blue mantle, "I will give her a gift to-night."

Etain looked at him with solemn questioning eyes. She saw nothing strange in his dress or appearance. Many who were finely dressed and finely featured came and went at Emain Macha in those days. "A gift, little one, a gift will I give thee at thy naming what it shall be."

"A gift; to keep for myself, my own self?" said Etain, eagerly.

"Yes, for thine own self. Shall it be beauty?—for, in truth, you have need of it, little maid," he said within himself.

"Beauty! What is beauty?"

"Beauty is what men die for and women live for, child."

"I do not want that. I want,—I want,—oh, I cannot tell you what I want."

"Strange!" laughed the Love-God.

"Look!" she pointed to the boys, now weary of their play, and resting with their spears and shields at their feet, as they argued together loudly. "Look! they have spears and shields and warrior games, but I—I have nothing but flower-heads and twigs."

"Shall I give thee weapons of war, then?"

"Oh, no, no! But,—but,—Brigit, yonder, has a wee man-child, and she plays all day with it. Could,—could I have one, too?" and her big eyes were frightened at their owner's temerity.

"So that is thy wish, little maid? Well, some day perhaps it may come true. But 'tis the present we are concerned with. Wait!" And he thought a long moment; the while Etain scanned his face anxiously.

"Come with me," and he turned and went towards the Ash Glen, followed by the child. And there, with ashberries, and part of his mantle of blue, and a curl from his hair of gold, and a drop of water from the stream, and a pin from his tunic, he made Babog—a wee child as high as Etain's knees, a wee child with curling yellow hair, and cheeks red as mountain-ash berries, and eyes that sparkled like the stream, and a wonderful mantle of blue clasped with a pin of gold.

Then he went his way, Angus whom men hated, and women feared but loved. There was many a tale told at the feasts that men marvel at to-day; but one tale Angus never told—the tale of the making of Babog. And Etain clasped Babog in her arms and was content.

MAY NEW.

DÁN ULTAIGH.

I.

A Uladh na Rí 's na gcuradh bhí fíor,
 Nach bréagach go síorruidhe na glorthaí
 Adéarfadh go dtréigféea do shiura go h-éag
 'S go ndíolfá thú féin leis an chrón-Choc ;
 Nach aisteach í ciáll an duine do shilfeadh
 Gur réidhe do shínféa faoi'n níéirdreach,
 Ar siocair gur tú is mó d'fhuiling ó'n bhrúid
 'S is tréine do chruadh-throid i n-a éadan.

II.

Na cneadhthacha dubha d'fhág Gaill ar do ghruaidh,
 Má chuireadas smúid ar do sgéimheacht,
 Ná meastar a choidhche gur shroich siad an croidhe sin
 Is crodha 's is fire i n-Eirinn ;
 A seal ní bhéidh buan ag milleadh do snuadha
 Trath gheobhas tu úrdhacht na sláinte
 O shaothar do dheagh-mhac le fada faoi néal bhí
 Ag cleasaidheacht bhréagach a námhad.

III.

A Ultocha dílse, is mithid daoibh éirghe
 'S a bhreith libh go fíor—thapaidh an lóchraann
 A sgabfas go h-éosgaidh gach mí-ghreann is éad
 Roimhe dheallraidheacha glé-gheala an eolais ;
 An ceo bhí le cianta i n-a luighe ar na tíortha,
 Ag múchadh gan faois eamh gach deagh-rud
 Tógaidh go luath é, 's beirigidh buaidh
 Ar mhailís, 's ar chluain, 's ar éigceart.

IV.

O ghleanntai na Mumhan beidh slóighe ag gluaiseacht,
 O Chonnacht nar bh'fuar i ngéibheann
 'S ó bhántai na Laighean béidh gaisgidhígh ag triall,
 Lá, go bhfuagraidh siad saoirse na h-Eireann,
 'S nuair a thiocfos an uair sin, beidh Ultaigh fíor-chruadha,
 Ar éin-chéim i n-úire a gcáirdis,
 Ag tarrant le géire ar dháil cheart na Feinne,
 'S is rómpa bhéas céad mile fáilte.

SEAN MAC MAOLAIN.

Fiddling Amid the Flames

By Edmund B. Fitzgerald

I.—THE RED HAND SINISTER

England's Devil-Child.

If the history of the past is to be credited, Nero fiddled while Rome burned. The story is not in the least improbable, for another Nero, after an orgy of drumming and defying, returns almost incognito into England to fiddle while an unheroic arson proceeds throughout Belfast in this later day—the burning of convents and sacking of the pitifully poor homes of the Catholic workers of the city. But this time the disintegrators of Ireland, pursuing their blasphemous policy of divide and conquer, have overstepped themselves; and their legislation that laboured to bear a devil-child, a non-existent race distinction in the parts so to bring disunion into the whole of Ireland, is in process of being itself disintegrated. There are visible proofs of it as I write—in the burning dwellings of the workers and the battered bodies prostrate on the streets, from which the souls have been disintegrated by the hail of bullets that sweep along the pavements, or by the crueler ill-usage of iron-shod boots that have mercilessly kicked the life out of the poor victims of this most damnable legislation—and slain and slayer, everyone puppet or prey of the fiddler who fiddles from across the Irish Sea.

The Crucifixion of Humanity and the Resurrection.

In truth, all the world—such as counts itself all the world—seems to have rushed into a wild frenzy of fiddling while the rest burns. A wizard, so-called—the ineffable charlatan of the century, befiddles Britannia, while the last Empire built up by slave-minds on the bodies of men en-

slaved happily falls into a final disintegration. Thus a person in all other senses and appearance abjectly insignificant, becomes the instrument of an all-wise Providence that decrees the destinies of nations and over-rules the ordinances of senates; that brought Israel out of the bondage of Egypt, and that as surely will bring humanity out of the bondage of the inhuman taskmasters of Empire. A Thomas fiddles to drown the doubting voice of his own delusions, while a democracy he would further hold to suppression and deception for his master—a democracy deceived and suppressed during four hundred years, crouches for the spring that shall carry it past the blandishments of wizardry and the cajoleries of a sleek soothsayer into the liberty that it again and at last discerns to be its right and its most ancient inheritance. A Foch plus his cannons counterpoints on the map of Europe, while Russia in Asia and all the democracies of the world in concert string up the instruments that shall play an anthem of universal freedom into the eager ears of oppressed mankind. A Venzelos deputises with the baton of the League of Nations, marching over Thrace with a pantomime strut so homericly fantastical that high Olympus and all the gods must rock with laughter. Another, of most sinister and apt name, defies the sod of empire with the life-blood of a few thousand naked subjects, more or less, but children of seers and sages, in order to save India and its three hundred million souls for an All-Red Route that would girdle the universe in a protective slavery. A Milner shakes a polished Teuton finger at the pyramids of the Pharaohs, expecting them to fall down before him, the resurgent tide of Egyptian nationality, to recede at his command, even as Canute required the ocean to fall back before his supposedly majestic feet, that were not very different from yours or mine, except that they never knew the weariness at the end of every day that the feet of the workers know who have supported an aching body and a doubly aching soul. We are told that our fathers asked a king; and of a surety they were given one who should prove to be a most prolific father of kings, each with a thousand minions in his equi-

page, and everyone above mankind that long has suffered for the treason of the fathers of men against themselves and their descendants. But mankind has done long penance, and the hour of absolution is at hand. All the oppressed peoples of the world—of Fiji, Malta, Quebec, all Africa, the Scotland of Wallace—all wait on the day of deliverance. Larkin in his prison in the Saxon-infected “Land of the Free”; Barton in an English dungeon; the martyrs in their fiery beds behind the prison walls of Manchester, Kilmainham, and Pentonville; the workers of the world beneath the blood-soaked fields of Flanders and the sandy wastes of Gallipoli and Mesopotamia; the spirits of murdered men that hover over the shambles of Amritsar, Calcutta, Colombo and Milton-Malby; the Fenian dead of Hobart and Botany Bay—all the countless millions offered in sacrifice to this most sanguinary God of Empire—all wait the day of deliverance that shall come to the world, rising above the ashes of a thousand Tuams, a thousand Derrys, a thousand Belfasts. And in that day the fiddling that so long bemused mankind, and deluded man into the slaying of his brother-man, shall cease. The strong arm of a persecuted and plundered democracy shall rend the strings in twain, and break the instrument of its torturing in the hands of the player: and he shall play no more; but a happier music shall sound that shall lighten men’s hearts and put dancing into the feet of children, and fill the lips of the workers with song. Women shall sorrow no more for the fate of the unborn child; and the aged shall not reach out blind, weary hands to the tomb. The great ships in the yards of Belfast shall sing, and in the mills the whirring looms shall rejoice. And thus it shall be through all the world in its day of deliverance, and henceforth and forever.

The Crucifixion of Ireland and its Resurrection.

But the workers of Ireland, while visioning faithfully the emancipation of the workers of the world, are necessarily more concerned in the present with the means that shall secure emancipation for themselves and their children.

They have given long trial to the method known as the constitutional, only to find in the end that under this regime their fetters have been riveted more securely upon them than ever. The reason is not far to seek: it is that the constitutionalism to which they subscribed was neither a workers' nor a national constitution. Stripped of ambiguous verbiage, it was a plot devised by the idle rich to break the spirit of the worker and rob him of his birthright in the land and his characteristic nationality. It was a conspiracy to enslave the workers of the world, conceived by the drones, and effected, in so far as it could be effected, by the setting of worker against worker, brother against brother.

As I write, the din of voices in the street is punctuated by the intermittent drumming of machine-gun fire, the spitting of rifles. The sons of English working men, conscribed into a military machine are mowing down the workers of Belfast: and, as though that in itself were not evil enough, one section of the city's workers is doing its worst to destroy and devastate another section. A fortnight ago they worked side by side and amicably at the same bench: to-day they take sides against each other. A fortnight ago they dwelt in neighbourly concord; their wives confided their common sorrows one to other; their little ones played together the same games in the miserable alley to and fro along which they should pass their lives: to-day one-half the little homes lie in ashes, their occupants driven out maimed and without a shelter, to die if they like, to live if they dare. And the Neros who instigated the conflagration and fiddle to the burning? Are they at the head of their deluded levies? Most assuredly they are not; they are busily engaged the one calling the other "his right honourable friend" in the comfortable quarters of constitutionalism. They are well content to leave the workers to strangle each other till the time is ripe for them to return and rivet new and heavier fetters on the enfeebled remnants. So it was that while Gael wrangled with Gael, the Gall stole in, seized the natural wealth of the land and melted it down, paying the thirty pieces—the price of

treachery out of the proceeds of the crucible, and with the remainder bought iron and steel and lead to forge chains to fetter the limbs and bullets to destroy the bodies of the workers of Ireland. Let no section among the workers of Belfast delude itself with the idea that it is assured of a special dispensation of favour from those who would control its destinies. The worker (Northern or Southerner), whatsoever and whomsoever he may be—Protestant or Catholic, Unionist or Nationalist, working-master or workingman—all are fettered in one chain, and all are to be exploited in a common bondage. All are bound in the same gyves that have bitten deep past the festered limbs and into the heart of Ulster and Connaught alike, and that had all but entered into and eaten away the very soul of Ireland. Unionist and Nationalist equally, when, in face of the burning ruins of Dublin, the four parts of the Irish Nation beheld a holier fire ascend and hover over the land—the flame of Liberty that did instantly quicken the national deadness, even as to-day, above the ruins of Belfast, the same refining fire ascends to purge and cleanse the fifth and last part of the Irish Nation. In that day men were stricken dumb. They opened wide their eyes that flickered out of a long night of spell-bound dreaming and of national heresy. They ceased to talk, for before them was the manifestation of deeds, great deeds, for their beholding. And they refused longer to caper to the fiddling of any parliamentary Nero.

The Sword of Ulster.

And the fifth part—the fifth jewel of the casket of Ireland—this Ulster of the thousand kings, of Patrick and Columkille, of Plunkett and of O'Neill? Yet bemused, deafened, bewildered with the senseless drumming of an imported, and, in the clearer vision of the men of Ulster, an all too fictitiously important Nero, this most ancient of provinces, under the glow that hangs over its capital city, begins at long last and again after one hundred years of dismal harlequinade and noisy buffoonery, during which time strong men were dangled like marionettes on leading-

strings, and made to come and go, to do this and that to the foreigners' bidding—after one hundred years of impotence and slavery, the manhood and the womanhood of Ulster, illumined from the fire that ascended out of the embers of Dublin—the same fire that is poised above them to-day—the Star of Liberty that shall stand for evermore in the firmament of Ireland—man and woman begin to ask of each other with bated breath, in wonder and awe: Was it worth while, the burning? Was it seemly in the children of a proud and ancient people, the abjectly undignified and insane capering. Oh, well is the fiddler advised who beffiddles the Men of the North from across the Irish Sea! For the Men of the North are dour men and implacable.

But what is the remedy? Constitutionalism has failed: what shall take its place? I write under the shadow of Cave Hill, whence proceeds an effluence benign and holy—of heroic spirits—the spirits of Ulster's great Dead—of Hope, M'Cracken, Russell, Wolfe Tone. They, with Ireland's dead in every corner of the far world, are waiting, watching through the breaking night. They from Cave Hill, Emmet and Fitzgerald from the hills above Dublin, together with Ireland's million martyred dead, watch and wait through the age-long night of innumerable prayers and supplications.

II.—THE AWAKENING OF ULSTER.

A tame aftermath succeeded a tame, a significantly tame, and, even as it then seemed, an ominously tame Twelfth. So might have been the Twelfths of a little more than a hundred years ago. The workers drooped past blank and bored of expression wandering discontentedly through an enforced and empty week of aimless idling, without any real relaxation from work in the present or hope of holiday in the future. I watched them gather about the corners with dull eyes dumbly questioning in the smoke of their pipes, was it worth while? was any of it worth while? could anything at all be worth while? What had the drumming and marching to a windy whirl

of platitudes — a mere series of nothings effected? Just nothing! Their children were growing up to feed the master's loom, to hammer nails for so much per week, that would leave their bodies just less than dead, scorched and shrivelled under a burning taxation. To all this there could be but one answer. I heard it; and it was heard across the Irish Sea. It was such an answer as must be immediately silenced; the workers must again be bemused with the fiddles and drums of empire, the song of the Boyne and King William of the Netherlands, the Pope, and all the rest of the raucous old fanfare, or the inevitable answer, leaping from mouth to mouth, from street to street, from Antrim to Donegal, would shake with its tumult the four mountains of Ireland, and the hand that had seized on and held in its vice the throats of Leinster and Munster, Connaught and Ulster through nearly eight hundred years would wither away forever from the body of Ireland.

Witchcraft—Black Magic.

Then an old tune was revived. A seductive music was played *sotto voce* into the ears of one section of the workers of Belfast, thus:—

“ **Protestant Workers of Belfast, your poor little children** would have twice as much sugar in their tea if those others were driven away from the share that should be yours. Don't drive them away because they are Catholics; that would nauseate these stomachless English: let the pretext be that they are disloyal, and may therefore soon be devouring your sugar as well as the part an un-patriotic and ungrateful English Government accords them equally with you. And, fellow-Protestants of Belfast, you would be earning twice as much, and your income-tax might be only half as heavy, if these Papishes were dropped into the dock. But don't drop them into the dock because they are Papishes; that might offend my Lord of Denbigh and Colonel Archer-Shee: let the Scriptures be your warrant: does it not say that cleanliness is next to godliness? Then drop them into the dock because they are Irish, and

are therefore dirty: it is a righteous work withal, for those that don't get drowned may be brought out nearly as clean and godly as you."

This old-hundred air always ends with the Doxology: and ere the Doxology is ended blood is running on the streets of Belfast, and the firing and looting of the poor little homes of the Catholic workers of the city is proceeding apace. Meanwhile, far across the Irish Channel may be descried the line of smoke that marks the course of the swift-receding Larne boat. The fiddler is retreating on London, unconscious that more than one dour eye is gazing after him with an expression sinister and ominous. Fiddler! you will need find some new strings for your bow, for these are sadly frayed and grievously outworn; and the old tunes become woefully stale.

The Breaking of the Spell.

Yes, the Men of the North are dour men, and silent in their strength; they are also implacable in their wrath. Their strength is that of a horse, and well their masters have known it; but in their dormant hearts is the volcanic fury of the Irish wolf-hound. This thing their masters have hardly suspected; nor will they wait to know its manifestation; for these men when they speak, speak with the eye and the hand—the strong hand that wields the hammer, the steady eye that strikes directly and true to the middle; they are men of fierce and not entirely unreasoning antipathies: and they are men who have suffered in their day, with the rest of the men of Ireland, and, nearly enough, for the same causes and from the same hands.

Now they approach almost unconsciously and touch to the final hour of a century of muscularly purposeful and mentally purposeful drumming: and they begin to see with a very clear vision that all the effort was theirs and all the effect another's. The reflection of the fires of Dublin and of Flanders, and the shadow of the gallows of Cornmarket are smiling suddenly into their eyes. They see that it is ever the same Nero fiddling from a distant security to the hanging of their fathers. They see their Ulster, their Ireland—they are their Ulster and Ireland too—they will tell

you so, would fight you for it if you denied it, as suddenly and as inveterately as their fathers fought for it at the Boyne—they see their Ulster soon to be burning with the rest of Ireland. No time for the niceties of debate and the amenities of constitutional vapourings with them once they begin to move! For them all subtleties of syntax—the terminological inexactitudes and unmitigated lying of parliamentarism resolve into terms of taxation, all sophistries of suzerainty when it demands tribute into means to escape it. They desire to be comfortable in life, and very rightly so; and to ensure comfort and a sufficient competence for their wives and children—for Death is no respecter of persons when the Protestant or Catholic workman falls headlong in the dry-dock.

The Sleeper Awakes.

They begin to see that every worker, irrespective of creed or politics, is born in much the same way, exists through some fifty years in much the same poverty, at much the same toiling, that they, everyone, die amid much the same squalor, and are together forgotten altogether as the countless millions who preceded them. What, then, can matter laws to the worker, except it be the law of Liberty? What matter any mode of language except it be the gaiety of heart and laughter that proceeds of content and happiness? No time with such for idle wasting in vain quibbling over theories, the splitting of hairs over inexactitudes of case other than that of the genitive particular, the one case that is for them, though there should be many heads to split in its practical and just application—the one demonstrable case of the worker's right to a sufficient part in the proceeds of his labour, and to a complete liberty in the disposal of his person—in fine, the Liberty ordained to him—such a Liberty as many an Antrim man and good Protestant, own brother to themselves, has known to die for upon an English gallows. And many are the ghostly halters, their chains clanking in the gusty nights, their corpses swaying in the chequered starlight, that stand out upon the countryside through Protestant Antrim—demon-

strable history for an Ulster eye to see, an Ulster ear to hear, an Ulster arm to avenge! And for such a Liberty many a good Presbyterian of the North is ready to bare the arm, and, as his brothers before him, will be ready and proud to yield up an undaunted spirit into the embrace that folds Protestant and Catholic alike into a perfect and everlasting Freedom denied to them here. Aye, in the crucial hour that is opening fatefully for all Ireland such will fight again and right manfully, and will die, if need be, but he will overtake the Liberty his fathers died for, the Liberty his soul desires, if not to be enjoyed of himself, then to be the assured and rightful inheritance of his children and his children's children for ever. Nor will he stay to inquire if at last they shall be Catholic or Protestant, but only if they shall be free and not bond; for only freedom matters to the worker wherever he may be, the awaking worker of Belfast begins to sense, in his stolid but humanly accurate reasoning, since, argues he, all true fidelity to God and all good government among men proceed of themselves and of Freedom, and are essentially one and the same thing. Do you ask, you people, who are strangers to the North, is bondage less galling to the Unionist than to the Nationalist? Come as the writer did and live among the workers of Belfast, and you shall speedily learn that it is not. And these men are well worth the knowing. Hard and uncouth exteriorally, their hearts are as big as any in Ireland; and their hands, if a little less ready to grasp that of the stranger, when once they grasp, grasp with the warmth that proceeds of a great and generous heart; and their hands are not lightly withdrawn. Or do you ask if an alien taxation rests lighter on the shoulders of a Northern Protestant than on those of a Southern Catholic? Ask the island worker or the tramway man; or, for that matter, the linen-lord or the tobacco magnate. Mark his eye and his brow on the day he receives the foreigners demand for a levy on his hard-gotten wages or his easy-gotten profits, as the case may be ; for, alas, the easy-gotten profits is ever one of the grinding resultants where income-taxes provide princes with palaces :

and peasants with poorhouses. Hear him growl when he reads the haughty challenge of his over-lords: Pay—or be paid!

The Broken Men bear Witness against Anti-Christ.

But that you might probe to the very kernel of the mind of the Ulster of to-day, ask the Volunteer of 1913 who came back from Flanders at the end—not the official termination, mark you, of the war—and there remain some few existing of the few who did come back—ask any one of them—I should more correctly say, the half of any one of them—for most brought back only the half of the body and of the four lusty limbs they carried away with them—ask him to tell you how upon the return of the maimed half of him he found his place completely possessed by a complete Englishman—one of the quasi-aristocratic “refugees,” the like of whom swarmed into Belfast when conscription loomed imminent in England, and who now stick to all the easy and profitable jobs like old men of the sea on the backs of the workers, or blood-suckers on the vitals of soft-shelled crabs—let him tell you how he relishes the sight of these white-livered eldest-born of English squires and mayors and half-pay majors: ask him if the blank ingratitude of the shifting and sycophantic merchant-prince, Protestant and Unionist like himself, reconcile him to the loss in youth of limbs or eyesight; if the semi-starvation that is worse than mortal hunger may not be as clamant at the stomach of a deluded Ulster Volunteer as at any other man’s. And, lastly, ask him, was his betrayer the Catholic workman whose pitiful little home is lying reduced to smouldering ashes to-day, who himself was similarly betrayed by a like cajolery for a like plundering: or, rather, ask him was it not the Protestant landlord who, not satisfied to have robbed both him and his Catholic fellow-working man of a common birthright in their native soil, and in the possession of their strong limbs, now proceeds to rob him of the wherewithal to live, callously flinging him out to beg along the Catholic countryside so that yet more room may be made for the relations of the elegant

and suave Englishman, more discreet than valorous. Poor deluded Irishmen of the North! And though you burn the little homes of your Catholic fellow-sufferers, you shall not beg in vain along the countryside of Catholic Ireland; nor, while a Catholic peasant shall remain in possession of a mud-cabin, shall you lie of nights without a roof to shelter your broken bodies and your poor afflicted minds, distorted with a gas infinitely more poisonous, a thousand times more insidious than any gas ever invented out of the evil genius of the empire-mind of English or German militarist.

The Dead Inspire the Living.

Slavery, starvation, hunger—think you, such men can much longer have any stomach left for the fiddlings and drummings of the Twelfths by which they were bemused and betrayed? for the platitudes and the calvinistic threnodies of mournful theologians who preach them hell for desiring liberty? or for the aftermaths that are the visible manifestations of the invisible and bloody-minded Nero who inspires them, who, shorn of but a single letter, is the incarnation of the arson that rages along the back streets of Belfast? To believe such a libel on humanity were to deny the existence of that Providence that is shaping the destinies of mankind to an earthly freedom as complete and perfect as anything of earth may be. More burnings, more woundings and dyings there may yet be; but in the end a common sorrow and affliction shall unite the workers of the North, who will coalesce with the workers of the world. Already, though unconsciously, the ear of the Protestant worker of Belfast is irrevocably turned toward the voices of his martyred Protestant brothers that call to him from the sacred and immemorial hill that overlooks his city. Like a child he is imbibing from them (whilst yet against his will) a learning that shall offer him the sole remedy for the ills under which he has long laboured, and which to-day loom up like mountains amid a miasmal gloom, threatening to fall upon him and annihilate him and his children for ever.

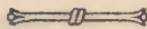
The Night, the Dawn, and the New Day.

Out of Cave Hill breaks like the first ray of dawn the promise of a happier morrow that shall be for him and for his children till the end of time. And the vials of scorn and condemnation poured out by Ulster's heroic dead upon that gross materialism and greedy pantheism that would set itself up as Christianity over a new and horrid world of its own devising. Even unto Ulster the voices yet sound from the historic past of Cave Hill into the present. Misery and agony, want and despair stagger and grope through the smouldering back ways of the city, and that shall sound into eternity—the same vials are filling with like scorn and indignation for a condemnation soon to be poured out in an irrepressible and inexorable utterance by voices whose accent is that of the voices that speak out of Cave Hill—the Voices of Ulster's Protestant and martyred Dead.

Returned broken in England's wars; thrown into the gutters of their native land to beg of the aliens who fill their place and purloin their small substance, the Men of the North begin at length to realise that England's message to Ulster to-day is identical with the message of hate she has sent to Ireland through seven centuries—that Ulster, too, may go beg or hang with Connaught, but the England of Westminster and the House of Lords shall batten on the Irish worker, Catholic or Protestant, Unionist or Nationalist. To-day he runs amok, like a long tortured and infuriated beast, knowing not friend from enemy, seeing nothing before him. To-morrow he will stand and think: and who shall doubt of the answer he will hurl back into the teeth of Ireland's inveterate and age-long enemy? What other answer can there be for England from the long-deluded and at length awakening worker of the North than that given by his Protestant brothers before him—the answer that Cave Hill and the Mountains of Wexford flung across the Irish Sea from the maimed throats of Protestant and Catholic martyr alike—their unequivocal No to anything less than the complete Liberty that is the Law under which mankind is subject only to the Sovereign Goodness that created man and gave to him the wide world to be to

him and to his children's children in everlasting possession while time should be. Thus Ulster, together with the four-fifths of Ireland, turns a deaf ear to the music of the charmer that ever lured to slavery and destruction, and listens to the voices of his brothers that out of the past sing him the anthem of Liberty and salvation—of a Freedom without licence, in whose benign law is an unfettered Living.

The burnt hovels of Belfast are an augury of homes that shall house the workers in comfort; their ashes shall drift away on the winds and be forgotten in an everlasting unity and concord of brother with brother, even as the blood on the streets of Belfast, the one red blood of Catholic and Protestant mingling, flowed back again in one common stream into the soil of the common Motherland to water the seed from which is destined to spring up the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, of justice and of liberty, in a garden of peace, from which the last serpent that ever shall drag its foetid length through a favoured land shall be eternally banished. And thus she that long lay dead shall be alive again, and all the joy long lost be for evermore found.



BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Evolution of Sinn Fein," by Professor R. M. Henry, 6/-; "An Irish Commonwealth," by Dalta, 6/-; "The Fire Bringers," by Moirin A. Cheavasa, 1/-—from the Talbot Press. "A Song of the Open Road," by Z. J. M'Quilland, 3/-; "The Day," by C. E. Young, 3/6—from Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Co.

"Thyrea and other Sonnets" (seventh edition), by John Ferguson; 1/6 boards, 1/- paper. "In the Shadows," by John Gray, with an Introduction by John Ferguson, 1/6 boards, 1/- paper—from Messrs Andrew Melrose, Ltd., London.

"The Bolshevik Theory," by R. W. Postgate, 7/6. "The Taint in Politics, 7/6. "Ireland a Nation," by Robert Lynd, 7/6—from Messrs Grant Richards, London.

"The Sonnets of the Lady of the Garden," by Ethna Kavanagh, 2/6—from Messrs Heath, Cranton & Co., London.

Books for Review to be sent to—

The Literary Editor, Irish Book Shop, Dawson Street, Dublin.

REVIEWS

HOW SINK FEIN CAME.

"The Evolution of Sinn Fein," by Robert Mitchell Henry (pp. 284). Talbot Press. 5/-.

Professor Henry's study of Sinn Fein goes up to the General Election of 1918, and then stops, leaving Sinn Fein, as it were evoluted, and firmly in the Irish saddle. The year and a half that have passed since then have been in many ways the most interesting and the most vital of the history of Sinn Fein, but they belong to the historian who will write the complete history, rather than to him who is concerned with its evolution.

Within the limits which he set himself, Professor Henry has written a book which is almost faultless. It was written "above the battle," but he has written primarily as an Irishman, and his account of the evolution of Sinn Fein is all the more valuable because his first feelings are apparent rather in his understanding of things which no foreigner could understand than in any colouring of facts. He has consulted every source of information with regard to Sinn Fein, including all the Sinn Fein and Republican papers of the pre-war period, the "execrable little rags" of Mr. Redmond's fury, and in the result he has written a story which is surprisingly animate in perspective.

In one particular he displays a true instinct for historical evolution. He sees in the establishment of Irish Freedom and the Wolfe Tone Clubs "the movement which eventually drove out of Sinn Fein the idea of the re-establishment of the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland under the Constitution of 1782 and replaced it by that of an Irish Republic." When the time comes that the story of Irish Freedom can be written in full, that view will be abundantly confirmed. But it was not alone the beginning of the Republic, it was also the beginning of the Insurrec-

tion of 1916. "Irish Freedom," by the way, was a monthly paper, not fortnightly, as Professor Henry records.

Like everybody who has written of Sinn Fein without inside knowledge, Professor Henry credits Labour with a great deal more to do with Sinn Fein evolution in the pre-Easter Week day than it actually had. Not until after the shooting of James Connolly did Labour begin to count at all in Sinn Fein evolution. And in one other respect Professor Henry misses the kernel of the situation. He gives a very valuable account, as coming from a Belfast man on the spot, of the whole connection of the "Ulster" movement with recent Irish history. He has no illusions about it, and his judgment generally is sound. But in crediting "Ulster" with wrecking the chances of a settlement by consent in the pre-Easter Week days he is saddling the wrong horse. The strength of "Ulster" does not lie in its beliefs, or in its leadership, but in the fact that England has never wanted a settlement by consent in Ireland. She does not want it now. The whole "Ulster" movement was organised with the connivance of Mr. Asquith's party, against whom it was supposed to be directed. The real point about the "Ulster" movement is this, that it will remain obdurate so long as it has England at its back, and no longer. If England were to withdraw her army from Ireland to-morrow, and declare that "Ulster" must settle up her own quarrel herself, there would be a settlement by consent in a week.

These, however, are only minor things in a fine book. It expresses the main facts about Sinn Fein cogently, impartially, and fully documented, in a way in which no study by an avowed Sinn Feiner could. And it can be very heartily recommended as the best account of Sinn Fein for one who wants to get at the actual facts of its evolution. I may, perhaps, be excused for adding that my own little book, "Sinn Fein: An Illumination," should be read with it, as giving a clearer historical perspective of the movement.

P. S. O'HEGARTY.

MINOR POETS.

"A Song of the Open Road, and other Verses," by Z. J. M'Quilland (pp. 71). Heath Cranton. 3/-.

"The Day, and other Poems," by C. E. Young (pp. 32). Heath Cranton. 3/6.

Mr. M'Quilland is an Ulsterman who has made his way in London journalism, and in his time has done all sorts of literary work. This collection of his verses is introduced by a "proem" by G. K. Chesterton and a preface by Cecil Chesterton. Now there are only two possible reasons for a book of new poetry being introduced thus, with heavy artillery behind it—one, that the book is very good and justifies special attention being done to it; the other, that it is so bad that otherwise nobody will look at it. In Mr. M'Quilland's case neither theory will fit, for the book is neither bad enough for the one hypothesis nor good enough for the other. Its verse is journalese, quite good of its kind, but facile, easy, and ephemeral. Mr. M'Quilland takes the easy road to rhymed verse, and does not write very hard at it. The mass of it is, certainly, at least as good as similar verse done by the minor poets of England, but save for two poems wherein the Insurrection of 1916 moved the author, there is no reason why the book should ever have been published. There is in this, for instance, something more than the dry bones of minor verse:—

There is a land where hope is green,
Exultant in the Eastern sky.
Flashes of dawn whose golden sheen
Shall fall where Tone and Emmet lie.
The brave hearts sleep, they cannot die;
They speak to all with deathless tongue
Who serve the cause with purpose high
Within the country of the young.

And in "Resurgam" Mr M'Quilland touches the deepest note in the book. 1916 brought him, as it brought many another Irishman, out of the routine ruts of journalism into vitality, and with others he also prophesies a new dawn.

Did you think, O partisan, this was the lesson that history taught you—

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, crude code of a barbarous age?

Did you think that the wisdom evolved from the cycles chaotic had brought you

To a time when our island page should be read as a gospel of hate on a blood-measured page?

Yet surely a time shall come when, out of disunion united,

Welded together as links of a chain that is strong to bind and endure,

Before the eyes of a wondering world a mighty pledge shall be plighted,

And a nation of nations shall rise of her sons allied, in her children's love secure.

Miss Young's book consists of poems "inspired" by the war, and as such they are now mostly of little appeal. The first poem, "The Day," is not without a certain imaginative force, but the whole structure and setting of the poem are mechanical, and whole pieces of it are clearly prose. For instance:—

The lonely god shone o'er the lonely sea
And, baffled, wondered in a helpless maze
What fury and what terror lay beneath
The silent moss; and then the great one's words
Came back to him, and still he strove to shine;
But many a weary league he lonely went
Before the melting white gave here and there
A fleeting glimpse of earth, and wonder cities,
In arid deserts, and the lovely green
Which hugged slow rivers conscious of their power.

On the whole, one could say that Miss Young has little poetic faculty, but one could judge more clearly were it not that most of these poems are poems of the external order rather than of the internal order. "The Crank," which is a common or garden poem, not a war poem, is better on the whole than the general level of the others.—B. W. J.

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October, 1920.

THE RED HAND MAGAZINE

‘If a man will plant himself on his instincts, the great world will come round to him.’—*Emerson*.

An Irishman’s instincts must lie embedded in the soil of the Land that bore him. To know his own instincts he must know the traditions of that soil and speak the language of that soil.

COURAGE.

“Courage consists not in hazarding without fear, but being resolutely minded in a just cause.”—*Plutarch*.

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The Red Hand Magazine

Editorial

OUR POLICY.

The success that has attended the first issue of the Red Hand Magazine, and the many encouraging letters of praise and thanks received from its Readers, justify the hope entertained by its Promoters, that inspired them to place before the Public in general, and the Irish at home and abroad in particular, a definite policy whereby the difficulties that presently prevail in the lesser part of Ulster, difficulties that proceed mainly from misunderstanding and misconception, might by a frank discussion be shown to be but the simplest of problems, whose very simplicity had heretofore nonplussed those who had sought a solution whose difficulty might be expected to be as real as the problem was, in effect, imaginary. Not that we intend to under-rate the difficulties that manifestly exist: but, having appraised them at their real value, we find ourselves equipped with the courage required to set against them such arguments as shall prove every difficulty capable of solution.

We shall not alone assert, but we shall demonstrate that every domestic difficulty that promotes disaffection in Ireland admits of adjustment, provided that patience and goodwill have their due part in the process of adjusting these differences.

We shall show that the refractoriness of the son proceeds in some measure from laxity on the part of the parent in his generations, whether by minimising the redeeming qualities of the son, thus giving undue regard to his faults, or by spoiling, or by whatsoever means these domestic differences have arisen. We shall confront these

matters boldly, not sparing praise or blame where either is necessary. Nor shall we altogether blame the faults and shortcomings that may justly be deemed to proceed from an excusable ignorance in those who differ with us nationally, without ascribing to ourselves, as units in the Irish Nation, due blame for as much as we, and the Irish Nation in general, have lacked heretofore, by ignoring or neglecting the only and obvious remedy that is to be found, in the educating of those who have been allowed to remain ignorant in the proud truths of Nationality.

We shall proceed, starting from the standpoint that every man, without regard to in how much he may differ from us, is more good than bad, and may readily be made susceptible to good rather than bad influences; that in many respects we as a Nation have often shown ourselves less the true sons of Erin than we ought to have done.

Having, then, taken the measure of our own faults and shortcomings, we find ourselves indisposed to quarrel with any man as such, but with the evil influences that have rendered the men of our Nation less manly in national spirit than any Irishman ought to be: and proceeding thence, we shall seek to become humble advisers to our northern, aye, and our southern brothers in all things that go to the making of the complete Irishman; and the more humbly indeed in that we have been made aware of our own defects, and are not without reproach in that we have yet failed to attain to the perfect stature of the complete man and Irishman.

Yet, having proceeded some way along the path that leads to this desirable end, we shall seek to extend the hand of good-fellowship to all those who, differing from us, lag behind on the same irrevocable way for all Irishmen, endeavouring both by persuasion, and by example, to lead them into a nobler, a more national habit of thought and living.

We expect rebuffs, and these we shall meet with endurance and the patience and fraternal spirit that most swiftly dissipate every difficulty that proceeds from a mere misunderstanding among brothers. Neither are we unprepared for a few hard blows, should they come: and

these we shall meet and counter in a manner becoming Irishmen, and in such sort that every mistaken dissentient shall be inspired with a meet respect, albeit grudgingly accorded, for us.

Persuaded that the gospel we preach is the gospel entire of National Truth, we shall preach it fearlessly and untiringly, desiring to give no offence: yet if it offend, we shall continue to preach it nevertheless; for such offence can proceed only from notions as mistaken as unreasonable, that themselves will give way, or can be removed before a sufficiently determined front: and this we shall show and maintain.

This gospel we shall preach through the pages of the Red Hand Magazine: but where there are those who will not read us, the same shall hear us—for we shall go out on the highways and byways, our great message to declare—that as surely as the People of Ireland constitute a sovereign Nation, so surely are the People of Ulster an integral part of it. And wheresoever this gospel is denied or its truth disputed we will prove it conclusively and directly out of the history of Ireland and of that sovereign Province of Ireland that calls itself by the proud and ancient name of Ulster: and we shall further prove it, and as conclusively, out of world-history, and out of the true and ungarbled history of England itself.

We shall go forth as missionaries throughout Ulster and the four provinces of Ireland, through Scotland and England, among friends and enemies, and expound this gospel that is as true for the Ulsterman as for his southern and Scottish brother, and for the men of all peoples and nations, wherever the seeds of disunion have been set among the democracies of the world by the persecuting hand of princes, the disrupting hand of Domination. We shall carry neither scrip nor food, satisfied securely to rest on the staff of unquestionable Truth, finding there all to our need and to the need of those to whom we shall address ourselves.

We shall work for the overthrowing of all institutions, and to render ineffectual every influence inimical to the

true prosperity, the bodily and mental well-being, of **men**, whether they be the Men of Ulster, or whomsoever **they** shall be, fully persuaded that the well-being of the Ulster-man is as dependent upon the well-being of his southern brother, as the well-being of every Irishman is dependent upon the well-being of the Commonalty of Mankind.

Thus we shall strive to such a settlement of **the** domestic differences in Ulster as shall involve a **world-settlement**: for to believe that a united Ireland could **abide** in peace in the midst of a world made disunited and **ever** at war were a delusion as culpable as absurd.

Nevertheless, in so far as goodwill in Ulster would **tend** to promote a universal goodwill in which all Ireland would have part, we shall firstly devote ourselves to **promoting** such a spirit in the part that it may thus extend **itself** finally throughout the whole.

Nor are we alone in visioning a world again made **in** reality safe for a real world-democracy. Many in various places have visioned the same happy state of being, **and** together with us are striving toward the same happy end **of** strife, where man shall no more malign, injure, and **slay** his brother-man at the bidding of such another as **himself**, greater only by reason of his infinitely greater knavishness, meaner in effect by reason of his infinite meanness.

If such a vision were indeed but a vision, it is yet **more** beautiful than the present reality. But we believe, **having** such a faith in Man as proceeds from an intimate **understanding** of all that Man may be, and was intended to **be**, that this we vision in the present in the very **Reality of** that we foresee for the morrow, that is as irrevocable **and** as sure as the dawn that follows darkness—the dawning of the Day of Liberty that shall light the world from **its** long night of anguish in the bondage of kings.

Such is the gospel that shall be lifted up, a flaming **torch** in the Red Hand, to light Ulster into liberty, a Hand that is reaching out through the darkness to the grasp of a thousand such hands, that, together joined, shall encircle the whole world in an embrace of peace and amity, and a true prosperity and happiness; in fine, into a **Fellowship**

of Men where all shall dwell together in concord, Ulster with the three sister-provinces, the workers of Ireland with those of England and Scotland, and these with the workers of the world.

Have not the afflictions heaped upon Man by men been heavy, and protracted beyond enduring? Have not men hungered too long in a world of plenty, where ten thousand are made to starve that one may satiate his detestable and horrid gluttony? Is it not sufficient at last, the sum of the countless millions of the children of the workers born into a legislated slavery, that the children of the drones, instinct with the same desire to heap affliction on the world, fulfilled with the same gluttonous and bloody appetite for the bodies of men, may possess the earth, insignificant and few though they be? Is not the moment come when such a travesty of legislation, such a soulless and impertinent denial and abrogation of right and justice be shown to be the illegal and unrighteous thing it is?

THECEL.

This the Red Hand shall do—the thousand Red Hands that are again writing upon the walls of the festal-chamber of the modern Bel-Sarrusar the same doom that befell the charnal-empire of Babylon the Forgotten.

Thou who dost muchly boast to scan the lore
Of Greece and Rome, that gathered in the earth
To empire—that as sphinxes sprang to birth,
Ravaged their while, and now are nevermore;
Learn here in this too pungent metaphor
Whereof Bel-Sarrusar learned, when, high with mirth,
The writing gave him sentence, drove him forth
Into the night forever: and lo! thine hour.

