

Saoirse éireann WOLFE TONE WEEKLY



Vol. 2. No. 18.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1938

Twopence.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWES

A Young Soldier of the Republic, awaiting death in Mountjoy Jail, has a dream that does not come true

At first he had felt cold. Then someone, who, he could not rightly remember, lit a fire. Vague shadows flitted at times o'er the walls of the room; once on a while they grew hesitant and stopped for a fraction of a moment ere they lengthened and magnified, towering above him. It was very eerie. Perhaps he would have been better without the fire; the dark room would have swallowed up the shadows of his guards. His guards! His thoughts immediately revolved again on the cycle that had been interrupted by the lighting of the fire: it was a shameful thing to have done this thing; it was more than shameful, it was treachery. It was base to have stooped his hands in the blood of his brothers, whom he had betrayed. It was more shameful when he remembered that he had once been as ardent as the most ardent, as eager for the fray as the most eager. And the shame of thinking that he had weakly given information that had led to the arrest and to the execution of his old school chums, Tomas and Conor and Sean Og, was more painful than the thought of the death that was before him.

If only he had been strong! If only he had remained silent unto death, however shameful and however repulsive such death might appear in its accident, would it not have been more worthy of his manhood and more typical of his one-time comrades in arms, more in keeping with the dream-desires of his warm boyhood and fiery youth. He sat down at the fire and gazed into the quickening red and the quivering flames.

Into the heart of a circling flame stepped, in rapid succession, the heroic figures of his boyhood's imagery. He remembered how he used sit on the hearth to listen to old Michael McCathmhaoil spinning the poetic tales of Cuchullain, Mighty Hound of Ulster, of Fionn, of Oscar, of Oisín. Then he had liked no better than to listen, night after night, to stories of the Hound. Into the red glow of the turf fire he used to paint the epic deeds of the Boy Warrior and of the Fiana; one day he dream-

ed that he, too, would lead the youth of Ulster to epic deeds against the enemy while the men of the province were asleep beneath the spell of a witchcraft more subtle and more oppressive than the magic of Macha, the *bean druidheachta* of the Cuchullain Saga.

THE flame died down for an instant. The shadows of his guard, passing up and down with military precision, filled the room. With a start he remembered how he had failed in his ambitions, and how the would-be hound had proved a whining cur.

A FLAME more powerful than its predecessor leaped from the heart of the red-glowing fire. Hugh O'Neill! Hugh, the mighty chieftain, who came nearer to driving out the Gall than any of the noble tribe of Eire's valiant princes! How this Eagle of the North had flown with wings of steel and cleaved the way before him to the Southern Oc-

ean that lapped Ceann Saile. To lose by treachery! Vile treachery and viler greed that sold the day! Ah, was not his own action every whit as vile, even if not debased by greed! And yet it was greed; greed for life that made him sell his country-men, the purchase price of their deaths the years, few and short, offered to him by the Gall! He watched this broad, strong, energetic flame weaken and break until it stole from its ardent birth-place into the air. A thin column of smoke arose from where it had died as if to symbolise the censured incense from the smoking thuribles of the exiled priests who chanted the remains of the broken-hearted Hugh to their last earthly chamber, on alien soil. Oh, why had not that flame conquered! Then would he himself have been saved the shame of betrayal that would be his Purgatory or his—

THE consuming coal tumbled in the grate. There stood a scaff-

CLIMBING

*Who's for the hard road,
The long road, the up road?
It takes a MAN to face the road,
The mountain road to Freedom.*

NO stay, no rest, but up and on
Though far above yet towers the crest;
Aye, count no cost till all is won
Press on, nerve taut and labouring breast.

We faint and stumble, bruised and torn,
Is the road right? What, upward yet?
Aye, see it still is paved with scorn,
Footprints of blood and pearls of sweat

Lonely and cold—ah, deadly cold,
See, where some shelter lies below;
As lonely trod the saints of old,
To few the boon this road to go.

