

SAOIRSE



na h-Eireann

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NOTES.

The Railway Strike.

The railway strike gave England its first taste of what dragging by military force really means, and it cannot be said to have relished the dose. Yet when one recalls what happened in Ireland, under infinitely less provocative circumstances, one finds a glaring contrast in the methods adopted in the two countries to suppress disorder. At Liverpool and Limerick repeated warnings were given, volleys were discharged over the heads of the mob, and the real firing, when it came, was left to officers with revolvers. In the Belfast strike riots of 1907—the last occasion on which the British army was in action in Ireland—no warning was given, nobody on the Falls Road heard the Riot Act read, and the evidence at the inquest made it clear that a hail of Lee-Enfield bullets was poured at point-blank range on a group of eight-sons who had nothing whatever to do with the fighting. One can imagine the storm such an occurrence would have created in England, happening where it did, no one was even reprimanded, and the bogus inquiry granted by Mr. Birrell failed not without arriving at any practical conclusion. Apparently firing at crowds on this side of the channel is regarded as a necessary evil—a Labourer's right, at the Trillick and a demonstration to protest against the action of the troops in the strike, referred contemptuously to the fad made over the shooting of "some Irish" in 1887. Neither Liberals nor Conservatives fussed very much over the shooting in Ulster; nor one imagines would it beg either of the political parties awake at nights if another battle were to be made in the streets of Belfast or Dublin.

Some Lessons for Ireland.

While Ireland, largely by a stroke of good luck, escaped the railway strike, that is no reason why she should not find it well worthy of study. It was not merely a new and formidable industrial phenomenon, but a practical demonstration of the application of revolutionary methods to politics. The days of barricade and street fighting have gone for ever, labour has learned that it can hit its opponents hardest simply by keeping its hands in its pockets. There is no doubt at all that, whatever may have been the case with London and the South, had the railway centres of the Midlands and the North carried on as they were going, within a week the whole life of the country would have been paralysed. Liverpool, indeed, came within measurable distance of anarchy, and the soldiers who were poured into it in thousands were powerless to effect any improvement. Bells and bayonets can smash and wreck, but they can't set the wheels of the industrial machine going once it is thrown out of gear. Ireland's one attempt at a National strike—the strike against rent—badly as it was organised, and half-heartedly as it was worked, was yet the most formidable weapon brought to bear during the last age. Sectionalism, not solidarity, is still the rule in Ireland, where every class and every trade is fanatically determined to hang by its own tail. Thus the farmer and the labourer are perpetually on opposite sides, the shopkeeper is hostile to both, and the artisan and the town worker has little thought for anybody outside his own ranks. All allied may, and the majority do, profess the sentiment of

Nationality, but that alone will not achieve miracles, and the biggest task before those who wish to be nation-builders is something more than name is to weld these jarring elements into a new unity.

Grabbing Lough Neagh.

There is a general belief that the claws of the Irish landlord have been out to the quick, that though he may marl and scratch a little he can no longer tear and rend. But the old tendencies are still strong in some of the breed, and now that their power has been diminished on land, they are attempting to set up a new kingdom on the water. The grabbing of Lough Neagh from the fishermen by Lord Shaftesbury and his partners, which has just been legalised by the English House of Lords, is as brazen a piece of bare-faced fronting as has taken place in Ireland for many a long year. Apart from the morality of depriving eight hundred men and their families of a livelihood, the legal aspect of the decision, which turns an inland sea into the private fishing pond of a few individuals, it cannot stand examination for a moment. It was proved beyond any ray of doubt that the deed to the Chieftains, from whom the Shaftesburys inherited, was bad in law. Queen Elizabeth, at the time she signed it, had as much right to give away Lough Neagh as she would have had to give away Lake Geneva. Even if her title to dispose of it was so sound as it has been held to be, the deed was so manifestly against the fishermen, which goes back beyond the Plantation of Ulster, could not be ruled out. But the English House of Lords, true to its principle that everything must have an owner, with the corollary that the owner should be one of their own caste, wiped out the fishermen with a stroke of the pen and forbade them to fish a net save at the pleasure of a landlord and scarcely knew by name. But to order is one thing, to enforce is another. In spite of parchment deeds and solemn proclamations fishing is still going on in Lough Neagh, and will go on, let the House of Lords threaten as it likes. The old Coercion trick may be tried, but that is a game two can play at, and now that it is a choice between the certainty of starvation and the chance of going to jail, the fishermen have not had much difficulty in deciding to accept the easier alternative.