Mark the accusing hand that swift doth write!
The fateful writing! ‘Bid the dance progress!
Beat loud the drums! and let the music sound
Yet higher! Blot the writing from Our sight!
Sever the hand!’ Yet—in the balances
Thou hast been weighed, and thou art wanting found!

With the Sword of History we smite; with the Lamp of Knowledge we fill the dark places of the world with an ancient and wonderful Light. We bring you glad songs that you shall sing in your gladness; a faith that shall make steady your feet along the precipitous paths of the wilderness. And we shed you a sustaining manna that shall support you, long aweary and heart-sick, into a Land that shall flow with milk and honey for all the time that men shall remain true to the nobler instincts of Man, that shall be graven on the tablets of Time for an everlasting promise and commandment—that, possessed with the spirit of a true and noble fraternity, man shall serve man; and, in loving his neighbour as himself, all men shall dwell together in unity in one household, whereover Peace shall brood as a dove, and wherein shall be plenteousness of all good things for evermore.

CAVE HILL.

When you shall linger through the glens
 In dear suspense of youth's young love,
 The stars above in silver mood
 Of solitude; step lightly light,
 For many a night hath seen them pass
 Along the grass who sweetly rolled
 The thread of gold 'twixt heart and heart,
 And lived, and loved, and died.

And when you wander up the hills
 By trinkling rills and mosses green
 With in between a buttercup
 Light lifting up her golden vase
 To bended face o'er daisy white
 As summer night of stars; the voice
 On silence poise, for one stood here
 A sorrowing Queen beside.

Oh, if my tongue might tell the grace
 Of her dear face, her lashèd eyes
 Down-drooped, her sighs, her tearfulness
 While she did press his lips a-bloom
 With martyrdom! Grows old, the tale;
 And my lips fail with telling it:
 Thus is it writ: He loved—he died:
 And she weeps satisfied.

PEADAR POL

Ulster in Exile : The Founding of the United States.

By F. J. Bigger, M.R.I.A.

Editor of the "Ulster Journal of Archæology"; Author
of "The Northern Leaders in '98."

**Ulster has suffered more by emigration than any
other part of Ireland.**

What of those who were driven from Ulster across the ocean, the "wild geese" of the north; the many thousands, tens of thousands, who were exiled from the land they had thought to live and die in? They were of the Gaelic race; had immigrated to Scotland from Ireland, and returned again, and were now forced to found that greater Ireland beyond the seas. In exile their wrath against the cruel treatment they had received in Ireland never cooled. Like the burning indignation, almost hatred, of the Irish driven to America in the famine years that we know of in more recent days, it was long in dying out. It grew, and grew, and came to a head at the revolution. Many English and Scotch settlers in America sided with the crown at that time, but no Irish were known to do so.

**Protestant and Catholic join hands against the
common enemy.**

Whether they came from the south or the north, whether Protestant or Catholic, they were perfectly unanimous in their common hatred, and their sole desire was to strike a deadly blow against that tyranny in their new land from which they and their forefathers had suffered at home. At Bunker's Hill, at Germantown, and at Yorktown, where the Ulster Irish carried all before them, they wiped out some of their sufferings when in Derry, Antrim, Armagh and Down. The Pennsylvania regiments, largely composed of Ulstermen like Henry Knox and Anthony Wayne, bear a record not easily beaten in the whole of the long campaign of the revolution. The artillery of Knox, the bayonets of Wayne, the rifles of Morgan rise up with glory

time and again during that eventful period. Stony Point was captured by an Irish rush, when the British ships were glad to slip their anchors and get safely away, although the fight was only on land, and the Irishman Barry had as yet, no American navy to command respect. Time and again we read of the bravery of Robinson, the gallantry of Stewart, the ability of Montgomery, and the chivalry of Thompson, all of Ulster stock, in the crush of angry hostilities. William Maxwell raised a whole battalion of infantry; John Dunlap, also an Ulsterman, first printed the declaration of independence, and subscribed £4,000 to the war funds. The Ulstermen unanimously stood to the American army in cash, not what they could spare, but every single dollar they possessed. If a Derry man or an Antrim man or a Down man was worth 5,000 dollars he subscribed 5,000 dollars. That was not business, it was sentiment—hard, bitter, cruel sentiment, and a deep-down determination to stand or fall by the destruction of British power in America. Such were the feelings of these Ulstermen in America towards the Government which had driven them from Ireland, or had stood by and seen undertakers do so, backed up by all “the forces of law and order.” Such an impulse throbbed in the hearts of John M’Clure and his “Chester Creek Rocky Irish,” a set of sturdy North Carolina farmers, of Ulster extraction, and thrilled in the breast of the Rev. James Caldwell, “the fighting parson,” and the Rev. John Craighead, of Chambersburg, two Presbyterian Ulster worthies, and men like Dr. Cochrane and William M’Crea and Andrew Pickens. William Gregg commanded at Bennington, whilst Col. John White led on many heights. When Washington’s army was starving at Valley Forge, M’Clenachan subscribed £10,000; Sharp Delaney from Monaghan put up £5,000; John Murray of Belfast added £6,000; John Donaldson of Dungannon gave £2,000, as did James Caldwell; George Campbell of Stewartstown added £2,000, and another Caldwell, Samuel, added £1,000; John Nesbitt subscribed £5,000. Nor does this end the list, but enough is here given to show the spirit of Ulstermen when Washington’s army was almost compelled to leave the field.

Eight names of Ulstermen are subscribed to the Declaration of Independence; one, Charles Thompson, was "perpetual Secretary of the Continental Congress." John Hancock, the first signer and president of Congress, was of Ulster stock. Thomas MacKean and Thomas Nelson, of a Strabane family, also signed. Other names are noted: James Moore of Lurgan; Rev. John Murray and John Brown, both of Antrim; Ephriam Blaine of Donegal; Hugh Holmes, William Erskine, Robert Rainey, Alexander Nesbitt, Oliver Pollock, Samuel Carson, and many others—all well-known Ulster names.

Pledge Signed by Ulster Protestants.

These had all pledged themselves:—"We do hereby solemnly engage and promise that we will, to the utmost of our power, at the risque of our lives and fortunes, with arms oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American colonies." "To avoid oppression and cruel bondage," and "to shun persecution and designed ruin," these people had gone forth from Ireland; and so they determined to run no further risks that way on American soil. In one place these Ulstermen decreed, regarding English loyalists, "that nothing may ever be done for those infernal wretches by this state further than to provide a gallows, halter and hangman, for every one that dare to show their vile countenances amongst us." There never was in England's history such a comparatively obscure set of men who dealt her such a blow, and that deliberately. It was the Ulster emigrants, many of them hearts of steel, who supplied Washington with his best troops. They crowded into the army, and wherever any wavering or uncertain note in the cause of independence was heard, the Ulster Irish were the most bitter in its suppression. On one occasion a thousand of them mounted and armed themselves each with a long rifle, a tomahawk, and a scalping knife, and dressed in buckskin hunting shirt, profusely ornamented with fringes and

tassels and bead-work. On their heads they wore caps of coonskin, with tails hanging down behind in full Indian fashion. At King's Mountain they met the English bayonets, a thousand strong, with Col. Ferguson at their head. They left Ferguson and a great number of his men dead upon the field, inflicting the only defeat the English received in the Carolines. Mounting their ponies, they returned to their homes behind the mountains.

The Irish Drive England out of America.

The whole truth is that the greater part of the revolutionary army was Irish or of Irish descent, all smarting under the bitter wrongs their people had suffered under English rule in Ireland. The men and boys, women and children who sailed from Foyle and Bann and Carrick-road did not sail in vain; wherever a blow was to be struck they were there; wherever a pound was wanted theirs was the first offered; and thus, indeed, was brought about the belief that the oppression and wicked cruelty of one man, Lord Donegall, did more than anything else to drive the English Government out of America.

Northern and Southern Blood United in the Same Cause.

The blood o' Ulster coalesced with much southern blood in that struggle. What with the stubbornness of the Northerners and the dashing impetuosity of the Southerners, victory was assured on many a battlefield.

Swordsmen of the South, for two generations and more after Limerick's broken treaty, robbed of their inheritance, banned in their religion, also sailed away from the "doomed land." The sheltered harbours of Kerry and Clare saw strange vessels under their headlands in the setting of the sun. Curragh sped to and fro, taking Brian and Conor and Dermot on board; weeping eyes above sobbing breasts saw them sail away, until only a tiny speck upon the horizon told broken-hearted mothers that Clare's dragoons or Inchiquin's foot had other young recruits to join them on the shores of the Danube or the plains of France. Irish

names were added high up on the roll of fame in France or Spain or in the armies of Maria Teresa. Anywhere in the wide world where fame could be found Irishmen were there—anywhere but in their own land. From time to time word was wafted to Ireland of the deeds of renown done in fair fight by the “wild geese” at Ramilles, or Cremona, or Marsiglia; or like Sarsfield at Landen; or against the Turk; or, greatest joy of all, crushing back the English at Fontenoy, hurling into their deafened and dying ears their own black apostacy in the cry, “Remember Limerick.”

What Ye Sow so Shall Ye Reap.

And so England reaped abroad what she sowed at home so far as Ireland was concerned, for “ye cannot gather grapes off thorns or figs off thistles.”

The whistling ploughboy may turn up a human skull at Aughrim; the sower may stride free across the battlefields so numerous on Irish hillsides; the drover may shelter in abbey ruins or by castle walls; O'Neill may lie in Rome and O'Donnell in Spain, and newer Ulstermen in every state of America; yet for all that, the remnant at home is not unmindful of them, one and all, here or hence; their country will ever bear them in her memory in the place nearest to her heart.

AN NAIRTIRIN.

Cinnín dualach
Druimín lúbach
Bas ar ghlúnaibh
Ar bhruach na linne.

Dlaoi bheag fháinneach
Go seachránach
'S í ar fán leis
Go rochtain uisce.

Gruadha taise
Béilín meala
Smigín claiseach
'S a gháire milis.

Le lúibín lasta
Cinnín casta
Glún a's bhasaibh
Anós fén uisce.

S. MACF.



What is Capitalism?

By Patrick J. Flood.

One of the signs of the mental fatigue, so prevalent in the industrial centres, is the shirking of definition. Britain as a whole thinks as a townsman. And the characteristic of the townsman's thinking is that he seems incapable of sustained analysis, and becomes fatigued with the definition necessary for analysis. Take the mass of country known as the "West of Scotland," which a modern writer has described as "one great desert of bricks and chimneys, with little to distinguish any one of the formless agglomerations from its neighbour. It is all a welter reflecting the welter of modern Capitalism at its worst. It might be compared to a herd of animals coming by instinct and without order to feed upon the pasture of coal." Now the human beings, who live in this welter, can be taken as a sample of the rest of Britain,—the only completely urban modern state in the world. Of the mass, it can be asserted as a sad fact that they do not think—they have lost the power of definition. Not that they lack the faculty, but the dulling monotony of factory and workshop life, the drugging effect of the daily news-sheet seems, among other causes, to have produced a terrible mental apathy—a fatigue of the mind. The sign of all this is an unconscious shirking of definition and lack of will power to put the principle into action.

Our first task, therefore, in analysing modern industrialism must be the patient statement and restatement of a few elementary definitions.

Let us begin with an example or two. The thing called "wool" on the back of the sheep serves the needs of the sheep. Man determines that this "wool" shall serve his needs, and he takes the wool from the sheep's back. He then engages in a series of operations, called "carding" and "spinning" and "weaving," which have as their purpose to transform or change the wool into a state in which it will serve his human need. Now we are going to call

the material thing changed "wealth," and the whole series of operations, by which it was changed the "Production of Wealth." The great liners, such as the Olympic and Cedric, are "wealth," i.e., so much iron, wood, etc., transformed from a state in which they were less, to a state in which they are more useful to human need. Therefore by "wealth" we mean "a material thing, which has been changed by the conscious, intelligent action of man from a condition in which it was less, to a condition in which it is more useful to serve a human need."

This definition needs to be considered for a moment. Take a ship. At one time the iron ore lay useless in the bowels of the earth. It served no human need. The wood was in the forest, satisfying no human need. Then human labour was applied. A shaft was dug, the ore brought to the surface, smelted, rolled into plates, and then the plates were riveted upon a certain plan. The wood was cut, planed, etc. In each process human labour was applied with the purpose of changing the material, and at last the ship was launched and entered into use to serve the needs of man. The ship is wealth, i.e., matter changed by labour from a state in which it was useless to man's needs into a state in which it is most useful. Supposing the ship is sunk. It still exists. But it is no longer "wealth." The Titanic is at the bottom of the Atlantic, but it is not wealth. It has become matter changed from a condition where it was most useful to a condition where it is of no use at all. If it could be raised and restored to its former state it would again become "wealth."

Now into this production of wealth there enters several factors:—First: the material thing, which is changed, e.g., the wool, the iron ore, etc. The material objects, whether in the sail, the minerals in the earth, the sea and its contents, the air and its inhabitants—all these form what some have chosen to call "land," others "nature." It would be inaccurate to call it "raw material," as if it were matter so far untouched by labour, because no wealth can be present until labour begins its task of changing. But, apart from the name, it is clear that any material thing

which man determines shall serve his need, provided it is capable of change, is subject of becoming "wealth."

Second: In order to aid him to produce further wealth man proceeds to construct what are called "tools." The fisherman has his boat and nets, the farmer has his plough, harrow, etc. Now what we mean by "tools" is wealth created in the past and reserved for the purpose of aiding man to produce new wealth. In the strict sense agricultural land which has been ploughed and prepared is a "tool."

Third: Every production of new wealth takes a longer or a shorter time. Now, in his effort to produce new wealth, the producer has to be maintained. Hence there must exist stores of food, clothing, and shelter, i.e., wealth created in the past and reserved with the purpose of maintaining the producer during his effort to produce new wealth.

These three factors, viz., land, tools stores of food, clothing, and house room, we shall call the "means of the production."

The Fourth: All this production of wealth requires the intelligent conscious action of man, which we shall call "Labour."

Now the quarrel of industrial Britain lies essentially in the distribution of control over the means of production. The control over the material factors in the production of wealth is vested in the hands of a very small minority. On the other hand, the majority of the citizens possess no control over the means of production, and are in the strict sense a "proletariat," i.e., a people owning nothing but their labour power.

This leads us to the definition of Industrial Capitalism. Let us begin by seeing what is not Capitalism. (a) The number and extent of material things which have been brought into the service of man may vary from age to age and from country to country. It is not the abundance or variety or real wealth produced that constitutes Capitalism. One community may be engaged in producing "agricultural" wealth, another in producing tools and machinery, which they exchange for agricultural products. Either of

them may be Capitalistic in organisation. (b) The method by which wealth is produced does not constitute Capitalism. Industrial communities differ in their method of producing wealth from agricultural communities. By Industrialism is generally meant the system of production of commodities on a large scale through machinery. In the towns in Russia you have Industrialism, but you have not Capitalism.

What is Capitalism?

The fundamental elements are two:—

(a) Relation between man and material things.

(i) The exclusive permanent control over those objects which are devoted to the production of further wealth, viz., land, tools, and provision of food, clothing, and shelter, is vested in the hands of a very small number of individuals. Say there are 45 millions in Britain, or 9 million families. Now 200 families possess one-fourth of the means of production, 2,000 families control another quarter, and less than half a million families control the remaining half. That is to say, out of 9 million families about half a million possess all the wealth in the means of production.

(ii) This permanent exclusive control is used for the benefit of this small number of individuals.

(iii) The majority of other free citizens, i.e., the other eight and half million families in Britain, have no control over the means of production. The majority receive as a return for applying their human energy to the task of changing material things into wealth a certain fixed quantity of food, clothing, and shelter. Pope Leo XIII. has summed this up when he says: "On the one side a powerful **faction**, because exceeding rich; which **faction**, having in its grasp all kinds of production and commerce, manipulates for its own benefits and its own purposes all the sources of supply and exercises great influence on the affairs of state. On the other side, a weak and needy multitude with ulcerated minds, always ready for disturbance. "Encyclical on the conditions of the working classes."

(b) Relation between man and man. .

On account of this very distribution of control over the means of production vested in the hands of a minority, access to those means must be granted by the minority to the majority. Therefore the lives of the majority are in the hands of the minority, because their livelihood is in the absolute control of the minority. A wage, i.e., a certain fixed quantity of food, clothing, and shelter, is paid to the majority at short and regular intervals. Because this wage is absolute life and death to them, the majority is absolutely controlled by the "very small number of rich men, who have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the labouring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself."—Leo. XIII.

Hence Capitalism implies the concentration of ownership in the means of production vested in the hands of a few individuals, and the relegation of the mass of the community to a condition called "proletarian," i.e., a people owning nothing but their labour power.

Now it is clear that this concentration of ownership among a community of citizens, all free in the eyes of the law, may exist in an agricultural community as in an industrial one. In an agricultural state it receives the name of "Landlordism." In an industrial state it is termed Industrial Capitalism, and can therefore be defined as the system of production of commodities through machinery on a large scale by a landless proletariat of wage-earners for the profit of individual Capitalists.

In order to get a complete grasp of this thing called "Capitalism," we shall in a subsequent paper examine the working of it under the institution of the "wage-system," first from the point of view of the employer, second from the point of view of freedom, and thirdly we shall examine those consequences of the wage-system on man and in the things produced by man.

192 The Irish in America.

The Irish in America—when Freedom's clarion call
Rang clear through all Columbia, they answered one and
all—

The Dillons and the Barrys, the Carrols and O'Briens,
The Moylans, Waynes, Montgomerys, the Sullivans and
Ryans:
They fired the torch of Liberty, and followed where it
shone,
Till the tyrant's power was broken, and a deathless victory
won.

Our brothers in America—on many a brave-fought field
They sleep—our great and glorious Dead—bold hearts that
ne'er did yield—

The foremost in the battle-charge—Lo! swift the foemen
flee,
For Sullivan sweeps o'er the land, and Barry o'er the sea:
Now, on thy brow, Columbia, the wreathèd bays they set—
And Erin waits—the years are long—but they will not
forget.

The Irish in America—Tom Meagher's Green Brigade—
Shields, Corcoran, and Sheridan—dear names that ne'er
shall fade!—

Into the cannon's mouth they charged, bravest of Erin's
best,
Over the heights of Fredericksburgh, nor gave the foeman
rest;
Unfaltering at death, for Liberty and the Motherland
they fell:
Oh, let the songs of Erin's sons their matchless valour tell!

Our brothers in America—their hearts are with us still;
Sundered by sea and century, forget us they never will,
While our sad and lonely headlands yearn out across the
sea

To the Irish in America—sons of the brave and free!
Still do they hunger for battle as they yearn to the
Motherland,
And their hearts beat one with our hearts, their hand-
clasp leaps to our hand.

MICHAEL WALSH.

The Emigrants from Lough Neagh.

By REV. GEORGE HILL.

Lough Neagh! They used at close of day
Along thy silent strand
To watch the sun set far away
O'er old Tir-Eoghan's land;*
The fading light, how like the flight
Of hope from Inisfail—
From holy hill so green and bright,
From haunted wood and vale.

Sweet Lake! Thy face to them how dear,
With all thy pleasant shore,
And every year, in joy or fear,
They loved thee more and more.
Yet did they seek another home
Beyond the western main,
Where hope in better days to come
Might light their steps again.

They settled on the Hudson's banks,
And prospered day by day;
They gladly joined the patriot ranks,
For stalwart lads were they.
And when the cry 'gainst England rose,
They grasped their swords in glee,
And bravely smote their brutal foes,
And saw Columbia free.†

But oft in after days they turned,
With wistful glance and smile,
To see the "Day Star" as it burned
Above their own Green Isle.
And often were their children told
Of Lough Neagh's silent strand,
And of the sunset, spread like gold,
On old Tir-Eoghan's land.

* Tir-Eoghan, the territory of Eoghan (Owen) O'Neil, the founder of the great Tir-Eoghan principality in Ulster.

† The Antrim landlords had driven out the emigrants in time to swell the ranks of the American colonists in their impending struggle with England. In that conflict—one of the noblest on record in ancient or modern times—the English allied themselves with the most cruel and ferocious of the Indian tribes; or, as Lord Chatham so eloquently told the Upper House, "they called into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods."—G. H.

The World's Bane

By James McCarty

"There's many a strong farmer
Whose heart would break in two
If he could see the townland
That we are riding to.
Boughs have their fruits and blossom
At all times of the year;
Rivers are running over
With red beer and brown beer;
An old man plays the bagpipes
In a golden and silver wood;
Queens, their eyes blue like the ice,
Are dancing in a crowd.

The little fox he murmured,
"O, what of the world's bane?"
The sun was laughing sweetly,
The moon plucked at my rein,
But the little red fox murmured,
"O, do not pluck at his rein,
He is riding to the townland
That is the world's bane."

W. B. YEATS.

Civilisation Continued to Cityize.

H. G. Wells in a vision (most of us will think it a nightmare) called "The Sleeper Awakes" has pictured the London of the future as a roofed-in space of 4,000 square miles and 30,000,000 inhabitants eating its way through the hoplands of Kent to Romney, and sweeping beyond Horsham in Sussex towards the sea. It is a dreadful prospect (and an unlikely one), though he seems to look forward to it calmly enough. Why does he think the tendency of humanity to huddle together in large masses will continue? There is no reason whatever to suppose that it will. It never did humanity any good. It is merely a temporary phase of an era that we call the industrial age, and that will later be called the wicked age. Why (our descendants will ask) did the 19th and early 20th century people live

under these amazing conditions of discomfort and insanity? And they will dismiss it as a necessary accompaniment of wage-slavery. The power of the industrial capitalists was so great, they will say, that they were actually able to force their victims to forego a reasonable and healthy life in the air and the sun and come to live under the walls of their mills and factories.

The Collapse of Cityization.

It is curious that very few social thinkers (our own A. E. was of course amongst the few) foresaw before the war that town life was not inevitable for modern man. In 1914 it was assumed that we would come, sooner or later, to a city-thronged world. Think of a city-covered Donegal, or of suburban tentacles moving down the golden vale of Limerick! No matter how nobly-built and geometrically designed the cities of the future might be, and no matter how good municipal management might become, we dread that prospect. Europe at least did seem to be moving that way six years ago, the cities in their pride challenging each other, while the peoples of Europe, instead of supplying themselves with the necessaries of life, relied upon machinery, manufactured products, and imperial dominance to get these necessities from other peoples. But under the strain of war and revolution industrial Europe collapsed: and Europe will never rule the world again. Europe of the cities is played out.

The dazed peoples of the west and centre drag on a miserable, atrophied existence. In the narrow plateau between the rocky reaches of the Danube and the Carinthian Alps there is a great city visibly dying. What has come to Vienna may come to Berlin, Moscow and Warsaw, and then to Paris and London. Prague watches the dusk of Vienna's eternal night. Huge populations will be decimated, and there will be a movement to the open spaces. There are not enough of open spaces in Europe itself. When the normal means of travel are restored, there may be such a movement of peoples from the north to the west and south as

there once was to the north from the east and south at the melting of the ice.

Ireland Leads the Peoples Back to the Land.

Ireland occupies a peculiar position in this period of fluctuation. Ireland is in Europe yet not of Europe. Its geological and historical past marks it off from the mainland and from Great Britain. There is therefore no reason why we should share in the general catastrophe. Alone of all the states in Western Europe (possibly excepting Scandinavia) Ireland has a future. Our situation is that of a nation supplying (or capable of supplying) itself entirely with the primary food and clothing commodities, manufacturing just enough for its own needs. Most Continental nations are over-populated. Ireland has not nearly a sufficient population to develop her resources to their primary extent. No Malthusian fears need confront us for a very long time ; nor are they likely to do so.

We Must Desert the City and Re-populate the Countryside.

The majority of Irish citizens are fortunately agriculturists, though amongst us, too, the evil drift downwards has been going on. The countrysides are depleted, and one-fifth of our people live in Dublin and Belfast. The nation does not benefit, and but very few of the people who migrate.

It is our task to discover the evils that have made town dwelling in Ireland necessary, and proceed to remedy them. The initiation of co-operative enterprises and the transformation of existing capitalist enterprises into co-operative enterprises ought to go hand in hand with this back-to-the-land movement. We must become accustomed to survey the whole of this island as a distinct, in fact a unique, unit. We must realise that our identification with the industrialism of Great Britain does us no good, since the task of the British worker is not only more arduous than ours, but of a totally different character.



THE BLIND MAN AND HIS DOG.

By EDMUND B. FITZGERALD.

... and he is blind. This many a day
He gropes his way along the street
On stumbling feet; and as he goes
His lips move in a calm repose.

If you might hear the things he saith:
"It is not death when darkness blots
The rayless spots from weary sight,
And fills the waking soul with light.

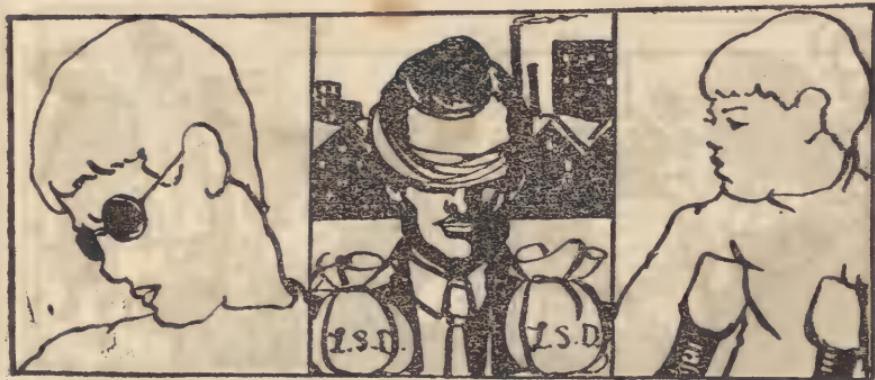
'Tis they are blind who stumbling grope
Without a hope; and still do wend
Unto an end they ne'er shall find
Except by Faith . . ." *And Faith is blind.*

HERE he sits lifting his rusty tin
For people to put their pennies in;
And those who are drawn by his eloquent eye
Pause sudden and give, ere passing by.

Rain and snow and driving sleet,
Patient they stand on the kerb of the street;
And the pampered lap-dogs wrapt from the fog
Look heedless down on the man and the dog.

And their well-to-day masters, and christian,
Pitiless pass by the dog and the man,
Who pity them much as they go by,
For their double blindness of soul and of eye.

The mill-girl hurrying down to the mill
Finds them a penny of right good will,
And sheds such a smile on the poor blind man
As only a Belfast mill-girl can.



Pity and sorrow and tears and pain,
 From lids that through centuries wept their rain,
 Till the grey of the northern Irish sky
 Is the Irish grey of the northern eye.

And the *Tele-boy* gives poor doggie a pat,
 Who muchly wags his tail for that ;
 To the lone blind man a lusty cheer
 Whose tone hath its tune in an Irish ear.

Dour, determined, honest, sure—
 A voice that endures, and shall ever endure,
 Through marching and battle, fleeing awhile,
 Till it rings at the end of the long, long mile.

An Irish mile ! Sure, never was one
 Came aye to the end, for it ends where begun :
 But the sightless eyes of the blind man see
 Thereto : and he looketh on Liberty.

He sees to the heart of the Belfast boy,
 Where was set the seed that shall blossom Joy ;
 And the prayers of the poor blind Irishman
 Hasten the harvest Time began.

For the blind man clung on Poverty's hem
 Loves richly his Land ; and in blessing them,
 Her lusty of heart and of gentle caressing,
 Their sons shall be rich in the poor man's blessing.

Much loving his dog, he loveth all
 Who his dog do love; for 'tis only the small
 And mean-minded, saith he, who the lowly contemn ;
 And for none hath he blame save only them.

And oft hath he said : Who would spurn a dog,
 And scorneth the poor, for little would flog
 The heart of the mother who bare him, and stand
 With his heel in the breast of his Motherland.

Small pride as he hath in a king as such,
 A kingly man he honoureth much :
 And as for the poor, he hath joy of them,
 Remembering the Babe of Bethlehem.



Much he esteemeth the charitable
Who the poorer help ; and though oft unable,
He divideth the alms he hath gotten in excess
Of those of the widow and fatherless.

Aye, this and more: for, of secret heart,
From his proper portion the better part
He giveth, and teaseth himself to the whim
That to humour his need were a want in him.

And the mill-girl who searched him her solitary penny,
And the cheer of the lad who had not any—
He putteth all by in his treasure-store,
Till he meeteth with one who hath need of the poor.

And he giveth to them of a poor man's blessing,
Most wondrous of worth, which, who possessing,
Goes purple clad of the grandeur adorning
The cloudy crests of the mountainy morning.

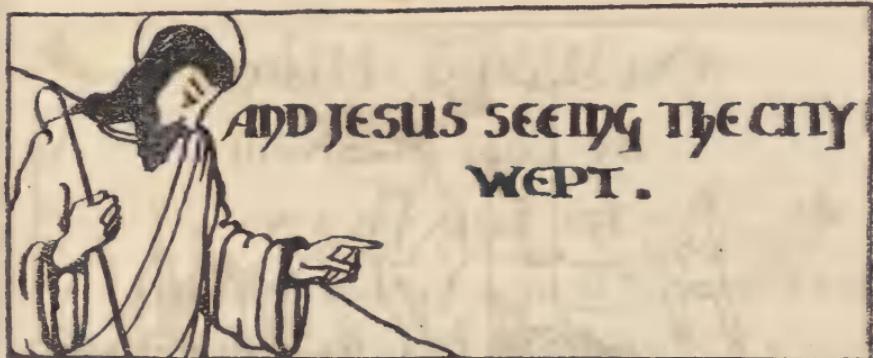
SO, blessing the mill-girl as she goes
Adown to the mill in her work-a-day clothes,
She is vested and crowned in a lilded sheen,
Than Solomon richer, or Sheba's Queen.

And she is borne is a golden carriage;
The blind man stands anear at her marriage:
And One is there his blind eyes see,
As even at Cana of Galilee.

And the joy of his bosom trembles the string
'Twixt his heart and the world: and glad songs ring
To the heart of the lovely and gentle bride,
And the strong great heart of the man at her side.

'Tis Saint Cecily sweet with her harp of gold,
That sounds like an organ, but manifold;
And a flame-wingèd Choir o'er the nuptials poised
Singeth them joy a thousand-voiced.

And shining Angels on either hand
Beside the bride and the bridegroom stand,
Though they see them not: 'tis only he,
The poor blind man, such things may see.



AND JESUS SEEING THE CITY WEPT.

The poor blind man—his dog perchance—
For oft may be seen in the distant glances
Of a dog strange things and invisible—
Wonders he hath not speech to tell.

And Saint Cecily, sweet as her heaven-sweet strain,
Links them one in the golden chain
Of the prattling music of babes, to fold
Their hearts in a love that shall never grow old.

CHE blind man stands in the mid of the city;
The blind man's dog sits begging your pity:
Happy whose pence be few than many,
For the widow's mite is a golden penny!

The sewing-girl's half-penny is more
Than all of Dives' greedy store:
And her sweet-souled pity liugering by
Wakes a pageant of gold in the blind man's eye.

And the blind man's dog—the eloquent tin
When you shall drop your penny in,
If you forget him a pat 'tis even
To the man as it were nothing given.

And if a kind word be unspoken
To the poor blind man, 'tis but a token
Of nought you give; for jealous the whim
Of a dog, that you love who loveth him.

There they stand through the heat of the day,
While the many pass on; and few do say
A sunny word to shine through the fog
In the blind man's eyes and the mind of the dog.

DID you ever see a glad dog grin—
And an angel smile? *Put your penny in!*
Or would you hear a sad dog sigh?
Angels weeping? *Pass us by!*

On Ulster History

By Eoin MacNeill

II.—THE DAWN

The Kingdom of Ulster is Tradition not History.

It is a remarkable thing that the Ulster of history is the prehistoric Ulster. Ulster is a tradition not a fact. In the recognition of Ulster we find an emphatic example of the tenacious national memory that is Irish nationality. The Irish name represented in the Norse word Ulster, I have said already, is Cuigeadh Uladh, the Fifth of Ireland belonging to the Uluti, but I have already shown that this Fifth ceased to belong to the Uluti about a century before Christianity took possession of the land and brought with it the custom of keeping historical records. It was not only that the Ulster Fifth retained an old name and remained a geographical or political unit under new rulers. The name alone, with its prehistoric associations, remained. In the fifth century, and for centuries afterwards, there was no such place as Ulster except in tradition. Middle Ulster, conquered by the three Collas and ruled by their descendants, was Airgialla, Oirghialla, "Oriel." West Ulster was the kingdom of Oileach or the Fochla, the territory of the northern Ui Neill. East Ulster, the area now covered by the counties of Antrim and Down with adjoining portions of Derry and Louth, escaped the strong grasp of the line of Conn, and therefore seemed in a sense to hold succession in title to the ancient kingdom of Eamhain. The old historian, enamoured of tradition, recognised this succession, and, when a king in Eastern Ulster seemed eminent enough to be considered king over all Eastern Ulster, the annalists sometimes call him "king of Conchubhar's Fifth," or simply "king of the Fifth," the very terms bearing witness to an imaginative effort that identified a mere fraction of a fifth of Ireland with the great Fifth of heroic tradition. So, too, in that

remarkable account of the Irish constitution, the Book of Rights, written in or about the year 900, all the eastern side of Ulster is in theory a single state, divided indeed into many little states, but all under the authority of a single king, *rí Uladh*, "the king of the Ulaidh." Nevertheless, the testimony of the annals themselves is clear beyond question, that even this eastern Ulster ceased to preserve any real political unity. Its various little states were grouped under four chief dynasties, not one of which appears permanently dependant on or subordinate to any of the others. The largest territory belonged to the Picts or Cruithin (Cruithnigh) who held the landward side of County Down and the greater part of County Antrim, together with so much of County Derry as comes within the watershed of the Bann.

Little strife in Ireland after St. Patrick until the Norman Invasion.

In the year 567 the Picts were defeated in the battle of Moin Daire Lothair, a place not identified, but assuredly on the Derry side of the Bann. Seven kings of the Picts, under their chief king Aodh Breac, took part in this battle. The victors were the northern Ui Neill, the rulers of Oileach, whose territory was thereby extended eastward to the river Bann. It must have been then or earlier that the Oileach dynasty annexed also the territories of Cianachta ("Keen-aight"), the Roe Valley, and the Tir Mic Caorthainn ("Tirkeeran"), between that and the Foyle. These two territories were part of the early Oirghialla. The annalists tell us that the Pictish territory west of the Bann fell to the share of the descendants of Conall and Eoghan, but in later times only the descendants of Eoghan ruled there, namely that branch of Cineal Eoghain known as Fir na Craobh. At their head is found the family of O'Cathain ("O'Kane"). For centuries after this annexation there was no change of boundaries between East Ulster and the adjoining territories. Nothing indeed is more noteworthy in Irish history from the time of St. Patrick to the Norman

invasion than the permanence of political boundaries. During all that time only one or two small changes took place in the border lines of the chief historical divisions—a fact which shows that the “unrest” of ancient Ireland was not a very terrible matter.

The Picts.

After 567 there are two Pictish seats of Pictish rule in East Ulster. One is Magh Line, to the north of Loch Neagh. The other is Magh Cobha, to the south-east of the lake. It was in Magh Line that Morgan reigned, about whom the wonderful tale was told in later times that he was a reincarnation of the hero Fionn and that the sea-god Manannan was his father. Morgan, however, was as real a person as Charlemagne. Iveagh, in County Down, preserves the name of the dynastic sept of which he was a member, the Eabach. This was a sub-sept of an older gens named Dal Araide, and the kings of the East Ulster Picts are usually called kings of Dal Araide in the annals. From them are descended the families of Mag Aonghusa (“Macgennis”) and Mac Artain (“MacCartan”).

The Ulaidh.

In the seaward parts of County Down was the kingdom of the Ulaidh, who kept the name of the ancient rulers of Ulster. Curiously enough, the dynasty of this kingdom in historical times, down to its overthrow by Jean De Courci in 1177, claimed descent from a line quite distinct from the Clanna Rudhraighe who were the masters of Ulster in the heroic period, the kin of Conchubhar and Cu Chulainn. The name of the ruling kin of the Ulaidh was Dal Fiadach.

The Link between Ireland and Scotland.

The mountainous region of County Antrim, extending from Glynn, south of Larne, to the Bushfoot, formed the kingdom of Dal Riada. Of little prominence in the concerns of Ireland, the dynasty of Dal Riada, owing to its

proximity to Scotland, was destined to great celebrity. About the year 470, according to the "Annals of Tighearnach," the sons of Earc established the authority of Dal Riada in Britain, that is to say, they took the headship of the Irish colonists settled in Argyle and the neighbouring islands. One of them, Fearghus, is commonly regarded in histories as the founder and first king of the kingdom of Scotland.

The Kingdom of the Irish Colonists in Scotland.

It would be nearer the truth to say that Fearghus was the first recorded king of the Irish colonists in Scotland. Until about the year 700, this kingdom of the Scots did not extend beyond Argyleshire and the south-western islands of Scotland, and the rest of northern Britain was held by the Picts in the north, the Britons in the region of the Clyde, and the Angles in the Lothians and Berwickshire, where they settled as immigrants from Germany in the sixth century. There was also a Pictish population at this early time in the country of Galloway, that is in Wigtonshire and the adjoining parts of Ayrshire and Kirkcudbrightshire. Scotland was thus, as the Venerable Bede describes it, a land of four independant nations, each speaking its own language.

Scotch Colony separated from Ireland.

The kings descended from Fearghus continued to rule over the Dal Riada territory in Ulster until about the year 800, when the Norse invasions cut them off from their ancestral domain in Ireland. The Norsemen occupied Argyle and the islands, and the Scots or Irish of that region about the same time spread rapidly over the mainland, which became subject to their king, Cionaoth son of Ailpin ("Kenneth Mac Alpin"), about the middle of the ninth century. It seems to have been the Norsemen who first used the name Scots and Scotland to distinguish the Scots or Irish of northern Britain from those of Ireland, who were the original Scots.

**The Sub-divisions of Uladh—
The Functions of Memory.**

This, then, in St. Patrick's time, the middle of the fifth century, was the political sub-division of the ancient kingdom of Ulster:—In the north-west, the kingdom of Oileach, corresponding to Donegal County. In the south-west, Breifne, regarded as part of Connacht. In the north-east, the states of the Ulaidh, the Picts, and Dál Riada. In the south-east, the states of the Cianachta, Gaileanga, and Luighne, colonists planted by the Connacht dynasty to guard its power in Tara. In the large middle region, the states of the Oirghialla. It was not until the latter part of the fourteenth century that all or most of this region became once more a political unit under the O'Neill kings of Tir Eoghain. For about a thousand years of history, Ulster was a memory, yet a potent memory. Without memory, they say, the element of personality in man could not live on. Through an extraordinary development of the national memory, the Irish have endowed their nation with an almost personal existence, and what has been said here of Ulster is but a striking example of this persistent individuality of a people.

VERBOTEN.

The world is very big and beautiful :

Meadow and coppice, hill and rolling dale,

Cornfield and pasture, tableland and vale—

All yield a plenteous harvest—grain and wool,

Tuber and vine health-giving, fresh and cool,

Each in his season. After snow and hail

Glad spring and bounteous summer do not fail

Of flower and golden fruit delectable.

But—‘Trespassers will prosecuted be’;

And—‘Walk not on the grass;’ ‘Preserve for game’;

Or—‘Plucking flowers a forty-shilling fine’:

Ah, yes! the world is great and grand—to see

Through the barbed hedges of Sir What’s-his-name!

Six foot by two is all the sum of mine.

PAUL JONES.

FÉILE NA nÓGLACH.

OÍCHE SHAMHNA, 1916.

By Liam P. Ó Riain.

[Seachas an ghnáith-mheabhair, nó có-fhios coitcheann, tá meabhair mhór rúnda ag gach éinneach, do réir saoithe, agus bíonn oll-bheatha fá leith ag an mheabhair mhóir sin; oibrigheann sí ar modh rúindiamhrach i ngan-fhios don ghnáith-mheabhair (no “gnath-dhuine”). Do-níthear an-tracht thar “le domaine du sub-conscious,” thar an “subliminal self.” Mar adeir Eireannach ealadhantach: “That there *is* a hidden self below the threshold of consciousness appears to be abundantly proved . . . there can be no doubt that there are high transcendant powers within us far more wonderful and more subtle than any conscious acts of thought.—W. F. BARRETT, F.R.S., Creidtear gur féidir le rúnaigeanta daoine agus aigeanta na “marbh” teacht ar aon lathair amhain uaíreanta].

*Is draoitheach an domhan sa tSamhain tsidhiúil,
Prímh-fhéile Gaedheal ó laethe cianda.*

Ó ghrúaim Ath' Cliath, san oíche réaltaí,
Fá dhéin an tsléibhe, 'na chaogaí aonair,
Do ghluaís go smaointeach Nial o' Mórdha,
Tromlach dian ar chroidhe an óghbháird.