Are there no marks to point the way?
For skies grow heavy, with gloom of snow.
The last says: "Erskine passed, yesterday,
Liam and Rory and Dick and Joe."

Doubt and despair and breaking heart,
Where lies the gain when all is done?
Dear fool, who plays a strong man's part
Laughs at the cost when Victory's won.

*So here's along the hard road,
The dark road, the dangerous road;
We're men enough to face the road,
With "Fáilte romhat!" to Freedom.*

GOBNAIT NI BHRUAIR.

old surrounded by a crowd of trembling onlookers. Up the steps marched Emmet. He knew him by the way he stood, with head slight-turned, awaiting the first whispering of the storm of a people's wrath. And the look of Hope in his eye, and the unspoken murmur of his lips: "Not yet, not yet!" But no heart stirred and no strong passion boiled, and the cowards stood in chalky ash, gazing in fright at the gory head that rolled from the block.

And down in that crowd there stood the traitor; and the face of the traitor was his face, and the face of all that crowd was his own face, and O God in Heaven, the face of the grinning monster who held the head uplifted was also his face—traitor, coward, executioner all in one!

For one quick-living second the picture changed and the face enframed in the ghastly head of the martyred one was his. How, when a boy, he had longed, if Fate did not decree that Victory should be to his sword, that he might, one day, die even as Robert Emmet had died! Then the red coal stirred and as it fell tumbling into ashes, his face, his coward eyes like devils peeping from the corner fires of Hell, mocked him.

O Heavenly Father, why had he not been there to breathe that message of Hope to the one that stood alone for Ireland when all was dead! The wind whistled without the *casin* of the broken-hearted Sarah, who died for love of the lover of Ireland; and the *casin* of Sarah was the *casin* of his heart's secret, Maireud Bín, but she would die for shame because that he had sold his soul to purchase his body. A blue gas flame spread like the Eastern Sea; an armada of white and full-blown sails passed in regal pride. In those ships the Wild Geese sailed with hearts bursting for the test of their wings. Alas! their flight would be over alien soil, and no rest for ever for them on the warm green bosom of their Mother Eire. He had wished that he had stood with Sarsfield, and ridden by his side, and pledged his eager sword to vengeance on the treaty-breaking Gall.

SO, too, had he dreamed of deeds of high emprise that would have brought him sailing into the four oceans of Ireland with Tone and his

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWES

(From Page One)

gallant helpers from the sunny bays of France. Or, even, prided to have walked with John Mitchel, wise, strong, Ulsterman, up the gangway of the prison sloop of the Sasanach to sail with him, a prisoner, too, through all the Southern Seas, rejoicing that such sacrifice was trivial when Ireland had put her kiss of love on his lips and won his heart's pulse for ever. But he, Judas like, had kissed and betrayed with a kiss.

A breath of wind through the prison chamber and his sea was torn as if by a storm and all his ships went down. All his dreams had gone in an ocean of treachery.

In the very heart of the fire there stood three naked gibbets. The silken ropes drooped from the beams and through the sinuous noose the white pale faces of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien looked at him in gentle reproach. He burned as if a red coal from the fire had been put in the chamber of his brain. When he tore his fingers from his eyes to look again the faces were not the faces of the martyred exile three but those of Tomas, of Conor and of Sean Og. The tears of bitter woe ran down his face because they turned their eyes away from him, to be hanged as criminal murderers; to that fate he had sold them, to that fate, to that end the wily Gall had condemned them, forgetful that One, on a shameful cross, had also died the death of the criminal to enter into greater glory.

AH, if he could only undo his treachery; if he could now step forward to save their lives; if he could even as much as obtain for them the bullet of the firing party and not the shameful noose of the hangman! O Good and Merciful God, rather would he die now the most shameful of deaths than have betrayed them to this. He would ask his Republican guards to hang him, as a murderer: the death of the soldier was too noble to be desecrated by his end. But they would not, he was sure—noble in all things, they were noble in this for they had ordered him to be shot—

The door opened. A hand came out of the darkness. It rested on his shoulder. He did not tremble, he did not start. He looked up at the face.