England and Germany.

CONVERSATIONS between France and Germany about the Moroccan difficulty are still proceeding, and England, left out in the cold, is trying every dodge she knows to prevent the working arrangement between the two countries that might weaken the "entente" and leave her to face Germany alone. Her latest piece of bluff has been the mobilisation in the Frith of Forth of a huge torpedo flotilla with "war-heads" on board, and the sedulous circulation of the rumour that on the first sign of hostilities the German coast line would be swept bare. The Germans take the matter very philosophically, and another bad snub has been given to the "Mistress of the Seas" by the action of Belgium. It has always been assumed by English politicians that Belgium and Holland, whose territory might be invaded by Germany to turn the flank of the French, would be only too glad of English support in case of war. Strange to say, the reverse has proved to be the case. Holland has deliberately thrown up fortifications at Flushing, which has no other object than to prevent the passage of an English expedition up the Scheldt; Belgium is just as determined to stand out on its own. In polite but

unmistakable terms, these two countries have declared that if there is to be any fighting they would prefer to do it for themselves. The Boer War effectively pricked the bubble of English military prestige, and all Lord Halsbury's fuss over Territorial and Officers Training Corps has done nothing to restore it. Apparently Holland and Belgium are convinced that a British army corps would only hinder instead of helping them; and their action is doubly significant in showing that Continental peoples are beginning to feel that the real danger to the peace of Europe comes not from the growth of Germany, but from the determination of England to stop that growth if it can find allies willing to undertake the heavy end of the work.

An Indian Police Plot.

The revelations in the Midnapore conspiracy case, in which judgment was given a few weeks back by the Calcutta High Court, throw a flood of light on police methods in India. In some quarters the decision of the Court has been hailed as a proof of the ever-handfulness of British justice; most people will see it as a fitting commentary on the scores of cases of sedition with which the Indian papers have been graced during the last two or three years. At Midnapore, as elsewhere, the police seemed to have little to chance. The discovery of a bomb in the house of a well-known resident in the town had not enough, but when it was backed up by a detailed confession of one of the suspects, a plot in which all the principal inhabitants were enrolled, to murder the English officials, the case against the accused lay too palpable for attack. To make assurance doubly sure, twenty-seven persons, including the Rajah of Nalajoke, were arrested, houses were broken into and ransacked, and every native of any importance for miles round was placed under surveillance. Now, it has been proved up to the hilt that the whole conspiracy was a police plot from beginning to end. They placed the bomb in the house of Peary Mohan Das, forced his son by what amounted, if not to torture, at least to savage coercion, to make a false confession, and established a virtual reign of terror in the district. Ultimately three prisoners were sentenced to transportation, but on appeal the conviction was quashed, the Bench finding that the so-called confession was extorted by "harsh and unusual treatment." With regard to the bomb, while not pronouncing a positive opinion in favour of the argument for the defence that it had been placed in the house of Peary by the police themselves, the Judges said: "We are by no means prepared to say it is absolutely worthless, especially in view of the methods that have been exposed in the hearing before us." The last act of the tragic comedy has now concluded. Four of the accused brought an action for damages against the district magistrate, Weston, and two native police officers. The court took almost half a year to do and deal with the business, and the closing speeches of counsel alone occupied six weeks. The police failed hopelessly to substantiate their case, and the plaintiffs were awarded damages to the sum of £1,000, roughly, or £400, which the judges evidently imagined was sufficient compensation for a parcel of natives. The Bengal Government, in addition to paying the police law costs, which from first to last have run up to £200,000, did its best to bias the judgment of the court by deliberately including in the honours list of 1910 the two officers whose conduct was under review. Peary and his companions have won, thanks mainly to the fact that they were well supplied with money and were able to fight