Ó laethe na Cásga tláthacht anma,
I ngeall ar bhuidhne de dhíl-lucht Banban,
Do bhain dá threoir é do ló a's d' oíche,
A's d'fhág i gcróilí thar meodhan de shíor é.
Ba gheal leis riamh na taoisí tréana:
Pádraic Éigeas, Séamus saothrach,
Éamonn an Cheoil, agus Seosamb diamhartha,
Tomás dreach-sholuis, curadh ba shiansach,

'S a liacht eile ba shoirbh, ba chródha,
Oighrí na Féinne, féith na Fódla.
Dar leís do b'ionann a's spioradáltacht
Saothar Gaelach do dhéanamh láimh leo.

Ba bhreagh leis éisteacht le Séamus tráthá
 Cur sios ar an sael—fial Gaelach, bráthardha—
 Bu dhual de shíor do dhíl-aos gnótha :
 Réim-chion ag cách i Stát saor eolach.
 Ba gheal an Ghaeltacht ar a réimh-fhéach Séamus,
 Chó leathan le Fál, úr-fhás di gach tréimhse.

Ba ghnaoi le Nial, leis, triall go tráthach
 Ar sgoil an úntais fá chúram Phádraic,
 Mas a mbíodh Cúchulainn a's curaigh na Féinne
 'Na n-oidí do-fhaicsiona, 'sgaipeadh síor-éigse.
 A's imeasg na macaomh ngasta saoileach
 B'í an maighistir an macaomh ba ghasta croidhe ann.

Do thugadh Nial, trath saoire, cuairt
 I gcuideacht a charad ar a "dhara dúchas"
 Thar an tSionainn shiar, a gcrích rún-aoibhnis,
 Ball na mbábóig mbláthach, ball na bpáisdí saoileach.
 Dar le Nial ba pháirt de Chlair Luirc cianda
 An tigín sonais i Ros na gCaoireach.

Ni bhfuarthas ar cháirde Phádraic go dtí sin
 Neach a thuig níba chirte 'ná Nial é,
 Duine gur léire dhó aondacht a shaothair—
 Ar son an léighinn agus Éireann laochta—
 A ghrá don óige, do'n chródhacht, don naofacht,
 A's mar d'airigh sé Neamh iméasg na nGaothal nglan.
 Ach d'admhuigh Nial a luighead léir-eoluis
 Ar rún a's anam a charad a ghnóthuigh sé.
 I ndúthai dhó fein, thar raon na ndaoine,
 Ar leith-leis ghlórmaí, bhí cómhnuí de shíor air.

B'í Nial chuir a cháirde Pádraic a's Séamus
 I n-aithne 's i n-iúl ar dtús dá chéile.
 (Do b'fhada lucht saothair, ar raon an chráidh,
 Ar dealú méinne ó éigse Fáil.)
 Níor chian gur ghluar dó cuacht níos deine
 Bheith i bhfeidhm san mbeirt as treiseacht a chéile.
 D'eirigh Séamus níos Gaelai, do léigheann níos dílse,
 Ghabh Pádraic páirt leis an sglábhui íseal.
 Sna taoisí go léir spreagadh méinn a's dúthracht
 Ar son lucht saothair 's an tsaeil bu dhual dóibh.
 Thuig Eamonn an Cheoil agus Seosamh diamhartha,
 Tomás dreach-sholuis, an curadh ba shiansach,
 Ruairí na Féinne, 's na céadta chlaoi leo :
 "Go báis na sglábhacht' ní lán na saoirse."

Do throid intleachtaí, spreacadh meanman,
 Ba thoil le Nial a choíche leanúin.
 Chó buadhach, éirimíúil tréithe na nua-laoch
 Dar leis ba ghlórmhar an Fhódla thuaradar.
 Bhéadh deire le heagal intleachta 's sglábhacht,
 Bhéadh Gaedhil fá réim, lán-eigseach, fáshmar.

An troid do tháinig!—b'uafásach an sgéal leis,
 Gí gur throid sé féin go tréan feadh laetheadh,
 Le faghairt a's dioghrais a chroidhe ar lasadh
 Ór shág sé. Luan Cásga, Árda Rath Fearnáin
 Go dtí gur bhual les buairt an tSathairn :
 Ordú géillte do thréin-neart Shasanna.
 Déis sin i gcarcair d'han sé tréimhse,
 I n-aimsir pháise 's bháis na laochra.
 Cuireadh tar lear é chun campa daoirse,
 Agus Éire dá sgríos, dá milleadh, dá ciapadh.
 Leigeadh ar ais é fá theacht an Fhómhair,
 Aois fhada, shaoil sé, déis Bliana na nÓglach!

Annsin cheap Nial go saoileach léanmhar :
 "Ní olc go toradh troda saelta—
 Géilleadh gan náir don nádúir ísil,
 A's dá bhíthin, go fóill, nach mór an t-íocas!
 Príomh-olc na n-aoiseann í, oídheadh an chine,
 Choiméadas i ngéibhéann méinn an duine,
 Chuireas stad le n-a ghrás a's a ghás spriodálta,
 Gur ag dul amú ó n-a dhúchas áigh é;
 Aith-bheatha léanmhar fá'n ghréin i ndán dó,
 I n-ionad oll-fháis ar árd-staid déis báis dó.

"Nach mór an léan é, mé féin 's mo cháirde,
 Daoine siochána de ghnáth, fir chráifeacha,

Dearmad do dhéanamh, laethe na Cásga,
 Ar dhlíthe do bhain leis an gcrúinniú spriodálta,
 Agus fuli do dhortadh, coga báisúil
 D'adhnadh le fíoch i bpriomh-bhall Chláir Luirc!
 Nach trua nár leanamar go meanmnach saoileach
 De sgaipeadh bun-teagaisg imeasg na ndaoine!
 Bhí saoirse méinne go tréan ag fás,
 Do bhéadh na Gaedhil i réim i dtráth.
 Aincis tá deire le hOidé, le Féinn,
 'S an ghlóir ar chinn siad i n-imigcén."

Celticism and “The Red Hand”

By R. Erskine of Marr.

“Scotland in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries still retained many of the features of a confederated rather than of a consolidated kingdom.” These words are taken from “Scotland Under her Early Kings,” which is one of the most reliable histories of Celtic and transitional Scotland that we have. In the early years of the twelfth century, Feudalism had been cautiously introduced into Scotland by David I. Yet, as Robertson justly remarks, the country retained throughout the following age “many of the features of a confederate rather than a consolidated kingdom.”

The same historian observes that David’s object was, not to abolish “Scottish Service,” but gradually to set up Feudalism alongside it, trusting to time and the iron pressure executed by the latter system of government to prepare a road for the ultimate fall of Celticism.

It must be allowed that David’s plan was thoroughly statesmanlike, in the sense that his project followed the line of least resistance, was well conceived, and efficiently executed. A violent anti-Celtic revolution would certainly have undone David, since his kingdom was preponderatingly Celtic. His seeming moderation, therefore, was but a consequence of the circumstances in which he was placed as ruler of a Celtic community, though his manifest address in carrying out the various details of his pro-Feudal policy proves him to have been one of the ablest princes that has ever sat on the Scottish throne.

The question arises, however, of how far the policy inaugurated by David was successful. The very nature of the circumstances of his kingdom should have conspired to persuade him that only a partial success was to be looked for; and it is possible that David himself designed, or expected, nothing but a success of that character. In any event, whether his “will” to Feudalism was so constituted or not, the fact remains that, as innovator, David was but partially successful in his measures. He and his suc-

sors on the Scottish throne could, and did indeed, change the outward and visible forms of Scottish governance from Celticism to Feudalism, thus making of Scotland an apparently, but not an essentially, Teutonic kingdom. But further than that he and they were powerless to go. They could not abolish with their Feudal laws and forms the innate Celticism of the Scottish people. Their very title of kings and queens of **Scots** proves conclusively that the Communistic or patriarchal sentiment survived the pregnant changes introduced by David and his pro-Feudal successors, overlaid though the State might be by the overt signs of Feudalism. Again, did not the clan system and sentiment persist in spite of the encroachments of Feudal tenure, and Feudal manners and customs? Moreover, did not the original Communistic land-laws of the country remain in force in many parts of it long after the eastern and middling districts had become Feudalised in tenure, speech, and manners and customs?

The so-called Reforms of David are therefore of singular interest from this point of view, namely, the civil and religious consequences following the imposition of an alien system of Government and Culture (Feudalism) on the corresponding "values" of native origin and growth. We know that these great innovations achieved only a partial success; and that, the circumstances of them being as I have described them, probably the "great innovator" himself (David to wit) did not look for more than a chequered result. It was competent for Feudalism, backed and encouraged as it was by the Court, so far to prevail over Celticism as to conceal beneath an accumulation of its own types and forms the Communistic foundations of the Scottish State. It was competent for Feudalism, enforced as it was by the ruling classes, to destroy the original confederal complexion of the Scottish monarchy, and to make of our country a "consolidated," that is to say a Feudal, kingdom. But further than that, as I have already remarked, it was not competent for Feudalism to go. In fine, it could not damage the essentially Celtic and Communistic character of the Scottish people; and it is from

this point of view that the pro-Feudal innovations of David and his successors should be considered and judged.

Previous to the introduction of the Feudal system, the two leading characteristics of Scotland were Confederalism and Communism. These lay at the root of all her institutions. That position, however, was greatly modified by Feudalism, which nevertheless, though it enjoyed the protection of the Court and the ruling classes generally, did not achieve more than a partial success, the essentially Celtic character of the Scottish people rendering it impossible for it to secure a perfect triumph.

Let us now turn our attention to Ireland, in which, during the earlier historic periods, we shall find much the same political and social phenomena that characterised pre-Feudal Scotland. As was the case with regard to Scotland, culture in Ireland was based on Communism, and over all there was a network of Confederalism, which, as in Scotland, united the parts, and kept the whole in place, as it were. Doubtless the political fortunes of Ireland differed considerably from those of the sister Celtic kingdom, and especially was it so in this respect, namely, that in Ireland "consolidation," under the pressure of Feudalism, never reached the lengths to which it attained in Scotland. In Ireland, however, as in Scotland, the introduction of Feudalism was followed by the appearance of a group of social and political phenomena whose essential characteristics were the same in both countries. A Teutonic form of gospel and Teutonic manners and customs, alien Churchmanship, the clash of Celtic and Feudal land-tenure simultaneously struggling for the mastery; these are some few of the consequences (affecting similarly, if not equally, both countries) which followed the introduction of the Feudal system into Ireland and Scotland. But though in both countries the struggle between the Celtic and Teutonic cultures produced effects and took on appearances which, in general, were little dissimilar, yet there is one important matter in respect of which Scotland and Ireland, after that they had suffered Feudalism, differed widely from one another. In Scotland the Confederal character and com-

plexion of the early kingdom were soon lost to view, owing to the usurpations of the Feudal system. It is true that the "Seven Provinces" emerge for a brief period, at all events in contemporary polemical literature, about the time of the disputes occasioned by the failure of the Atholl line towards the close of the thirteenth century. Nevertheless, to these tardy and brief re-appearances contemporary sentiment would not appear to have attached more than an academic importance, the truth being that, for better or for worse, "consolidation" had "killed" the Provinces. They were "dead," even in those early days; and the hand that had destroyed them was Feudalism.

In Ireland, on the other hand, the Five Provinces—the type and symbol of Celtic Confederation in that country—survived the long and bitter struggle of Celticism with Teutonism. Nay more, they exist to this very day, as a glance at any map of Ireland will suffice to show. They have not passed away, as have done the corresponding territorial divisions of Scotland; and one of them at least (Ulster) is to-day repeating history, and indelibly stamping her name on the records of contemporary polemics, by reason of the regrettable quarrel that has arisen between a large number of her inhabitants and the rest of the men of Ireland. Despairing of the restoration of amity, perhaps some may feel tempted to exclaim, "Perish Confederation, and let Consolidation reign in its room!" But that, surely, were a mischievous cry to raise. Confederation is of the essence of the Celtic system, and should be pursued. The loss to my country of its forms has been considerable, so much so indeed that the plans of the Celtic builders of the "New" Scotland provide for the recovery to our country of a principle, which whether it be territorially or industrially applied, is necessary to the full expression of her Celtic genius. Due insistence on the essentially Confederal character of the Irish State, joined to the diffusion of knowledge calculated to persuade all reasoning Irishmen of the suitability and ability of that arrangement, would, I believe, go far towards allaying Ulster discontents, and re-uniting that grand Province to the rest of Ireland.

SONG.

Paddy M'Guire.

I'm after inquiring of Paddy M'Guire
If it's true that he's taken the shilling ;
"But," says he, "I'm no plyer for the like of that
hire,
And dacenter men to be killing ;
So," says he, "faith, I'll stay where I am for
to-day ;
It's more I'd be earning by staying away."

"But," says I to Paddy, "'tis the fine soldier laddie
Ye'd be looking in scarlet and gold—so !"
"Sure, I'll help my old daddy," says he, "till I'm
ready
To be bought for a shilling—and sold: so,
Faith," says he, "but I'll stay where I am for
to-day,
And earn that same shilling at making the hay."

Then to Paddy, says I, "You're the broth of a
boy,
And it's lads like yourself that I'm seeking ;
There's no end of employ down by Ballinahoy,
And a fine Volunteer ye'll be making !"
"Faith, I'm with you !" says he, "'tis that same
company
That's grander than all the Queen's cavalerie !"

EAMON MACGEARAILT.

And Who Shall be Judge ?

By Mary Mackay.

It was one day last August, Kitty said, that she had what she often thinks of as one of the most peculiar experiences of her life. She was coming home from the village, walking, and a violent thunderstorm had suddenly come on—in the unexpected manner of thunderstorms in August. All the month had been hot and dry, but this day had begun most deceptively. For there was no hint of thunder in the air; the morning was, if anything, fresher and cooler than any day past, though the sky and the sea and the sun gave the atmosphere a tropical intensity that made one dream of some far southern land.

Kitty had walked into the village in the morning, and at about noon she started again for home. It was a four miles' walk, and she had almost covered a mile before she noticed that the weather had changed. Already the clouds were gathering overhead, the sky was growing darker and darker, and over the countryside was falling the hush that precedes a violent storm. There came a blinding flash, and a soft murmur in the clouds little less gentle than muffled organ music—the murmur swelled into a hollow rumbling, and ended in a crash that seemed to shake the foundations of the earth. After that the rain—rain that fell heavily straight down, in large drops that hastened and thickened and gathered together until they seemed to envelope one in a sheet of running water. Drenched and dazed, Kitty staggered on.

The storm had just properly begun when she heard the sound of wheels on the road beside her. Looking up, she recognised the doctor's car, and became aware that the driver was leaning over towards her, shouting through the noise of the thunder and rain. The doctor would be engaged in the village for a couple of hours to come; and he, the doctor's man, knowing that she would be overtaken by the storm, had hastened after her; he would have plenty of time to drive her home.

Kitty was surprised, but grateful. And as she clambered on to the car there was another shattering peal of thunder, and the next instant a flash of lightning seemed to flare up almost under the horse's head. But the animal, as anxious for the end of the journey as those he carried, started off unconcernedly, head down, ears pointed, steam rising from his rain-darkened hide. And Kitty, settling herself for the twenty minutes' drive, glanced at the man beside her, and made some remark about the unexpectedness of the weather. The result of her words was a strange one.

The driver turned his full face towards her for a moment. It was a face of such peculiar expression, so curiously lined and shaped, that, without meaning to do so, she looked at it closely and searchingly, until he turned it away again.

"Ay, it is a big storm!" he said fiercely, and with an almost savage defiance. "A big storm. And," he laughed, and stared out over the horse's head, "it is fifteen years—fifteen years!—do you know the meaning of that?—since I was abroad in a storm!"

As he spoke, the man showed an emotion that left Kitty without an answer in her surprise. But he did not seem to need one, for he continued in the same manner, sometimes giving her a fierce attention, though seldom waiting for a word from her, and sometimes in an abstraction as though speaking to himself.

"For fifteen years I wasn't out in the storm—or in the sunshine either—like a free man. For fifteen years I didn't see the sun and it rising or setting. May the curse of God—" and a terrible expression came over his face, the face of a man of sixty years of age, worn, grey, covered with a thousand fine lines, but with none of the heavy lines of an ordinary countryman's weather-beaten face. "May the curse of God fall on them that brought me to it. May them that are dead be"—a crash of thunder drowned his voice—"and the ones that are alive——" and he stopped, livid, holding the reins in his hands with the gestures of a blind man. Then, in a quieter tone, he continued, "The

ones that are alive—may they—may they—”; his voice died away, distantly, away with the thunder.

“ Someone did you a wrong?” said Kitty.

He laughed, and looked at her. And she saw that his eyes were those of a madman, clouded with half-forgiveness even in the full flood of his anger.

“ Do you know the M’Caffertys?” he asked, quietly. “ In the house on the East Road. Of course you do, Miss. But maybe you don’t know how the M’Caffertys were shot at long ago over the land. I had nothing against them—you don’t like to hear a man cursing, Miss—but Mrs M’Cafferty was a devil of a woman.” Here the strange face grew livid with rage again, and the quiet, steady tones became shaky and halting as the speaker swayed in his seat. “ That woman is in hell or there’s no God in heaven. The M’Caffertys were shot at—God knows, I had nothing against them—I was only a servant-boy that didn’t care whether they were dead or alive. The M’Caffertys were shot at, and she”—a far look came into his eyes—“ was hurted.” A long moment of silence, then: “ ’Twas in through a window. ’Twas in the night-time, and they’d the lamps lit. In the night-time, Miss—now, could any woman see the ones that would be shooting at her in out of the dark—could she, Miss ? ”

Kitty had not answered. She had been listening, silent and scarcely conscious of being directly spoken to, thinking only of what had happened in this man’s life fifteen years ago. Now she started as he turned towards her to fix her attention. There was a flash of lightning at that moment, and as she raised her eyes to his face, in the weird light of the storm, through the driving rain, she saw on it a curious eagerness, an appeal, a search for mercifulness in hers.

“ No,” she said slowly, knowing she spoke the truth. “ No, she could not have seen.”

The man gave a sort of gasp, and turned his eyes again towards the horse’s head.

“ I knew you’d say it,” he faltered, half chokingly. “ She couldn’t have seen anything. I told them that. I said she

couldn't have knowed me—I wasn't in it, anyhow—but I said she couldn't. They wouldn't believe me. But the man that done it—they all swore against me, to put the blame on someone—he swore against me, and to-day he knows he done it, and his wife knows he done it, and his childer itself knows it, too—and they pass me on the road like as if I was a murderer, and they saints of God. Maybe they're afraid of me"—again the wild look, and the wild laugh; "they needn't, for I'm in dread of a shadow on the roads at night myself now. I'm in dread of the sound of the sea, and the wind in the trees of an evening. But let them be in dread of God! May He—May He—my God, Miss, I swear I never done it! I swear by the living God, by Mary and all the saints! Oh, Miss! Say you know I never done it! Say you know I wouldn't quench the life in man or woman! Say it, and I'll bless you, and—and—"

They were coming down the hill by the sea now, and an opening in the clouds showed blue sky and threw light on the bay. Kitty looked up at the man beside her, and saw an old, worn face, convulsed with pleading, pitiful.

"I know you didn't do it," she said, "and I believe you. And I know it's all over now, and you should forget. Aren't you happy—in a nice place, and—"

They came to a bend in the road, and beyond that bend it continued in a straight line; and they could see two gateways—the house of Kitty's father, and the house beyond it. The blue sky now stretched over their heads to the far horizon. The doctor's servant-man slacked the reins, and the horse, feeling the end of the journey near, cheerfully rattled along. But the driver's hands, hands made with a tenderness for animals, as one could see, were shaking. The man sat, grey-faced, dejected.

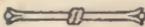
"I don't know," he said. "It's a queer thing not to see the roads and the fields for fifteen long years. Fifteen years—it was to be for life—and the war came. It's better be dead. You're in dread of everything, and you be thinking queer things, and you can't forget. I'm thinking it's bad to be in prison."

Kitty dropped down from the car, cramped and cold and with her wet clothes clinging to her. She took a step towards the gate, and then turned round.

"Thank you," she said. "I'm glad you've told me that, and that you know I believe you, at any rate. And you will forget——"

But already he had forgotten about her. He was turning the horse away, bent double in his seat, an old, grey-faced man.

THE END.



On the Union with England.

"The union of the shark with its prey."—*Lord Byron.*

"Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And Death's pale flag is not advanced there."

—*Quoted by Grattan in his last speech against the Union.*

"Do not unite with us; we would unite with you only to rob you."—*Doctor Johnson.*



What about Ulster?

By Edmund B. Fitzgerald.

The Battle of "Confetti."

Returning to Belfast just in time to witness the renewed ebullitions of the denizens of Sandy Row, the Falls, and Shankhill, I found myself besieged from within by several who had read my earlier pamphlet* dealing with the Belfast disturbances, they accusing me that I had been over kind and exculpatory for the "wild men," and taunting me with the query—"What about Ulster NOW?" It was no easy matter endeavouring to think out any practical or placatory answer while dodging showers of "confetti" from the wild men on the one side and a hurtle of pavers from the wild men of the other, not to mention odd revolver and rifle shots, while hanging poised, one ear cocked toward the road momentarily waiting to hear the front crash in, one eye turned toward the entry at the back, attending the arrival of yet another flaming petrol-brand that should set the rere premises ablaze and rid the loyal city of Belfast of a few more dirty papishes and a Protestant Irishman besieged from without.

Again returned into the comparative calm of Glasgow, with a mild no-rent campaign causing next to no disturbance, I have had a little leisure and quiet in which more deeply to ponder the question—What about Ulster? And herein I offer a possible answer, and a by no means impossible solution of the "Ulster problem."

Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child.

Any sensible parent knows how to deal with a refractory child, and is inherently aware of the wisdom of the precept that tells the parent that the child is spoiled by sparing of the rod.

* "Fiddling Amid the Flames," No. 1 of the Red Hand Magazine Series of Pamphlets, price threepence.

The Cure for National Cancers.

Personally I have great faith in the efficacy of parental and national discipline upon the recalcitrant child or subject; and I have no time to waste in any hour of emergency with the backboneless person who pretends that any the most hardened and criminal case can be cured by the gentle persuasiveness of mild words and sweet examples: nor do I believe that a cancerous growth can be cured by any process of soft stroking or applications of sweet oil administered on the wing feather of a turtle-dove. For every national and bodily disease that threatens existence there is but one and the same remedy—the surgeon's knife in a resolute hand: even as, in the case of a child inherently and persistently fractious, the one most expeditious and certain cure is in the administration of a hand that smites relentlessly and comprehensively.

Promise no Threats—

Again, I long since learned in a wide tutorial experience that to promise a certain penalty in the event of an infraction of duty was merely to invite the reasonable contempt of the threatened, and to nerve him to a bolder delinquency.

But Fulfil without Promise.

In dealing with every such case the wisest and, ultimately, the kindest policy, is to forestall rebellion in the sour and evilly-disposed subject by an open and transparent preparation for meeting it adequately and suppressing it ruthlessly.

The Folly of Promising.

The real fault has hitherto lain with the Forces that lawfully assume governmental authority in Ireland. They have been promising punishments too long, and have thus brought themselves into contempt and ridicule both with those who flagrantly deny the authority with which they have been invested by the Irish Nation, and those who, pretending to deny it in part, subtly subvert it in the whole.

By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them.

The unfilial attitude of the Orangeman may appear more absolute than that of the Falls' adherent of the speechless and defunct "Irish" Party; but, in effect, both are equally monstrosities in the Family of Ireland, while the former is rather less un-Irish than the latter. When all is said, the pro-English northerner believes in a nebulous sort of way that his un-Irish attitude is the only safe and profitable way for him: and he continues to arm himself against the supposed menace whose spirit was made sufficiently manifest for him by those who devised the counter-formation of similar unauthorised militant bodies, similar anti-Irish, anti-everything societies—the element that flaunts a green flag and howls itself hoarse with the maudlin singing of "A Nation once again"—as if Ireland had ever been less than Ireland, or had ceased ever to be a Nation in deed or in fact. Such "Nationalists" are indeed more hazy on the vital issue of Nationality than the Orangeman himself, who has at least some conception, albeit a false one, on the question of his supposedly real part in an alien administration. However, in the end there is little to choose between one and the other: the one howls for Westminister in Ireland; the other for Ireland in Westminister: and both agree with a strange and illuminating unanimity in their election rhymes, that protest huge scorn of that lately despised comestible, the Spanish onion, oblivious to the fact that the Spanish onion has a most tearfully pungent effect, and is extremely wholesome in its properties. But apart from all this, there is at least a certain logic in the Ulsterman who shouts "God Save the King" against the wailing of the other party's "A Nation once again," since in these enlightening days all kings, and their own supposed king in particular, are in sad and urgent need of a tremendous amount of saving.

Root Out the Tares—

The outstanding fact, however, is that both are refractory children of one too patient and long-suffering Mother.

Her dutiful sons, because they were ever dutiful, have received no less obloquy and illusage from the one than the other: and the Mother herself has been and still is flagrantly and most shamelessly contemned by both. Time then that the sons who have grown up into a full sense of filial duty shall take the disturbers in hand, without regard to the raucous and ribald songs they sing or the meaningless emblems and insane party hieroglyphics they affect, whether it be in Belfast or Glasgow, or anywhere where such fripperies are flaunted. The Poor Old Woman herself has long been enfeebled with these discordant and riotous elements in her Household, that have brought her sorrow and want and a growing despair. Too long has she sought to bring these degenerate offspring to a sense of their ungracious and unfilial conduct by her mild persuasion and many prayers, thus to unite them together with her dutiful sons in one family, where brotherly love and intercourse should evermore continue.

And Cast Them into the Furnace.

The time for admonishments is now past; the hour for a less gentle application of a more salutary remedy is come: for it is abundantly clear that neither prodigal will return to his duty from any sense of shame or propriety.

What About Ulster?

What about Ulster, then? The answer is that each truant and refractory element in the Household of Ireland shall be compelled to submission, even penalised into a proper sense of duty. If they will not work for Ireland, let them not eat of the corn of Ireland. If they will not bear a filial part in the upholding of the Motherland, let them not be suffered to partake of the fruits of the patrimony that were otherwise theirs, nor of any of the comfortable hospitality of their Mother's House. Let them be put face to the wall in the north-east corner there to savour the bread and water of affliction. But never let any be denied, when he shall at last plead the just claim he presently

denies—his part, by right of birth, in the Irish Nation. In the meantime, however, let them everyone be rigorously exercised and schooled in every wholesome lesson that shall teach them that their only safety, their only profit, is in the furtherance of the righteous claims of the Irish Nation. Let them be bent to its parental ordinances; nay, even let them be broken in compulsion to them, and be shown by every coercive means that the authority of the Mother is stronger, naturally and actually, than the instinct for rebellion in any untoward offspring. And let the faithful children of Ireland stand up fortified and secure in the knowledge that theirs is the righteous arm, and the unyielding, that shall smite equally the enemy within and the enemy without, and assert once and forever the complete sovereignty of the Motherland, and the unquestionable and absolute authority of the Mother over every recalcitrant and degenerate offspring.

Thus shall the question of Ulster be finally settled, in the complete reabsorption, or the total rejection, of every element that has hitherto sought to disrupt the integrity of Ireland's divinely ordained and insular sovereignty, within whose borders the Irish Nation was destined to dwell, one in the concord that proceeds of a common consanguinity, sons of one Mother, co-heirs in an ancient, honourable, and inalienable patrimony.

Edvard Soermus.

*'The throbbing strings are broken, the song fled.
No more that fierce implacable note shall thrill,
Despair to hope, and hope to passionate will,
Or guileless lips with subtle wile be led
To drink infection at that fountain-head
Of luring sweetness and insidious ill:
The strings are snapt, the song forever still,
The singer silenced, the last echo dead'*

So smiled the great *Attorney*. But was heard
An answering whisper, tense, and ominous
Of fire: and Dawn cleft through the torpid mist
A living Flame. And every wakened bird
Sang high the murdered song of Soermus.
Now Edvard Scermus was a Bolshevik.

N. LE BIEN-AIMÉ

The Irish Theatre: Its Inception and Progress.

By Frank J. Hugh O'Donnell.

Some two years ago, when I first came to Dublin, I saw a play billed for production at the Irish Theatre, Hardwicke Street, and I decided upon seeing it. It was, I think, Mr H. B. O'Hanlon's "The All-Alone." On the night appointed I set out on my quest for this little theatre of intellectual ideas, and was very much puzzled indeed at the wry faces made at me by the people from whom I queried the location of my objective. Some folks solemnly said there was no such place—others averred they had never heard of it, and, if memory serves me right, it was a D.M.P. man who directed me thither.

Since then I have been to see every play produced in this cloister-atmosphered theatre, and I have always been shocked at the sparsity of audiences. Whatever the reason may be, there certainly is not deserving patronage given to this praiseworthy effort of Mr Edward Martyn's, and it is in the hopes of getting the Irish public interested in this intellectual venture of his that I have decided upon giving a brief account of its inception and progress.

When, in the early nineties, there was a Continental reaction against the common and unintellectual drama then holding sway, some few Irish men of letters were caught in the flood of regenerated dramatic thought. Foremost amongst those was Edward Martyn. Together with his friends, W. B. Yeats and George Moore, he decided upon giving Ireland a theatre suitable for the production of plays of international application.

His study of Ibsen and other Scandinavian and Russian dramatists peculiarly fitted him to this task. He knew well when setting out, that his works and the works of authors produced in such a theatre would not pander to

the popular taste, and that is why I am astonished that Irish men and women of to-day do not appreciate his theatre all the more. (Being a sensational race, we like adventures!) . . . The Irish Theatre was founded in 1899, and on 8th May of that year the first play was performed there. It was "The Countess Cathleen" by W. B. Yeats. The next evening Mr Martyn's best play "The Heather Field," was produced.

The following season was opened by the production of "The Bending of the Bough" by George Moore, and "Maeve" by Edward Martyn. Shortly afterwards Miss Alice Milligan made her debut as a dramatist with "The Feast of the Fianna."

Between this and October, 1901, there were no productions. In that month "Diarmuid and Grania," the twin-play of W. B. Yeats and George Moore, was presented together with the first Irish play produced in any theatre. This was "Casadh an t-Sugain" (The Twisting of the Rope) by Dr. Douglas Hyde.

At this period unfortunate differences of opinion set in between the founders. Mr Yeats wanted an Irish Theatre in all respects—Irish in subject and in tone; Mr Martyn and Mr Moore wanted a theatre of international thought. They were concerned more with social and psychological drama than with National sentiment, and so the rift in the lute deepened.

Yeats' love of legendary drama was entirely opposed to Edward Martyn's taste, and in 1903 Mr Yeats found it necessary for himself to found another theatre. He did so by taking over "the National Dramatic Company," founded by the brothers Fay, and re-naming it "The Irish National Theatre Society." The Abbey Theatre of to-day is the child of that foundation.

This disagreement had somewhat disastrous results for Mr Martyn's theatre, as I understand that there was no production given in the thirteen years intervening to 1914, when in the April number of "The Irish Review" of that

year the original founder made an appeal for the revival of his enterprise. In the course of this appeal Mr Martyn states that "we have still some inhabitants left in Ireland besides peasants, and that a theatre which treats only of peasant life can never be considered, no matter how good it may be, more than a folk theatre."

His appeal was not in vain, for he found two new helpers in Thomas M'Donagh and Joseph Plunkett, two of the Irish Leaders executed for their participation in the memorable Easter Week of 1916. In giving their reasons for re-starting this non-commercial theatre, the joint founders stated that they wished "to apply the methods of the Abbey Theatre to an organisation for the encouragement and production of native Irish drama other than the peasant species, and thereby to see if, by study and perseverance, we may similarly create a school of young dramatists who will devote themselves to this particular department."

Further on they stated that the plays produced would not be of the commercial variety, and that, co-operating with Gaelic players, they should produce plays in the Irish language other than peasant plays. The companionship and help of Thomas M'Donagh and Joseph Plunkett seems to have instilled fresh vigour into the author of "The Heather Field," for in 2nd November, 1914, "The Dream Physician" from his pen was produced.

This was followed later on by "The Privilege of Place" and "Romulus and Remus." In December, 1916, a new playwright, Mr H. B. O'Hanlon, made his debut with "Tomorrow, a Nightmare in one Act," which was very favourably received. His second play, "The All-Alone," to which I have referred before, was produced in the autumn of 1918, and created a mild sensation.

So far Mr O'Hanlon is the only one of the Irish Theatre's dramatists who is following in Mr Martyn's footsteps, for all his plays bear the stamp of Ibsen, and some of his plots resemble closely those of that famous Scandinavian playwright. Of an entirely different type were the plays of

Emar O'Duffy and Thomas M'Donagh, produced in 1915. They were "The Phoenix on the Roof" and "The Walls of Athens" by the former, and "Pagans" by the latter—a play that has never been produced since.

Many foreign masterpieces have been played during the past three years, including Ibsen's "Enemy of the People," Maeterlinck's "The Intruder," Strindberg's "Easter" and "Pariah," and Tchekhoff's "Uncle Vanja" and "The Cherry Orchard." Within that period also Mr John M'Donagh, the popular actor, author, and manager of the theatre, has presented us with three plays of his own, "Author, Author," "Just Like Shaw," and, last season, "Weeds"—a play which, though treating of the land problems of some forty years, proved to be of a more psychological nature than many others of similar ideas.

So much for the work of the Irish Theatre up to the present, but what am I to say of the future?

Mr Martyn offered a prize of £20 in 1917 "for the best intellectual or psychological play in three or more acts, but not of the peasant type, by an Irish author."

So far none of the aspiring dramatists of to-day have proved worthy of the reward, and one feels doubtful if the intellectual drama will ever appeal sufficiently to the brain-cells of our younger band of writers.

Personally, I think that the peasant drama is threadbare, as all aspects of it seem to have been written and re-written; and I have come to the conclusion, after an analysis of recent productions at the Abbey Theatre, that modern plays are fundamentally more inclined to the psychological aspect than hitherto.

Perhaps this winter therefore we may find some new and startling production in "the theatre of ideas"; and in the anticipation of such being the case, it behoves us all to support such an enterprise. I hope later on to have something to say on the last season's productions in this theatre, and on the unconventional School of Acting that has been established there.

REVIEWS.

"Thyrea and other Sonnets," John Ferguson. (London: Andrew Melrose, Ltd.) Boards, 1/6 net. Paper, 1/- net.

It has been said that to-day there is no real difference between English and Scotch literature; that the latter has ceased even to be Anglo-Scottish; that English culture has as wholly swallowed Scotch literature as England has swallowed Scotland. If that were true Scotland would be more utterly remote from Gaelic Ireland than England itself. It was therefore a fortunate circumstance to happen upon the Sonnets of John Ferguson, which have nothing of the English about them, save their language, and that as a mere accidental.

"Book-Post" in a recent issue quotes Hamilton Fyfe as saying: "The best of Gaelic writers' books is that they reveal their authors' personality. The Englishman is apt to say what he thinks is expected of him. The Celt sets himself down just as he is. He is frank with it, and we understand him quickly, and understanding breeds sympathy."

If such may be taken as a criterion of Gaelic literature—and we believe it may, then English culture has failed altogether to assimilate John Ferguson. Reading his sonnets he becomes instantly something more to the reader than the mere name upon the book: he reveals himself and in a multitude of aspects; we understand the author in the reading, and he commands our sympathy. Not one of his sonnets but would loom awkwardly in the chapbooks of Georgian craftsmen below the border, even as a living thing amid that ornamental stillness that English culture delights to put under a glass cover would do.

Hamilton Fyfe, as quoted above, summarises with a rare intuition the distinguishing national traits of the Gaelic writer; and the work of John Ferguson falls into the Gaelic category as naturally and as irrevocably as does all the work of all the greater Scottish writers; and England can no more claim him than our Ferguson of Ulster.

Whether John Ferguson respects the conventional views

of to-day, or whether he does not—and mostly he does not—another characteristic of the Gael!—he is always true to the personality that takes life out of his pages. We can imagine how the startling originality of poems such as “Resting” will upset the accepted notions of what is placid and proper in art: but this book of John Ferguson’s is in its seventh edition, which is in itself a significant and happy sign that accepted notions, in poetry as in all else, are being vigorously challenged by thinking men the world over. John Ferguson chooses the medium through which he can most fully express his thoughts with a perfect sincerity; he thus makes a poem that is worth remembering: and the thoughtful reading-public is obviously not offended.

His songs are of forlorn hopes and lost causes; he sings of the weak, the ailing, the deformed; of the rouged chorus-girl and the itinerant preacher; but these pitiable heroes of his are men and women with souls to be won or lost; and often they can win the soul back in those less pitiable exteriorally. He paints with the same brush the things that disfigure humanity, and those that glorify men: and few will forget the sense of spiritual calm that comes with the reading of these lines from “Stella Maris”:

“It was so soft a night; the world seemed veiled
In gray and downy slumber, when from far
Into the amplitude of heaven sailed
The splendour of a solitary star.”

Such a sense of repose is sometimes experienced in the transept of a medieval fane at evening, or on an open road in October, racing clouds overhead; but only the conscious artist can unconsciously saturate the mind of others with the repose that is of his own soul. John Ferguson can do this. He can make others weep for pity, and sorrow for the pangs that afflict the great mass of humanity; and he brings a balm and a comfort for the afflicted and the charitably sorrowful.

The real beauty in “Thyrea” is that the author is true to himself and to his fellows, and being understood by every reader, obtains for himself and his work an instant and sympathetic response.

A. A. R.

“ Songs from an Ulster Valley,” Mr Pim. (London: Messrs Grant Richards, 3/6.)

The critic approaches the poetry of Mr Pim with some misgiving, and for sundry reasons, not the least being that so extensive a critic as Mr Pim himself, when he was writing such of his poems as may be considered seriously, for example, his “To Ireland,” and “The Ballad of Famine Martyrs,” was liberally criticising his own poetry—in the columns of “The Irishman,” of which paper Mr Pim happened in those days to be editor—so much so, indeed, that the reader might be entirely certain in any issue of being brought bolt upright against superlatives of criticism heaped upon superlatives of criticism, festoons and garlands and chaplets of an over-coloured and somewhat dubious tinting in orange, white, and green, the whole caught up and strung from line to line and from cover to cover along an endless perspective of first person singulars in leaded capitals bravely upstanding.

Little then remains to be added. If any further opinion were to be offered, it would merely be to state that no poem in this book is bad—for nothing in the world is entirely bad; and no poem is altogether good—for nothing can be entirely good that proceeds entirely from the intellect, whether it be a Shakespeare’s or a Pim’s. And as only the heart matters in poetry, as in all else, including criticism, the critic has compassion for the reader, even when, as is sometimes the case, the poet has not.

The aptest commentary on the poetry of Mr Pim is that it blows neither hot nor cold. It is lukewarm.

P. P.

“ In the Shadows,” David Gray, with an introduction by John Ferguson. (London: Andrew Melrose, Ltd. Boards, 1/6 net; Paper, 1/- net.)

Let the reader of this book of sonnets imagine its author setting out from his retired home by the Luggie for that city to which so many aspirants for fame have turned,

burning with youthful enthusiasm. Carrying a carpet-bag filled with manuscripts, and with but a few shillings in his pockets, David Gray reaches London, his spirit high with hope. Perhaps he thinks every door will be thrown open to him: but he spends his first night homeless in one of the city's pitiless open spaces. Perhaps he thinks that on the morrow the city will come to him: happily after a few unfriendly morrows he will turn away from the city and come again to his simple home by the Luggie—to die, but less miserably than the boy Chatterton who came to this same tomb of youthful greatness, to fill a forgotten pauper's grave.

Realising so much, the reader will open these pages with the same sense of awe that a worshipper has in entering into the crumbling precincts of Melrose Abbey; for he is indeed entering into

“The chancel of a dying poet's mind.”

The brief life-story of David Gray, as he himself sets it down in these sonnets, is poignant in the extreme, but instinct with tender and affectionate devotion. It is no story particular to himself, or peculiar to youthful artists: it is rather the story of many an Irish and Scottish exile, and is unfortunately as true to-day as it was in the youth of Gray and Chatterton. The false glamour that lured him to the destruction of his young life and to the losing of his high ambition is still luring many a young Irishman and Scotsman to a false manner of living that is worse than death: and what he tells of himself may still be told of many another—that for youth so misguided life can be but—

‘The sweet beginning of a tale unknown;
A dream unspoken; a promise unfulfilled.’

Returning to his home the stricken poet pens these thirty sonnets, it would almost seem, to be an everlasting warning to those who are tempted to turn their feet toward the modern Babylon; and prophetically he sets down for them a funereal epic at times overwhelmingly terrible in its tragic truth, as one certain to be for all who follow the way he led.

In reading these sonnets the Irish reader will instantly be reminded of Mangan. Both Gray and Mangan sing a like yearning story; and either might have asked the unanswerable questions of the Scottish Mangan—

‘ Why are all fair things at their death the fairest?
Beauty the beatifullest in decay?
Why doth rich sunset clothe each closing day
With ever-new apparelling the rarest?
Why are the sweetest melodies all born
Of pain and sorrow?’

And only the tragic realisation that comes at last to all who forsake the substance to pursue the shadow supplies a clue to the rightful answer.

It is reported that the Government of the Irish Republic has forbidden further emigration from Ireland; if this be so, yet it is not sufficient. The emigration from the country to the cities of Ireland must be stayed; the exiles must be recalled, the town dwellers repatriated. Such a sane and beneficent legislation in its results would act as a deterrent outside of Ireland. The lowland Scot would cease to look toward London, and find the beginning and end of all his hopes in his own land; and, realising its sufficiency for himself, he would seek to make it as free for his children as the Ireland of to-morrow will be free. The naturally diseased heart of empire will cease to beat only when the veins that carry the purer blood of the Celt cease to feed it; and in proportion as the virile outward current is stayed, so the Gaelic State, whether in Ireland or Scotland, will grow in strength; and the leech of empire, deprived of its allured Grays and Mangans, and reduced to preying upon its own parts, will inevitably perish.

E. B. F.

“The Spoiled Buddha”: a Play in Two Acts, by Helen Waddell. (Talbot Press, 1/-.)

A play that presents the most illustrious figure in India’s history will have the appreciation or disgust of the reader according as he has been educated to manifest a lofty contempt or a lowly homage for the great of other times and

peoples: nor will any craft in the writing or any philosophy of its diction count for aught with those who are offended in it.

But to those trained to a supercilious disregard for the beliefs of hundreds of millions of subject peoples; those who, in going into their churches, scrape muddy boots on the very altar-stones before which their fathers worshipped through the centuries; who carve off the nose of a saint in stone or a boy-bishop; who scrawl their names on the walls of the Holy Places, stare through the Colosseum, and picnic in the Parthenon; who run off with the Elgin Marbles and Cleopatra's Needle: to all such this play will prove highly diverting, and be loudly guffawed.

The Buddha, however, will continue as stonily indifferent to the buffoonery of the second act as the sacred Idol of Benares to the kharki-clad atom of cockneydom who climbs up to chip a lash from the drooping eyelid with which to scratch "Bill Brown, Bermondsey," on the calm cheek of the god; and who, perched upon an ear, puffing a Woodbine, waves down the regulation salute to such another wisp out of Mayfair pranking past below, who, in his mess drinks iced claret-cup from a chalice looted, it may be, from a Monastery on Mount Sinai, or one ploughed up in the wilderness of Ulster's desolated Bun-na-Margie.

E. B. F.

The Sonnets of the Lady of the Garden: Ethna Kavanagh. (London: Heath, Granton, Ltd., Fleet Lane.) Price, 2/6.

Following her book of verse "The Priest of Isis," Ethna Kavanagh publishes this small sequence of sonnets, and adds to the reputation she has already gained for herself in her writings. The sonnets are essentially lyrical, and will appeal to those who enjoy work whose originality of style and thought is an intrinsic part of the work itself and not the result of any exterior effort.

Miss Kavanagh tells of a lady who, loving unhappily in

life, finds the earth-love restored and made perfect in the after-life. Her treatment of the theme is, as might be expected, subdued and sympathetic, and devoid of insincere sentiment. It is of the poetry that remains in the memory, and that invites many a subsequent reading.

P. P.

“Slumber Song,” music by Joseph Gormley. (Dublin: Sullivan & Co., 14 Crowe Street.) Price 2/-.

A simple setting of the lines by Edmund B. Fitzgerald, within the compass of the average voice, this little song is a notable addition to modern Irish music, and should have a place in the repertoire of all Irish singers, who for too long have had to rely on London Houses for anything new. The song is excellently printed, and reflects credit upon Messrs Sullivan & Co., who announce, among other publications, “In Old Malbay,” by Maurice Scott, and “Belle of Erin,” by Rosaleen Drew. It is to be hoped that our native composers will give preference to this Irish Publishing House, and thus enable this patriotic firm to produce in larger quantities both the songs and instrumental music of our young and struggling musicians, whose music already gives great promise of the place modern Irish music will take in competition with the bizarre cacophonies that emanate from London and the Continent, and that pass for music according to the new vogue. There is nothing of bizarre in the Slumber Song of Joseph Gormley. It is what a song should be—sweet and lyrical, with an air that admits of being sung. The accompaniment is subdued and in harmony with the setting throughout.

P. P.

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November, 1920.

THE RED HAND MAGAZINE

"If a man will plant himself on his instincts, the great world will come round to him."—*Emerson*.

An Irishman's instincts must lie embedded in the soil of the Land that bore him. To know his own instincts he must know the traditions of that soil and speak the language of that soil.

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[Owing to delay in the Postal Service from Ireland, a number of Important Articles are unavoidably held over for our next and subsequent issues.—THE EDITOR.]

The Red Hand Magazine

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Editorial

The appearance of the present issue, that marks the conclusion of our first quarter-year of existence, affords an opportunity for a brief review of the work we have achieved, and to reply to several friendly criticisms and queries. Fortunately we are till now in the happy position of having to count among our correspondents none but friends and well-wishers, even unto those who write us from N.E. Ulster.

The Magazine has been both gladly and favourably received in every part of Ireland, and its circulation in Ulster has fulfilled our expectations. Its circulation is already large in Scotland, both among our Exiles and Scottish Nationalists; and we are penetrating through the towns into rural England, and further abroad, to the United States of America and Canada.

Largely attended meetings have been held by our

workers, in Scotland and in Ulster, and wherever the policy of the Magazine has been put before the people a decided advance in National Propaganda has at once evidenced itself, that continues to develop and expand.

"The Red Hand," its Readers and Contributors.

Two readers have challenged an assertion that appeared from a contributor in our first issue. As to the merits or demerits of the article in question we desire to say no more than that we unhesitatingly agree with our Two Readers in much of their criticism. As far as is possible the "Red Hand Magazine" aims to be an open forum for the expression of every sincere and constructive view; and though we may not agree with some of the views in their entirety as expressed by some among our contributors, nevertheless we desire, within limits of fact or reason, to put forward every aspect of the case as touching the mis-termed Ulster Question, allowing expression to every view that sincerely strives toward an understanding of the truth concerning Irish Nationality and its relation to the problems that have become world-wide.

We might here add that we would challenge the truth of practically every assertion and implication in the article appearing in our present issue by "A Unionist Lady": but the writer's obvious sincerity and love of Ireland leads us, if only in common fairness, to give her views expression in our columns: and we hope her statements will evoke a refutation well-reasoned and absolute in finality, from among our Readers.

It is therefore not to be concluded that every view expressed in our columns is necessarily our own; but rather, expression will be given to many views to which we could not wholly subscribe; and this with the object of inviting response.

We are too Literary.

For ourselves, we would have said that we are too wholesomely literal to be altogether pleasing. However, several Readers write us that, in general, the Magazine is

"above the head" of the average reader. If this be so, it must yet remain so. We have taken as our standard—so far as every contribution in English is concerned, that degree of expression that marks off literary, that is to say, classical English, from the nondescript and illiterate jargon of the streets, and the lingo—neither English nor anything else—of the news-sheets.

We hold that while English remains a medium for conversation in Ireland and among the Irish abroad, the English we use must retain every good and distinctive quality it yet possessed when first it was thrust upon the tongues of our forefathers. It must be the English of Merrie England, unaffected, and true as language, with as nearly as we may get back to it, the simplicity of the Anglo-Saxon, the precision of Norman-French.

It is not any part of our policy to bring our medium down to the debased level of present-day English, but to lift the minds of our Readers out of this slough of careless and indifferent speaking into a habit of careful and exact speech, and, consequently, of thinking.

We do not desire to be doctrinaire or pedantic, but to bring the English most of us are compelled to speak, as nearly as itself will permit, to the elemental purity, grace and precision from which the Irish language has, till now, never deflected.

Thus we ourselves shall come ever nearer, and the better equipped, to that transition stage where the English shall sensibly die away on the tongues of our children; and they, by our insistence for purity in language, shall the more swiftly and naturally imbibe and exclusively revert to the golden tongue of the Gael.

Upon what Platform do we stand ?

The "Red Hand Magazine" takes the platform taken by the O'Neills. It desires to achieve its end by peace; but, if need be, it is not averse to war.

Its platform, as was theirs, is that of Patrick and all the noble Army of Ireland's Saints and Scholars and Martyrs. Like them, it desires to know, and knowing,

to reveal Truth; and it will not depart from that stand-point for any consideration whatsoever.

We stand on the platform whereon Emmet stood; whereon Patrick Pearse and James Connolly stood together, side by side, one in ideal, one in purpose.

We work for the emancipation of the people of Ireland from an alien thraldom; and for the emancipation of the peoples of the earth from any thraldom whatsoever, down to the thraldom of a debased self. We lift up our voice for Peace—with honour; Truth—without reservation; Liberty—subject to Right.

Are we Catholic exclusively ?

The question comes from Ulster—from one of Ulster's old-stock Presbyterians. We reply—We are not Catholic exclusively, but catholic essentially—seeing that Truth is essential and universal, as is manifested in all primal, created things and conditions around us: and, since there is but one Truth—one fundamental Source from whence all good things and conditions proceed—Peace, and Liberty, and Right; and since we take Truth for our one and sole guide and teaching, then and thus are we indeed Catholic. Short of this comprehensive aspect, we shall not deny the desire for Truth and the possibility of attaining to It to any man who approaches It from a different view-point to our own. Only when he shall have found It, and refused It, shall we refuse him, and his posterity and ours deny to him the right to be remembered in the Universal Republic of Man: for such a man thus ceases to be a man; and his agnosticism becomes a menace to humanity.

Are we Militant ?

Again the query comes from Ulster. We have said, "We desire Peace—but with Honour." Nevertheless no right-minded man is averse to the war that is waged to establish righteousness: and, where Truth is assailed, or Right—every Right justly common to humanity; where Liberty is in jeopardy—by false teaching, by empirical usurpation—by any unrighteous domination whatsoever:

wheresoever we find these Wrongs we shall fight them with the Sword of Truth and of Righteousness.

Therefore, for ourselves, we cannot compromise with Wrong in order to gain any end that is ours of natural and God-given Right. Thus, if Peace is to be gained through dishonour, we would desire war. If Liberty is to be compassed by the least denial or ignoring of Right, then bodily slavery, physical death with everlasting honour were infinitely to be preferred.

As Irishmen we cannot abate one iota of the claim made for our Sovereign Nation by the Men who registered that Claim in their life-blood. Rather than do that, we would fight forever, even did we know victory through all time should be denied us. But we do not believe that shall be so. We vision an emancipated Ireland—emancipated in body and in soul—a State that has been revealed to us in the heroic self-abnegation of the Martyrs of our Nation. And, fulfilled in faith by their dying, we labour to carry on to its complete revelation the Ideal that inspired them; and we strive to the realisation of that Freedom whose vision through time ended prematurely for them, but in the Revelation of an eternal Reality of Freedom.

Furthermore, with this terrestrially-translated Reality nearly before us, we Irishmen vision a like happy condition for the peoples of the world: so that, having achieved freedom for ourselves, yet could we be neither content nor free while one nation, one man, languished in the bondage that has for so long been ours.

Our Mission.

To this end we work; to the same end we shall come, haply by methods of peace; or, if such must be, by war. And not in the strength of our arms shall the victory be ours, but in our faith and constancy.

This is our Mission, the reason of our being: and only in its consummation shall the teaching that directs and fortifies us find an end.

A Historical Sketch of Ireland.

By Rev. E. Cahill, S.J.

"The Irish," says Camden,* "begin their history from the most remote memory of ancient times, so that the antiquity of every other nation compared with theirs seems but a new and infant growth." "That people," writes Spencer,† "are one of the most ancient nations I know of at this end of the world." At the great Council of Constance (1417 A.D.) it was admitted in arranging precedence amongst the assembled prelates that the kingdom of Ireland was older than any other European state, except those of Rome and Constantinople.*

The Irish people maintained their independence and preserved their national tradition and culture for a longer stretch of time than any other nation of modern Europe. Whatever be the dates of the arrival in Ireland of the different races of which the people are composed, these had coalesced into a single nation in the first century of the Christian era. That nation substantially maintained its independence down to the end of the 16th century; and preserved its national culture and tradition for two hundred years more. Hence these latter remained unaltered, and indeed, almost unaffected by any outside influence except Christianity for close upon two thousand years. No other

* *Brittanica.*

† "View of the State of Ireland." *Hib. Press, Dublin, 1809, p. 57.*

* Cp. Harding's *History of the Councils*, vol. VIII., col. 751, for a full history of the interesting incident. A brief account of same with references may also be read in Molyneaux's "Cast of Ireland Stated" (page 36 of the reprint of 1892). The question at issue was whether the kingdoms of France and England had any locus standi at the Council amongst the ancient kingdoms of Christendom. The English representatives successfully claimed that right for their country, not on its own merits, but on the plea that the King of England was now overlord of Ireland, which, as they (the English representatives) asserted, was one of the most illustrious and ancient kingdoms of Europe, prerogatives which they denied to the kingdom of France.

nation of Europe known to history, not even ancient Greece, can point to a similar record.

The Romans, whose legions and strongly-built imperial organisation destroyed at the beginning of the Christian era in Gaul and over most of Europe the spirit of independence and of distinct national life, never planted their eagles in Ireland. Neither were the Irish disturbed by the race movements that convulsed Europe from the 4th to the 7th centuries. From its position Ireland lay completely outside their influence.

It was indeed during these centuries that Irish civilisation and culture produced their most remarkable evidences. When the Gaels adopted Christianity in the 5th century they alone of all the nations of Europe refused to accept with it Roman methods or Hellenic ideals. Their national culture remained as individual as before. The Church in Ireland was organised after a Gaelic, not a Roman, model. Gaelic remained the medium for instruction in the Irish Christian schools, and even the purely ecclesiastical literature of Ireland from the 5th down to the 11th centuries was written largely in Irish.

Again, the Irish successfully withstood the Danish and Scandinavian pirates of the 9th and 10th centuries.

After a struggle of more than two hundred years, Ireland emerged from the contest, weakened indeed, and disorganised, but victorious, and with her native customs, ideals, and social system practically unchanged. The struggle with the Normans was somewhat more protracted; the final results, however, were almost as decisive. This contest continued from the end of the 12th to the middle of the 15th century. Here, too, the Irish were substantially victorious. Before the Elizabethan wars of the 16th century Ireland, with the exception of about a hundred square miles around Dublin, and the few Colonial settlements, such as Galway, Waterford, and Limerick, was as purely Gaelic in customs and language as it had been ten centuries before. Even the Norman barons had become Irish chiefs, and had accepted the Gaelic civilisation. The victory of the Irish over the Norman barons, and the refusal of the people to

accept the feudal system, is the more remarkable, as Ireland was practically the only country of Western Europe where feudalism refused to take hold.

Finally when the Irish lost their national independence as the result of the Elizabethan wars, they still clung to their own Gaelic culture and traditions. These, notwithstanding every effort to uproot them, remained with the nation as a whole down to the great famine in the middle of the 19th century, and have never been wholly lost.

The Irish language, which has been spoken in Ireland since the first coming of the Gaels, some two thousand years ago, is still the mother tongue of more than half a million of the Irish people,* and it is the oldest national vernacular in Europe except Greek.

Irish has still a living literature; and that literature is connected by an unbroken chain of writers with the early centuries of the Christian era. No other living literature can show a record of more than half that time.

Irish national history is older by several centuries than the historical records of any other country of Western Europe; and, unlike the history of other countries, ancient Irish historical writing is a purely national growth developed by the native genius, and written in the native language.

The Annals of Ulster, the Annals of the Four Masters, the Synchronisms, and the Genealogical Books are quite authentic from the middle of the third, or, at the latest, from the beginning of the fourth century, A.D., and these books contain entries that were first committed to writing, pro-

* The absolute number of Irish speakers is almost as great to-day as it was three centuries ago. According to the last census the total number of Irish speakers in Ireland was 582,577. In 1652 the total number of Catholics in Ireland was 690,000. We may take it that the Catholics correspond substantially to the Irish speakers.

The Basque language, spoken by the natives in Northern Spain, and possibly the Illyrian language, spoken by the Albanians, may, however, be as old as Irish vernacular, but these languages at least contain no authentic record of their antiquity. Irish does.

bably as early as the second century of the Christian era.* They include besides, some genuine national history going back to a still earlier period. The oldest national historical records of a modern European nation outside of Ireland are King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. This belongs to the opening of the tenth century, and is therefore some centuries later than the national records of Ireland.†

Hence the families who can trace their ancestry to an Irish prince or chief have in the Genealogical Books an authentic family history older by several centuries than the oldest and most venerable continental domestic and noble houses.

What has been stated of the Irish language, literature, and history is also true of the native Irish laws, except that the Irish laws are no longer in use, having been forcibly suppressed by the English conqueror after 1600 A.D. The Irish laws (called in Irish *Feineachus*, in English the *Brehon Laws*) are by far the oldest national code in Western Europe, and, unlike the other codes of Europe, which are founded mainly on Roman law, the Irish system is a purely national growth. Portions of the *Feineachus* were reduced to their present form about the middle of the third century, A.D. A fuller codification took place two centuries later in St. Patrick's time, when the *Feineachus* was brought into full accord with the teachings of Christianity. King Alfred's collection of Anglo-Saxon laws, which, next to the *Feineachus*, is the oldest national code in Western Europe, is more than six centuries later than the Irish laws, and, unlike the latter, can make no claim to form anything like a complete legal system.

That the Irish were well advanced in civilisation more than fifteen centuries ago (before any of the present nations

* See O'Donovan's edition of the *Four Masters*, vol. i., introd., pp. lii.-liii.

† Gildas' *Excidio Brittanica* and Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* (730 A.D.), which, next to the Irish, are the oldest records, are in Latin, and are not national history properly so called. The same is true of the earliest records of the German people, which date from about 800 A.D.

of Europe were yet born, except perhaps the Greeks) is quite certain: otherwise the native language could not have maintained its hold as the medium of instruction in the early Christian schools of Ireland—for everywhere else in Europe Latin became the sole medium of learning and instruction; nor would the native civilisation have resisted the fascination of Greek and Roman ideals which prevailed among every people of Christian Europe. The same fact is established from the speed with which the country after adopting the new Faith became a centre of culture and of missionary activity for the rest of Europe.

The Irish of the fifth century possessed a unified political organisation. They had a national code of laws administered by a highly skilled class of professional lawyers. They possessed carefully-kept historical records, and a rich traditional literature. And although it is not likely that much of this literature was yet committed to writing, it is possible that they were familiar with the use of letters in pre-Christian times. Their lawyers, bards, and historians were each an hereditary class, enjoyed high social rank, and had lands set apart for their maintenance. There was a national system of education, by which the members of these professional classes, sons of chiefs, and any others who wished, were trained in institutions and colleges.*

The descriptions which have come down to us from the tenth-century documents, of the magnificent dimensions of Cormac's palace at Tara, the regal splendour with which the palace was furnished, and the wealth of gold and silver ornaments and richly embroidered draperies which the monarch and his courtiers wore on state occasions, and especially at the great triennial parliament of the nation, bear on the face of them considerable weight, for these descriptions were undoubtedly copied from earlier historical records. Their value, however, as a true picture of pre-Christian Ireland is much enhanced when we find them confirmed from antiquarian research. Thus the existing remains of Tara palace, which, as a building, had disappeared

* Cf. O'Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," pp. 169-176.

some four centuries earlier, prove that the tenth century document is so far accurate. The immense number we still possess of beautifully wrought gold ornaments of pre-Christian times, and the superior workmanship of our surviving articles of bronze and clay, all bear witness to a high degree of civilisation. The wealth in gold in ancient Ireland is extraordinary, and greater than that of any other country of Western Europe; and it is practically certain that this gold was dug from Irish soil, and smelted and wrought with such exquisite skill by pre-Christian Irish artificers.

The amount of extant Irish literature, the greater part of which is still unedited and unprinted, is enormous. De Jubainville quotes a German scholar, who calculated that the extant M.S.S. of old and medieval Irish alone would fill, if printed, about 1,000 octavo volumes—a quantity probably more than twenty times the extant literature of ancient Rome.* Dr. Hyde calculates that the surviving literature of the 18th and 19th centuries would fill 200 octavo volumes more.†

To the Irish people the living Irish speech, Irish literature and music, and the wealth of traditional lore are valuable beyond all price. They are the well-spring of the Nation's life, the very life of the Nation's soul; and nothing, not even political freedom and wealth and world-power, could compensate Ireland for their loss. But, apart from all considerations of nationality and race, the language and literature of Ireland are of the highest interest and value to the philologist, the student of literature, and the historian.

Although the Greeks developed a literature and possessed writing long before the Irish, the Irish language itself is nearer than Greek to the parent idiom. It is, in fact, one of the oldest languages of the Indo-European stock. Like Greek, it is practically an unmixed language, and it has developed free from outside influences. Hence its unique

* "Cours de Littérature Celtique," Paris, 1883, vol. i., p. 43; also Hyde, *ib.* preface, p. xi.

† "Evidence before the Intermediate Commission," 1898. See Gaelic League Pamphlets, No. 13, p. 12.

value to the philologist—a value that is obtaining fuller recognition as the science of philology is becoming more developed.

Again, for the historian, the antiquarian, and the ethnologist, Gaelic has an unique importance. A knowledge of it is essential for original research in early European history: in this respect Gaelic has place beside the contemporary languages of Greece and Rome. In some of the Sagas, medieval in word-form only, but pre-Christian and pre-historic in matter and inspiration, is contained a record to be found nowhere else of the political and social conditions prevailing before the Christian era over the greater part of Europe. In the Irish epic Saga we find a record of the character, ideals, and civilisation of that Celtic race that for so many centuries ruled Western Europe—a record that rivals in interest the accounts gathered from the early Greek literature of the nations of S.E. Europe and W. Asia. Hence the people of the great nations of to-day, of France, Spain, of portions of England, Italy, and Germany, whose ancestors were mostly Celts, but whose original Celtic language and literature have disappeared under pressure of Roman and Germanic conquerors, must have recourse to the early literature of Ireland as the principal authentic source of information (outside the partial and distorted accounts of their conquerors) concerning their early history and traditions.*

In another way Irish literature forms a type that is quite unique in Europe. Every other European literature, like the civilisation and culture of every other European nation, has been largely shaped and moulded by the Greek mind, as the Roman literature and civilisation had previously been. The dominant trait in the Greek mind and character—a trait appearing through all Greek literature and art—is worship of sensuous beauty: and the influences of Hellenic civilisation on moral conduct tends strongly toward setting an excessive value on outward appearances—on what is becoming, tactful, prudent, as contra-distinguished from what is morally good and upright. The Gaelic

* Cf. D'Arbois de Jubainville, *ib*, pp. 24-35; also Hyde, *ib*, ch. xx.

literature and the whole Gaelic civilisation remained in its ideals and character quite unaffected by Greek influence. This was due partly to the strong national feeling and pride of the people, but principally to the fact that the Gaelic civilisation was already considerably developed when the languages of Greece and Rome were introduced into Ireland: and so Gaelic letters and Gaelic speech and music introduce us to a new world, where we find principles and ideals, and an outlook on life which differ profoundly from anything to be found elsewhere. We find there an appreciation of the spiritual side of life which is foreign to the non-Gaelic mind, a familiarity with nature and with the Unseen, and a supreme regard for principle and morality as distinguished from mere external propriety—characteristics which seem to provide a key to the whole history of the Irish people, to their loyalty to ideals, to their intolerance of compromise and sham. How fascinating to the Irishman, chiefly trained on a foreign culture, is the new revelation, which the Irish language and literature contain: how deeply it responds to some inarticulate aspirations in his soul, everybody knows who has seriously taken up the study of Irish.

As a language Irish possesses much of the simplicity and directness of a primitive tongue, combined with the flexibility of the modern languages. It has a correctness of construction and syntax equal to Latin or Greek, and a wealth of vocabulary which Greek alone may rival. In power of conveying the depth of human passion and emotion it is probable that the Irish language and music are both unsurpassed. Nor has Irish any equal in the fullness and regularity of its phonetic system. An Irish speaker has practically all the sounds used in any of the European languages, with the exception of a small group of sounds peculiar to the Sclav dialects. Although the claim is denied by some eminent authorities, such as Zimmer, several of the most distinguished scholars of the last century, among them being Zeuss, author of the "Grammatica Celtica," Constantine Nigra, and others, affirm as certain that the art of riming, which fills such an important role in modern

poetry, had its origin in Ireland. Certain it is that the Irish developed rime centuries before any other modern European nation, and that they had reached even in the seventh century, A.D., and retained to the eighteenth century, a perfection in their riming which no other nation has approached even to the present day.*

That the Gaelic culture and language have not disappeared from the world seems little short of miraculous. It were vain to deny that they have been driven to the last defences. Their decline is not the result of internal decay, nor did they fade before the strength of a superior civilisation. Their partial destruction has been an effect of brute force, exerted by a foreign nation during more than three centuries, and of a ferocious persecution which is probably unique in human history. Their revival is now quite certain if that foreign force be withdrawn. If not, no one can foretell the issue. Should Irish die out as a living language and Irish music be silent, should the Irish literature be lost and Gaelic culture and ideals finally disappear—objects which the English Government aimed at as a constant policy, and yet aim at, the Irish people would thereby sustain a disaster greater than any in the disastrous past. Nor would Ireland be the only sufferer; for Europe and civilisation would, at the same time, have suffered a great and irreparable loss.

* Cf. Hyde, *ib.*, p. 480 ff.

AGENTS WANTED

Throughout Ireland and in Scotland and England to sell the **RED HAND MAGAZINE**, and to obtain Advance Subscriptions to **THE GAEL** which will shortly reissue as an All-Ireland Irish-Ireland Weekly.

Address the Business Manager,
THE RED HAND MAGAZINE,
48 INGRAM STREET,
GLASGOW.

DÁIL EIREANN.

(From the "Irish Cinema.")

This is the voice of Ireland, a calm voice,
 And eloquent the most when voiceless mute;
 One that of its most ancient high repute
 Commands the world's regard. Here is no noise
 Of wrangling tongues; no smiling lips that poise
 The fanged dart; no barbed wits that shoot
 Vain wordy arrows: neither shaft nor lute,
 'Tis the expression of a Nation's choice.

No gilded baubles—sceptre, orb, or mace;
 No scenic state; no coronetted crests
 Disporting tinselled leaves by chance of birth;
 No nude exuberance of wealth, no dais
 For kings bejewelled in gold-embroidered vests—
 The sacking of the peoples of the earth.



TWO VOICES.

"I despise the will of the people."—Sir Edward Carson.



"O people that I have loved."—Patrick H. Pearse.



"In reason, all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery; but, in fact, eleven men, well armed, will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt."—Dean Swift.



"Let them menace you with the hulks or the gibbet for daring to speak or write your love of Ireland. Let them threaten to mow you down with grape shot, as they massacred your kindred with famine and plague. Spurn their brutal 'Acts of Parliament'—trample upon their lying proclamations—fear them not!"—John Martin.



The Cup of Death.

By May New.

"And so, take ye your choice," said Maev, as she walked from the narrow prison room.

"Our choice," cried the youngest there, who was ever swift of tongue. "Oh, 'tis a choice in very truth! Say, will ye fight on the side of Maev against the Ultonians, to-morrow, and take your chance of life; say, will ye brave every spear, cast at ye for treachery most foul, or—will ye meet death at the hands of the men of the mighty Maev? Choice! Who, but a woman, would be so unjust!"

"You know little of war, O Aeden, and less of women, or your tongue would not cry out so often about them both. How many times has your shield been before you in fight?"

"Once," said the boy sullenly.

"And how many maids hold a gage of yours?" jeered the older man.

"None! You know there are none." And the boy pulled his mantle around him, and sat on a bench in high offence.

"Ultonians," said the aged Finn, "this is no time for matching words. To-morrow, we die. There is thought enough for us in that word, death. For myself, I am weary, and would rest; Life has dripped blood since I tasted it first, and my heart tires of it. But, 'twas hard to be taken so easily, and 'twas a pity that boys were not sent out for the spying. 'Tis hard to die in the hands of your enemy at last. And 'tis hard that you, Aeden, young and with a fame to make; you, Conor, with a bride of a month to watch in vain for your return; you, Flann, with children who listened for your footsteps; and you, Donagh, with life before you, a name already sweet in warriors' ears, 'tis hard that ye should die. I—I never had maid, nor wife, nor child, but yet—'tis hard—'tis hard."

"Oh, we know full well how hard it is," said Donagh as he moved restlessly about. "Gods of Ireland ! 'tis hard. I would have died in a charge with my spear broken off in my enemies' body, my shield red with their blood; I would have died, as heroes die, standing and laughing."

"I do not want to die," said the plaintive voice of the fair-haired Conor. "I do not want to die, and leave Fiona in sorrow; and her sorrow is the hardest thing in the world—harder even to me than death."

But Flann sat silent. His grief at seeing his little ones no more; his woe at meeting his gentle wife no more, ate too deeply into his soul for mere words.

There was a long silence, and then Flann spoke again. A strange light came into his sunken eyes—a light of madness.

"What dishonour it would be to be called the spearsmen of the Queen—what say you, O Donagh?"

'Tis the thought of that dishonour that is rending me, O Finn. But what can we do? If we had our spears—but they were taken. We cannot kill ourselves—for I know your thought, O Finn—with yonder bowls of food and cups of wine." And he turned away, wearily.

"Listen!" cried the old man. "Listen! We will die by our own hands—the gods will forgive us—there will be no dishonour. Why, in our place, Cuchulan would do the same. I have here three drops of magic that would kill ten, aye, twenty men. They were given me by one I rendered service to long ago, and were got from—only the gods know where. I will drop them into a cup of wine, and we will drink of it."

Aeden looked at him in horror—this old man brought death, grey and terrible, for all the vaunted joys of Moy Mell, into the room, with his words.

Donagh laughed.

"O Finn, you are as wise as the otter in the brown

water; cunning as the hawk in the high air. All your life you have kept those drops for this night."

"But—but," said Aeden, "will we die a horrible death, of twistings and pains?"

"No, no!" said Finn. "Slowly will it work; and quietly. We will eat, and then we will—drink." He paused, then went on. "Death will come in a gentle wise, and it will be like the first sweet sleep of a summer night. A few hours it takes to do its work. It grows late. We have only just time."

The golden moonbeams strayed in through the opening, high up in the wall, making the flaring torches that lighted the room unbearably garish.

In silence they took food and ate, and then watched Finn, as he poured the drops into a tall cup of red wine.

"I," said the old man, raising the cup, "will drink first—the privilege of old age." And he laughed without mirth.

Slowly he drank.

Finn drank next, silently, and Conor, too, had no words to say.

But Donagh quaffed deeply—he would die as he had lived—colourfully, forcefully.

"A health to you all," he cried. "Long chases after swift deer in the woods of Moy Mell. Long drinks of deep red wine, long kisses from deep red lips, and long drippings of deep red blood from your spears, to you all!"

And Aeden said shakily, but bravely enough:

"If I liked, I would write a verse on this thing, but one can write so much better about another's woes than ones own."

A great silence fell. They sat around the room, every eye fixed on the opening, through which the free moon became trailed. Soon the torches went out, and the beams of the moon grew wan. A drowsiness came over all of them; a strange lethargy of the limbs.

"Death! you are kind," whispered Aeden half to himself.

Finn sat up stiffly; the light had gone from his eyes, and he was old now, indeed. There was a noise of spears against shields outside, and slowly the door opened. Maev, regally tall, entered, bending her proud head to do so. Only Finn stood up at her coming. Only his indomitable will enabled him to do so—and the light came again to his eyes as he faced his enemy.

"Ultonians, have you chosen?"

"We—have—chosen." And as Finn spoke the body of Aeden stiffened.

"You are mannerless, ye Ultonians." Maev said this disdainfully, as she looked at the now motionless recumbent figures.

"And what is your choice?"

"We—shall—not—fight—with—your—men": he dragged forth the words.

"No? You will die then by my men instead? Ye are brave men, Ultonians, and I honour you. And," she hesitated, then went on, "a few men can make no difference after all; so you can return to your camp."

Finn swayed before her.

"Do you understand? Ye are—free!"

"Yes—we—are—free!"

And he pitched forward on his face at her feet.

Will the following please communicate with

The Business Manager,

The Red Hand Magazine,

48 Ingram Street, Glasgow.

PATRICK McMORROW, Parkhead.

HUGH CRAIG, Coatbridge.

Mrs HEUSTON, Coatbridge.

Miss MAGGIE CROAL, Coatbridge.

HUGH McGRATH, Coatbridge.

From Uladh to Galloway and From Galloway to Uladh.

By Francis Joseph Bigger.

It is not a far cry from the Abbey of Dulce Cor in Galloway to the Glens of Antrim. An open boat can ride over the waves nearly any summer afternoon in a few hours. In olden times there was a continuous traffic from Antrim and Down to the Solway ports, just as there is at present, though now restricted to Larne and Stranraer. Most of the planters in the N.E. corner in the seventeenth century came from "The Raiders' Country." They were raiders before they crossed the sea, and gave up none of their early training when they did cross. Raiding and rowing came to them as a second nature, and was skilfully cultivated.

These people of the kingdom of Galloway had planted that fair lordship centuries before from Scotia, as Ireland was then called, and had carried that name with them, just as our old customs, like Eileen Aroon, were carried over and adopted and claimed as legal offspring.

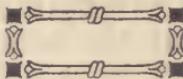
When the Galloway planters came to Ulster they were only returning to their old lands like emigrants coming home again. Many had acquired new ideas and even a new religion, but much of the old foundations remained. Their names were largely Gaelic, or of Gaelic origin, and upon their taking up their abodes in Ulster, they, of all others, interfered less with the old Gaelic place-names, recognising them as old familiar friends. Old Gaelic Saints like St. Ninian had their caves and chapels on the Solway as well as Carrickfergus Bay, and we find three Kirkpatricks, a Kirkbride, and a Kirkconnail.

Dulce Cor, the Abbey of Saint Mary, was built by a Dermorgilla as a shrine for a loving heart; and even to-day,

within the Abbey precincts, the old worship is celebrated with the most lovely surroundings, and a larger attendance than that of the many varieties of Presbytery, which Crockett describes as "a sort of animalculæ that propagates itself by fission," which is scattered around.

Fresh flowers decked the recent grave of the old Padre who had laboured in the Vales of Galloway for over forty years, covering the fresh green grass in the now silent choir of the old Abbey.

There are many historic links binding up the Raiders' land with our own fair land, just as each never fades out of sight as one rides the high waves of our Northern Sea.



SINN FÉIN.

Dá bhfileadh Fionn Mac Cumhaill, go láidir laochta,
 A's Osgar le n-a thaobh a's Goll Mac Mórna,
 Goidé an gníomh do b' urus dóibh sa bhFódla
 Nach féidir liom, nach féidir leat, do dhéanamh ?
 Dá mb'ail leo chur i bhfeidhm sean-órd na Féinne
 Nach ionam agus ionat bhéadh a ndóchas ?
 Dá mb'oll-réim as an nódh bu gheal leo thógáil
 Nach mbeidís lá ar lá go húmhal ag dréim linn ?

Gan Sinn, an slua, go saothrach saoileach calma
 Do theipfeadh glan ar Fhionn ár geás do leigheas :
 Is ionainn féin an daoirse 'gus an tsaoirse ;
 Iá seasamh Fodlá fós ar bhuidhin ard-anmannore
 'Sé teacht na Féinne dhúinn : iad-san a' adhnadh.
 'Sé an Bárr Buadh is breaghtha : Barr ár nDíchill !

W. P. O'R.

The Wedges Falling Out.

By Liam Mac Gille Iosa.

The words "Union and Unity" are often on the tongues of the individuals who pose as English statesmen. Nothing is further from their desires.

Their greatest danger lies in the union of hearts; their power rests solely on the devillish ingenuity with which they have contrived to split up subject peoples and sow strife amongst brethren.

Their idea is like that of the chemist who grinds to powder precious stones and out of the mass attempts to construct a synthetic gem. The fraud may deceive the gazer-in at the brightly-lighted window; but taken in his hand by a careful observer in the light of day, the re-constructed ruby proclaims itself to be a fraud. So does the British Empire, and a monstrous one at that. Let it break up or be burst up. What concerns us Irish and Scots is how we can best help each other in this critical time. Now, I believe, is the appointed time, now is **our** day of salvation. To help us, in the words of the Gaelic proverb, "to take the good day at its outset," we must clear away the wedge that England has thrust between the branches, well-nigh cleaving asunder to its roots our Gaelic "**craobh**."

Its an old tale, and the wedge is not of metal; it is only rotten timber. It will not come away in one piece; we shall have to pick it out, messy, dirty, foul and disease-spreading as it has turned out to be.

There will be a little cutting away at ourselves as well, for portions of a body cannot but be affected when in proximity to disease. Old prejudices planted by the enemy or arising out of the jealousy prevalent amongst kinsfolk; greed which has been extolled as a virtue, and one specially suitable for our adoption in the place of Christ himself; these must be tackled and that manfully before it is too late: and, after,

the stultifying effects of ignorance—that ignorance of the past which so distinguishes the Englishman, and which has been so profitable and powerful an asset to his pastores and masters—this too must be uprooted.

Why were the rulers of England so eager to force their educational (!) policies on Ireland and Scotland? Simply to bring us all down to the intellectual low level of the Essex labourer, to cut us off completely from a knowledge of our own past; and, what concerns us more at present, to cut us off from one another.

The disintegrating processes are not confined to the separate national boundaries, but, to work out to the full England's purposes towards us, must be carried on within our confines.

Ireland must have her Ulster; we must have our highlanders and our lowlanders.

We must all be labelled and classified either on account of locality, religion or avocation. In one thing only are we permitted to presume to join hands, and that is in the worship of the twin-headed Mammon - Mars combination, bowing ourselves humbly before it as right-minded members of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The wedges are, however, falling out in all directions; peoples are reuniting: and the Unionists of the English variety are in despair. When the Crescent and the Cross appear together on Egypt's national banner, when Sikh and Bengali, Hindoo and Mohammedian make common cause against their common oppressor, then it is high time for those on England's watch tower to tremble for the outer walls of her far-flung Empire.

All is not well within the keep itself. In those little islands of the Western sea the Gaels are up. In Erin the burial of the last of the Fenians in Glasnevin was quickly followed by the Easter week resurrection.

In Alba there is more than a mere rustling amongst the bones of the dead; Clann na Feinne in their darksome cave are turning in their sleep . . . they are rising on the elbow.

The silver whistle has blown and not in vain; sleep is impossible again; the "musgan" are being rubbed out of eyes longing for the dawning of the day. When the whistle blows again *agus gu'n greastaich Dia an latha sin*, may we all be ready. Nothing we can do will better speed our cause and hasten our victory than "Scots and Irish to be well in together," as old historians put it.

May the "Red Hand" afford in its pages frequent opportunity for brotherly and profitable interchange of ideas as also mutual encouragement for those whose aims and objects are, like their blood, the same!

NOTICE.

Owing to the complete destruction, by incendiary 'police,' of the **GAEL OFFICES**, and the series of raids on the Northern and Southern Irish Offices of the **RED HAND MAGAZINE**, the publication of the **Gael Prospectus** announced as included in our October issue was temporarily hindered. It will be included, if possible, in our present issue. All Gaels are invited to support **THE GAEL** by becoming Subscribers, and by taking up Shares in **The Gael Co-operative Society**, of which **EAMON O'DUIBHIR, CASHEL**, is the Director.

A share of the profits will be devoted to the **LAND and LANGUAGE**. Subscription to **The Gael**, 17/4 per annum—8/8 half yearly, post free. Share Subscriptions in any amount from £1 upwards, repayable with interest at the rate of 6 per cent.

Share Subscriptions, and Subscriptions to the **Gael**, made payable to **THE GAEL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY**, should be forwarded to

EDMUND B. FITZGERALD (of The Red Hand Magazine),
48 Ingram Street, Glasgow.

“The Red Hand”: Its Declaration of Policy.

By The Editor.

“We expect rebuffs; nor are we unprepared for a few hard blows. Persuaded that the gospel we preach is the gospel entire of National Truth, we shall preach it fearlessly and untiringly.”—From October issue of the “Red Hand.”

England’s Braggart Challenge.

Swiftly the usurper of universal authority, that would doom our comparatively insignificant Land to an everlasting slavery, our Ulster to a condition of servile degradation meaner than the meanest state of servitude—swiftly has he taken up our declaration for a challenge: and those few of us who are not yet felons in England’s gaols are outlawed from Ireland—outlawed by the very negation of law—a Conspiracy that calls itself Law-and-Order, but that is, in effect, a clamant witness against English illegality and wilfully-promoted disorder in a law-loving, and, as its people would have it, a lawfully-ordered Land.

Of our Irish offices, one lies in ashes, and the remaining two in a state of complete chaos—our own witness against this Law-and-Order domination that is uniquely England’s. Of our staff, one only is left—where England fears to strike—anear the heart of “the Empire” itself—to carry on for those who cannot.

Such are the rebuffs and blows we anticipated, and were prepared to meet: and we are neither intimidated nor dismayed. Rather are we the more determined to carry on, and register the enemy blow for blow—nay, even a hundred blows with interest for his every one.