appeal after appeal. Comparatively few prisoners charged with sedition in India can afford to do that, and the suspicion persists that not a few of the cases which have made pleasant reading for Imperialists during the last few years would, if fully investigated, turn out to be on all fours with the Midnapore police plot.

Ireland and the Arbitration Treaties.

THE daily press here and in England passed over the fate of the proposed Arbitration Treaty between England and the United States rather quietly. A few months ago we were assured by the cablegrams from New York and Washington, which appeared in prominent places in the press, that the Treaties were certain to be ratified by the United States Senate. The demand for them was loud and universal; we were told that President Taft was the most popular man who ever occupied the White House. There was some opposition to the Treaties—by the Irish—but the newspaper correspondents ignored it. Irishmen at home were kept in ignorance of the attitude of their kinsmen in America on this great question. But we were thoroughly informed as to every word and act of President Taft. He wrote a letter to a prominent Irishman—all successful, of course—about the Irish Trade-Mark, and his photo with the letter in heavy type appeared in some of the daily papers. This was intended to react on Irish Americans who opposed Taft's foreign policy.

The Royal Visit and the Treaty.

THE Royal Visit, which we were told was above politics, was intended for the same purpose. Our contention on this point is becoming more evident as time passes. The promoters of the Treaty in America are beginning to lecture Irish Americans on their hostility to England, and point out that all is well in Ireland. Speaking in the House of Representatives a renegade German named Barthold said—"Some of our Irish friends are opposed to the Treaty with Great Britain for reasons that need no explanation. To the credit of that sturdy element of our citizenship be it said that the great majority did not approve, and could not be induced to join a demonstration which meant the obstruction of a great American policy by European heritage. And here is good ground for the hope that the concession of Home Rule to Ireland by a Liberal Government will soon reconcile whatever opposition manifests itself from that quarter." Needless to say Irish Americans of all shades of opinion opposed the Treaty, not for Irish, but American reasons. The only prominent Irish American (he speaks for it was Cecil Gibbes, but, like all churchmen in America, his influence is that of an individual citizen—"only that and nothing more.")

Referring to the Irish opposition to the English Treaty, the New York "Evening Post" says:—"Even if one were to admit that European grudges ought to be imported into this country, the Irish situation in the United Kingdom has undergone such a notable change—the satisfaction of Ireland's legitimate claims seems so near at hand—that for Irishmen in this country to keep up the ancient quarrel with England is merely unwarranted resentment. Why the Irish Americans should be more irreconcilable than Mr. Redmond was fair to see." Irish Americans opposed the Treaty as American citizens for American reasons, and what any man in Ireland has to say on or its attitude to England is no concern to them as Americans. England, as we have said before, is not to be taken to mean that they act as Irishmen, and thus hope to ruin their influence in American affairs.

Ulster Ireland is divided by the Unionists into three classes—"blackguards" and "those who know better." The "blackguards" of these demonstrations are very much like the able working men" of Unionists meetings visit crowds, so far as concerns their appearance, but holding such views as they are deprived of the right of being known as such by those who worship respectability as an end in itself, and indeed they are not respectable, for to

[illegible]

who ought to know better, but don't," a large and growing community in Ireland difficult to pigeon-hole them under a more descriptive than that which has been given by the Unionist press. Every imaginable person who loves Ireland and works for its political progress will be found at some other classed under this title: there are, of course, "separatists under the Crown," Gaelic every kind of Parliamentarians, Socialists, Suffragists, believers in physical force and in constitutional methods. They ought to be better than to love Ireland, because they have been well educated and are well clad. Their education should have led them to see that Ireland was a land to be despised and

[illegible][illegible]

Our philosophy is valueless unless we bring it into life. With sufficient ingenuity we might make any theory work. They could not be the best of work-a-day existence we but add another to the many dead theories that litter the history of philosophy. Our principles are not to argue or write about, or hold meetings about, but nearly to give us a rule of life. To ignore the waste time and energy. To observe and follow the rule that we have chosen. To make the world, work it into life, by it interpret the world, to hand, make our choice between old standards, and maintain our fidelity to the truth against every opposition and through every how terrible depression; so, shall we live with its reality, and make for it a discipline of the mind, and a devotion of the body, a recognition that there is a serious work in life.

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IV.

Let us examine now the deadening years that intervene between the great fights for freedom. We have known something of these times and

[illegible][illegible]

that public men will receive passion-
ately; that the professional classes
will be attracted by the new
more commerce, and the tradesmen
his kind—only pat the flag. Many
and insidious the temptation will come
young aristocrat, everywhere, the
come from the light—
it keeps you obscure. And what
serve you? Be practical; come
wealth and yield and enter the light
agitated, but the light is the
smothered out, and you will stand in
a failure miserable, hopeless, not ap-
but for that, first. You may start
the light, and you will be a failure
and a failure, but they who rate
understand that you have won a battle
all the triumphs of empire; you will
your soul true light and enduring be-
the light, and you will be a failure
enthusiast and have vision of ultimatum
has sustained all the world over the
tries, that uplifts the individual, car-
into the Promised Land.

VI.

If we are to justify ourselves in our have done with dispensations. May be astray on the point and think a able things are at the root of our ings. We would like to attempt to e understand that the simple to have been ignoring it quietly and e. As man, as we have seen, acknowl- certain places; in other places it is e. In the first place, if we look at his heart, may even write an anony- the paper, will salute the flag through he will not carry his flag through e, through every day. When a particu- which involves our public duty, a business men in action, that requires e against the nation, he will find it life not wise to be prominent on his

[illegible][illegible]

every point, we begin to roar, and the call is to defend itself without the least delay. But that their habit of life, and all to conform, is unconscious, and that the future. Their assumption the be changed will be the cause first, and we must be quietly assumption, stand for the cause. We must realize, too, that we have definite, strong characters, against ours are comparatively general, obeying it without the forces mass of people will be the main adversary with us. The true ideal is that we must use real ideas and give them courage, more pride of race and confidence in the Cause where vindication amongst them will be our duty. It will be to seek, it will be to grow? Consider what time we must honest men

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might involve this; a timid sincere man from Ireland to her origins, with a tendency to believe in the need to have near by a woman to serve as a comfort to them one with whom to meet them on neutral ground. Yet, we must not forget that is fundamental to the men of this flag? By no means to force our views on others. Our principles clear. We must be forced on us. One must be served. One must that something will not recognise, is assuming to attack it would be that if it may not be denied; this neutrality. And since are mostly concerned in them, let the dangerous entering on common beliefs. For men who are not credible by by. No, we do not, but to respect of and more honourable and a man is not call he and his flag are

show how frequent it is. It is not there purposely to reject it, so which they expect, assuming that it is in place now or in the *status quo* cannot be of most collision with the idea and justify the number of people well-developed views are small. This movement that commences, and influences the general attitude of the people. It is the prelude to a more decision, more and bring them to the point where they will begin to have confidence. They begin to see the way by day; and then that day will come. That duty and then we shall have our men come together.

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Irish Freedom.

To subvert the tyranny of our covetous
Government, to break the connection with England,
the worst-facturing source of all our political evils,
and to assert the independence of my country—these
were my objects.

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

SEPTEMBER 15th, 1911.

THE FLOWING TIDE.