The mark of the Felon, the stigma of Exile—what are such unto an Irish Patriot but a Patent of Nobility, as

truly ennobling in his eyes as is the degradation of any English insignia—Birthday dis-Honour, or whatsoever it may be, demeaning past meanness on a shoneen lord or a sham esquire, slave of his own servility of heart and mind, and made knight for his sheer unknightliness of soul. Such outward signs of disgrace and dishonour—signs so many Irish Patriots have worn, when they reach to the soul, become dignities and graces whose beauty the mind itself may but faintly conceive. Therefore we, who have not yet these exceeding great honours, pay homage to every felon and exile for Ireland who, wearing them, languishes—albeit in body alone, in Ireland, and out of Ireland to-day: and we brace ourselves to the task and the duty—to our own and to theirs—and vow to them every one, and to the Arch-felon that oppresses and persecutes them, that we will carry on fearlessly and untiringly till we ourselves shall wear the same, or until our Ireland shall be free.

The Hand Sinister of England.

Together with ourselves our good friend and colleague, Eamon O'Duibhir, Director of The Gael Co-operative Society and of "The Gael" Magazine, has seen his life-work laid in ruins under the "protective hand of maternal England," through the agency of her minions—empty ignorant vessels ready to be filled for the fullest outpourings from England's over-brimming measures of diabolical craft and rancorous hate. And so "The Gael" falls to-day, that to-morrow shall rise again. But the Gael—THE GAEL shall never fall; for, in the hour when Ireland was lifted up above the face of the waters she became destined to be a Star in the firmament of Time—a Light to lighten the nations of the world into Liberty, and to be the glory of all honourable peoples throughout the ages.

Right proud are we then to accept the challenge of the Usurper—we who are, though it be the least, of those with lawful Authority to help direct the destinies of the Irish Nation, and the peoples of the world to Freedom, and to bring England's long usurpation to nought: right

proudly do we accept it; and History answers to us—in the fall of Babylon, of Saharan Egypt of the imperial Pharaohs, of Greece, of Rome, of Constantinople, of Spain—and, lastly, of England, whose empire to-day is as much a horror of the past as Gaelic Ireland is again the glory of the present, and our hope for the democracies of the world, their pattern state for all future time. And before rebuffs such as these, that, in common with all Irishmen, we encounter to-day, did Irishman or woman ever quail? Let England answer to that, while yet her gaolers, her midnight thieves and assassins, her firebrands—every one of her mercenaries—spies and provokers all, does each his worst: and while England is **England**, every their least base action shall but react against the Arch-spy, the Arch-provoker of world enmity—England.

The Red Hand of the O'Neills.

We ourselves, who, it may be supposed, yet count for but little in the great world, count, as it would seem, for much with the enemy. He accords us his noblest sign—the Broad Arrow of the Felon—the sign our Fathers were ever proudest wearing. He banishes us as he banished them. But their children—our brave staunch Brothers in America, in Australia, in the burning wastes of the East, the freezing steppes of the North—wherever man may live, they live on. And we, too, are far from being exterminated. The Irishman lives on forever—in his children's children, who work and pray for Ireland's Day of Deliverance: and we—humbly we do the same, proud in that we have a part with them in hastening that glad Day. Then let the decrepit Lion roar his worst: it shall not shake the Hill of Tara by the thousandth of an inch. Let him widen his maw and extend his griffes: his fangs are decayed, his claws rotten in their sockets. Let him, in his expiring frenzy of despair and chagrin, scorch with his foetid breath the fair Garden of Ireland: the grass will spring verdant on our hills for the tripping feet of our children when he and his remain but for a horrid and dreadful memory—dust and ashes. Let him do even his least; let him strike

down this Voice that speaks with the accents of the O'Neills; whose sign is the Red Hand of the O'Neills, bequeathed to us for Ireland from a hundred chivalrous fights, a heritage to the Irish nation forever: let him strike us down, even as, for one brief day in time he struck down the Red Hand of Ulster: there remains a Hand mightier, a Hand strong in battle, whose least expression smote into standing walls the waters of the Red Sea—ominous name! beneath whose falling avalanches the vain-glorious hosts of imperial Pharaoh perished; a Hand that brought the long-afflicted and sorrowing people of God into the liberty of their own and beloved land. And have we not languished in bondage too—in a bondage infinitely more insufferable than that of the Pharaohs? Have not our Fathers through long centuries cried out from the depths of their souls, even as Israel's exiles of old, that most poignant lament for the Homeland recorded in the annals of time, the Super Flumina of the Psalmist? Aye, for the night-winds in Ireland sigh back to us the echo of torn voices in low sweet dirging—the Thenody of our Nation; and the dead silence of our devastated fanes, our desecrated holy-acres, our desolated homes cry the same aloud to us, in the spirit-music of a million martyrs—an æolic symphony on harps—but harps celestial: and, shrinking away into the caverns and hills of Ireland, where the foxes yet may find them a house, and the birds of the air a nesting-place, our houseless, homeless ones cry their Super Flumina into the ears of God. Oh, that it may be that none—none in all the world, shall ever cry it more! Listen! Can you not hear it, ye peoples of the world—the weeping of our Dead, the wailing of our dying?—

By the waters of Babylon sat we down and wept
Remembering thee, O Sion. On the trees
Therein we hanged our Harps; nor might we please
Our captors, who were fain that we had swept
The strings and sung our songs: but sorrow leapt
Into our voices, and our melodies
Were silenced by our clamant agonies
In that strange land where we were captive kept.

If I forget thee, O Ierusalem,
May my right hand her wonted cunning lose,
My tongue cleave in my mouth. Oh, in our Day
May Edom by requited—each of them
That had destroyèd us. And blessed those
Who shall repay thee as thou didest pay.

So our homeless, destitute ones—our grey-haired mothers, our girls so early widowed, our orphans, our bent aged fathers—our Ireland herself weeps, even as our homeless, destitute ones cried unto God of old. But . . . be of good heart, O Mother, O Women and Men of Ireland, ye little children so early come to sorrow ! listen the voices of our young men, our brave young men and women, strong and courageous, lifted high above your weeping—

“ If I forget thee, O Ireland,
May my Right Hand her wonted cunning lose ! ”

And they vow, each to each, and each to all, as they enter into the battle their fathers fought through innumerable generations, crying, crying ever louder as they smite harder on the tottering defences of the foe—

“ In Ireland’s Day
May England be requited—each of them
That had destroyèd us: oh ! blessed those
Who now repay thee as thou didest pay ! ”

The Challenge Uptaken.

So likewise we, for an answer to the affront and challenge of the Usurper, stand up to him and say—Remember your first-born, O England, and the plagues that came upon the Egyptians ! Remember, thou who dost presumptuously declare the very seas to be subject to thy rule, how the waters of the Red Sea, obeying the will of their Creator, fell back and engulfed the armies of Pharaoh ! Be minded, thou mocker, of the prayers, the fastings, the bondage of the people of God, and how, through suffering, by supplication they came by the wilderness into Liberty, while Egypt sank into oblivion.

By fastings and prisonings, and by the Sword of the

Spirit were snakes and all venomous vermin driven out of Holy Ireland in days past. Now, by the fastings, the prisonings, and the dying of our brothers in England, and Ireland—by the lingering martyrdom of Cork's Heroic Eleven; by the agony of Robinson in the fourth solitary year of his age-long imprisonment in Scotland's bleak and gloomy Peterhead; by the prayerful devotion even unto death of McSweeney in England's prison of Brixton ; by the fires—nay, verily from the fires themselves that light through all Ireland to-day—through Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, and through Ulster—destroying fires that reach scorching into high heaven, and cry out for the Vengeance of God—by all these shall a sword be lifted up, a devouring fire descend, that shall for evermore expel from Ireland and consume from off the face of a for too long polluted earth the vilest and most pestilent serpent of devastation that ever dragged its noisome and venomous length through history, its loathsome devouring trail through the fair Eden of our Motherland.

Thou Fool!

(From "The Irish Cinema.")

And sayest thou yon sun doth never set
Upon thy subject seas and continents—
This vast necropolis of monuments
No history shall evermore forget ?
Thou fool ! but climb unto thy minaret
And mark the swift converging salients
Of many suns—mighty belligerents
Before thy groaning gates of empire met !

And sayest thou yon suns shall never rise ?
That thy one self is mightier than men ?
(For these be men): believest thou this thing ?
Thou fool ! Yon sun shall fall from out the skies
But thou shalt fall ! And night shall search thee when
Thy sovereignty is not, and Man is King.

BARBADOES

HOBART

BOTANY BAY

Wexford
Drogheda
Limerick
Harold's Cross
Tyburn
York
Pentonville

LEINSTER—1798—ULSTER

"Every crime, every cruelty, that could be committed by Cossacks or Calmucks has been transacted here" (in Ulster).—General Abercrombie, Commander-in-Chief of the English Army, in his report on the troops in his command.

Kilmarnham
Usk
Gloucester
Frongoch
Lewes
Wakefield
Reading
Mountjoy
Belfast
Portland
Peterhead
Cork
Brixton
Manchester
Wormwood Scrubs
Holloway

CORK—1920—BRIXTON

"The attack on the alleged severity of our treatment of Ireland is but a cloak under which our enemies are working. To effect their end they stoop to the lowest means of vilifying Britain, by making her appear a brutal tyrant and a menace to the peace of the world. They go so far as to assert that we are shooting down Irish workers, and burning Irish towns. This is far from being the truth. On the contrary, the men under my command carry on the noble and historic traditions for which our Army was ever renowned. Their actions here can stand any investigation. Only place them before the world and let the world judge of us."—From a letter of a British staff officer in Ireland to a neutral in America.

Rouen
Glencoe
Fotheringay
Colombo
Cairo
Fiji
Valletta

Ballylanders
Derry
Tuam
Meath
Balbriggan
Banbridge
Emily
Bansha
Tralee
Swords
Limerick
Tipperary
Cashel
Mitchelstown
Falle Road
Marrowbone
Trim
Galway
Tubbercurry
Mallow

BATCHELOR'S WALK

AMRITSAR : CALCUTTA

MILTOWN-MALBAY

FÉILE NA nÓGLACH.

OÍCHE SHAMHNA, 1916.

By Liam P. Ó Riain.

II.

*Is draoitheach an domhan sa tSamhain tsidhiúil,
Prímh-fhéile Gaedheal ó laethe cianda.*

Bha dhóigh le Nial ar tigheacht don tsliabh dó
Gur bheag feadh Banban, an t-am so, d' aoibhneas.
Gur fuar ag Gaedheala féasta 's suairceas,
Ar an slógh-sidhe féin go mbéadh léir-uaigneas.
D'fhan croidhe an tsluaigh le huagha laochra,
Le máithreacha 's páisdí i dtlás faoi dhaor-dháil.
Le carcair a's pian na bhFiann thar sáile
Le tir gan taoisi, gan saoirse, gan fás glé.

Ach réir mar chuaidh sé suas an réidh-chnoc
D'airigh sé atharú tlachta 's spéire.
Bhí léireacht, bhí solus nár mhothuigh sé ionta
Roimhe sin riamh ar gach taoibh le silleadh.
A's díreach mar d'eirigh soillseach a's glé-ghlan
An talamh go léir ó léanta go sléibhte,
I n-aondacht léithe, soiléir trí n-a háilleacht,
I ngach áird le h-airiu bhi Aigeanta thar áireamh—

Bhí aige rún-radharc, ba shoillseach a léargus
I ndomhan tríd an domhan, sollamhanta rí-éachtach.
Ar lúth shíor na hAigeanta, measgtha 'na mílte,
Iad go léir faoi oll-réir, niamh-éactha do chríochnú.
Do rinneadh tré smaoine gach gníomh ar an rún-stáid,
Le háille, le fuinneamh, le binneas, le buaine.

Níor chian gur airigh sé Aigeanta carad
Bhí 'na dtaoisi, linn Cásga, go dána cathach:
Pádraic Éigeas, Séamus saothrach,
Tomás dreach-sholuis, 's iol-churaidh mar aon leo.
Do lean siad de ghníomhra sa tstí ba ghrádhach leo
I mblianta na bri' roimh iodhbairt na Cásga.
Fá chúram Phádraic bhí árd-sgoil mhéinne,
Iol-oidheam do lucht saothair bhí Séamus 'gá réiteach.
Chleacht Éamonn ceol 'measg slóighe sídhiúil,
A's chuidigh Tomás le fás bun-tsaoíachta.

Phreab Nial: thar ríomh an t-aoibhneas d'airigh sé
 Ar ball air féin 's ar mhéinn na gcarad.
 Níorbh eol dóibh tláthacht a's páis gnáth-Éireann :
 Le rún-méinn na ndaoine bhíodar i n-aondacht.
 ('S i rún-méinn duine gan thios de ghnáth 'ge
 De shíor a bhíos an ghníomhacht áibhéil.)
 Do lean siad ar ghníomhra tré smaoine dian
 Chó réidh a's a thaithneann an ghealach 's an ghrian,
 Chó sámh a's a fhásann bláthna na léanta,
 Chó fuinniúil, chó fórsach, le bóchna 'na tréin-rith.

Bhí adhbhar as réim: de mhéinn, de mheanmain
 Dar le Nial haith-rinneadh an chruinne. Do dhearc sé
 Úr-úntaí fá léiracht mar mhéadhuigh a fhiosacht
 Lán-luath ar na dreamanna Meanman muirneach.

Níor chian gur thuig sé gur bhain na holl-bhuidhne
 Le haois i ndiaidh aoise, fad siar a's do bhí ann—
 Ó thigheacht lucht daonna go hÉirinn den chéad-uaír—
 A's i n-ordú 's i n-eagar gach dream déis a chéile,
 Níos beodha 'ná bhídís feadh aoiseann a mbeathadh,
 Óir anois ní raibh colann 'na cosg ar an meanmain.
 Do b'í an fhíor-Éire i, gléineach a's glórmhar,
 Síor-roinn den Réim Shíorruí, naom-bhríoghach, iol-
 chóachtach.
 Cuid den fhíor-chruinne nach dtigéann go bráth uirthe
 Buairt ná atharú, meathacht ná tláthacht,

Dhearc Nial an dálí, i fá áille, fá aoibhneas,
 A's d'airigh go hobann mar chorruigh na buidhne.
 Do bhíodar go léir i gcoír féile 'gá n-ollmhú,
 Féile na Samhna, i ndomhan ná n-ollsacht ! . . .

B'íad na hAigeanta groí do riár an fhéile :
 Pádraic Éigeas, Séamus saothrach,
 Éamonn an Cheoil, agus Seosamh diamhartha,
 Tomás dreach-sholuis, curadh ba shiansach,
 A's bráithre calma spreag anam Chláir Luirc,
 I gceannus na dtreáin, feadh laetheadh Cásga.

Mar d'eirigh an t-áthas do tháinig don Fhéile
 Rún-aigeanta na slóigh bhí beo fud Éirinn :
 Lán-luath as gach áird, ó gach stáid sna dúichí,
 Idir óg agus aosta, aerach a's buartha,
 Idir sláintiúil a's saibhir, daibhir a's broeite
 (Mar bhíodar sa ghnáth-ré). Léir-áthasach seolta
 Do bhailigh gach dream de rún-aigeanta Chláir Luirc
 I bhfochair na dtaoisi rinn fódhbairt na Cásga.

Aigeanta na dtaoisi do b'iad ba gháirdeach
 Imeasg il-mheanman de dhreamanna Chláir Luirc.
 A's d'fhoillsigh siad dóibh-san na bóithre rómpa,
 'S an dúthracht, an saothar, an tréanas, an ró-ghean
 Ba dhual dóibh go léir, dá ghéire, dá dhonacht iad
 Gnáth-phianta, gnáth-raon : ionta féin bhi léir-shonas.

Duairt Aigne Shéamuis tri ghlé-smuain áigh leo :
 "Ar an stáid seo is eol daoibh mórdhacht na sglábhui,
 Mórdhacht a's úntas a rún-mhéinn siorrui,
 Áilleacht a n-anmann, gí i mBanba gan maoin iad.
 Tá oraibh sa ghnáth-ló brátharacht críochnú
 Idir saoíacht a's saothar nó go mbéidh na daoine
 Ag obair i n-éineacht le méinn a's lámh-neart,
 Glé-cholann 's árd-mheanma faoi cheangal ghrámhar ;
 'S aireofar Fódla fá dheoidh faoi bhláthacht,
 Béidh aiseirghe na nGaedheal i n-oll-laethe bhuan-Chásca."

Chuir Aigne Phádraic i dtráth i n-iúl dóibh
 Go bhfaghthar rún-aondacht idir laochas a's múnadh,
 Gur sa spiorad is túis a's buadh laoch-ghníomha,
 Gur siol iol-tsaoirse iodhbairt dhilis.

"Cúchulainn a's Íosagan fíor a ngaolacht,
 Rud a bhí i ndearmad le sealad ó Éirinn.
 Rúindiamhair ghlórmhar an óige scáthmhar,
 Agus saoirse 's fás níl i ndán do Chláir Luirc
 Nó go dtuigtear go fíor a brí 's a naofacht :
 Béidh Neamh 'na dhéidh sin i ngaor don Ghaoltacht."

Aigne Éamoinn on Cheoil, Aigne Sheosaimh dhiamhartha,
 Aigne Thomáis, an dámh ba shiansach,
 Aigeanta carad ba halga, ba ghnaoi leo,
 Do lean siad den teagascg chun meanman na ndaoine
 Nó gur ghabh léir-bhród thar meodhan an tslua-mhéinn,
 A's ba gheall le fleadh ar Neamh an rún-fleadh.

Ar Pádraic fá dheoidh : "a shlóigh na mbláth-mhéinn,
 Tá an fhéile i gcrích, 's arís sa ghnáth-ré
 Eireóchaidh gach 'duine,' gan cuimhne, gan eolus
 Ar an bhféile ghroí seo ná rúindiamhra Fódla.
 Ach de bhárr na fire do chionn gach méinn daoibh
 Fanfaidh séan a's áthas sa ghnáth-ló féin oraibh.
 Fanfaidh misneach croidhe : bhúr mbuidhne chiche
 Níos cróidha, níos dílse don téar!n aoibhinn.
 Bionn sinne níos sia sa bhfíor-réim ghluardha,
 Ach eadrainn go léir bionn aondacht rúnda.
 Sinne 'gus sibh-se, 's a bhfuil sna tíortha,
 Thar riomh na stáda i ndán díuinn triall ortha.

Is crann rúindiamhrach oll-bhríoghach an Bheatha,
 Blátha tamaill de 'seadh am a's achar.
 Bláithín áigh dhe 'seadh Fál na crodhachta,
 Agus bláithin maoidhte dhe Bliain na nÓglach" . . .

Tréigeadh an tSoillse, as radharc d'éaluigh
 An ghlé-mhuir áigh ; bhí an gnáth 'na réimeas.
 Mar bhéadh críon-fhear 'gá luighe chun codlata
 Ba tuirseach Nial ón tsliabh ag tuirling.
 "Á ! bhíos ag silleadh sa gcruinne shíorruí,
 A's, mo ghaoth adtuaidh ! chun suain Áth' Cliath,
 Chun tuirse, chun tláis, tá i ndán dom tigheacht"—
 Ach d'fhan ar mheon an ógháird draoiacht.
 Do b' eol dá chroidhe rúindiamháir Chláir Luirc
 I gceangal de shíor leis an t Síorruíocht ádhbhail.
 "'Nár gcodla bímid i dTír an Úntais,
 'Nár gcoír ta draoiacht má's mian linn dúiseacht."

LIAM P. Ó RIAIN.



A Holiday in Ulster.

By "A Unionist Lady."

In the clear light of a beautiful dawn Ireland smiled a welcome from the Sugar Loaf to Howth, as, disembarking from the "Munster," we settled into a comfortable carriage on Kingstown Pier for the short run to the Gt. Northern terminus. Looking out with misty eyes, a sweet-faced old lady spoke—"God bless Ireland, I have not seen it for forty years, and I feel that I want to go down on my knees and kiss the soil!"

Here, on the very threshold, lay bare the throbbing pulse of Ireland's sorrow—the differences of her children. To us—of the class commonly referred to by those who claim for themselves exclusive rights to the title "patriotic," as "aliens," "foreign usurpers," "English garrison," etc.—whose long absence from the beloved home has been in the service of the

Empire, Ireland is the dearest spot on earth. The love of Ireland is in our bones, by many generations of birth and breeding. It is not love of England, but love of Ireland which makes us strong Imperialists. We believe that only as an integral part of the mighty Empire, to the building up of which Irish men and women have contributed their full share, is Ireland truly safe and free. Without sea-power she would be helpless, a ready prey to any hostile power, a fact recognised by Napoleon, and more recently by Germany, and no doubt also by our fellow-countrymen, whose conception of patriotism, however, would appear to be compatible with the domination of any power other than that of Britain.

This is the tragedy of Ireland; we cannot get away from it. But we are out on holiday, and for the time—a truce is declared. Irish bacon, Irish butter, give a new flavour to our early breakfast.

The odious din of screeching trams, the stuffiness of "tubes," the elbowing and crowding into a standing-one-of-five-inside place in a jolting 'bus—all are left behind. Our purpose in this trip being rest and peace after strenuous years of war-work, we mean to make the most of a quiet time in Ulster.

Arriving at the end of our rail journey, it is delightful to be taken in charge by an unknown friendly being (not a railway porter) who, politely enquiring as to our destination, selects the (politically) correct car and "Jarvey," sees our modest luggage safe in the well, and tucks the rug about us with the superior manner of a host receiving a welcome guest. So that we know better than to spoil sport by any offering of filthy lucre.

In all probability this courteous gentleman is a fierce Sinn Feiner, and quite possibly was one of a party that raided the very house to which he so kindly helped us on our way: but this is Ireland; and we are back in the old home after twenty years of exile. God bless Ireland—God bless us all !

The Terror That Walketh By Night.

By Pro Tanto Quid.

It was dense night, moonless, and the stars studding fitfully and faintly through a cloudy and scudding sky. A stillness, profound as the silence that comes before storm, wrapt all the village about. So still it was that the musical rustling of the leaves at either end of the single street, where by day tiny garden plots melted imperceptibly into wide spaces of wood and pasture again, might have been heard by any late wanderer at its centre, had any such been astir.

Through all the storm and stress of the past months this little spot, deep set amid the western vales of Ireland, had remained as it were an oasis of peace, a forgotten place hidden away in the middle of a land that everywhere else had been left a wilderness of tumbling walls and ashes by a surging tide of incendiarism and strife. The tiny chapel rising up only a little above the cottages clustering around it, seemed to be the very source of the calm and quiet that everywhere abided. Even in the barracks, which, for all its trailing roses and honeysuckle, could not disguise the somewhat sinister air of its barred windows, the occupants lived in comparative harmony together, nor molested their neighbours, none bearing them violent enmity, and they themselves desiring nothing better than that the peace that brooded habitually around them might continue undisturbed from without.

And so it had long continued. At times dreadful rumours of happenings away on the other side of the mountains brought the old folk to their gates, voluble, and most

times incredulous, while a momentary terror filled the eyes of the young girls and the children; but the quiet, that had for so long brooded over the village undisturbed, soon dispelled the fear of the children and the anger of the old men: and nothing but the very sight of the Terror itself in their midst could have caused a lasting impression of its reality to remain with them.

The night wore on, and a first faint streak of gold outlining the purple of the mountain heralded the approach of day. A cock crowed, a dog barked; but the village slumbered on as though it might have been a village deserted indeed of all humankind.

Suddenly heavy steps as of men slouching and drunken sounded along the silent street with the resounding echo of an invading army. Two youths, clad partially in khaki, passed through the village, now halting, and now staggering forward again. At times they stood, gazing toward the hills and down the road, sucking the dregs from the bottles they carried, and scowling at each other with vicious contempt. At last one, heavily built, and with a clot of congealed blood half hidden in his matted hair, staggered to the hedgeside beyond which stood, row on row, cross and headstone that marked the resting-place of the dead, and, with a foul oath directed toward his companion, struck a wooden cross to the earth with the empty bottle.

At that moment a bell pealed from the little tower of the chapel, and the other soldier with unsteady hand involuntarily signed himself with the Cross. The action aroused a terror of fury in his companion, and with yet fouler oaths he snatched at the all but empty bottle protruding from the haversack of the other, drained it, and, stepping back a pace, dealt him a sudden blow upon

the temple, cursing him in London English for the whelp of an Irish popish swine.

A gush of blood spurted from the wound; and, thrusting his hands blindly into the air, he sank to the ground. A low moan, a spasmodic contortion of the features, and the fingers digging into the gravel grew rigid.

The other, looking down at him for a moment with a dazed air, rocked backward and forward, and then, steadying himself with an effort, he drew himself to attention, sobered and alert. A few yards down the street stood the police barracks, the windows gleaming as the sun rose above the mountains. The last echo of the Angelus died away in the distance; an answering crow sounded from the end of the street; a dog barked, his voice lengthening out in a long growling: and all was silent again. The soldier glanced at the barrack-windows, up and down the street, toward the little tower, and then at the dead man on the road; and, running swiftly to the barrack-door, he beat upon it with clenched fists and heel.

All through the day an unusual, ominous silence enfolded the village. The old folk kept within doors, and the children going to and from the little school passed through the hedge beyond the churchyard, fleeing from the road and across the field behind the chapel. At times a motor passed through the village, halted awhile before the barrack-gate, and sped away again. The priest crossed from the chapel into the barracks, returning with an anxious air and tottering step. He crossed yet again, and returned, his white head sunken on his breast, a crimson weal, dripping blood, across his brow. The high and angry voices of many men sounded from behind the barrack-windows. There were strange oaths in a strange tongue, derisive and vengeful laughter, expostulation, the uptaking and angry grounding of arms. A constable, a native of the village, staggered from the bar-

racks and into his home. The old priest re-entered the chapel, his step weary and slow, and sank down before the altar.

And the evening gathered. The voices within the barracks grew rasping and louder as the dusk fell. The priest knelt on in the chapel, his white hair gleaming like a silver halo from beneath his biretta. The sudden report of a rifle roused him to his feet, and he shuffled swiftly down from the altar to the door, groping his way like a man smitten blind. A flame seemed to spring up from either end of the village and run curling and crackling to its centre. A tiny golden-headed boy fled terror-stricken and hid himself in the folds of the priest's soutane. The shriek of a woman and of another and of yet another pierced the lurid night, dying away across the fields and toward the hills. The priest hastily picked up the child, placed him within the rails beside the door, and, closing the outer door of the chapel, stood out upon the road. Through the village the flames swept, roaring and devouring every homestead. A frightened dog crept up to him and crouched trembling at his feet, whining pitifully. A bird fled past blinded in the glare, stinging his cheek with its wing. The tail lights of a fleet of motor-lorries disappeared in the distance: and all was silence save for the flames as they crackled and died down again.

The remaining people of the village lay cowering among the hills, and the old priest knelt bowed in the chapel, tears bursting through the shut lids and trickling down his cheeks. Deeper and deeper his head sank to his breast, the biretta falling from his forehead, leaving the white locks gleaming in the moonlight; his folded hands dropped, yet folded, to his knees; and the worn frame fell with a light thud to the stone floor and lay motionless. And only the regular and peaceful breathing of a sleeping child might be heard in the chapel when the first faint streak of gold outlined the purple range of mountains, heralding the day.

More Light.

By Daniel Corkery.

Sir John Lavery has consented to become President of the Art Society of his native Belfast—let Belfast beware ! That way lies the beginning of the end. Let Belfast go but a little way along that road—that road yclept (I adopt the plain English the Belfast school of writers ken of), yclept The Fine Arts, and Belfast is no more, is at least certainly no more the portent she has been—the portent and the nightmare.

Supposing that Society of Art to flourish, really to do something, to get masterpieces by Lavery and others into its public buildings, its churches—furthermore, suppose that the movement has got so far that the names of Belfast artists are become familiar words in the mouths of the Belfast people—both Irish and English—well, then, one can hardly imagine them—either side—setting fire or attempting to set fire to such buildings and churches with half the fine gusto that was theirs in the days before the Belfast Art Society was ! (Gerald Mac Namara might work up this vision of the future into a one-act drama: a couple of ship-yard Orange toughs, torch in hand, hesitating about firing a church in which they know a Lavery altar piece to hang: their discussion of such high matters, in their own rich dialect, should have something in it to make us all kin.)

This loss of gusto, this hesitation, this letting to creep in of extrinsic ideas (or indeed of any ideas) to the dear cranium of Orangedom,—well,—in that would lie the beginning of the end.

If one asked in Belfast why this sudden stir in matters artistic, perhaps one should be answered: Have you not heard of War Profits? And doubtless an unusual tossing to-and-fro of heavily-figured notes may in some degree account for this sudden stirring of the waters; but does

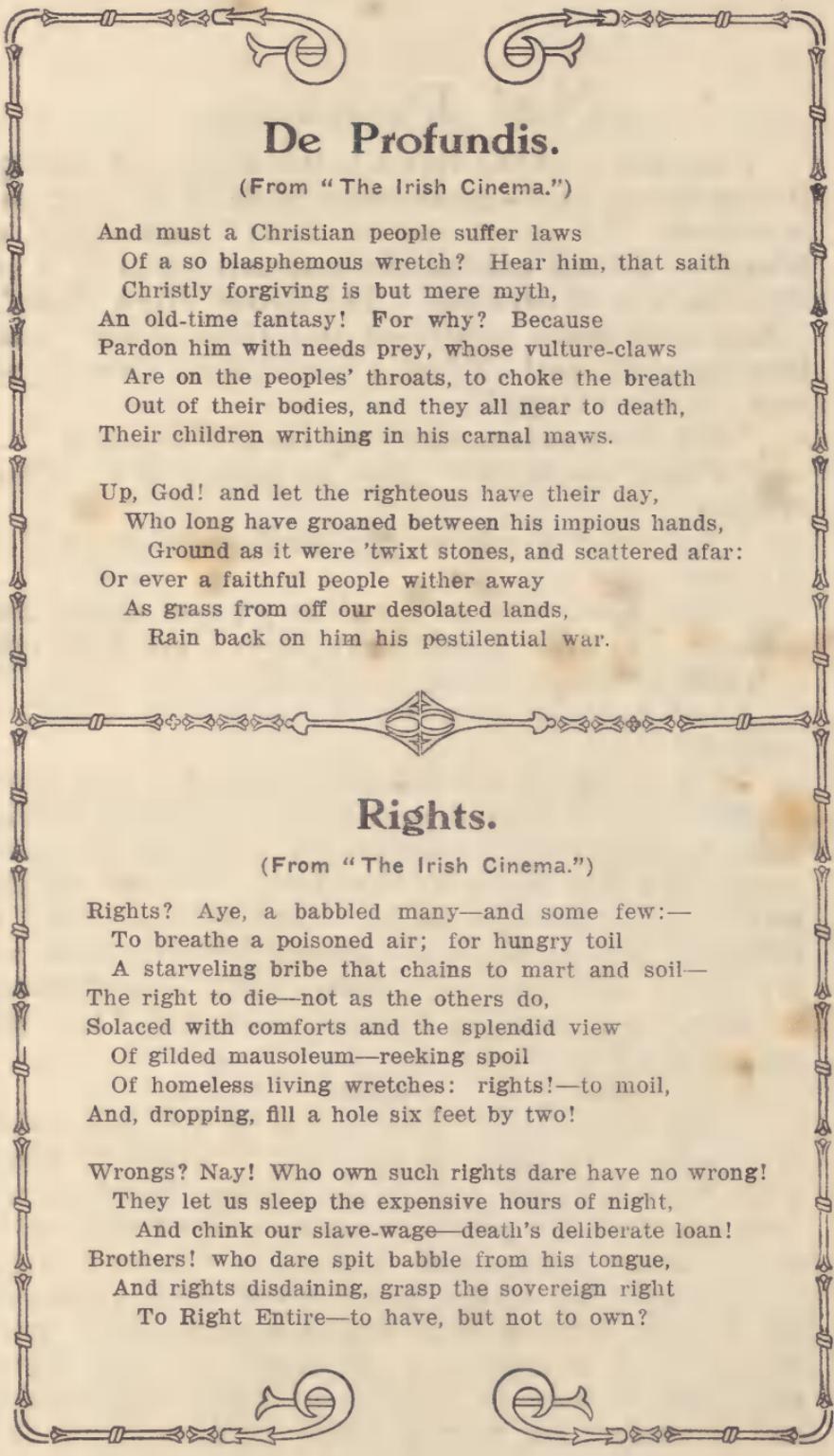
the phrase War Profits explain all? It is a curious thing that if we take up almost any number of "Misneach" just now, a paper that we may safely describe as appealing to every instinct and every culture that make directly against all that "Belfast" connotes, we find a large space given also to the question of Art—only, the art in this case is literature. In Belfast there is the cry: More Art; in the Gaelic circles of the south there is an insistent cry: More books. What if both cries answer each other? If one lie awake in the night and hear a chained dog set up a howl, from far away one hears another chained dog howl back to it. Perhaps the Gaelic circles of the south and the Art circles of Belfast understand each other only as little as those chained beasts; and yet, even as in the case of the dogs, perhaps it is the same thing passing in the air, passing along both the Lagan and the Lee, that wills thus to utter itself, whether in pictures or books, once for all, that it may have ease.

This thing that will utter itself—what if it be the self-same idealism that grew up little by little in the heart of Padraic Pearse as he looked abroad on a world where heroism was dead? What if it be that that self-same idealism is growing up little by little in the heart of Ireland (and Ireland has but one heart) ?

After all, there must be something in the air to say so many thousands of young men are willing to risk all, to face death, whether rightly or wrongly, for ends that certainly are not personal to themselves.

If it be so, if it be that Belfast itself, as well as every other sod of Eirinn is touched with this sense of idealism, then Belfast had better beware: she ceases to be what she has been.





De Profundis.

(From "The Irish Cinema.")

And must a Christian people suffer laws
Of a so blasphemous wretch? Hear him, that saith
Christly forgiving is but mere myth,
An old-time fantasy! For why? Because
Pardon him with needs prey, whose vulture-claws
Are on the peoples' throats, to choke the breath
Out of their bodies, and they all near to death,
Their children writhing in his carnal maws.

Up, God! and let the righteous have their day,
Who long have groaned between his impious hands,
Ground as it were 'twixt stones, and scattered afar:
Or ever a faithful people wither away
As grass from off our desolated lands,
Rain back on him his pestilential war.

Rights.

(From "The Irish Cinema.")

Rights? Aye, a babbled many—and some few:—
To breathe a poisoned air; for hungry toil
A starveling bribe that chains to mart and soil—
The right to die—not as the others do,
Solaced with comforts and the splendid view
Of gilded mausoleum—reeking spoil
Of homeless living wretches: rights!—to moil,
And, dropping, fill a hole six feet by two!

Wrongs? Nay! Who own such rights dare have no wrong?
They let us sleep the expensive hours of night,
And chink our slave-wage—death's deliberate loan!
Brothers! who dare spit babble from his tongue,
And rights disdaining, grasp the sovereign right
To Right Entire—to have, but not to own?

Nisi Dominus.

I had just read the verses in this book, and closing it, had involuntarily commenced to think about them, when— “A queer sort of book,” interrupted a friend—a Belfast commercial magnate, opening it at the woodcut illustrating “The Broad High Road.” “And hand-made paper—at this time of day! and hand-printed, too! What a tremendous amount of unprofitable energy!”

“But the woodcuts are very fine,” I objected.

“Prints would have done as well, and been far cheaper.”

“Do you not admire the hand-made paper?” I ventured.

“I don’t see why any ordinary paper would not have done as well. Besides, any paper is good enough nowadays. Nobody reads anything but the ‘Whig.’”

“And nobody cares about preserving that,” I replied.

“I see,” hastily continued my friend, “that your Author says he also is in the cart,” pointing to the same woodcut, that illustrates a working-man harnessed to a cart driven by the Devil. I found myself wandering in thought to our island-workers and Sir Edward Carson; but was speedily brought back, as my friend ended by exclaiming, “It’s a good thing for him,” meaning the Author, of course, “that he isn’t in the Bankruptcy Courts.”

“He probably is,” I replied.

“And serves him right too, if he is,” continued my friend; “no man has the right to waste his time with hand-printing and wood-cutting nowadays.” (My friend is the proud owner of a linen mill, with all the latest mechanical devices for labour-saving. Occasionally he makes hand-woven linen kerchiefs for royalty; but usually he makes superior linen, with exaggerated monograms, for soap-kings and baronets, and an inferior quality for lesser individuals; and he makes big money for himself; and, for his

workers, little wages and **no** linen, inferior or otherwise.)

All this time my friend was turning the pages with an increasingly scornful air. At length—

“Socialism and Sinn Fein Bolshevism, I call it,” he ejaculated. “A fine state of affairs indeed, when men are allowed to print this pernicious stuff!” I glanced to where he was pointing an accusatory finger at a harmless little poem entitled “Eden.” Then, turning over some more pages, scanning them hurriedly, and gradually losing hold on the book, till it hung poised below the tips of his thumb and finger, preparatory, as it seemed, to being dropped like a burning coal:

“It’s in gaol your Author ought to be,” he snapped.

“He probably is,” I replied; “most honest men are.”

“And serves him jolly well right if he is,” said my exasperated friend; “nobody ought to be allowed to waste his time writing or reading such stuff as this! And what’s all that?” he continued, pointing back at the beginning of the book: “some of that Sinn Fein Gaelic, I suppose; something he daren’t put in good honest English!” I glanced over his shoulder and read—

Nisi dominus aedificaverit donum,
In vanus laboraverunt qui aedificant eam.

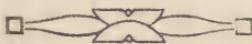
“What does it mean?” he asked.
I smiled as I translated for him—

Except the Lord build the mill
In vain shall be his labour who builds it.

And, in case the translation were not sufficiently literal for my friend, I handed him a good grammar entitled “The Devil’s Devices,” or “Control **versus** Service,” by the same Author, who, “if he isn’t in prison, or the bankruptcy courts, ought to be,” according to my Friend of the Mill.

Maybe one day I will decoy him away south to the Author's little medieval hive of industry at St. Dominic's Press, Ditchling, and let Douglas Pepler, the offending Author himself, expound to the linen-lord of Belfast the wisdom of leaving to the Lord God the building of the house—and the mill.

E. B. F.



REVIEWS.

We receive the October number of "The Cross," a monthly magazine published by the Passionist Fathers at Mount Argus, Dublin. It is a magazine in every respect worthy of the eminent Order under whose direction it is conducted. The small price at which it is published is out of all proportion to the value of its contents, and we remember to have seen no magazine of such great value for so small a sum as threepence.

In every issue is a beautifully produced frontispiece—that of the present issue being a reproduction of the celebrated picture showing our Lord in the home of Lazarus.

The "Miscellanea" always provides a fund of useful knowledge, and a vivid commentary on current events. In this issue it deals with the history of the Rosary, Irish primary Education—which is the negation of Education, the 'Peace'—to end **Peace**, the Tercentenary of the "Mayflower," the Irish Language abroad, the Irish College in Paris, and its association with St. Joan of Arc.

Miss Ethna Kavanagh, a well-known figure in the Irish Literary Renaissance, contributes a thoughtful poem entitled "Regrets."

Patrick Walshe has a paper on Emigration, which it behoves all Irishmen and women to read. It is one of the most succinctly valuable papers dealing with this vital question that we remember to have seen. Among other interesting features is a histori-

cal paper on the Hills of Donegal by Margaret Cunningham; "The Letter of Marguerite," which deals with a phase of the French Revolution, and is of great interest; a dialogue in Irish—a monthly feature—by Muiris na Mona. It is to be hoped that many readers of *The Cross* get these monthly dialogues off by heart, and use them, for there is no more serviceable or rapid way of getting the spoken language than by dialogues such as these, whose speech is that of the language of the home and field, natural and simple, and required in every moment of the day's intercourse.

F. P. Carey contributes an interesting paper on the life of Julian Watts-Russell, who fell in the cause of Papal liberty at Mentana. Another interesting paper, on a few renowned Florentines, is contributed by An Philibin.

Curt Comments is a new and interesting feature of informative value, while the Review Section provides as always a pleasurable reading and a guide to the books of the month that are of something more than current interest. The latter part of the magazine is devoted to the children, whose contributions increase in merit, and promise much for the future literature of Ireland. Altogether "*The Cross*" is a magazine that merits the support of all who desire to see Ireland return to her own, both as a Nation in the comity of nations, and, as is her historical privilege, to be a missionary people to the peoples of the world.

P. J.

MR LYND'S APPEAL TO REASON.

"Ireland a Nation," by Robert Lynd (pp. 246). Grant Richards, 7/6.

Mr Lynd, in this book, collects together such of his articles written during the war and immediately after the war, as hang together sufficiently well to make a coherent book, putting the case of Ireland

broadly before the English public. In his dedication to the Editor of the "New Statesman" he calls it "a cold-blooded appeal to reason on behalf of Irish nationality," and it is that, without the cold-blooded, and something more. On the subject of Ireland Mr Lynd can be impassioned, and he can be wrong (as he often is in the war portions of this book); but he is never cold-blooded.

It would be unfair, I think, to comment on this book without remembering that it was written for propaganda purposes—for propaganda chiefly amongst the English—the English Liberals whose mythical existence Mr Lynd is exceedingly loath to realise. Mr Lynd believed all Mr Asquith's yellow journalistic stunts about the war for freedom, and about making the world safe for democracy, and as Ireland became more and more sceptical about both, he became more and more concerned to explain Ireland to the English Liberal, and to insist on the right of Ireland to be master in her own house. And, with this limitation, one must allow that the book is admirably done, and is calculated to leave any English Liberal who reads it without any further excuse for not understanding what the Irish question is. And the book will doubtless also be useful to such Irish people as desire to be fortified by an appeal to cold-blooded reason.

But Mr Lynd's pen is worth a better book than this. If he had only pruned it of his young enthusiasms about Asquith and the Liberals, and about the Allies, and his querulous impatience with Sir Edward Carson, and his sentimental patience with Mr Redmond, and his persistence in regarding the late Mr T. M. Kettle as one of the "Voices of the New Ireland," it would have been a book which one could have enjoyed without being constantly irritated. But, even such as it is, it is worth reading.

Mr Lynd is not really interested in politics at all. Like all of us, he thinks about politics and he writes

about politics because Ireland unfree insists that all true lovers of hers shall think politically and do politically until she be free. But when he has done his political bit and gets clear in his own field, that of literature, the book is a pleasure.

Mr Lynd knows and reads Irish. He is peculiarly fitted for the task of writing a critical appreciation of modern Irish literature, both in Irish and in English. He could do this as no other living man could. And I think in the end he will have to write it, if only to prevent me doing it. Somebody must do it.

P. S. O'H.

THE THEORY OF BOLSHEVISM.

“The Bolshevik Theory,” by R. W. Postgate (pp. 240). Grant Richards, 7/6.

Bolshevism is like Mr Shaw in “Fanny’s First Play.” The critics there are always talking about him while never understanding him. In these last months in Europe everyone has been talking and arguing about Bolshevism with nobody understanding it. Much talk about it and about, and nothing clear. Mr Postgate’s book is an attempt to supply some light on it, to give the theory on which it is founded. It eliminates the political side almost altogether.

It is curious to look back three years and remember that we saw, as much as one can see anything, the beginning of it. The Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks seemed at the beginning to be as unreal as the Duma, or as that famous Russian Army Corps that passed through England in the first month of the war. All these proved to be phantoms, but the Bolsheviks made good. Bolshevism grew and grew until its “B” seemed to overshadow all Europe, and Lenin and Trotsky became the only two people of importance in international politics. And then the fables started. Mr Postgate in his book explains

that he believes that the Bolshevik atrocities are mostly fables manufactured by their enemies. We know that. We know how these things are done, fortunately—or unfortunately. They were all originally invented about us, so that atrocities of any sort, German or Bolshevik, only make us reflect on the fact that mankind never grows up.

Mr Postgate's book is both an exposition of Bolshevik theory and an examination of its relation to Labour movements generally, to Syndicalism, and to all schools of Socialism. This examination is interesting and useful, and clearly put together, but to most people the pith of the book will lie in its statement of Bolshevik theory. Mr Postgate shows Bolshevism as an attempt to get to Socialism at once, by revolutionary action, rather than to get to it by a short and constructive evolution. It marks the victory of the direct action school of Socialistic thought over the political action school, the victory of the Continental school over the English school. And that seems to be a fair statement of it. But he goes further, and he gives the Bolshevik justification of minority rule, of its disfranchising of numbers in Russia, and so on. It shows the Bolshevik leaders as men who are very wide awake to facts, and, while being very doctrinaire in principle, quite frankly admitting that facts may compel a proceeding which only facts can defend. Bolshevik theory frankly accepts the impossibility of putting through a social revolution by evolutionary political methods, and starts with the assumption that a social revolution can only be accomplished by direct action. It recognises that the ideal State cannot be brought into being at once: that there must be a transition period, and that during that period the proletariat must use the existing State organisation, and must disfranchise those who are not of itself: and that political power is of the essence of the whole business. The evolutionary Socialist holds that you can attain to

political power through the ballot box, and the Bolshevik holds that you cannot. The Bolshevik, as a matter of theory, is clearly right. The ballot box, and constitutional properties of all kinds, were invented in order to scotch revolution, not in order to help it. And they do scotch it.

Mr Postgate has a couple of chapters on the Soviet, in which he almost succeeds in explaining the function and method of selection of the various classes of Soviet, and, as appendices, he gives two invaluable documents—the Manifesto of the first Moscow International, signed by Lenin, Trotsky, Zinoviev, Rakovsky, and Platten, and the appeal of the Third International to the I.W.W. Everybody interested in Bolshevism should read these two documents, which give very clearly and forcibly and reasonably the Bolshevik theory.

This book is a timely one. It will give to everyone who cares to read it the material for judging Bolshevism as a political theory, and that will be something gained. But the real test of the theory will of course be economic rather than political. The question which remains hazy is whether Bolshevism can make good economically, and, if so, how. If it can, it will survive and flourish; and if not, not.

P. S. O'H.

THE SINGLE TAXER.

(“An Irish Commonwealth,” by Dalta. 236 pp. Talbot Press. 6/-.)

Following on a historical introduction, which sketches the early Irish communal land system and the situation created by the violent imposition on that of the English system of feudalism and landlordism, Dalta goes on to examine the modern system of rates and taxes in the light of the problems which an Irish government will have to face. He advocates the substitution of a tax on land values for all the existing rates and taxes, and maintains that such a tax

would be far more equitable, and far more beneficial than the present system.

In a predominantly agricultural community life our land questions must always be vital, and this exposition will interest everyone. Dalta defines land value as: "Land value is what any piece of land itself is worth, as distinct from any buildings, structures, works of improvement, or crops on it . . . (the value of the land) depends on the varying degrees of its natural advantages, and on the number and energy of the population desiring to use it; and that value is further increased by the expenditure of public money on improvements and conveniences, and by the grant of special monopoly privileges in connection with certain sites, or for railways and licensed premises."

Dalta contemplates a tax on land values both by local authorities and by the State, thus: "It follows, therefore, (1) that the basis of assessment for all public services now defrayed out of rates and grants should be land value; (2) that local services should be defrayed by rates levied by the local authorities on the land values within their areas; and (3) that the cost of the services which are national in character should be defrayed by a tax on land values levied by the national government over the whole country, the proceeds being allocated to the local authorities according to the needs of their districts."

Dalta is an enthusiast for the single tax, and while it is evident that a tax on land which is not properly used would be a very beneficial and a very just thing, it is not so clear that the abolition of all taxation save the tax on land values would have the beneficial results claimed for it. Nor does he show in sufficient detail the practical operations involved. If the owner of land has to pay all taxation, he must pay it out of the profits he makes by working the land, or out of rent by letting the land. If he lets the land the rent will have, apparently, to vary from

year to year, because the rate of taxation would vary with the expenditure to be provided for. There would, of course, be an end of indirect taxation, but otherwise it is difficult to see how there would be an improvement. At any rate an equitable system of valuation would be the first desideratum, and that is an exceedingly difficult problem. It, also, would be constantly varying, with varying conditions. But the book is interesting, and a timely contribution to the problem of reconstruction.

P. S. O'HEGARTY.

SOME POETRY.

(“The Fire-Bringers,” by Moirin A Cheavasa. “Midhir and Etain,” by Moirin A Cheavasa. Talbot Press Booklets, 1/- each.)

By the publication of “Liadan” Mrs Chevasse established her right to a place amongst the poets that count. That book shows out with “The Vengeance of Fionn” as one of the two definite achievements of the year. “The Fire-Bringers” and “Midhir and Etain,” if they add nothing to her previous performance, certainly do not detract from it. There is in them the sonorous verse, the assonance, the imagery, and the high imagination which made “Liadan” memorable. But they fail in completeness, in that neither of them is as completely good as was the earlier poem. “The Fire-Bringers” has been performed by the Ulster Players, and doubtless many will welcome its appearance in book form.

B. W. J.

“Ag Gabhail Timpal,” 9 John Street, Wexford. Monthly, 5/- per annum.

Readers of the Red Hand Magazine will not be unfamiliar with this bi-lingual magazine. The first number of the New Series reaches us, and marks an advance on the issues of the last year. Ag Gabhail

Timpal is a circulating magazine, inviting the critical comments of its readers as it proceeds from hand to hand. On its list are many of the foremost writers and thinkers in the Irish-Ireland Movement. To mention but a few, whose names will be familiar to readers of the "Red Hand":—A de Blacam, Father Cahill, S.J., James Carty, Daniel Corkery, Sean MacMaolin, T. M'Sweeney, May New, Art O'Brien, Frank J. Hugh O'Donnell, Eamon O'Duibhir, A. A. Reynolds, Liam P. O'Riain, Rev. P. J. Flood, D.D., F. J. Bigger: and this list by no means exhausts the list of contributors to the magazine.

Ag Gabhail Timpal is issued in three sections under one cover—a Gaelic Section, organised by Sean Mac Maolain; an English Literary Section, in the charge of Edmund Fitzgerald; and an Economic Section, conducted by Aodh de Blacam. There is also a Student-Associateship under the care of M. V. Travers, this section being organised for courses of reading and study in National and Scholastic subjects, with a view to training the younger members in the learning and traditions of Gaelic Ireland, and thus equipping them to become useful citizens in the Gaelic State soon to be. The issue under review contains papers by A. A. Reynolds, the Conductor of the magazine, by Edmund B. Fitzgerald, Sean Mac Moalain, Aodh de Blacam, a French version of "An Mathair" (Patrick H. Pearse), by Peadar Pol, a historical sketch by Father Cahill, S.J., and other articles by Ernest Whelan, Art O'Riain, F. J. Bigger, and Miss M'Manus. There is also a series of six original poems in Gaelic with literal English renderings in metre, which should prove of extreme value to every student of Gaelic. Their style is generally light and easy, and the critical comments of several of the most widely known writers of Gaelic verse should render this section of Ag Gabhail Timpal of the utmost use.

Among other sections of the magazine is a Book-List, conducted by M. V. Hans, in which books both

ancient and modern are discussed by the Conductor and various readers in relation to their bearing on National questions. There is also an Enquiry Bureau—a most valuable feature. A reader may desire to know, for example, where he may obtain a fiddle made in Ireland, where he may find a maker of Irish Costumes, or where to obtain home-grown tobacco. He puts down his query, and in the next issue another reader, informed on the question, will give the particulars required. A student-reader desires some practical illustrations in the use of a particular Gaelic idiom, or the working of an abstruse mathematical problem. In the next issue such are abundantly supplied.

Yet another branch of work—a Library, and the files of all articles with criticisms and comments, is in the charge of Rory Henderson, and books and papers, complete with critical comments, are loaned to members and associates.

It only remains then to add that *Ag Gabhail Timpal*, besides being unique as a magazine, both in conception and value, provides enormous possibilities for forming young Ireland, and grounding the new Ireland in the fraternal traditions of Ireland's historic and golden past. Applications for membership should be addressed to Edmund B. Fitzgerald, M.A., at 48 Ingram Street, Glasgow, or to the Conductor, Andrew A. Reynolds, at 9 John Street, Wexford. Applications for admission into the Student-Associate Circles must be sent to M. V. Travers, Flower House, Gort, Co. Galway.

R. E. H.

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“Old Belfast” by *R. Young*.

“The M‘Donnells of Antrim” and “The Confiscation of Ulster” by *Rev. George Hill*.

“Ulster Archœological Journal” (Vols. 5 to 12).

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December, 1920.

THE RED HAND MAGAZINE

"If a man will plant himself on his instincts, the great world will come round to him."—*Emerson*.

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Editorial

This being the December issue, we avail of the opportunity to wish all our old friends who have rallied round the "Red Hand," both as Subscribers and Contributors, the old familiar greeting of Christmas; and the same we extend to all our new friends. May Peace be with them and with Ireland, and Goodwill flourish among all men.

No one knows so well as an Editor how much a man may be beholden to his friends. It is good to be beholden to good friends; and we are happy in being thus beholden. We asked for Christmas stories; we were inundated with them: we asked for Christmas Poems; their quantity was only equalled by their quality. Had we been able we might have trebled the size of the present number. That being impossible, we have sought to treble it doubly—in interest and value.

As we stated in our last issue, we anticipated rejoinders

to the short sketch, "A Holiday in Ulster," by "A Unionist Lady." We have not been disappointed; the more so that a number come from Ulster. We hope to find room for some interesting extracts from these criticisms in our January issue.

In the ordinary way we prefer to present the Magazine to our Readers without pointing out its good qualities, for we like to think these will prove self-evident to our discerning Readers. (It would seem our Readers are equally diffident about pointing out any other sort of qualities, for till now we receive no adverse criticisms.)

In a word, we hesitate to write up advertisements of ourselves, even though our praise were just. But, having achieved what we like to think is a seasonable number, we are emboldened to season its contents; and though, in so doing, we may add nothing to the flavour, yet we may possibly add to our achievement. And this we hope.

"Pro tanto quid," needless to say, a Belfast writer, from the pen-name he adopts, contributes a vivid sketch of his experiences as a Prisoner for Ireland on a Christmas Day. We regret, although we are not in the least surprised to learn it, that he is as likely as not to be spending the approaching Christmas in a similar place. Nevertheless, we are well persuaded that he will render a good account of himself there: and many of our Readers may hope he will occupy his spare time on Christmas Day in making us another story such as that of his which appeared in our November issue, or that he may meet with sufficient pleasing Christmas adventures as will provide a happy sequel to the story he gives us in our present issue.

Other stories there are, stories of interest; but the most interesting of our Christmas Stories we were unable to print owing to the fact that our printer has not yet learned

the art of printing in thunder and lightning. We shall either have to teach him that art—or bid our friends forbear.

Unfortunately the main part of the promised paper on a Christmas spent among our Exiles at the Antipodes went astray in the post—no new experience for most of us these days! and only the first few pages reached us in advance: but believing that our Readers will be interested in the story as far as it presently goes, we print it, and hope to complete it, if possible, in our next issue, which will also include several papers continued from our earlier numbers, and missing from our present issue for the same reason.

Together with our stories, we present papers of a serious import, the application of whose teachings extends beyond any season into all the years.

Aodh de Blacam contributes the first part of a paper on co-operation in Ireland, with special reference to Ulster. We hope to print a similar paper by a Southern Writer, when the present contribution shall be completed.

Doctor Flood continues his papers on Capitalism, while Andrew Reynolds has something to say on the Fairy Gold of Ireland that will repay a careful reading. We publish the first of a series of papers on Ulster surnames, which should go far to disproving the fond assertion that the Ulster Scot is alien to the Gael.

In conclusion, we again remind our Readers that we invite criticism of the Magazine; and though these must prove in no degree able to change its policy—for that is fixed from centuries since—yet the criticisms of our Readers may prove, and doubtless will prove, of service in the ordering and conducting of the Magazine itself. We therefore hope to have many expressions of opinion from our Readers, and to profit thereby. In either case we promise a careful consideration for every suggestion.

Then, again, we cordially wish for our Readers and Contributors, and for our Brothers and Sisters at home and in exile, every good and seasonable wish: and may 1921 bring us THE DAY.

The Scottish Settlers in Ulster.

By Padruig F. Macgille-Domhnaich.

Mr. David Lloyd George, Prime Minister of England, and a great friend of Ireland—Moryah! posing as an authority on the subject, has said that the people of North-East Ulster are “alien in race” to those of the rest of Ireland. How he arrives at this conclusion is beyond the comprehension of any ordinary Irishman. An ordinary man myself, one with some pretensions to speak on the subject of Ulster, as a native of Ireland, and not a pseudo-friend, I propose to advise Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister of ENGLAND, in a few ordinary facts of the history of IRELAND. An old adage advises the shoemaker to stick to his last; and the same adage is as applicable to England’s Prime Minister as to any English shoemaker. It is admitted by every reputable authority, amongst them many Ulstermen, that over 75 per cent. of the whole population of Ireland belongs to the Gaelic race—by which is meant the old Irish, and 80 per cent. of the Protestant and Presbyterian population of Ulster are of Scottish-Gaelic origin, the greater part of the settlers having come from the counties of Ayr, Renfrew, Lanark, Wigton, Kirkcudbridge, and Dumfries, with a large leaven from Argyle and the Isles, who settled in Antrim and Derry. A lesser number came from Aberdeen and Fife. In fact almost every **Scottish surname** has its representatives in Ulster. Ulster was the most Celtic part of Ireland before the plantation of James I., with the exception of the Ards district in North-East Down and that part of Antrim around Carrickfergus which was Anglo-Norman. The only prominent names of that people now found in the aforementioned districts are Jordon and Savage.

North Armagh and parts of South and East Tyrone were settled by the English; but to-day the descendants of the Scottish Gael who settled parts of the same districts far outnumber the descendants of the English settlers, and alongside with them is a large percentage of the old Irish Gaels. As before said, the greatest percentage of the Scottish settlers in Ulster came from the counties embraced by the old Scottish province of Galloway—a distinctively Gaelic province in the South-West of Scotland, which measured in extent 70 miles long by 40 miles broad, and was formerly a part of the ancient kingdom of Strathclyde, occupied by a branch of the Picts and Cymric, two Celtic peoples, previous to its conquest by the Gaels.

Considering that 75 per cent. of the whole population of Ireland is of Gaelic origin in relation to the old Irish Gaels, and that the descendants of the Scottish Gael number 80 per cent., it can be safely estimated that 90 per cent. of the people of Ulster are of Gaelic origin, Irish and Scottish, the old Irish clansmen still occupying their ancient districts.

**O'DEVLIN, McKENNA, O'HUGHES, O'DUFFY, McCARTAN,
MAGINNIS, McCLOSKEY, O'KANE, O'DOHERTY, O'GALLAGHER.**

The O'Devlins, the cup-bearers to the O'Neills of Dungannon, are still prominent in their ancient district in East Tyrone; the McKennas in Trough, Co. Monaghan; the O'Hughes in the parish of Tynan, Co. Armagh; the O'Duffys in Co. Monaghan; the McCartans and Maginnises in Co. Down; the McCloskeys and O'Kanes in Co. Derry; the O'Dohertys in Innishowen; and O'Gallaghers in Tirhugh, Co. of Tirconnell. It must be added, however, that many of the septs anglicised their names to such an extent that they have become almost unrecognisable.

**FOX, McATINNY, ROGERS, REYNOLDS, THORNTON, LAMB,
MASTERSON, ENGLISH, GOLIGHTLY, HACKETT,
SKEFFINGTON, VALLEY.**

For instance, Mac An T-Sionnaigh, a South Tyrone sept, has become Fox and McAtinny; McRory, a sept in the same county, has become Rogers, though the surname Rogers in itself is of Celto-Welsh extraction; Mag Romain, also of South Tyrone, has become Reynolds; MacSceachain, a Co. Monaghan sept, has become Thornton in that county; O'Loan in many cases is now Lamb; the McKernans of Fermanagh and Leitrim in many cases have become Masterson; the O'Golliglys have also anglicised their name, some calling themselves English, others Golightly; Magoggey, a County Tyrone sept, have taken the Norman name of Hackett; Mac An Scinnadair is commonly Skeffington; and the Mac Imhaillale, a Co. Armagh sept, has assumed the name of Valley. These are but a few of many such changes I have investigated.

**McCARTNEY, WRIGHT, BLACK, McILDUFF, WHITE, McILWAINE,
GRAY, McILREVEY.**

It now devolves upon me to deal in some detail with the surnames common among the Scottish settlers in Ulster. One of the widest known of these is McCartney, which is the surname of a powerful clan in Galloway, whose holders are descended from the younger son of McCarthy Mor of Munster, who, together with some of the clansmen, fought under Robert Bruce at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314.

The Wrights of Ulster are of a Gaelic sept in the west of Scotland, otherwise known as McIntyre, written in Gaelic Mac An T-Saor, corresponding to the Irish surname anglicised McAteer and Carpenter. The Blacks belong to the Clan Lomond of Lomond, also anglicised McIlduff, written in the Gaelic Mac Gille-dubh.

The Whites of Ulster belong also to the Clan Lomond, and the name is anglicised McIlwaine from its original Gaelic, Mac Gille-bhain.

Mention may be made of the third sept of the Clan Lomond, the

Grays, anglicised from McIlrevey, written in its original Gaelic form Mac Gille-raibhaich. The three names, Black, White, and Gray, were assumed by different branches of the Clan Lomond at the time the clan was dispersed in the middle of the 17th century. The surname is written in Gaelic Mac Laomuinn, and one of its anglicised forms McClymont is found in Ulster.

McBURNEY, MCKINSTREY, BROWN.

The McBurneys and McKinstreys are a Gaelic sept from Galloway, McBurney being very prominent in Dumfries-shire, the name being written in Gaelic Mac Biornaich. The surname Brown in North-East Ulster, in Gaelic Mac A'Bhriuthainn, means the son of the brehon or judge. Many of this sept have retained the name in the anglicised form of McBrayne. This Scottish surname should not be confused with the Anglo-Norman name of Browne found in the South and West of Ireland and derived from De Brun.

**GRIER, GRIERSON, GREGG, GREGSON, GREGORY,
McGREGOR, McADAM.**

The Griers, Greggs, and Gregorys of Ulster came principally from Dumfries-shire, the surname being written formerly in Gaelic Mae Griogair. The surname belongs to that great Gaelic clan of McGregor, which was driven out of Glenorchy in Argyleshire, in the 15th century, settling in Dumfries-shire under Gillebrid MacGregor. Thereafter many of the clansmen changed their name to Grierson, Grier, and Gregson, and spread themselves over that county and North-West England. Indeed, the surname MacGregor dare not be used in Scotland for many years. McAdam was another name assumed by the MacGregors. There are two families in Ulster colaterally, if not directly, descended from Malcolm MacGregor, son of the aforementioned Gillebrid, namely, the Griers of The Moy, Co. Tyrone, and the Griers of Tullyhogue; and a family of Griers at Hamiltonsbawn, Co. Armagh, claimed descent from the family of Rob Roy McGregor.

**McKERRALL, CARLTON, HANNA, SLOANE, MILLIGAN,
MILLIKEN, CARSON.**

The McKerrals are a Gaelic sept in Galloway and originated from an Irish chief called O'Carroll, probably one of the O'Carrolls of Co. Louth, now anglicised Carville. This Galloway sept have also changed their name, which, in their case, has become Carlton. The Milligans and Millikins, a Galloway sept, wrote their name in Gaelic O'Moileagain.

The Hannas, a very prominent name in the eastern counties of Ulster, are a Galloway sept, written in Gaelic O'h-Annaidh.

The name is set down in old records as A'Hannay. The surname

Sloane is of Galloway origin, and is written in Gaelic Mac Sluaghad-hain. The surname Carson is of Cymric origin, many of the name being located in Dumfries for many centuries. The name was originally written Ap'Corsane, changing to Corsan, and finally Carson, as we find it in North-East Ulster.

**DOWNIE, DOWNEY, McELDOWNIE, McGILDOWNEY, MAY,
McCAUSLAND, McAUSLAN, BUCHANAN.**

The surname May is of Kintyre origin, and is written in Gaelic O'Meadaich.

Downey, Downie, McEldowney, McGildowney, common in North-East Ulster, have each the same origin, being a sept of the Clan Buchanans of Lenny in Stirlingshire, that was located in Strathallan and Strathern in Perthshire. The name originated from Maol-Domhnach, one of the chiefs of the Buchanans, and is written in Gaelic Mac Gille-Domhnaich, and in the 17th century in the north of Scotland we find it written McAldonich. The Buchanan Clan is descended from Aulalan Buidhe O'Kane, who settled in the Lennox county in the 10th or 11th century, and his descendants took the name of MacAuslain, whence comes McCausland and McAuslin, surnames found in Ulster. The whole clan held the name of Mac Auslain until the time of Gillebrid, the ninth laird, who assumed the name of Buchanan being that of the district. The name of Buchanan is called McWhanan by the old generation in Ulster and Scotland, and occurs from the proper Gaelic name of the district of Buchanan, that is, Mac A'Chanonach.

A George Buchanan, living near Stirling, in Scotland, a descendant of the aforementioned Gillebrid Buchanan, settled at Omagh, County Tyrone; and through one of his descendants, Thomas Buchanan, was descended from James Buchanan, the sixteenth President of the United States of America.

**GIBBS, GIBSON, GILBERT, GILBERTSON, McBRIDE, WATSON,
WATT, McWATTIE, HARPUR, HARPURSON, McCausland.**

The Gibbs, Gibsons, Gilberts, Gilbertsons, and some McBrides are the different anglicised forms of the original Gaelic MacGille-Brighde, and are a sept of the Buchanans. The surnames Watt, Watson, and McWattie, in Gaelic MacBhaididh, are another sept, and the Harpurs and Harpursons, in Gaelic MacChruitair, yet another. The senior branch of the MacAuslains retained their original surname, and numbers of the clan settled in Ulster under the name of McCausland, one family directly descended from the chief of the senior branch settling in Co. Derry, from which their ancestors had gone six hundred years previously.

MONROE, ERSKINE

The Monroes are descended from Donald O'Kane and his sept, who went from the banks of the River Roe, Co. Derry, and settled in Caithness, giving name to a district there, Farrindonald. The name in Gaelic is Mac An Rothaich. The surname Erskine has long been identified with the Braes of Mar in Aberdeen, and Donald, the High Stewart of Mar, chief of the Eoghanacht clans was the son of Eimhin, descended from Leamha Maine, the ancestor of the O'Moriartys and other West Munster clans.

Donald fell fighting at the head of his clansmen for Irish Freedom, under the standard of Brian Boru, at the Battle of Clontarf on Good Friday, 23rd April, 1014; and Mangan, in his translation of MacLraig's poem, styles him "the faith-keeping prince of the Scots." The name is common in parts of Ulster, and in the Co. Cavan a family of the name is descended from a Sir James Erskine, son of the sixteenth Earl of Mar, who obtained a grant of the lands of Favor Royal (Aughnamoyle), near Clogher, Co. Tyrone, in the early part of the 17th century.

MAGEE, MACKAY, MACKIE.

The Magees of Co. Antrim are long settled in that county, and are a branch of that clan in Kintyre known as the Southern MacKays, also anglicised to McKie and McGhee in Galloway. It was left to Hugh Magee of Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, to be in possession of the old Gaelic Charter, the earliest one extant, which was an agreement between Donald, Lord of the Isles, and Brian Vicar MacAoidh, known in Islay as "MacAoidh na Ranna"—that is, Mackay of Rhinns. This charter was drawn up in 1408, and one wonders how it escaped the vandalism of the Gall. It is now in the Register House, Edinburgh, and was translated by Dr. O'Donovan and edited by Rev. Dr. Reeves, and published in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy about the fifties of the 19th century. The name Magee is written in Gaelic, MacAoidh. It is noticeable that "Mag" is substituted for "Mac" in many cases in Ulster and the province of Galloway.

McCURRY, MCPHERSON, PATTERSON, MCPHEDRIE, MEGAW, MAGAW, MAHARG, McFEE, McFIE, MCPHIE, McAFFEE, McHAFFY, McGUFFIE, FERGUSON, ADIE, McCADIE, McCLELAND, CLEELAND, GILLILAND.

The McCurrys and some branches of the McPhersons belong to the bardic clan of McVurich, in Gaelic MacMhuirich, which was descended from Muireach Albanach O'Daly, of the great Irish bardic clan, who settled in the west of Scotland in the early ages. (Recently one of the bearers of the name of McPherson, one Ian, a member of the McPhersons of Cluny, came to Ireland with the intention of

settling in and settling it. Retreating somewhat hurriedly into Westminster, his subsequent migrations are shrouded in a gloomy and silent obscurity.) The surname Patterson and McPhedrie are of the same origin, being written in Gaelic MacPhaidruig, a surname common in Ulster under its anglicised form. Megaw and Magaw are written in Gaelic MacAdhaimh, and these names are common throughout Ulster, and are of Galloway origin. The McFees, McFies, McPhies, McAfees, Mahaffys and McGuffies are anglicised forms of the one Gaelic sept located in Colonsay, written in Gaelic MacDhuibh-sithi; the form McGuffie being the anglicised form in Galloway.

This clan were record keepers to the McDonalds, and were dispossessed in the early part of the 17th century, and passed over into Ulster; many through religious disabilities. The McAfee brothers, the pioneer settlers of Kentucky, went out from Ulster, writing their names large in American history.

The Fergusons, in Gaelic MacFearghuis, a very widely distributed Scottish surname in Ulster, were originally of a Gaelic clan in Perthshire. Sir Samuel Ferguson, our own great Ulster poet and writer, belonged to the Fergusons of Athole, Perthshire. The Adies and McCadies, in Gaelic MacAdaiddh, are a sept of the Fergusons of Dunfallandry, Perthshire; who themselves were a branch of the Athole family. The name of another Galloway sept, in Gaelic Mac Gille-Fhaolain, is anglicised McClelland and Clelland. Gilliland is another anglicised form of the Gaelic, while Maharg is another Galloway surname commonly found.

**McDONALD, McDONNELL, McCONNELL, McWHANNELL,
DONALDSON, DONALSON, DONAL, McALISTER,
McDOUGHAL, McDOWELL, McCOWL.**

The surnames McDonald, McDonnell, McConnell, McWhannell, Donaldson, Donalson, and Donal are various anglicised forms of the original Gaelic Mac Domhnuill, a branch of this great Gaelic clan settling in the glens of Antrim about four centuries ago.

They and the McDougals, McAllisters, and many other Scottish clans are descended from Fergus MacErc, of the race of Conn of The Hundred Battles. McDowell was the form of the name the McDougals assumed in Galloway, some anglicising the name McCowl, A Patrick McDowell was Earl of Dumfries in the 18th century. The Gaelic form is MacDubhghaill.

MACKAY, FORBES, McALLAN, McINNES, INNES, MFARLANE.

The northern MacKays and Forbes of Aberdeen, known as the Clan Morgan, are descended from one of the Irish chiefs of the O'Connors. Many MacKays are found in Ulster, especially in Co. Antrim, many of the name being buried in Bunnamargie Friary; in

fact, records of this family are to be found in almost every graveyard in Co. Antrim.

The family of MacKay of Carnalbany, Co. Armagh, are of the MacKays of Inverness. The name is written in Gaelic, MacAoidh, which is the same as that of the Kintyre clan, though having no near connection with it. The pronunciation of the name of the northern MacAoidh somewhat resembles McCoy. The McAllans, McInnes, and Innes are septs of the Clan McFarlane, a Gaelic clan which occupied a part of Dumbartonshire. Many families of the McFarlanes settled in Ulster, and one family of the name, that settled in Co. Tyrone, is descended from the learned genealogist, Walter McFarlane. The sept of McAllan is numerous in Ulster, and a branch became auxiliary soldiers under the O'Donnells of Tirconnell in the 16th century, and later were defeated in battle with the forces of Clanrickard in Connacht in the same century, many of the clansmen settling in Co. Kerry afterwards, where they are still numerous to-day.

**McQUEEN, MAWHINNEY, McQUISTEN, HOUSTON, McCONAGHY,
McCONCHY, REID, ALEXANDER, McCARAGHER, McILHARAN,
McCRAIL, McNEILL, NEILSON, NELSON, McKINNEY,
McKENZIE.**

The McQueens were a Gaelic sept in the West of Scotland, and are well represented in Ulster. Mawhinney, another widely distributed name, is another form of McKenzie and McKinney, written in Gaelic, MacChoinnich. McQuisten and Houston, a McDonald sept, is written in Gaelic, MacUistean. Among many other Scottish surnames found in Ulster are McConachy, McConchy, Reid, and Robertson, which names are but anglicised forms of MacDonnchaidh. The surname Alexander is derived from MacAllister, and a branch of that clan going south assumed this name. The surname McCragher, written also in the anglicised form of McKeracher in Perthshire, is a direct form of Farquharson, in Gaelic, Mae Fhearchair. All forms are found in Ulster, some of the names being anglicised Forker. The surname McIlharan, in Gaelic, MacGille-Chairain, the son of the servant of St. Ciaran, is found mostly in Antrim. The surname McCrail is a form of McNeill, which clan is largely represented throughout Ulster under the anglicised forms of Neilson and Nelson.

**McCRACKEN, McKNIGHT, McNAUGHT, BOYD, McELWEE,
McKELVEY, McVEY, McVEIGH, LECKY, McALERY,
McCLEERY, McILHATTAN.**

The surnames McCracken, McKnight, McNaught, and McNight are forms of the Argyleshire McNaughtons. The surnames Boyd, McElwee, and McKelvey, though not connected in any near way, write their

names in Gaelic, MacGill-Chuidhe. The surname Mellhattan, written in Gaelic, MacGille-Chattain, is so derived from the fact that the first bearer of the name was the "son of the servant of St. Chattain." The surname McConacher, a Scottish sept which held the position of doctors to the McDougals of Lorn, was derived from one of the Irish O'Connors, and some medical tracts in Gaelic, written by members of this sept, may be seen in Edinburgh Library. Bearers of the surname McVey, also written McVeigh, were doctors in Kintyre, and like the McConachers, they also have left us medical tracts, which may also be seen in Edinburgh Library. The surnames Lecky, McAleery, and McCleery are the anglicised forms of the original Gaelic surname of MacA'Chlerich, a sept located in Dumbartonshire. One of this sept, a John Lecky of Crow Lecky, in that county, came to Ulster with some of his followers after the Battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715.

**McALEECE, McALISH, MCLEISH, GILLIS, GILLIES,
MCCLINTOCK, MISKELLY.**

The Scottish surnames McAleece, McAlish, McLeish, Gillis, and Gillies, all represented in Ulster, and some among them to be frequently met with, are the anglicised forms of the one Gaelic form, written MacGille-Iosa. The sept was called the "Sliochd Gille-Iosa," being descended from Gille-Iosa MacPherson of Glenshie. McClintock, another Scottish sept in Ulster, is written in Gaelic, MacGille-Fheontog. The Scottish surname Miskelly, also found in Ulster, is written in Gaelic, MacSceallaich.

CAMPBELL.

The clan Campbell is well represented in Ulster. The name was in early times written O'Duibhne, Campbell being a soubriquet; in Gaelic, Caimbeul, meaning "wry-mouth." The clans were chiefs of Lochow in Argyle from the 6th century, and were known as the "Siol Diarmuid," after Diarmuid O'Duibhne, whose descendants went to Scotland in one of the two incursions of the Irish in the 5th and 6th centuries. Sir Paul O'Duibhne was knight of Lochow in the reign of Malcolm, King of Scotland, and was known as Paul an Sporran, or "Paul of the Purse," being Treasurer to Malcolm.

Gilleasbuig O'Duibhne, who was married to the heiress of Sir Paul O'Duibhne, was the first to assume the name of Campbell (Caimbeul). Colin Mor, the sixth in descent from Gilleasbuig, was the founder of the "MacCaillean Mor," a title ever since borne by the Dukes of Argyle.

Carswell, who wrote his Book of Common Prayer in the Gaelic language at the latter end of the 16th century, dedicated it to Gilleasbuig O'Duibhne, the name of the then Duke of Argyle.

The McArthurs were the senior branch of the Siol Diarmuid, and were ousted by the MacCallum Mor. The McArthurs of Antrim were

identified with Layde Church, Co. Antrim, and Scotch visitors to that county should not miss going to the Layde district for its records.

MOORE, MUIR, MURE.

Another surname very common in Ulster, and claimed to be of Scottish origin, is Moore. However, the Mures of Ayrshire, also written Muir and Moir in other parts of Scotland, are without doubt of purely Irish extraction. The old genealogy of the Mures of Ayrshire, written by one of the family, and entitled "The Historie and Descent of the House of Rowallane, written in or prior to 1657 by Sir William Muir, Knight of Rowallane," was published in 1825 in Glasgow, and it is stated therein that the Mures were originally descended from "the ancient tribe of O'More in Ireland." Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, belonged to this Ayrshire family; and Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry VIII., martyr for the Faith, and since beatified, belonged to the clan O'More. His Memoirs, by his grandson, published in London in 1727, states that the family of Blessed Thomas More "came out of Ireland." The Moores of Moore's Fort are descended from the Moores of Cumberland, another branch of the "gallant O'Mores," and the Moores of Moore's Lodge, Co. Antrim, are of the same stock.

The Mures of Molenan and of Garvey House, Co. Tyrone, are descended from the 4th Laird of Glanderstown, in Renfrewshire, through one William Mure, who was descended from Gilchrist Mure of the same county, circa 1340.

The O'More's occupied the southern part of Co. Down, and, together with the O'Lalors and MacAboys, neighbouring septs in the same county, migrated south, probably about the time of the Anglo-Norman incursion, settling in Leix in Leinster. They were described as Pictish septs in Ulster.

O'More was the common form of the name up to the 16th century, and Moore in his "Surnames of the Isle of Man" is in no wise ashamed to testify that "the O'Mores were a powerful sept in Ireland," he himself writing it in its original form O'Mordha. He further states that it was, and is, a common name in Ireland, Scotland, and the North of England. The Moores of Moore's Hall, Co. Mayo, claim descent from the family of Blessed Thomas More, the present representative being Col. Maurice Moore, late of the Connaught Rangers.

So much for the race that gave to Ireland Rory Og O'More, the terror of the English settlers in Leinster for many a long day.

DUNCAN, McWHIRTER, LOUDDAN, CALDER, DUNOON.

The surname Duncan is a form of the Gaelic surname Mac Donnachaidh, to which previous reference has been made, the old form being Donnchadha. The surname McWhirter is another anglifi-

cised form of McArthur, in Gaelic, MacArtair. The surnames Loudan, Calder, and Dunoon are after place-names which were assumed by branches of the Campbells (Caimbeul, O'Duibhne).

* * * * *

In the foregoing notes on the surnames of the descendants of the Scottish settlers in Ulster enough evidence is given to show that the predominant race in North-East Ulster is neither an "alien race" nor one having anything in common racially with that modern and, for the most part, accidental agglomeration of unplaced and surplus peoples known as the "Anglo-Saxons"; rather it is proven to be in every respect as thoroughly Celtic and Gaelic as any other part of Gaelic Ireland.

There was such a race as the Saxons, but they went down in a few hours on the plains of Hastings, begging mercy from their Norman conquerors, and ever since have been the slaves of their Norman masters.

Then, good reader, if you be an Irish Catholic—a Gael—remember that your Protestant and Presbyterian fellow-countrymen in Ulster, let them be Orangemen, or whatsoever they choose to be or HAVE BEEN MADE, are of the same noble race as yourself; for every Irishman is a Gael, heir in a common patrimony, and I would rather conciliate one Orangeman for the sake of the blood-tie than placate a dozen Englishmen.

Of the English settlers who came to Ireland in later times all trace was lost after the fourth generation. They had dwindled away almost out of existence, and it was possible solely to the sturdy Scottish Gael to survive and maintain a footing in Gaelic Ireland, wherein the English settlers could but diminish and die.

This is very evident to any man of observation in reading Irish history. As for the Norman settlers, the Roches, Barrys, Devereux, Burkes, Butlers, Jordans, Stauntons, Fitzgeralds, Nangles—all had long previously become more Irish than the Irish themselves.

The Scots and Irish, one people, and both commonly termed Scots through the centuries, were for over two thousand years united by a common language and literature, the same genius in music and art; and it is the urgent and bounden duty of every Scot and Irishman to revive and restore the instincts of that ancient kinship; and we must remind you again, and the descendants of the Scottish settlers, that they are NOT an "Alien Race," but one with the Gael by a common and most ancient parentage, beside which the people of England are but of yesterday: and the Gael will survive, even as he has survived while great Empires have risen and fallen, when the British Empire is but a dream of dark distant ages.

To the Gaelic race, Men of Ulster, you belong; and it yet must be your duty—a proud one—as much as it is the duty of the old Irish Gaels, to be up and doing, to preserve the noble and historic traditions of the Gaelic race, its language, music, art, literature, and chivalrous renown.

The Open Door.

By Edmund B. Fitzgerald.

Old man, go not to the castle door,
For the lord is rich, and thou art poor;
With staves his servants shall drive thee away,
For thou dost beg for thy Christmas Day.

Mary and Joseph did travail too,
As even thou, poor man, dost do;
And never was place in Bethlehem
Save cattle shed to housen them.

Tell thy need at the labourer's shed,
For he has known the want of bread;
His wife thy bleeding feet shall bind,
For she is poor—and the poor are kind.

Their children will gather about thy knee,
Nor mock at thine infirmity;
They shall give thee smiles, the wife a tear,
And her man a pipe for thy Christmas cheer.

Pass on, poor man, by castle and court—
Rich people do not love thy sort:
But go not by the cabin door,
For the goodness of God is with the poor.



The Dead Who Died For Ireland.

By Paul Jones.

The Dead who died for Ireland,
Their memory shall not die,
While there is of the Sire-land
One voice to lift on high
A favoured prayer to God, Who gave
So good to Ireland, and so brave.

And they who live for Ireland,
Oh, happy shall they be!
For the Martyrs of the Sire-land
Make prayer continually
Before God's throne, that He will pour
Great good on Ireland evermore.

An Instructed People.

By R. E. H.

What "The Gael" will do.

The necessities of the moment render it imperative that the military and political aspects of the national struggle shall claim the greater share in the activities of our people. But we must prevent their absorption by these two machines. Otherwise the completion of the struggle will find us unprepared to develop those parts of the national life for which it is being waged, and the ideal of the Gaelic state may be swept away as easily as that of eighteenth century France—defeat in the midst of victory.