Every human movement has its periods of richest
life and of depression, its ebb and flow like the sea.
The same periodic swing and return is felt in the
life of the individual, of the nation, of the community,
and the National movement in Ireland is no
exception to the general rule. Ireland has had her
glorious hours of the flowing tide when the hearts
of men beat with a new hope, and they raised the
standard of revolt and then they side with those
who challenge to England. Such was 1782, and 1793
and 1867. But to have the flowing tide is to have
the ebbing tide as well. After every splendid effort
succeeded the years of reaction—when the nation
lay inert, exhausted, passive in the hands of her
enemies—passively led by politicians—who, what-
ever the degree of their honesty of intention, had no
appreciation of the meaning of nationhood nor of
the fundamental principles that must be observed if a
nation is to continue to live.

Most of those who know Ireland now have only
known her while the tide ebbed—when apathy
succeeded ineffective striving, and ineffective striving
succeeded apathy—and still the tide ebbed and the
National spirit died in the hearts of the people. In
those days the strongest were weak and the bravest
were away to die, and it seemed as if the only
ones who would not give up the battle were the ever
coming generations of children and young people in
whom the fires of life were too fierce to be quenched
by the ever the most obvious impracticability of their
hopes for the future. A few old men lingered in
the Oasis after the Flanna to keep in mind of better
days, and the ranks of the National movement were
filled almost exclusively by the young and the

inexperienced. Still, however, they held on waiting
for the tide to turn, though they were not told if it
would ever flow again, and death that it had
settled into the final stillness of death.

Death, indeed it seemed to be, the death of the
oldest continuous civilisation in Europe—the death
of a nation, the people of which had made stu-
pendous strides down the national path and had
fought on with a splendid courage amid uniformly
crushing defeats for more than seven hundred years.
What nation among them all had had such a record
as this—such suffering, such sacrifices, such heroism,
only to meet death at last in the still years of
apathy. For a nation, like a man, might well wait
to face death, if death must come, in the blaze of
battle and not slowly in indigence without the
generous view of action and courage and hope.
Thus it seemed to many that Ireland was rotting to
the grave, the English conquest complete, the people
at last, and that nothing remained to be consumed
but the final disappearance of our people.

But there were some, though often they were few,
who still watched for the flowing tide, and who re-
fused, in spite of everything, to despair of the future
of their country. Being young and venturesome,
they started small newspapers which they were
unable to continue after six months or a year. They
started small societies, which after a short and
troubled existence disbanded, leaving apparently
nothing but a very little legacy, but, however,
for they inspired others still younger and
and perhaps more venturesome to do the same things
and to keep watching for the tide to turn. There
were always some and there always have been
some at every period in Ireland whose spirit will
not go—and that is what has saved Ireland, and it
is what will save her in the end. At this moment they
are at their posts, still confident, still working, still
inspiring others to be confident and work.

Though perhaps they have not noticed it as yet,
the last few years in Ireland have wrought a
momentous change. A new life has begun to stir,
uneasily and furtively at first, without strength and
purpose and direction, but unmistakably stirring, and
it will move faster by day and by night. It is the pause
between the ebb and the flow, when the sea of
human movement stand still, and move perhaps a
little forward, and then a little back as if in inde-
cision. But those who have eyes to see the tide
signs know what is coming—they know that the
long ebb is ended, at last, and that the flowing tide
will be upon us soon. They know that the waiting,
the confident waiting for the turn will not be long
unrewarded now, and that Ireland is awakening
again to a fiercer national life.

The tide is turning. Friends, spread the news till
everybody has heard it. The contest against the
uncomprehending spirit, the fighting spirit, is
aspirant, as it was in '98 and in '67, and we can see
the beginnings of it in every hand, in every part
of Ireland. To-day they are small, but they are
growing fast, and after a little they will hold Ireland
in a cyclone's grip. Make ready for it, for when the
tide rises it runs fast. The dull years—the dead
years are over, and we are marching quickly on the
years of high enterprise and courage. Those who
are young in Ireland now will see stirring times
before they are old, and even those who are old may
see the trumpet call to battle before they die.

When the tide turns in Ireland it means revolt,
insurrection, another fight for Freedom—and the tide
has turned. We make no secret of it. Why should
we? It is a glad news to every Irishman in Ireland,
and we want them to know it, to realise it and to get
ready. Our enemies probably know it as well as we,
for they are not blind. We, however, are only con-
vinced to see that the Irish people know it, and that
in good time, that no opportunity may slip on their
cheques. If they are ready for every opportunity
they may see heavier days than the '98 men saw, for
they may see victories won not merely to be lost again.

This, then, is our message to Ireland—the tide has
turned, the dead years, the dead years, of com-
promise and debasement, will soon be over—Irish-
land will soon be up again—the whole land awake. Let
the people get ready, for if they are true to themselves
they may well see an independent republic estab-
lished in their country after a while.

The future of Ireland and the future of her children
depend upon this next few years. The seedly old
people to which we are attached grows steadily old
by day. Meanwhile our people are waking up again.
If we wait till the tide ebbs and throw away our
chances, generations pass before the opportunity
can be made. Now is the time for war—arduous,
buoyant, hopeful, fruitful work for the future of our
country, for these are the days of the flowing tide—
the days when a nation has the chance to grasp
if it has the courage and the faith to snatch victory
when it can.

INDIAN NATIONALISM AND DISCONTENT.

"By whatever name—Anarchists, extremists, or reactionaries—those may be called who are taking part in the movement for independence, whatever efforts may be made to humiliate and to crush them, however many patriots may be sent to jail or into exile, yet the spirit pervading the whole atmosphere will never be checked, for the spirit is so strong and spontaneous that it must clearly be directed by Divine Providence."—From an article in the Indian "Shakti."

Some twelve months ago there appeared in "The Times" a series of articles on Indian affairs from the pen of the special correspondent of that journal. These were later collected and issued, with additions, in book form ("Indian Unrest," By Valentine Chivrol. London: Macmillan & Co., 1910. Five shillings). The volume is well written with none of the snippy journalism of "Daily Mail" writers, and contains valuable information on Indian questions. I need not add that the

you should have a short shrift with the Indian Nationalists, or that his work reveals no sympathy with the Nationalist cause. I am sure that you have found his articles interesting and readable, and I feel sure that we, Irish Nationalists, will find in his work much to instruct us and to encourage us. I am sure that you will be able to tell our fellow fighters in India. In this article I do not intend to criticise either Mr. Chival's statement, or his point of view, or review his work in detail, but to point out a few errors, and to confine myself to those chapters, and portions of those chapters, in which he treats of the movement for political independence. The most I am able to do is to point out largely the errors, and suggest the methods and aims of Indian Nationalism. Perhaps this brief article may help in the creation of a spirit of criticism, and in the development of the methods which, I am glad to see, *Irish Freedom* is fostering among the Nationalists in Ireland and in India.

At the outset, the seat of the discontent may be defined as comprising three main districts. Not only that the Nationalists movement is strictly limited to these areas—it is at present comparatively widespread and is likely to extend still further—but it can best be studied in the three districts in which it is strongest, because these are the areas in which the best organized and most active of the Nationalist forces are to be found. The unrest is "mainly confined to three distinct areas—the Mahratta Deccan, which comprises a great part of the Bombay Presidency; the several districts of the Central Provinces—in Bengal, with the new province of Eastern Bengal, and the Punjab. In these regions it is the large cities that have been the real hot-beds of discontent. In each of these provinces the agitation has been so well organized that it was a certain menace to British rule, and in each distinct and charac-

...mark the national movement. The ... prove dangerous, and in it Nationalism, as an organised force, first became effective. From the Deccan the movement spread to Bengal, which, in its turn, had the credit of originating the Swadeshi boycotts and in concentrating the revolutionary forces in the Swaraj movement. In the Punjab the Nationalist movement is equally vigorous; indeed, it is in the Arya Samaj reform and revived Vedic system of education adopted in the Punjab that the most fruitful results of the revolutionary movement may be looked for.