As that brilliant young writer Proinnsias O Gallchobhair said in "New Ireland," shortly before its suppression last year, "If we had known our history we would have known our Pearse. If we had known our past we would have discovered the Tones and Emmets of our days—discovered them not in death, but while they lived and had the power of leadership." Yes, and if we do not learn our history now, the real leaders of the future will be supplanted by those who trade on the memory of the Tones and Emmets of to-day.

Davis, more than anybody else, recognised this, and so the Repeal Reading Rooms came into being. Their work seems insignificant to-day, but when we look at the conditions of the forties it was marvellous. But it was to the "Nation" he looked to mould the people's mind, and yet to-day, with an organisation unsurpassed by that of any generation, our people draw their national views from a commercial newspaper which regulates its policies by the flow of coppers in its till.

An Instructed People are Strong.

The need for a newspaper is not so great, however, as for a magazine that will educate and instruct.

Political reviews we have had in plenty during the past few years, useful enough in their way, but with little appeal

outside the small circles of writers and publicists who controlled their activities. "Nationality," in the days when Arthur Griffith, and later Seumas O'Kelly, filled the editor's chair, approached the ideal in some respects; but something even more attractive than this is required.

To fill the need a Co-operative Society has been promoted through the efforts of Eamon O'Duibhir, to publish a national weekly magazine, "The Gael"; and the following committee have charge of the work.: Aodh de Blacam, P. de Burca, B.A., E. B. Fitzgerald, M.A., T. O'Fionnain, A. A. Reynolds, P. O'Maille, T.D., Miss B. O'Dwyer, J. J. Walsh, T.D., P. S. O'Flannagain, D. McManus, Miss Barton and Pearce Beasley, T.D.

The services of a brilliant array of writers have already been guaranteed for the paper, but its contents require careful consideration and planning. In addition to fiction, literary, dramatic and home features, much work can be accomplished for the promotion of Gaelic writing, and through Gaelic self-taught articles, translations of short stories from foreign masters, etc. Articles outlining plans for Irish-Ireland concerts, dramatic performances, etc., in country towns and villages are amongst the other projects; and, with the collaboration of some of our national university professors, it is intended to publish a series of papers advocating the study of practical subjects—agricultural, economic, industrial research, etc.—and above all, their application to local conditions, whether in town or village. Eventually this will make possible the establishment in every centre of study circles similar to those formed in Cork some years ago through the Workers' Educational Conferences and the efforts of Professor Rahilly—worthy successors to the Repeal Clubs of Davis.

SLUMBER SONG.

Price 2s. Music by Jos. Gormley.
Words by Edmund B. Fitzgerald.

SULLIVAN & CO., Music Publishers, 14 Crowe Street, Dublin.

A Christmas Day in an English Prison in Ireland.

By "Pro Tanto Quid."

With the clanging of the great prison bell, cutting incisely through the icy frost-mist and deep down into the suddenly bewildered awakening brain, dispelling for many a one his glad dreams of Christmas festivity—thus broke the morn of Christmas for a hundred poor Prisoners for Ireland—the stars faintly gleaming through the slat windows of their miserable cells—it was but half six of the clock—and the noise of belated revellers passing down the road, the swift feet and expectant voices of glad folk hurrying to the chapel above.

Christmas morning! Surely there would be something in the nature of Christmas fare—some change, some happy break in the monotony on this day—even in prison! It should be suet-pudding-and-potato-day in the ordinary course of events. Well, at least there would be currants in the pudding to-day; and perhaps they will give us an ounce of beef—even an apple: for . . . prisoners—and gaolers—all are human beings after all . . . and the governor will know it is Christmas, and be good-willing to us. He himself will dine extra well to-day—a turkey perhaps . . . and stuffing . . . and roast potatoes . . . and Christmas pudding . . . brandy blazing in the dish . . . mince pies . . . nuts . . . wine. . . .

"Tins out there, you!" The cell-door swung open, and the warder passed swiftly along.

Perhaps he has not yet remembered it is Christmas morning . . . Christmas morning! . . . last Christmas morning. . . .

The sudden din of the prison is dying down again, and, faintly from the wall of the adjoining cell...tap...tap...thirteen taps...M...what is it B 16 is saying?...tap-tap...E... A swift light step: "Who's tapping there?" The voice of the warder sounds gruffer than usual as he barks

in at the cell-doors: and, surely he has forgotten it is Christmas morning !

"Who's that tapping there, I say? Step out!"

No response, and nobody steps out; and the warden hastens along the gallery, stopping outside my door.

"Step out, you, I say, and hown up like a man! You won't? Then the worse for you, Mister Fifteen!" and he laboriously writes me down on his tablet, saying as he passes on: "You'll be for the Governor, my lad, or . . ."

A bad beginning for a Christmas Day!

Follows a cold and solitary hour of hunger. The cell-doors are shut fast with slam after slam; the gas-jets are turned off; and every prisoner is left to ruminate as happily as he may.

The warders have bacon for breakfast to-day—I can smell it—and eggs, perhaps . . . you be sure they have eggs!...two...three...four, very likely...and . . .

B 16 is at his tapping again...tap...tap...thirteen taps...M.....a swift double tap-tap...tap...E.....M-E-R-R-Y.....C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S.....I am counting out the letters one by one, when...click! and the spy-glass in the door is swung aside, leaving to view an eye on the outside, and the door flings open.

" Nicely caught, Fifteen! Wasn't tapping that time, was you?"

" I was not."

" What was you up to, then?"

No answer.

"Got the sulks, eh? Wants 'is breakfast . . . eh? No answer? Well, tap for your breakfast, my lad, for its bread and water, and darned little of that you'll be getting for your Christmas outing if hi knows anything about it!" He made to shut the door, but turning back: "You'd better hown up, Fifteen!"

No answer.

"I say, You'd better own hup."

"To what?"

"To that tapping."

"There was no tapping—here."

"Well, just say Sir to me when you answer, won't you? And none of your living, neither. I say you was tapping;

and I know you was tapping, both times, what's more: so best hown hup to it, and p'raps it'll be the lighter for you," and he slammed the door.

A prisoner is in no condition for going through his morning prayers at the best of times, but less so after an episode such as this; for, in all truth, prison-hunger is distracting enough to drive prayers from the mind, and fifteen hours since the last scanty meal, without the ordinary petty persecutions of a vindictive warder.

To be strictly fair, it should be added that Mister Brown, at that time a recent importation from Cockneydom, was almost as much an object of contempt for the Irish-born warders, with his misplaced aspirates, as he was for the Irish prisoners, political, politico-criminal, and criminal.

But—the clear crisp air without is suddenly astir with the ringing of bells, silver-sounding, jubilant—the joy-bells of Christmas. The people are gathered in the warm chapel; the altar is ablaze, the pillars festooned with greenery—laurel and holly; the children are standing in amaze around the Crib. The organ peals out, and all the people are singing: sure, it is the "Adeste": and, how glad they must be! . . . but . . . I wonder, are they thinking of us? . . . and . . . is she, are they there? . . . and . . . are they thinking of me? I try to remember the old, joyous, words—to join in with them . . .

"Adeste fideles . . . Læti triumphantes . . .
Venite, venite in . . ."

"Outside for chapel!" the warder passes on, flinging open the doors as he goes. We line up outside our cells, faces to the wall. B 16 winks a merry eye toward me, and on to Seventeen, past the next door. He has not forgotten it is Christmas Day! He never does . . . every day is a holiday for him.

A whistle blows from the far end of the wing—the signal that the strategic points on our short step to the chapel are held by the under-warders. The head warder, all spick-and-span and gleaming burnished gold, mounts to his high post above the gallery. He looks round the galleries with a swift scrutiny, nods to the warder at his side, who waves a hand to the under-warder below, and:

"Right turn!"—all turn as ordered, B 16 with a complete turn and a half, and: "March!"

We march. Such an array for a Christmas morning! Some young and alert, some old and halting; some with a

proud half-smile on the lips and fire in the eye; some disdainful, some sad, some nearly broken—on we march—through the corridors, down by the little wintry garden, past the graves and the inset initialled stones above . . . May God forgive them, and bring peace to their poor souls, and rest to their poor broken bodies! . . . and so, to the chapel.

The prison-chapel is cold and dreary, and yet dark save for a few pale gas-jets. We go to our places; the warders instal themselves at intervals in their vantage-seats, their backs to the altar, their eyes upon us, seaching us.

Reader! if you have never heard a prison-full of men in the complete enjoyment of the one brief moment of freedom in their prison-existence—when they lift up their voices, many tuneless, most hoarse, in the singing of the hymns (and I could almost hope you never will), you have missed one of the most truly significant things in life. How we did use to sing! But—how we sang on that Christmas morning! Some of us remember little of the words. It mattered nothing: we knew the tune—the most important part for the prisoner. And everyone soon found out where the “Venite adoremus . . . in Bethlehem” recurred: and, surely, the singing of our “Venite adoremus” on that Christmas morning sounded into the very middle of Heaven, into the compassionate heart of the Mother of Sorrows, the Consoler of the Afflicted, and deep down into the heart of the Babe at her breast! They—they were mindful of us—mindful of ours.

The dread of meeting the governor was for the time obliterated: we sang the hymn through to its end, missing never a note of the five verses: and fifty verses had been not a note too many.

The priest and acolyte passed out from the chapel into the beautiful new-fallen snow: we could see the great white flakes drifting against the windows: a robin perched on the window-sill above the altar. He too had a “Venite” to sing—a glad, and a free “Venite.”

The head warder gave the sign for our going out, and we filed out of the chapel—but by a different door—and back to our cells. The doors clanged after us, but for a few minutes only. The welcome noise of a barrow of rattling cans sounded along the gallery, and the doors swung open again; each out-thrust can was three-quarters filled by the warder with a thin mess of gruel, while a prisoner in convict-garb thrust in a small brown loaf.

It does not take long to dispose of a prison breakfast, no matter how slowly one may desire to eat it. The skilly is drained to the last dregs, the fragments of oatmeal picked out from the bottom of the tin, the odd crumbs gathered up from the floor and eaten: and after that there is solitary confinement till dinner-hour at mid-day—for prisoners do not exercise on Christmas Days.

There is now sufficient light dingly struggling through the narrow window to enable the prisoner to amuse himself. I take down my slate and rounded slate-pencil, and begin to write—it matters not what, so long as I write. It is not easy, writing with a rounded slate-pencil, and upon a slate, especially upon a slate twice cracked, rough as a roof-slate, and scratched and over-scratched: but I must write something—the fever of writing is on me; I will try to write a story—a story about a Christmas Day spent in an English prison in Ireland; but . . . suppose the warder should come in and discover it? . . . I hastily rub out the first few words. The story—it shall be written another day. I will make a poem. Would you like to see the poem I made on that Christmas Day, reader? It is not a Christmas poem: but it is a true one nevertheless. As nearly as I remember, this is how it went:—

THE DAISY.

To one who hath been prisoned a long while,
And one brief hour to make the daily round
That by four dreary walls is hedged and bound,
'Tis life to see a daisy's pleasant smile.
So, one glad morning, on the drooping file,
Hid 'twixt the stones, Spring's little jewel I found
And cried aloud. The gaoler hastening, frowned,
And marched us back into the gloomy pile.

But in my cell were streams and meadowland,
Where merry children circled in a game,
And I with them, myself a glad free child.
The Morrow morn I joined the hopeless band
Glad with my hope: but when at length I came
Up to the stone I wept. The gaoler smiled.

That is as far as I got with my rhyming, for, just as I was finishing it, I heard the spy-glass swing back, and there behind was Mister Brown's eye peeping through—Mister Brown, who little knew I was making him the **Hero**

of a sonnet. I promise you that sonnet came off the slate quicker than it went on! So I rubbed out my sonnet with the corner of my coat, and began to draw a Christmas-tree—a tree blazing with candles, and laden down with dolls and bears, and pipes and whistles, and all good things go-leor—such a tree as delighted my boy's eyes—such a tree as is delighting my eyes this very day, as I sit in a room, all holly and mistletoe decked, overlooking the Rhine (for I am an exile to-day) and my brother's children around me, babbling a sweet mixture of German with golden words of the Gael interspersed—the latter for my especial honour. Poor little exiles! May you soon come back to the Dear Land—to a Free Land!

But one tires of drawing Christmas-trees on a prison slate—and on a Christmas Day in prison: so I pick up my library book—Lord Somebody's Reminiscences—and if ever a book was written to be an infliction on a poor prisoner this is indeed the book. None the more for that I have read it three times during the week, and—dare I face the prospect of reading it again? Never! No! but I will begin to count the "the's" on every page, and work out their average on my slate. If I work right through the book it will take me at least a whole day, haply two, to complete the task: then I will make a grand average of the "the's" throughout the entire book. The thought delights me. But . . . one cannot be counting the "the's" in a book forever: and I open my Douai Testament, and begin to learn by heart one of the later chapters of St. John's Gospel. I recite the previous chapters, verse by verse, from memory, comparing them with the text. My mistakes are few, and I get each verse correctly, down to the end of my chapter. I then read on to the end of the Gospel. I am sorry it is not longer, for it is a very loving and tender writing—and there is so long to stay here . . . He . . . yes, . . . he was a prisoner, too . . . and, I wonder, does he think of us here on this Christmas Day—we who have only done as he did—stood true to our Lord and our Land, when . . .

"This way, you, Fifteen—to the Governor!" He clips the word into "Guvner," but with a big G. Initial "G's" in London English have a rasping, sinister sound for me.

I am ushered into a comfortable office. There is a fire glowing within—the first fire I have seen for—can it be but eight months? for it would seem to be a full eight years. Nor was it the last fire I should see, reader, for I

have seen many fires—terrible fires, in our Ireland since that day—pleasant little homes destroyed, happy little children made homeless, old men weeping, young men slain, the forbearing Hand of God contemned and mocked, His faithful people desolated.

The governor is a cold man, stern, but seeming just—as just as such a man as he may be. A book, big as a ledger, is brought before him by a uniformed clerk. He glances down the page that is opened for him, regards me from head to foot, and then from foot to head, and shuts the ledger. He speaks with the warder, in a somewhat frigid and distant tone, and the warder thereupon recites with unctuous gestures my two-fold offence—that I have been discovered “’ammerin” on the wall of my cell and endeavouring to communicate with the prisoner in the next cell. Again the governor regards me, with a piercing scrutiny. He makes a sign to the clerk, who brings over my “dossier” already to his hand—a small sheaf of blue documents neatly arranged and tied with a red tape. He reads rapidly through a number of dates and offences: on the something-teenth of such-and-such a month, discovered talking at exercise; cautioned: on yet another day, when interrogated on a certain breach of discipline committed by the prisoner in the cell adjoining, refused to answer: visit and letter stopped: on the -rd day of the following month a piece of bread discovered concealed in cell; three days’ punishment diet—as if there were any other than punishment diet!—on the -th day of the same month ... and thus he went through the list of my prison crimes and offences, his brow clouding, the veins knotting as he proceeded, while I stood wondering what possible use prisons could serve while gaolers punish men for remembering their manhood.

“ You were twice attempting to communicate with another prisoner, B, Fifteen? ” He spoke slowly and with a certain hauteur; and the monotony of his voice, devoid of nuance, left me undetermined as to whether I was merely questioned, or directly accused. I chose to consider the words an accusation, and remained silent.

“ Do you offer any explanation by way of extenuation? ” he asked.

I answered nothing.

The warder, thinking I had not understood, repeated the question: “ Do you ’ear? Do you offer any hexplanation and hex-ten-u-hashun? ”

I replied to the governor: “ Explanation for what? ”

"For the offence—this latest breach of prison discipline."

"You say I committed this so-called offence?"—the warder's face turned purple with horror at my temerity in daring to answer by as much as a word with any implied denial that offered the least question as to his veracity, while—"So-called!" the governor thundered, "So-called, indeed!" and with a gesture of dismissal: "Remove the bedding from—what is it?—B 15, and let him have nothing for the next twenty-four hours but water!"

So, for that Christmas Day the diet card on the cell door was turned, the bedding removed, save for a thin brown blanket—the rules provide that a prisoner shall not be suffered to die of cold—the slate and library book were taken away, and a can of water put into the cell.

But the Testament was left to me.

"A merry Christmas," I said to the warder as he was quitting the cell: my eyes were upon the Testament.

The door swung open again.

"What's that?" he said, stepping into the cell, and lifting his clenched fist; "A what?" His voice was breathless, almost speechless, his face livid.

"A merry Christmas . . . Sir."

He stepped back slowly, and out of the cell, drawing the door as slowly after him; but, with an after-thought, he again put his head in at the aperture, wedging his foot firmly against the door, and replied to me with a significant smile: "The same to you, Fifteen, and . . . and . . . an 'orrerble New Year!"

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The Wage System in Industrial Capitalism.

By Patrick J. Flood.

In the preceding paper we analysed certain definitions. **Wealth**, we defined as "a material thing, which has been changed by the intelligent action of man from a condition in which it was less, to a condition in which it is more useful to serve a human need." We saw further that there were four factors in the production of wealth. These factors are, **first**, the material thing changed, called in economics by the conventional name "land": **second**, "tools," i.e., wealth previously created and reserved for the purpose of assisting in the creation of further wealth: **third**, stores of food, clothing, and shelter, i.e., wealth previously created and reserved for the purpose of maintaining the producer in his effort to produce new wealth: **fourth**, "labour," i.e., the intelligent action of man.

Now we go on to enquire, how is the producer remunerated in that community, in which the ownership of the material factors of production is vested in the hands of a very small minority. The shares in the new wealth created can be made out somewhat as follows:—The Product equals Rent plus Interest plus Profit plus Wages. **Rent** is the name given to that share of the product, which is secured by those who exercise proprietorship over natural forces, i.e., the "land." **Interest** is the share of the product secured by those who possess the "capital," i.e., the tools and the stores of food, clothing and shelter. **Profit** is the share of the product secured by those, who undertake the task of organising and supervising the whole process of the production of wealth. **Wage** is the share of the product secured by those who have applied their human energy to the production*

* In the concrete it may be that these functions are exercised by one and the same person or group of persons, and, further, when

What we wish to determine is on what precise basis is that share called a "wage" allotted—not in any or every state—but in the Capitalist Industrial State. Now the "Employer," or he who secures the "Profit," is the one who organises the factors of production. Let us therefore question him. We shall not agree with his full answer, but at least he will be able to give us the principles upon which he pays wages.

The employer's answer will be something as follows:— My function is to bring supply and demand together. On the one hand I raise the yard, put in the plant, buy the material and auxiliaries, appoint the overseers and foremen, etc., i.e., I have to organise and combine all the factors of production: on the other hand, I have to find the market, i.e., to sell the ship. The landlord, the capitalists and the workers have each a share in the joint product. Now I buy out their shares; the one by a fixed annual or bi-annual sum, the others by a fixed weekly sum; and I take the risk of selling the whole product. My remuneration for the work of organisation is the difference between the fixed amounts paid to the landlord, the capitalist and the workers, i.e., the sum of the costs and the price realised for the product. The margin between these two—the costs and the selling price, represents my remuneration—my profits.

Now it is evident that it is my chief interest to make that margin as wide as possible. This I do only in two ways: (a) by raising the price of the produce, (b) by keeping down the cost of the produce.

As to the first it is well-nigh outside of my power to raise the price. The whole world of consumers conspires to press down prices. Every one is clamouring for cheap goods: the consumer presses on the retailer, the retailer on the warehouseman, the warehouseman on the manufac-

translated into money values, the entanglement becomes greater. But money is merely token-wealth. We are concerned in the meantime to talk of things, not of tokens.

turer. Again, there is the pressure from other employers. Therefore the power of raising prices is beyond me.

As to the second, it is surely obvious that it is only by keeping down cost that I can widen the margin. Now, in keeping down cost, there are only two courses open to me, viz., (a) the application of the principle of substitution, and (b) the buying of all the agents of production as cheaply as I can.

Now as regards the first: It is my interest to arrange my expenditure on the various forms of capital and labour in such a way that I can get the greatest possible result with the least possible outlay. If I get an output of goods produced at the lowest possible cost, then the product is the most economic possible. The goods can be sold at the lowest price, and so the price justifies itself to the consumer.

But the lowest cost only lasts for a moment. A new invention in machinery, new economies in fuel, improvements in the raising of steam, in the transmission of power, etc., will counsel me to substitute expenditure on capital for expenditure on labour, or expenditure in supervision for expenditure in manual labour, in order to reduce my cost still lower. In general, three classes of substitution are open to me:—

- (a) Material for material, machinery for machinery, workers for workers.
- (b) Machinery for labour, or vice-versa.
- (c) Proportion in which machinery and labour are combined—e.g., in engineering the combination of skilled and unskilled labour with machines.

Now, even though the cost of all the factors were fixed, my principal function would still be one of substitution, which relates not so much to buying as to the combining of the factors. I am often accused of scheming to cut down wages, but what is complained of is very often the re-grouping of factors, while each factor is paid its former price. Take the example of the coal-cutter and the pneumatic rivetter.

As to the second method of widening the margin, it must

be evident that not only have I to find out the factors and the combination of factors which are most efficient, but also I must buy all my factors as cheaply as I can. I have to decide either to buy my raw material far ahead, or to hold back in the prospect of a fall. I have to buy machinery in this country or America just as I find most profitable. That of working life—to buy as cheaply as I can.

Consequently I buy labour as cheaply as I can. I have received no mandate from society or any body higher than myself to buy a man's labour on any other principle than I buy an engine's work. I buy an engine and hope to recoup myself out of the final product; and I buy a man's labour and hope to recoup myself out of the final product. But notice, I buy the labour at one time and sell the product at a later time: I take my chance in one case as in the other, and expect to be recouped for the risk. When I buy labour, I do not pay a price which is certain to be recovered from the product any more than when I buy a horse I am certain to get my worth out of it. When I buy labour I buy an instrument of production, not a product. Labour is valuable to me only as a means to an end. Wages accordingly is a "cost" to be treated as all other costs are. With me labour is a factor to be combined with the other factors as I see to be most advantageous, and to be bought as cheaply as possible. Consequently, I fully agree with the definition of "wage" as the price paid in the competitive market for labour as a commodity. (That, then, is the answer given to us by the employer, and we must admit that it lays bare the fundamental facts of the wage-system.)

Let us sum up the results: An employer, e.g., buys a machine. The sale of the machine conveys to him the possession and control of its products. The machine has no claim upon the new wealth created, nor can it claim to say when it shall be worked, and how. In the same way the commodity of labour is sold as it passes from the seller to the buyer, and becomes the exclusive property of the employer, who acquires possession and control of the products of the labour, which he has purchased. The seller of labour has no claim upon surplus value created, and no claim upon

the conduct of industry, any more than has the machine. A wage therefore is the price paid in the competitive market for the commodity called labour. It is a supposed contract of buying and selling, which is defined as a bilateral onerous contract, whereby two persons agree to interchange an article or commodity for a certain price. Now there is a certain principle of natural law, which is the very foundation of all human law, and that principle is that freedom is the essential condition of each and every contract. A contract is a mutual agreement between two or more persons. Unless there is freedom of consent on both sides, there can be no mutual agreement or assent of two wills to the same object. Now it is evident that freedom of consent is vitiated by fear or duress on one side.

All this is obvious. Now let us ask the question—Is the buying and selling of the commodity “labour” a free contract? On the part of the worker there is but one alternative to the acceptance of the price offered, and that alternative is starvation or pauperism. Therefore there is duress, and the freedom of contract is vitiated. Hence the wage contract is no contract. The employer is free to buy the labour, but the worker is not free, either to sell or not to sell, because there stands before him the alternative of starvation and pauperisation.

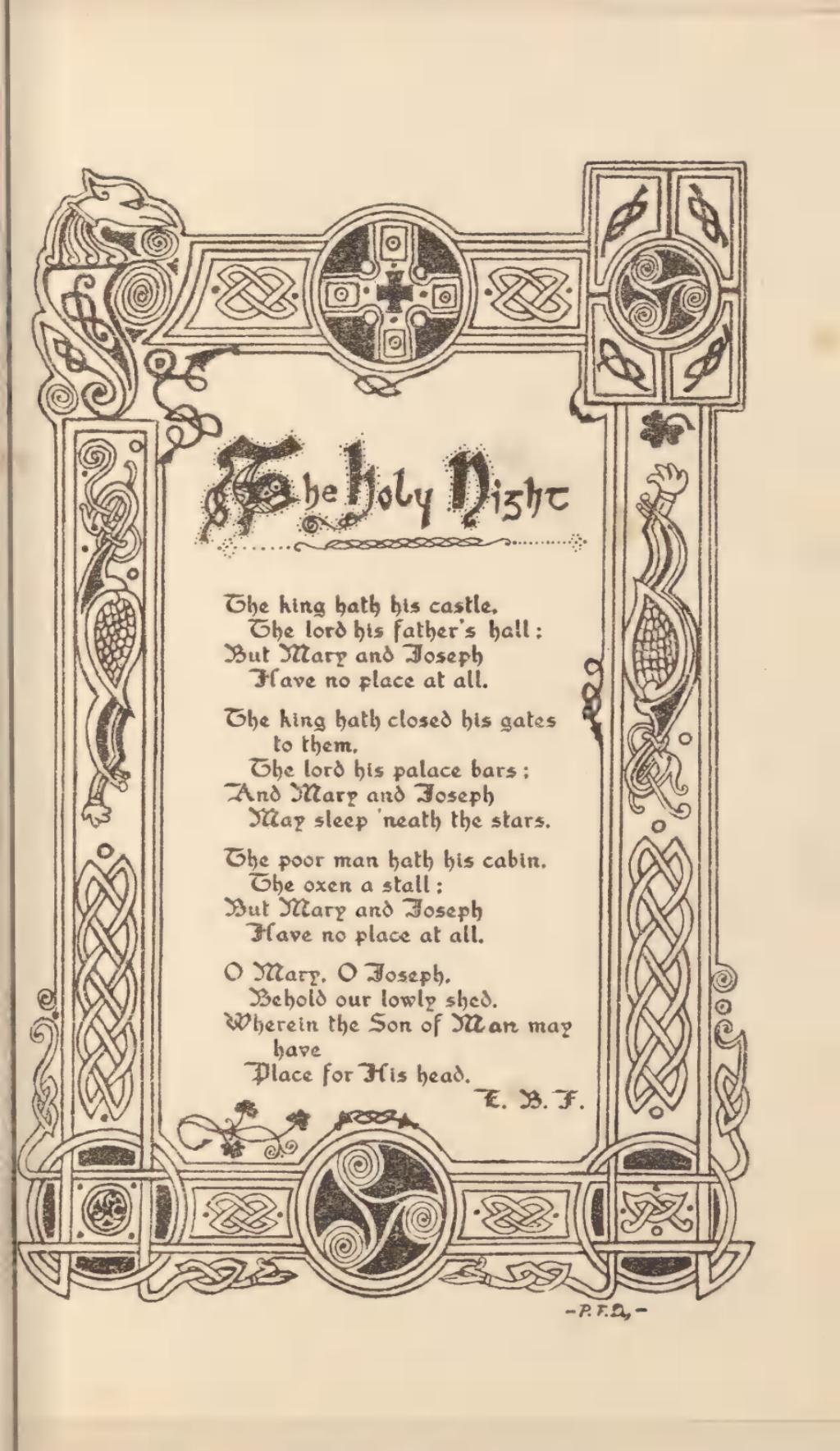
We may therefore define “wages” as the “price paid in the competitive market for labour as a commodity,” but we have to carefully understand the nature and condition of that commodity. It is in such a perishable condition that it cannot be withheld, and the employer is in a condition to take advantage of its perishable nature and fix the price for his own benefit. As Marshall says: “Again, labour is often sold under special disadvantages, arising from the closely connected group of facts that labour power is perishable, that the sellers of it are commonly poor and have no reserve fund, and that they cannot easily withhold it from the market.”—“Economics of Industry,” 1st ed., p. 274.

But if the wage contract is no contract, what is it? We have seen that it is not a true contract, because the possessor of labour cannot withhold his commodity. Why? Be-

cause he has no property, and because he has no economic resource, therefore the first condition of the wage system is that there shall be propertyless men. How true this is you can see in a very modern illustration. The employers in native communities, e.g., in South Africa, wanted labourers on the wage system. So long as the natives had their little plot of land, and their herds, they worked for the Europeans just as they pleased. There was a wage relationship. Consequently the Europeans contrived to rob the natives of their land and herds, i.e., their property resource. If they failed in this they taxed the natives, and requested the payment in money. When the native asked where he would get money, he was told by working for a wage. If he refused, then his cattle and his land were taken to pay his taxes; and in the end he was forced into the wage system. In this country essentially the same method was adopted. The land was gradually stolen from the 16th to the 19th century. (Between 1689 and 1800 six million acres were "enclosed.") During the same period the worker lost his tools by the suppression of the craft guilds. So that when the industrial revolution came, it found the land and capital, i.e., the necessary tools of production, in the control of a minority, and it found the majority propertyless, and compelled by that fact to enter the capitalist industry on a wage system.

Consequently it must be evident to all that the capitalistic organisation of industry presupposes as its essential and fundamental basis the wage system. That is to say, capitalism rests on the basis that there shall be a majority of labourers, who possess nothing else but their labour to sell. In terms of modern economic science that majority is called "proletariat."

The wage system is therefore the necessary result, and at the same time the necessary foundation of our present social organisation, in which the control over the means of production is vested in the hands of a few, and "wages" is the commodity valuation placed by those few upon labour and enforced upon the labourer, because these few know that starvation is the only alternative.



The Holy Night

The king hath his castle,
The lord his father's hall;
But Mary and Joseph
Have no place at all.

The king hath closed his gates
to them.
The lord his palace bars;
And Mary and Joseph
May sleep 'neath the stars.

The poor man hath his cabin.
The oxen a stall;
But Mary and Joseph
Have no place at all.

O Mary, O Joseph,
Behold our lowly shed.
Wherein the Son of Man may
have
Place for His head.

E. B. F.

A Christmas Mid-Summer Holiday at the Antipodes.

By P. Russell.

It was early in November when the Padre and I set out to reach our Christmas objective—a far away settlement where Holy Mass would be celebrated for the first time in all the ages.

The first half of the journey was covered by train in some seven hours; the latter half in as many weeks. During those seven weeks I kept a diary regularly, for the first time in my life, that is to say, regularly; and from the notes I then made I am going to try to write some connected account of a Christmas spent among our Irish Exiles at the Antipodes far from my Irish friends at home.

* * * * *

For me it was the long midsummer school holidays, and I had gladly availed of the opportunity in my first year out to spend it with the Padre—we both hail from the same sleepy old-world Irish city—traversing his parish, as he rather jocularly but affectionately terms it, on horseback—bare riding save for a horse-cloth.

After a variegated railway journey—the description is completely apt—by sulphur-lands where the ground bubbles and boils under the feet—no trouble about cooking there—you simply scoop out a hole in the soft pigmented earth, pop in your raw dinner, take a sulphur bath (if you like it), return, uncover the oven-cachette, and, presto—roast wild pig—generous legacy from Captain Cook to every amateur cook who should follow; on, by rivers that send up steaming cascades of scalding water, past snow-capped mountains shooting their iridescent dawn-smitten summits high above the clouds, and below, fairy lakes with tiny fronded islands floating in the midst—such islands as delighted the eyes of Cortes when first he looked on the magic city of Mexico—isles that would quiver and turn over like sleeping whales if you attempted a landing on them; on, by smoking flame-spitting volcano, and through sweltering virgin forest, gay with giant crimson trumpet lilies, white cup-shaped water-orchis floating in golden saucers fringed with green—always and everywhere the Green, White, and Gold! on, past heaving billowy clusters of blue and purple and azuré waving pendant from the tree-tops; up, and over mighty canons turning the head dizzy looking down into the deep foaming cataracts below; between lava-banks where blue and crimson lizards bask in the blinding sun and flame-coloured birds screech at each other all the day long—on we sped, the train leaping

and rocking, till at last we reached the terminus—the lost end of a railway that deposits the traveller in the middle of Nowhere.

* * * * *

I had had visions—blind visions, of a comfortable hotel at the end of the journey, and was speedily shouldering my own pack off the station. (People clean their own boots and carry their own luggage in these parts, and nobody receives, and nobody would dream—~~after~~ the first novice-experience, of offering that detestable bribe, so akin to blackmail, that in civilised lands such as England and Shoneenia is called by a name as mean-sounding and detestable as the thing itself—a *tip*—and a typically English word at that. “Pourboire”—well, it has a vulgar meaning, but it has something of sound about it. I believe the tea-shop ladies now employ the term “grachewity.” But Cæsar would never recognise it if he happened to drop in to tea along Grafton Street.) On this, or something of the sort I was ruminating, to come up with a jolt from the other side of the earth, and find myself standing outside the station, and the Padre saying:

“Five minutes for a cup of tea, and then off again.”

I opened big eyes on the emptiness around me:—a few scattered station-buildings, a store, some goats in the distance—and after that—nothing—just a dense mass of sombre green forest reaching up on all sides into everlasting snow.

“What do you think of the parish?” laughed the Padre as I inwardly groaned over the cup of tea and thought of the Wicklow. He was still the gay Irish lad with the irrepressible laugh I remembered back in the old Clongowes days—the sort of man, so common among Irishmen, who never grows old, who even grows younger. The Padre would come back to Ireland, if he ever came back, just as much the boy as when he went away.

He was laughing at me now, with voice and eyes.

“Anyone would think to look at you that you had expected to get out at the Broadstone, and a motor ready and waiting.” Me, I was standing by the verandah of the store looking up and down for the parish.

“Ah, here’s Pete!” and a lad, a dusky-complexioned young giant, came from behind the store leading two ponies. One, a shaggy little beast, whinnied at the sound of his voice, straining at the halter as he hurried outside to stroke it.

“This is Bess—a lady of moods—after the Tudor damsel, you know—and this is Frisco. Frisco!” to the pony, a cantankerous white-eyed little creature, “this is the gentleman you are to be privileged to carry; be kind to him, now; he’s only after coming out, and—maybe he’ll be wanting to get back again some day.”

A pleasant introduction, no doubt, but, looking into Frisco’s eye, I sensed a something cryptic toward the end.

"Now, what do you think of Bess? Isn't she all I said, a real beauty?" I made to stroke her nose, a little gingerly; she in no way backward, made to snap off the tips of my fingers. My attentions ceased suddenly.

"Come," he said, "let us get up and on. We've a good ten miles out to the McGinty's, and walking best part of the way—uphill, and—well, you'll see some mud."

"A **good** ten miles"; "the **best** part of the way." It sounded promising!

By this time Pete had our bags slung across the ponies, and we were ready to strike into the parish. 'Frisco curvettet a bit, but found I was not the raw European he had been led to imagine, and so gave in at last with a rather bad grace.

Mud! Well, yes, I saw some mud, and gathered nearly as much—melted snows, lava dust, washings from a thousand tiny creeks, churned in storm and wind, half baked in the sun—thick clods and thicker churning—it was mud sure enough. The ponies floundered and sank into it; and, to relieve them, we got down, and floundered and sank in it too. Now pushing the ponies, now hanging on to their tails and dodging the after-kicks, we made our slow way, arriving at midnight at the McGinty's, all the family up and waiting us.

"And it's yourself at last, Father dear! Micky take the ponies round! John! where's the spaldeen at all? Pad! take the bags from the gentleman. From Dublin, you said, Father? The sweet place! Michael, the gentleman's from Dublin! Sit down, then, sir!" flicking the rough chair with her apron: "it's the queer place, these parts, sir. John, take the gentleman's boots! Mud, did you say, sir? mud indeed! and likely it wll not rain any more for the next nine months, and everybody choked and blinded with the dust, and all the cattle dying of thirst. Pad! bring the slippers! These are yours, Father dear; the very same as you wore last time, and never been on another foot, nor ever will. Oh, it's glad to be seeing you again at last, Father! And you're from Dublin, sir? Rathmines likely?" I scorned the implication. "Drumcondra! Oh, the dear place! Sure Michael and I"—she glanced over at her husband, a girl's blush on her homely face: "we . . . Drumcondra, Michael!"—a tear glistened on her lashes, and her eyes filled with a distant look: "Michael and I—we were—boy and girl like, in Drumcondra, sir." She glanced over toward her husband. And now, so it said in the paper Michael got from"—her voice quivered—"from Ireland nearly a year ago—the dear Land is a Republic, with a President (God bless him!), and Volunteers, and . . . Bridgid, the supper, girl! sure but the gentlemen are famished with hunger. . . ."

* * * * *

The next morning at daybreak the Padre said Mass in the best room—the first Mass the McGinty's had heard for twelve months—

since the Padre was last there: and within an hour we were off again, Michael down by the bend to give us a last farewell, and Mrs. McGinty, her little family grouped around her, all laughing and crying all at once, and she holding up the baby—a lusty crower, for the Padre's final blessing as we turned round by the bend; and with a last cheery word from Michael, that ended much like a sob, we were in the thick of the forest again.

* * * * *

So we journeyed on, now calling at a remote clearing, and at other times escorted into a tiny township, where all the good folk, Protestant and Catholic, native and European, vied in giving the Padre glad welcome. To tell all the story of that seven weeks would make a book of laughter and tears, a book to be remembered. Later maybe I will make it—when my nephews and nieces back in the Old Land are growing up into men and women.

* * * * *

One day as we journeyed on under a fierce sun, the glare blistering the ponies as they toiled flagging through the dusty bracken, we came at last to a little log-hut set in the midst of a rose-garden as nearly like an Antrim garden as a fond remembrance of home could make it. Hearing the jaded step of our ponies, out from behind a bend in the clearing the settler, a bronzed man, rakish in garb, unmistakably of Ulster from his build, advanced to the gate to greet us. "Billy Kane," said the Padre swiftly and quietly to me; "called after King Billy. Don't be nervous now; he won't eat you—got over the Boyne complaint since he arrived out here; they forget all that when they find themselves in these solitary parts."

"Good day, Mr Kane," rang out the cheery voice of the Padre, while we were yet at a little distance.

"The same to you, gentlemen, and glad welcome," hailed back a deeper but as cheery a voice: and he stepped up to the ponies while we dropped off, listless with the heat and stiff with travel. "Step inside, gentlemen, while I bring the beasts round. From the Old Land, Sir? Dublin, by your voice. It's a fine city, Dublin, the finest in the world—next to Belfast. And you know Belfast, too? Step inside, Sir; don't mind the bags; I'll be with you in less than a minute."

"Billy's getting his education since he came out," whispered the Padre. "Shut the door on me the first time I passed. Been out three years now, and learned more for himself in those three years than he learned all his life before back in Antrim. Second time I passed came out in a hesitating sort of way—looking for horns and a tail on the beast perhaps, and, finding none, thought it safe to bid me good day as I passed. This is the third time, and"

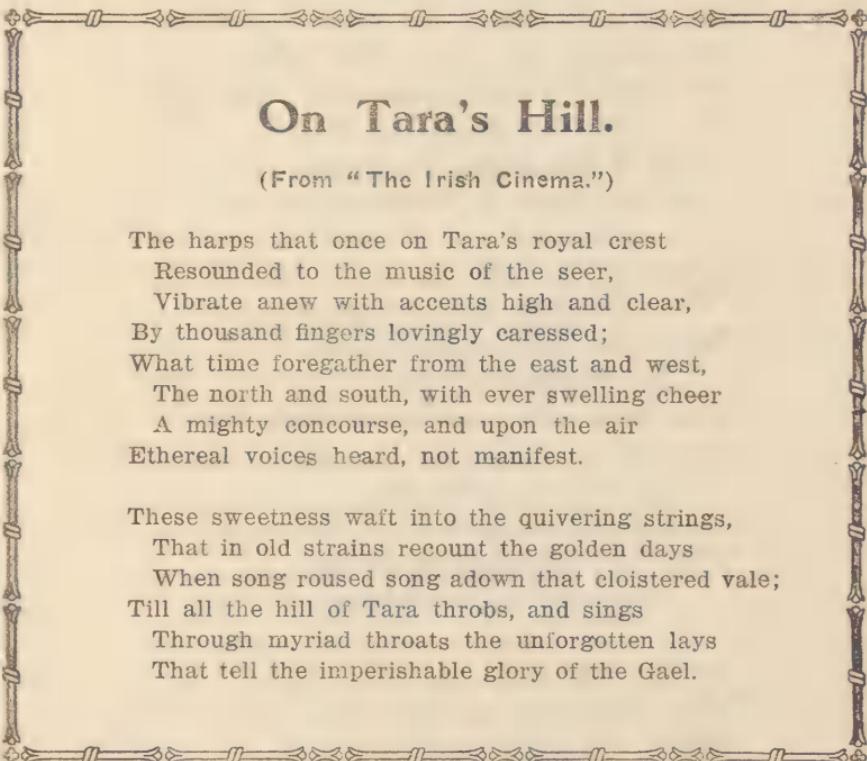
Billy entered, doffed his broad-brimmed sun-hat, took out his pipe, shifted from one foot to the other, struck a match, puffed at

the pipe, and sat down on the corner of a box, shy as a big boy, eager to hear all the news of the Old Land.

* * * * *

A week later we came to old Biddy Burke's place. Biddy was full seventy years, fifty of which she had spent in exile, and ten of them a widow. "And it's yourself, Father. God be thanked that I live to see the day again; for, what with the fevers and the rheumatics, and the boys mostly away at the other side of the mountain . . . "

The end of the M.S.