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Mr. Pal elaborates this national policy as a constructive and destructive national programme, which combines a defensive resistance with an aggressive movement against British control of the nation's life and the nation's trade. And he makes no reservation, implied or understood, as to the definite aims of his movement or the natural and logical outcome of his methods. Speaking of *waraj* as "self-government within the Empire,"

"Is really self-government within the Empire a practicable ideal? What would it mean? It would mean either no real self-government for us or no real over-lordship for England. Would we be satisfied with the shadow of self-government? If not, would England be satisfied with the shadow of over-lordship? In either case England would not be satisfied with a shadowy self-government. And therefore no compromise is possible under such conditions between self-government in India and the over-lordship of England."

Bhagin Chandra Pal is a representative Nationalist leader, and his views are the views of the great majority of Indian Nationalists—that which is called "advanced" and not "extreme" only because it does not preach taking the field war, open and immediate. In the Press exactly the same views are expressed, and an Irish Nationalist, who is used to the frothy utterance about loyalty and the glories of Empire in the *Irish Daily Press*, will assuredly profit much in perusing some pronouncements made in the Indian Nationalist publication.

[illegible][illegible]

ingering into the activities of Tilak in the Deccan must stand as a type of the Indian unrest, and make unnecessary, if not all but a brief reference to the agitation in Bengal and the Punjab. In language, people and situation, Bengal is widely separated from the Deccan. While the Maharattas of the Deccan have a long tradition of stormy and battle-waging history behind them, it is the English who have been the cause of the unrest stirred up in Bengal. The British yoke. With the methods of education, the steady growth of a native press, and the influence of Tilak and his work in the Deccan have been mainly instrumental in fostering the spirit of Nationalism and discontent in Bengal. Under the leadership of Bapin Chandra Pal and others, the Bengal movement has lately been founded the "Bande Mataram" which Irish *Irish Free* has been quoting recently) the Bengalees succeeded in making themselves a power in the Indian

tory in the near future. Arabindo Ghose is Tilak of Bengal. In many ways he is a remarkable man; a high-caste Hindu of more than ordinary culture—he was educated, by the way, in England—he is a man of the highest intellectual gifts, attainments, and a mystic of great personal power. With his brother he has been the head and front of the Nationalist movement in Bengal.

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The last quotation I will make concerns what one respect at least is the truest, and for Nationalists, the most hopeful pronouncement in Chivabook. He writes of the Nationalist agitation:—

"In so far as this movement is directed to the immediate subversion of British rule, we need not exaggerate its importance, unless the British Empire were involved in serious complications elsewhere which might encourage the seditious elements in India to break out into open rebellion."

There may be no need to exaggerate the importance of Indian Nationalism; it may or may not be the force English writers represent it. But the "serious complications elsewhere" will not only encourage Indian Nationalists, but eventually bring about the realisation of their aims, their not the slightest shadow of doubt. The "seditions" movements in India will not fight alone when England's difficulty becomes the opportunity of India, Egypt and Ireland. And who that has a glimpse of foresight can fail to foresee the danger entanglement of England in a great war in Europe. "Serious complications elsewhere?" The "German scare" is no idle dream of the British imagination, but a danger as real and as threatening as the German Dreadnoughts themselves.

preaching themselves.

Urekat's book on "Indian Urekat" to Irish Nationalists, especially to the those who preach peace instead of violence, so-called moral and not physical force. The author is in favour of the latter. He is not in favour of a page in the book in which the Indian Nationalist will find nothing to object to, and not a chapter in which the author does not bump against the Indian Nationalist. For all that every Irish Nationalist should make a study of this book for the sake of information on the Nationalist movement in India. For the price of the book is not too high, and will be well spent in purchasing it; those who do not buy it can procure it in other ways. Again, would any, study of Indian Urekat, learn from the Indian Urekat, the Indian Urekat, and the Land League had their lessons for India. Swarni and Swedishi have their lessons for India.

LALY TOPO

LALLY TOLLENDAL

A PIONEER.

One of the sweetest of Ireland's singers—All Milligan—published some time ago a book of poems called "Hero Lays." In that book she told of the brave deeds done by heroes and champions of the Gael in the dim days of the past. At the end of the book she set a little poem about a champion and a fighter of a far different order and of our own day.

⁶² A man goes by on a wheel, with the rain on his face,
Against the way of the wind, and he not caring :
Goes on through the winter night, towards a lone house

For his heart is hot with the glow of the ancient
hero-daring."

Worthy, indeed, of a poet's song is the toil "The Man on the Wheel," the travelling teacher Irish, who goes "against the way of the wind" carry to "lonesome distant places" the language of music and song and dance of the Gael to those who wait for his and their coming, with eagerness in their faces, and the joy of a re-born hope gleaming in their eyes and throbbing in their hearts. I shall try to give an idea of the gigantic labours of the travelling teacher of Irish in an out-of-the-way rural district, far from railways and with roads not the very smoothest in the world to travel upon. If I were to tell you all I know 'twould read too much like an old-world romance, and might startle some of the prosaic people of the present day. Besides, it would

The usual procedure in setting a travelling teacher

Gealee Loe in a district come together and what is called a District Committee. Meetings of this Committee are held monthly. Each branch guarantees a certain fixed sum—usually ten pounds—to the district committee. The salary of the teacher, whose salary seldom exceeds six pounds per annum, but often this amount can be raised. This money is made up in each parish by a collection which a branch exerts, by the holding of concerts and other amusements. If a teacher is advertised for, comes into the district, starts his work of organising and teaching, evening is fixed upon for a visit to each branch, and the committee there in a distance of two or fifteen miles, come to the district meeting. In the afternoon. In the day time he visits the "Native schools" of the district, fixing a day for each so that several schools are visited the same day, so that he can spend an evening for the work of a branch.

In some districts a teacher is working every day in the week (Sunday included, on which day many branches hold its meetings) and has seldom less than seven branches of, the Gaelic League and some National Schools to prepare Irish lessons for and worry his brains over. The session is usually September to the end of July, with the school holidays in the middle.

September to the end of June, and all through the wet winter months the travelling teacher is obliged to literally fly from one place to another on his bicycle, because no other mode of conveyance would be available to him—cars being too expensive to be even thought of, and trains (where there is railway communication) being out of the question when schools are in places far apart have to be reached by certain hour.

To be a teacher of the language itself is not only qualification a man must possess in order to carry through successfully the work in which he is engaged. He must also be a singer, a dancer

musician, public speaker, a diplomat and enthusiast whose enthusiasm must always be kept in check so as not to become so real and intense as to magnify the smallest details of life. He is a man who all who come in contact with him regard as a possessor. To bring a number of adults together (even though they have youth on their side) who left school some years previously and have lost touch with the simple pursuits of country life—to bring them together to discuss the language of the language their grandfathers and grandmothers flung away; to draw them on to take a real interest in that language; to be all and patient, persevering with them; to keep them together in the pursuit of a legal and a literary education; they have gone so far into the world, that the mysterious charm is strong enough to hold them to do all this a man must be ever on the alert, ready to be ever watchful of himself and of others, and must have a real passion in his heart for work that lies before him.

[illegible]

Such is the daily work of ninety per cent. of men who, against fearful odds, are striving to spruce more through Eirinn the language of the Gael and the spirit of manly and healthy Nationalism—

true foundation for the Eirinn that is to be.

TO OUR FRIENDS

If any of our friends find that their letters to office of *Irish Freedom* have not been answered promptly or late, we tender our apologies. Seag Mac Diarmada, the manager of the paper, has been ill for some weeks, and meantime the business of office is dealt with as expeditiously as possible, some delay is inevitable.

*** If you want to assist our paper purcha