On Tara's Hill.

(From "The Irish Cinema.")

The harps that once on Tara's royal crest
 Resounded to the music of the seer,
 Vibrated anew with accents high and clear,
 By thousand fingers lovingly caressed;
 What time foregather from the east and west,
 The north and south, with ever swelling cheer
 A mighty concourse, and upon the air
 Ethereal voices heard, not manifest.

These sweetness waft into the quivering strings,
 That in old strains recount the golden days
 When song roused song adown that cloistered vale;
 Till all the hill of Tara throbs, and sings
 Through myriad throats the unforgotten lays
 That tell the imperishable glory of the Gael.

At the Crib.

By Peadar Pol.

If I were a king
 Gold I would bring,
 And jewels for a crown;
 Or a merchant I,
 Thou shouldest lie
 In a manger of eider-down.

I would bring a lamb,
 But no shepherd I am—
 Only a foundling boy;
 And all I may bring
 For offering—
 A broken toy.

Carol.

By Edmund B. Fitzgerald.

Twas in a bleak December week,
When hill and wold lay bare,
That Joseph came to Bethlehem
With Mary all fair.
Oh, 'dark the night! the snow lay white;
The wint'ry stars gave little light;
And cold the wind; nor might they find
A kindly place to shelter them.
When in that bleak December
They came to Bethlehem.

Within the inn was merry din
And goodly fare withal;
Alone for them in Bethlehem
For lodging a stall;
And it so wild—and she with Child—
So gently nurtured and so mild;
Nor any bed—a cattle-shed
To stead them there and cover them.
When in that bleak December
They came to Bethlehem.

Cold, cold amid the valleys hid,
The sheep lie shivering,
While over them and Bethlehem
Strange voices sweet sing;
Oh, glad the song heard far along
The mountain tops:—Goodwill among
All men forlorn, for Christ is born
This morn, and peace is unto them;
Sweet through that bleak December
It came to Bethlehem.

With gladsome heed the shepherds speed,
Much marvelling one and all,
Till last they came to Bethlehem,
To manger and stall:
Oh, wonderment! A mother leant
Above her Babe with great content—
As they had heard by angel-word
To chords on harps played over them:
And in that blest December
They knelt at Bethlehem.

And lo! the gentle mother, bent,
Did list all pondering—
How angels came to Bethlehem
And gladly did sing:
Oh, rapt surmise of her dear eyes—
The wondrous message of the skies!
She gazed upon the little One,
Her Son, nor breathed her joy to them
Who knelt that blest December
In holy Bethlehem.

A gain 'tis bleak December Week,
And is there door shut fast,
As unto them in Bethlehem
That winter long past—
To loving Child and Mother mild
And Joseph sweet unreconciled?
Must they more yearn a place, and turn,
Cold spurned from heart that loves not them,
As when in that December
They came to Bethlehem?



Two Gleams in the Black North: Literature and Co-operation.

By Aodh de Blacam.

I.

Some forty years ago the present writer's father read before a Church-of-Ireland debating society in Belfast a paper in favour of an Irish Republic. This could hardly be done at the present day. I have before me the age-mellowed manuscript of that paper, and I try in vain to imagine a young Church-of-Ireland man in 1920 uttering its sentiments in the presence of his co-religionists, and getting a considerate hearing. Belfast has changed beyond all knowledge in the last half century. Religion has been made a political shibboleth, and all who fail in political servility have been drummed out of the church of their youth, to walk in utter loneliness and isolation if they fail to find a home in the Catholic fold. To-day, Belfast is the only city in the civilised world where religious persecution continues. There, where Protestantism is rich, strong and secure, to be a Catholic is to go with your life in your hand. At the present moment, thousands of plain, harmless working people are at the verge of starvation, in dread every hour of shots and house-burning, and this at the hands, not of emperors or kings, but of their brother proletarians—all for the sake of martyr-like loyalty to the Faith of their Fathers. Humanity, liberality, Christianity—their voices are drowned, and the hoarse accents of mob-lust cry out for the blood of the flock of Patrick. In so hideous a situation, what is to be done? What hope is there of a return to a clean mind and a decent order by these frenzied masses of atavistic savages?

Thus far, the gleams of hope are few. One section of the community could probably stop the pogroms by determined action, to wit, the Protestant clergy. Behind them are English politicians who shrink from no outrage on

human nature to create conditions favouring their unholy ends. And thus the furnace is fanned ever to fiercer intensity. There are ugly signs of a spread of the conflagration. It is quite possible that Belfast has kindled the flames that will yet blow up to a world-wide religious war. There are many tokens suggesting that the pagan spirit is preparing a new great persecution for the Church.

It is, however, only fair to add that many of the Protestant clergy outside Belfast abominate the pogroms, and it is a pity they do not make their indignation more vocal. The only serious expression of disapproval was that made by the united Protestant clergy of Carrickfergus—a noble document. Of course, clergymen are slow to condemn things happening in another parish and condoned by their brethren there. Still, the scandal of apparent division of the clergy would be far far less than the scandal attaching to this awful silence. While the Belfast clergy are stamped with blame for the bloodshed committed by their flocks unreproved, can the clergy outside Belfast wash innocent hands so long as they raise no solution and united protest against what is done in the name of the religion whose ministers they are? Could they realise how grim is the scandal, and what blessed results might proceed from courageous conduct on their part, they would surely muster moral courage to speak and plead for peace, cleanliness and goodwill.

Belfast is the centre on which universal reaction is pivoting. England has planted there the standard of her campaign against freedom and truth. Not since the horrible wars of the 16th century has so sinister a thing been seen as the arming of Carson's looters and their organisation for war. Politically, they are a White Army, drilling to crush in blood and rapine the faintest stirrings of liberty. The other day I heard a Protestant workman, living in a district in the Belfast war-area, with machine guns planted under his windows, say that he and his friends were sick of the unrest and anxiety, and would welcome "Home Rule" or anything else that would bring peace. Hundreds are like him. The riots have "cut both

ways," and made many a plain Protestant sick of the Union which keeps his city in unrest. But the White Army will stop all this, check all murmuring. It will regiment opinion, and drill hostility towards things that, as individuals, its units might be inclined to yield to. Playing upon the totemistic obsession of hatred for the Church, it will launch armed hordes against all who stand for a happier order. Woe to the republican, the socialist, the liberal, the worshipper of Christ! Here is a weapon forged to smash all who oppose the Servile State. Nowhere in all Europe are the conditions better for a conflict with liberty. Nowhere else is Servility so seconded by blind bigotry and ignorant passion. Here the Servile State can shed the blood of martyrs with impunity, and so teach a terrible lesson to all who resist its sway elsewhere—to set a terrible precedent.

All who know Belfast any way intimately know that there is beauty hidden amid its ugliness, noble qualities in the hearts of many of its people, and strands of a fine tradition woven into its history. But how shall the good be made to prevail over the evil? The impenetrability of those huge soulless masses is nightmarish. They are the masterpiece of the capitalist order. Religion, patriotism, humour, are found amid the drab lives of the English masses: but here all three are absent. Ugliness, emptiness, darkness brood over the big areas of tight-packed boxes in which, like animals, these hosts live and breed. There are no songs, no memory of green fields and summer suns, no folk-beliefs, no pretty harmless fancies, to keep fresh the jaded imaginations of the toilers in noisy mill or under ringing gantry. The desolate dark souls become the breeding place of hideous superstitions; in them are lodged demons who hate light places, and who rage against all innocent fair things as the demons raged ere they were cast out into the Gadarene swine. There can be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent observer, that in the desolated souls of capitalism's victims in Belfast, we see exactly the same phenomenon of demoniac obsession as is described in the holy writings.

The history of Belfast shews why capitalism enjoyed such triumphant success there. In cities like Manchester or Warsaw or Liege, commercialism had not an uncontested field. Culture, learning, art, aristocracy, religion, and many other forces of varying merits had a hold before capitalistic expansion began, and always the swelling population had something to keep its life to some extent liberal and enlightened. Other interests than mere money making were before the crowd. Other big personalities than mere ignorant captains of industry attracted their attention. Other mentors than stark materialism moulded their ideals. In Belfast, on the other hand, there was no old aristocratic life to divert the masses from the money-aristocracy. There was no culture or learning, for the life of the Gael was a sealed book to the intruders in his land, and they brought no learning with them.

Did not Belfast protest as recently as 1908 against being dowered with a University? Did not the Library Committee of the Corporation once unanimously fail to spell the word "Librarian"?

Art gave Belfast a wide berth: it is still the ugliest city of its size in western Europe, and holds the record for the paucity of its bookshops. Religion, even such as the Utopian English Nonconformist knows, is a thing undreamed of: charity, idealism, vision are all less than names. If, as the Psalmist sings, they are blessed who love Jerusalem, then Belfast is accursed, for there, Jerusalem is hated.

(To be continued.)

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“The Son of Barach”: A Story of the First Christmas.

By P. J. O'Connor Duffy.

Barach, the smith, dwelt in Galilee, on the road from Nazareth to Nain and Samaria. He was a middle-aged Jew of the tribe of David. Upright in character, and of gentle nature, the tall, strong smith was much esteemed by his neighbours. His quiet self-effacement, indeed, moved not a few of them to a secret compassion for one who in his great strength was so child-like and retiring. Besides, they knew that the hand of the Lord had touched him and stricken him, though he made no moan to them. And of late they saw him as one more than ever to be pitied: a lonely man, and sorrowful, with eyes of resignation, and features sharpened by suffering. Sara, his wife, was but five days buried; and in the house beside his shadowy smithy there were now only himself and his one son, who was blind.

The afflicted boy was a slim lad of fifteen, with a delicate frame and Jewish features of a refined and noble cast. His forehead was broad and thoughtful, knitted a little as if with effort to understand that which he could not see, and seeming very white beneath the glossy darkness of his curling hair. His handsome face, scarcely marred by the sightless eyes, wore repeatedly that tender smile which seems to be wistful, but may rather hint the mysterious joy of a vision more spiritual than that of the outer eye.

Yet he dreamed often of the beauty of the world. He imagined it musically, in his memory of his mother's voice; in the deep, friendly tones of the smith; in the minstrelsy of the birds and of running waters; in the singing winds and the fragrant breath of flower and herb. There came to him musically some hinting of earth's loveliness, when he played upon his beloved lute, of which Simon, his neighbour, had taught him mastery: and he proved an apt pupil, for, as a blessed compensation for his blindness, his sense of hearing was strangely and subtly discerning. He loved music. A harsh tone caused him pain. His own voice was sweet and clear as the note of a silver bell; and nothing gave Barach such pleasure as to sit through the evenings in the little grey house beside the smithy, listening to the blind boy as he sang the old Hebrew melodies to the golden strains of the lute.

Striking was the affection that existed amongst those three—Barach, his son, and Simon, the image-maker, who modelled in clay and wax the little figures of the Phoenician gods. Barach was a quiet man, busy at his dusky trade. He liked to be silent, listening to others, a sunny look in his eyes. The blind boy was eloquent,

active, constantly touching things, following their shape, feeling their texture with his long, nervous fingers. Sweet sounds gladdened him. The grey image-maker, though a musician, derived his most intense pleasures from those beautiful things that appeal to the sense of sight. In the clear evening he would climb the broken hills of Galilee to view in silent solitude the sunset. The blue sky with fringing trees reflected in the mirror of a quiet lake was like a prayer to him. Rich harmony in colours enraptured him beyond speech: and he would paint his finely-wrought waxen gods so that they seemed alive; and their robes he would tint in green and purple and saffron, with dark shadows in the folds, so that the figures appeared to move.

Each of the three would converse simply of his daily experiences. Barach would mention the things he did, the oddity of a customer, a fragment of gossip from a passer-by. The blind boy spoke of what he heard, of a new air he was learning, a new fact discovered from the shape, or substance, or sound of a thing. Simon told of what he saw, of the last little statue he had made, of the beauty of a temple, or the fine colouring of a robe he had seen on a rich person in a chariot. The three of them were perfect comrades, very satisfying to one another.

The usual quiet of their intercourse was somewhat disturbed one winter evening when they met in Simon's pretty white cottage to speak of their going to Bethlehem to be enrolled according to the decree of Caesar Augustus. Barach and Simon were both of the tribe of David, and in obedience to the Emperor's proclamation they should go to the city of David for enrolment. But Simon was rebellious. And, despite Barach's earnest pleas for submission to the new decree for peace sake, he refused to go to Bethlehem.

"I am of the seed of David," he said, "and I love the city of Bethlehem, yea, every stone of Judea. But I love not the legions of Caesar. I love not the cunning tyranny of Herod and the Romans, who are not of Israel. They know us not, and rule us but by the might of the sword. We are stricken by their vain hordes as by a plague. Yet we are proud. Their tax-gatherers we despise for their persecutions. Their centurions we scorn for their overbearing pride. Their governors we abhor for their sins. In that waxen image yonder there is more of justice and pity than in all the hard hearts of Caesar's Rome."

"Simon," said Barach, gazing with mild eyes on the strange white figure towards which his friend had pointed, "Simon, you speak much. And you speak strongly. I would counsel peace."

"Peace? Then bid the Romans depart from the land of our fathers. Bid their mockery of our ancient customs cease. Ask them to restore to us the fruitful lives and rich treasure they have taken. Bid them build again the temples spoiled in Caesar's name. Peace! When they do such bidding there will be peace."

Old Simon strode angrily about the little room. Barach watched him for some moments; then turned to the corner in which his son had been sitting. But the boy had gone quietly from the apartment. Barach rose, and went towards the door.

"The boy has gone out," he said. "He is not here."

"I saw him go," said Simon. "He looked like one who sees a vision, I know not why. But even as I spoke, I marked his changing look."

"It is the music," said Barach, standing in the doorway. "Hark! The lute!"

And they heard the boy singing with his lute in the house of the smith. Proudly rang the melody that seemed to hold in its clear notes the shining of silver and gold. The men listened in a silence that deepened and grew solemn as the young voice rose in tones of challenge and disdain. Gradually the music changed. He sang joyously now, so that his voice was like the silver laughter of a child. The two men turned and looked at each other. The victorious glad singing was strange to them. It moved them to a joy they had not known before. And Barach was uplifted from the sorrow in which he had brooded since Sarah, his wife, was buried. And Simon, with bright eyes, looked long at Barach, and said at last in low tones of fierce resolve:

"I will not go to Bethlehem to be enrolled!"

Barach was silent. Nor did the maker of images speak more. The quietude of the evening seemed to quiver with melodious peace. Softly, yet clearly, the voice of the lute sounded alone. Then, very gentle, very sweet, the boy's voice was again heard in a hymn of tranquil thanksgiving and praise. The two who listened thought of the canticles of the angels of the Lord. They remembered the beloved songs of their fathers, Barach having in mind the psalms of praise that David sang, Simon recalling the beauty of the song which was Solomon's. And as they listened, pondering, the music of the blind boy and his lute faded until it seemed but a trembling breath, and was hushed in a silence that was awe.

Silence. . . . Stillness. . . . The world in that instant was transfigured for them. Barach saw upon the hills new beauty: Simon saw the grey house of the smith as a shrine. Sorrow was a holy thing of love. The foolish waxen gods were wraiths of the dusk. In the evening there was mystery: in their hearts reigned now the only king. And they were troubled even as they were exalted; for they did not wholly understand this thing that had come to pass. But each longed now, passionately, for deliverance from their bondage.

A fragrant, cool breath blew to them across the little lake in the valley. Ahab, the lame shepherd, went by with his white goats, coming from the hills. Then they saw the blind boy crossing the

road, moving with calm sureness of step. He looked weary, but they did not perceive that. "And he is your son," said Simon, breaking silence at last, turning solemnly to Barach.

"He is your pupil, Simon," said the smith, with thoughtful eyes upon his afflicted boy.

"When you spoke of going to Bethlehem, Simon," said the young musician, coming easily towards the men, "I thought of David, and my thoughts sang of a city that would be as the city of a king. I cannot speak it to you. I know not why the music came. But as I sat, hearing the proud words you spoke, I pondered the sufferings of Israel, and the vainglory of our conquerors. And in my mind there rang a song of battle that was not to be withstood. And then the choirs of angels seemed to be singing to me of victory over the night of earth and of false gods. I shook with the joy of it, and my fingers burned to touch my lute."

Somewhat breathless, the boy paused for a moment. "And so you went from the room, my son?" said Barach. "I went from the room, silently, fearing to disturb your speech," said the youth.

"Or perchance you had nigh forgotten us, and our poor speech was but as a dream to you," said Simon, with his calm gaze fixed on the evening star that was now in the twilight.

"Perchance, in the strange melodies of my thoughts, your words were as far echoes, Simon. But it seemed to me that each thing I touched was a hand to guide me to my lute. And I played—I sang—I made a music that was scarce mine—I—I thought of Bethlehem and of a King who would be a King indeed. And I sang: 'And thou Bethlehem, the land of Juda art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come forth the Captain that shall rule my people Israel': you will call to mind, Simon, the words of Micah, that you taught me. And you, my father—all the songs of the prophets, that you gave me, were as sweet incense in my mind. And I made my songs. I heard the voices of the prophets like far trumpets. I heard the prayers of my people, and their cries of sorrow, and their proud harps and viols singing hope without fear. I sang of the enemies of Israel who shall be overthrown, and of the hearts that shall be humbled in their dark pride. I sang of the olden happiness of our people. I sang of liberty. I sang of Judea made holy, raising its voice in praise of the Lord. For He who is to be King of my people spoke in Bethlehem, and multitudes glorified Him in my song. I know not how it came to me. I know not why the beauty of it awoke and whispered within me."

The boy drew close to Barach and clasped the hand that touched his. His pale face was lit as by some interior radiance that shone outward.

"You thought of the Messiah, my son," said Barach.

"I thought of the Messiah, and gave thanks to God," said the youth with reverence.

"In Bethlehem of Juda will be my King," said Simon like one speaking to himself. "A voice of one crying in the desert," he went on, quoting his beloved Isaias. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight his paths."

They stood silent for a time. Then Simon stirred and spoke abruptly, as if he had shaken himself from reverie.

"Barach," he said, "I will go up to Bethlehem."

"To be enrolled?" said Barach.

"I shall go to the city of David as a free man," said Simon. "For Caesar Augustus I have scant respect; of Cyrius of Syria but a poor memory. Like many another who will go up to Bethlehem, I care not whether Caesar's consuls enrol me. I shall not burden their scribes with my presence, or their tablets with my name. But I shall be within the gates of the city should they seek me."

"Amongst the strangers in the city there will be many to buy your wares," Barach said to Simon. "In the market-place there will be Roman soldiers, and to women and children your pretty waxen images will appeal much."

"Hearing you shall hear, and shall not understand," quoted the blind boy. "And seeing you shall see, and shall not perceive."

"I do not understand you, my son," said Barach, looking down in wonder at the dim face.

"He sang of the glory of the Lord God of Hosts," said Simon slowly. "He sang His praise. And now he reminds me of the prophet whose words I taught him. For I heard and I did not understand. 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord,' said Isaias,—and I make false gods for the Phoenicians, toys for the babes of Caesarea and Dar. It is cold, Barach. Let us go into the house."

"It is cold," said the boy, clutching his father's hand, and shivering a little. "In the night wind there is bitterness. And yet it seemeth to sing softly to the people of a great joy."

"I hear it not," said Barach. "But in your singing, son, and in the music of your lute, I heard a great joy."

"By hearing you shall hear, and shall not understand: and seeing you shall see, and shall not perceive," quoted Simon once more.

And going in, he broke his gods of wax, and threw them into the fire, and shattered the gods of clay by casting them down upon the ground. At another time would he make an image of great beauty, whose loveliness would somehow move men to a loyal thought of their holy land, and of a King who would be born of their own nation. And having broken the images, Simon, thinking within himself of the singing of the boy whose eyes were blind, began to prepare for his journey up to Bethlehem. . . .

The Other Point of View.

Looking Through a Southern Window.

By A. A. Reynolds.

Jean Millet and Madox Brown gave us two paintings alike in their inspiration; but put them side by side—the great hedgeless expanse of country in the one, where two or three plain-looking peasants become merged in the surrounding beauty; the innumerable details of the other, crowded with life and almost grotesque in an attempt at earnestness. Both are epics of toil, illuminating in a wonderful way the condition of social life; but here their very proximity compels them to be strangers. And so it is in little southern towns where quiet people still keep alive the simple scenes of the Norman painters; looking up at these hideous factory-centres in the north-east corner where dreary, dingy lives are controlled by soul-killing efficiency, we can realise the extent of the gulf lying between—but to build a bridge across is a difficult task.

Even while the cries of murdered victims echo from France and Gallipoli we can bravely say it is not greed of commerce or finance that urges the patriot to sacrifice, but the music, the poetry, the art of his country and all these things near to the spirit of the poorest peasant. That is idealism, and Ulster, accepting Cecil Rhodes as a patron saint, unable to understand, takes the shortest way out of a difficulty and refuses to believe.

And when, rejecting the judgment of right, because the accompanying prospect of defeat makes agreement with the victors impossible, Ulster adopts the barbarian tactics of primitive man; the cursing ranting crowd, honestly inspired perhaps, shields the little group of dictators cynically directing its movements from afar. Crowds do not think or reason; and while collectively semi-savages, these men individually are descendants of others who made possible that spirit which animates greater Ireland to-day for McCracken, Hazlett, Lowry, Tennant, and all their

brave comrades, sons of dour Covenanters, made Belfast live in Ireland's national life. But we in the south may not understand, and psychological arguments are petty weapons while convents are burning and innocent workers starving.

The gulf 'twixt North and South seems almost bottomless; but away back in the eighteenth century some brave Protestants strove to bridge it. Religious feuds then, as to-day devastated the north-east corner; and their efforts to allay these met with success sufficient to obtain for them the lasting enmity of a hostile foreign government. The same spirit must live somewhere to-day, sunk though it may be under the rust of a century's ignorance; and it is this which keeps alive the hopes for reconciliation.

At the height of the Partition struggle some years ago a friend sent me a brilliant little essay on Irish affairs. "The various classes need to be educated in each others point of view," said this thoughtful student. Condensed in the one short sentence, his message has remained ever foremost in my mind. Much blood and ink have mingled since on history's pages; but it is doubtful that we have yet realised the importance of looking in our neighbour's window; and lack of understanding lies at the root of most evils. Here it is at least comforting to note that all those who approach the subject of conciliation between North and South in an honest spirit have centred their efforts on the problem of education. Only the other day a Church of Ireland prelate urged the abolition of denominational school-control as a means of obtaining his northern co-religionists' co-operation in their country's government.* His plea can be accepted by few Irishmen; but it is valuable because it opens the way for honest understanding.

Perhaps it is because religion has become a fetish in the north-east corner that we hear it used as a war cry on every possible occasion; but when leading Protestant churchmen advocate its abolition in our primary schools

* Right Rev. Dr. Miller's address to Synod of Waterford and Lismore.

a remarkable condition is revealed. The plasticity of the youthful mind is evident; and if the material parts of the being are developed to the neglect of the spiritual, then that impressionable organ must become the property of the devilish apostles of modern efficiency, and Adam Smith displace the Deity on our altars. But religion as we know it in the little southern towns is no abstract theory—the play-toy of theologians and mystics. Nowhere can we find its meaning explained more clearly than in that other famous picture of the Norman painter. The peasants at work in the fields humbly bow their heads in complete submission to the Creator; and here we have the religion of the Irish worker who knows little and understands less of the pretended fear of Roman Bulls in the north-east corner. The plea of popular control is often put forward as a reason for abolishing denominational control, and its unreality has been ably demonstrated by two professors of Queen's University, Belfast.† “At the best such a change in the educational system could mean no more for the teachers than the exchange of their present for other masters. And . . . how much better off is the teacher under the domination of the farmer and the small business man? The clergyman, it may be observed, has at least been educated once.”

Certainly our educational system has defects innumerable, due, however, to foreign control: but it has not produced the Joans and Peters who cause such anxiety to Wellsian philosophers across the Channel. In any case, if Ulster is unmolested, what right has she to dictate on this question?

When we speak of education, it is difficult to break away from the blackboard and chalk—the traditional paraphernalia of youth; and consequently another aspect of the question is usually blotted out—that of educating the adult. There is a very clear-cut division between education and instruction—one draws out; the other puts in:

† “Popular Control in Education,” Robert Mitchell Henry and M. W. Robieson in “Voice of Labour,” 19/10/18.

and to give the worker technical knowledge is the highest ideal of our modern world—knowledge that will enable him to manage his machinery, and in time become a component part of it. Said the industrial magnate during the late world-war:—“Scientific management must take the place of Greek and Latin in our universities of the future”: and so we have Belfast and Glasgow, Essen and Plauen, Lisle and even Rouen, “dens of the wealthy,” as the resultants—where women weep and men are consoled by grogshop potions and music-hall banalities. How the blood of all honest men boils at hearing these pocket-materialists dispose of flesh-and-blood in terms of barter.

Circumstances have placed southern Ireland far ahead of the north in the education of its men and women. Citizenship, economic history, social study—all these things were promoted on the one hand by a young, enthusiastic country, and retarded on the other by sinister dictators who feared the collapse of their own power with the spread of knowledge. The south, too, has no Belfast; but even so, if we are to combat the tendency to concentration of social life with all its accompanying horrors, the problem of adult education must be taken up seriously by our workers; and here the co-operation of Ulster might be obtained. We have much to give; Ulster has much to learn; and in giving and taking, the gulf will be bridged by the mutual understanding and friendship which must necessarily follow.

A branch of the Workers’ Educational Association was established in Belfast some years ago and—I remarked the appropriateness at the time—amongst its activities, included the study of western civilisation! Of its fate I am unaware. The absorption of the parent body in England of late years by Government patronage has rendered it ineffective as a moulder of minds along untrammelled lines; but nevertheless its organisation is well worth the consideration of all who honestly desire a reconciliation through educative means.* With circles of students in every town

* The Annual Report of the W.E.A., 6d. 14 Red Lion Sq., London, W.C. 1

and village studying, and promoting the interests of their local centres and of their common country; people freed from the narrowing prejudices of religious and class hatred; with lectures intermingling north and south; a free expression of opinion--here lies the means of bridging the gulf: and with the co-operation of those who to-day cry for denominational abolition, it can be brought to a successful issue.

In Memoriam.

From "The Irish Cinema."

WE will not chant a mournful requiem,
Nor deeply grieve our Brother: 'twere not meet
To dirge the conqueror, who flung defeat
Back to his foes, who hath o'er mastered them,
Not by base wile or shameful stratagem,
But in the oblation holy and complete
Of perfect sacrifice, that renders sweet
All loss, and gains the victor's diadem.

RAY, we will sing his conquest in a pæan,
Of solemn stateliness and high thanksgiving,
With ceremonial and magnificence
Worthy the heroic dead, whose end hath been
The noblest consummation of good living,
And an unswerving trust in Providence.

The Unlighted Window.

By Seamus Ceannt.

The women passed down the road swiftly, silently, their figures, strangely distorted in the dazzling glare of the snow, seeming like gaunt poplar shadows moving over a moonlit road in harvest-time. There was a strangeness of perspective in the air, as though the world were a giant mirage. The candlelight in the windows of the scattered cabins twinkled through the bare swaying branches; the doors stood ajar, showing the interiors spotlessly clean and new swept. Now the women approached and passed with hurried step before a somewhat larger dwelling of stone that loomed out of the moonlight, solitary, eerie as a ruined castle. The windows lay black in the shadows, the door was shut fast.

"It does not matter at all," said the old woman to a whispered query of her companion; "she does not enter in with the Protestants."

The other, a young girl, hardly yet woman, replied softly, and with the pity of youth in her voice:

"Poor souls, it is just that they do not know: Christmas is nothing to them": and, drawing a candle from beneath her shawl, that was to have been lit at the Crib—"I will light my candle in the sill of the window, that she may see it in passing, and they will have her blessing." And she began to unwrap it carefully from the soft white tissue paper.

The elder woman passed swiftly round and stood between the girl and the gate.

"No, Norah," she said, "you are young, child; and there is a story of these people you have never heard, for none speak of it now."

"A story," exclaimed the young girl with instant curiosity, but with a certain awe, caught from the tones of the old woman. Absently she commenced to roll the candle into its white wrapping, and, suddenly taking the arm of the other—"A story, Bridgid! tell it to me!"

And they passed on from the gate, and down the road, the snow powdering, and rising in clouds around their feet.

"Then, acushla, it was like this. A hundred years and more ago old Malachy Rafferty (that was the great great grandfather of John Rafferty just dead)—

"God rest his soul," ejaculated the girl in a fervent whisper.

"Hush, child, they have no prayers for their dead—this Malachy Rafferty (God forgive him), came up to the hillside where old Father John was saying the three Masses from midnight—there were no chapels in those days, child—and there was Father John, the holy man, and a saint now, and kneeling round him in the snow all the

people from miles around, out to as far as Ballymena. Malachy Rafferty"—the old woman muttered swiftly a something under her breath—"he knelt down with the rest; but often he was looking away—so I heard my mother's mother's mother say when I was just as small as Dermot's little Bridgid—he was looking away and away, down the valley. Suddenly there was a moving behind the trees, and the yeomanry rushed in from all sides—"

The girl clutched trembling at the arm of the old woman. Upon the road, and just before them, emerged out of a background of whirling snow two figures, an ancient man, his grey locks waving in the wind, and a fair young woman, very like to Norah herself in her red petticoat and woollen shawl; and she carried a babe on her breast.

The young girl curtsied, and both women gave the strangers a "God save you, Sir; God save you kindly, Ma'am," as they passed.

The young woman looked on Norah with a gentle glance, and the old man lifted his hand as in the act of blessing them: and both groups passed on into the snow that reared up like a dense white wall between them.

"Who would they be, think you?" said the old woman.

"Let us hasten back to them," said the young girl, "for they are strangers and will be lost."

And the two women turned back from the chapel path, and hurried after them. The snow deadened their steps, and those of the fair young woman with the babe and the ancient man beside her. Suddenly the strangers loomed out before them from the drifts of snow. They were nearly approaching the gate of the Widow Rafferty. The fair young woman was speaking, her accents very sweet and mild.

"'Twas a grievous deed, but he has suffered long and not one in all the place to say a prayer for him."

It seemed to Norah, peering through the dazzling whirl of snow, that the beautiful hair of the fair young woman was inset with clustering stars. She clutched at the arm of Bridgid, speechless with wonder and amaze.

"They light no candle for me—now," she heard the fair young woman say; but Bridgid heard nothing, for she was old, and growing deaf and poor of sight.

The dwelling old Malachy Rafferty had built stood sombre as a dead-house, black as ebony, against the snow.

The ancient man passed on by the gate, but the woman with the babe stood yet a moment, gazing at the empty windows. Norah caught as it were a low sigh from her, and sped from old Bridgid, down by the tiny side-path to the unlighted window. The wind dropped suddenly while she set a light to the candle, which she placed within a recess upon the sill. When she turned again the

fair young woman stood before her, and by her side the venerable man.

"I came to set a candle here, Lady, for"—the girl hesitated—a brightness glistened on the lashes of both women. Norah tried to continue.

"Hush, child," said the venerable man, placing his hand upon her head, "the babe is sleeping."

"I—I will say a prayer for the poor man," whispered Norah, looking toward the house, a broken sob in her voice.

The woman with the babe inclined toward the young girl, their hair entwining as she passed by the door and into the silent house, the ancient man following her. As he passed her, Norah saw around his neck a thin red line such as might have been made with a cord fast drawn. She seemed to swoon a moment, till, by her side, like an apparition appearing through the snow, old Bridgid came stumbling.

"They are friends of the Widow Rafferty's," said the old woman, glancing toward the closed door, a half enquiry in her voice.

"Yes, they are friends of the Widow Rafferty," Norah replied slowly.

The two women retraced their steps toward the chapel. The tiny bell ceased as they hurried down by the lane.

"What happened when the yeomanry came?" asked Norah.

"Hush, child, the bell has ceased. Another time I will tell you. Let us hasten now."

Old Bridgid took out her beads: but Norah caught at the folded hands and the rosary.

"Tell me this, Bridgid; what happened to old Father—Father John?" she persisted with bated breath.

"He was hung, child, down at the cross-roads; the Lord rest his soul." The beads sped swiftly through her old fingers; her lips noiselessly framed the prayers: and so they passed into the chapel.

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KEARNEY'S (A LITTLE CORNER OF IRELAND)
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The Fairy Gold of Ireland.

An Industrial Survey.

By A. G. T.

"All public ends look vague and quixotic beside private ones." — *Emerson*.

Dublin and Cork are wonderful cities; industrial melting-pots I have heard them called; but the mixture of Scottish ironfounders, Huguenot millers, and Cockney shopkeepers has helped little in the promotion of Irish industry. Delightful places they are for everyone who would subscribe to Matthew Arnold's appreciation of the best that has been said and thought in the world; and one or other of them certainly is the hub of Irish Ireland. But go there on business: the merchant, the financier, the insurance broker, all look eastward, to the Royal Exchange, St. Paul's Churchyard, or Mark Lane, the mecca of English capitalism. It would appear that the influx of foreigners shattered whatever little self-reliance we possessed, and so Irish shipping, banks, railways, are being caught up daily by the growing tentacles reaching from across the Channel.

Certainly the general title of shopkeeper—and the English call themselves a nation of shopkeepers—does not redound to a nation's honour, even if it does to its credit, and that does not follow inevitably; yet we ourselves must learn to combine the practical with the ideal. Ireland is no more a habitation for cotton-wool sheep or Noah's Ark shepherds than it is a breeding place for soulless materialism; and the romantic peasant of Colum's poem must not, in his dream of kingly daughters, allow the cattle to trample his oats.

Thus Finton Lalor taught years ago; but in many minds he is as far away as the Punic wars—and just as little understood.

Somehow, we are quite content in having other people manage our industrial affairs; and I am here reminded of an able writer's saying in the current issue of "Ag Gabhail Timpal": that no one would be so simple-minded as to imagine that the development of the Mexican oil-wells was a boon conferred on the natives of that country by foreigners; yet many people are credulous enough to believe that the road to national regeneration in Ireland lies in the exploitation of our industries and resources by foreign capital. What a pity his words had not been studied by these well-meaning people who provided a first-class advertising stunt for the advent of the foreigner in Cork.

There is some kind of tradition—a relic of Penal Days perhaps—that money should never be in its owner's keeping—at least it should never be used by him. Robinson Crusoe certainly had no use for money on his island: but if Ireland is to prosper, its capital must be unlocked and used. Where is the need for soliciting foreign aid when millions of Irish money are building railways to Bagdad or some equally remote place, when it is not financing the army at present terrorising our country. Men are daring much to stay the might that

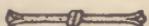
is devastating the land; but yet they meekly hand over the money which should be used for national construction to those who are endeavouring to encompass the nation's destruction. It is inexplicable. Yet, consider the investments of the joint stock banks—the National, the Farmer's Bank, or, as nearer to the point, at its young rival, the Munster and Leinster. How many millions of Irish money are swelling an alien Government's loans? And consider the Irish money in the English Post Office Savings Bank: the struggling labourer, the country huxter, has his house burned over his head, and he gave and still gives his hard-earned savings to finance his destroyers.

It is all grimly humorous. As Emerson says, the private end of security overshadows that of the public weal; and the idea that his money should be used for the development of his own country has all the ephemeralism of a rainbow in the mind of the average Irishman.

However, there approaches a revolution in Irish industrial methods. A real Irish banking system, though still in its theoretical stages, has come: the teachings of Schulze and Raiffeisen have borne fruit in the establishment of the Irish Land Bank and the Bank of the I.A.W.S. To discuss the details would be impossible in the scope of this article, but all who wish to do something practical for the regeneration of industrial Ireland cannot do better than study the working of co-operative banks in other countries.

The Department has issued a bulky report on German banking systems, but to pick out the useful points from this unwieldy mass of irrelevant details would tax the patience of most people. However, there are numerous authorities who can be consulted; and perhaps there is no better plan than to study the work of existing banks. That of the I.A.W.S. was established some years ago. It is modelled somewhat on the lines of the German Central-kassen; but up to the present support has not been sufficient to enable it to develop along lines which would give it the power of promoting the various commercial enterprises at present needed to make Ireland economically independent.

The establishment of the National Land Bank in the beginning of the year was an encouraging sign and promise for the future. Its aim is to advance loans to landless men and small farmers through the co-operative societies, converting each man into an economic holder. Its success so far has been good; but much preparation is needed if we are to banish the fear of insecurity—that relic of Penal Days—and demonstrate the common-sense of developing Irish industry by using Irish money through the channel of a real Irish bank.



Owing to extreme pressure on our space many Articles and Reviews have been held over for subsequent issues.—Editor.

REVIEWS.

"The Crimes of England," G. K. Chesterton. (1/6: Cecil Palmer & Haywood, London.)

The Crimes of England—written by an Englishman! Well may the mere Irishman rub his eyes! Englishmen in plenty we have heard on the crimes of Dutchmen, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Afghans, Turks, Matabele, Boers, Huns, "Bolshies," Arabs, Irishmen, and Hottentots: but an Englishman on the crimes of England—impeccable England! Surely the title is by way of a heavy English effort at a lighter sarcasm—perhaps a ruse adopted by the Englishman, the result of his shop-keeping instincts, to snare us into purchasing some new defamation of ourselves: for in the end the English are always defamatory—and but a very negligible few, of themselves.

Mr. Chesterton confines himself in the main to the period when England unsheathed the sword for gallant little Belgium, and a few other small distant nations. His "Crimes of England" does not extend back to the disease-infected South African concentration camps, the prison tortures on French and American prisoners of war in Dartmoor, the manipulated Irish Famines, New South Wales and the floggings and murderings of transported papists. Drogheda, Glencoe, Rouen—all that is all so long ago. Very well! we will come down to the present in a moment. Meanwhile, was ever man could write down the crimes of England? Even so, it would not be the Englishman—for Englishmen view crime in a peculiar—an English way.

The massacre of the English Jesuits, and hideous persecution of the Catholics of England under Elizabeth—were not the first spies, the second traitors? But Lord Howard of Effingham—a Catholic, "won" the Armada. The foul decoying and murder of "our sweet sister," Mary of Scotland?—but she was a "foreign princess" plotting against "our realm of England," says a Cecil: yet her son, depraved, unnatural wretch that he was, became king of England. The setting of Indians at the scalps of the revolted English colonists in New England?—but the former were loyal, the latter rebels: and for his loyalty the Indian was rewarded with—extinction. These and all—Wexford, Limerick, Ulster in '98, the Englishman can explain away, according to his particular aversions and predilections, as expediencies, mistakes, errors of judgment—but always in some strained sense excusable, and, therefore, to be excused.

So, reading through the "Crimes of England" as set down by Mr. Chesterton, we feel less impressed by their enormity than by the enormities left unexpressed. We seem to remember something about the Baralong: and was not James Connolly a prisoner of war—and a wounded man? But the book was written in 1915! And how many Germans surrendered themselves to a secret death in October of 1915? For we have met men who saw the Gurkhas returning from

the English prison camps in the early dawn. Since that day there has been an Amritsar, several indeed; Egypt has whispered dreadful things into the ear of the world; fifty Irish towns have been laid waste; women and children have been butchered; there has been murder in Cork, for which the Prime Minister of England stands convicted; there has been murder in the English prison of Brixton; murder has been done, so far as England is concerned, on nine emaciated men in England's prison in Cork; Kevin Barry has died.

The book of Mr. Chesterton is five years old—and it is five hundred years old.

The real crimes are the last crimes, and it is the last crime that most counts; for nations, no more than men can be altogether judged by the misdeeds of their past, while they continue to exist: and history records many instances where the most profligate have ceased to do evil, and have come down into the present, saints.

But England's opportunity for a future reputation for sanctity becomes ever more remote while every day of the present provides material for a whole new book on the latest crimes of England—crimes that outvie the crimes of her past. Although its wickedness may not be minimised, the horrid martyrdom of Blessed Margaret Clitheroe, owing to a certain political aspect, may be regarded as in some sense less inexcusable at this distant date, as compared with the revolting brutality that slays an expectant mother sitting by her humble gate, her infant at the breast—an unoffending young wife anxiously waiting at the roadside for her husband's return. But there might have been an ambush, says the hireling executioner, in the old specious way. Of North King Street, another specious hireling said that the soldiers, being mere boys, may have seen red. Not so: they were born red—as red as Colthurst, the "insane" butcher of Portobello—of red parents to propagate redder offspring.

Let it be granted at once that none is better able to make a book at any time than Mr Chesterton: but history is not learning; and no Englishman is able to set down the crimes of England in strict accordance with the stringent demands of history; as neither indeed could any Irishman—for both must regard each crime in some degree according to his national bias, even though unwittingly.

Who then may write down the crimes of England—her doubly significant crimes of each present day—the brutal slaying of Eileen Quinn, of Terence McSweeney, of the heroes of Cork Prison, and, after the torture, of Kevin Barry; the many unknown and unrecorded slayings of the nights; the slayings of the days nearly coming?

When none but an Omniscient Eye sees what England does in the darkness, only upon the tablets of eternity may the sum of the crimes of England be recorded.

And who shall write them there? And who shall erase them?

E. B. F.

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