"It is time," and the voice trembled as if reflecting a hidden emotion.

"I am ready," he replied, and rose.

THOUSANDS knelt there in the misty rain. Like the surge of the western ocean was their chant; a mighty orchestra of prayer with, anon, the violin notes of a girl's sweet voice rising above the harmony or the deep note of a youthful double bass filling up the waves of sound.

It was not the prayer of fear, nor was it the high song of rejoicing. It was the song of thankful pride; of grateful thanks that God had given his people martyrs, even in this cold age, to die for the faith that was in them; of just pride that Ireland still had sons responsive to the call of her heart. Away somewhere a bell tolled. A silence came on all that multitude,

a silence that had all the harmony of Heaven in its intensity and repose. Then a clock struck the first note of the eighth hour. A soft voice, like to the whisper of an angel's flight, passed over the crowd. The holy candles blazed into an archipelago of lights in the sea of upturned faces.

The heavy doors in the granite walls stood closed. A wicket opened. A uniformed warder stepped through, pasted a slip of paper on a buttress, and, passing in as quickly as he came, closed the wicket hastily. But quicker still were the gentle fingers that tore down that slip of paper.

"Are you weak, Maireud Ban?"

And Tomas caught the swaying figure in his strong arms.

"Yes, weak, but proud and strong. My heart will break but not with grief nor shame."

"Come, let us go. All is over. Conor and Sean Og will wait for Father Aidan."

"No, no, here he is!"

The wicket gate had opened once again. The bearded priest in his brown sackcloth looked with eyes of understanding upon them.

"Another saint has gone to Heaven. He walked to the scaffold as a child to Holy Communion; smiling and joyful to the last. His last message was to you. Maireud Ban, and to you boys, saying he was proud to die in such sweet company as had gone before."

They moved off through that vast crowd.

Sean Og looked at Conor.

"'Tis how they say they tortured him to make him tell," he said.

"And then they hanged him, the beasts!" and Conor bit his lips in fiercest anger.

For dreams often go by contraries!

R. MAC ENAIGH.

NO REST

IN every country that is unfree there will be the fight for freedom, so long as there are ten unconquered hearts within its boundaries. No country can show such a record of bravery and constancy in the struggle for liberty as Ireland. But dark times come, depression succeeds hope, and one of these dark times is upon our country now.

MANY of her people are tired and want to rest. But as the human being must not rest when poison is eating into his system, so Ireland must not rest when the poison of Imperialism is eating into its soul. Rest in the struggle against poison means death. Therefore, there must be no rest until the poison has been eliminated. Ireland unfree cannot, must not, be at peace.

EVERY compromiser who leads the people astray with false promises, talks of the will of the people. Is it the will of the people to be in slavery? Is it the will of a great, proud, independent, separate and distinct people to be a subordinate dominion of a gross and commercial and pagan-

Turn to Column 4

SPRINGS OF NATIONALITY

IN ONE of the great pamphlets he wrote during the quietness of Christmas, Pearse named four men as the Fathers of Irish Nationalism—Tone, Davis, Lalor, and Mitchel. But love of country is fed by many springs. Centuries ago the English hunted down and persecuted the Gaelic poets of Ireland—and in our own day those poets have been avenged—for their work lived after them in snatches and fragments to kindle the soul of Pearse with the holy fire of nationality.

AMONG the published works of Pearse not the least significant is the slender volume containing "Songs of the Irish Rebels" and "Specimens from an Irish Anthology." In this Pearse had collected just twenty-two Gaelic poems, ranging from the cultured, yet fervent, verses written by Keating and Ferriar three centuries ago to the simple pathos and beauty of the anonymous folk-poets of more modern times. Fourteen of these poems are songs of love of Ireland. They are few in number, and they have been chosen as well for their literary excellence as for their burning sincerity. Had Pearse lived, no man was better fitted to compile for us an anthology of the Gaelic poets, as it is, his work in this direction was but commencing.

BUT there is no possible doubt that equally with Tone and Mitchel and Davis and Lalor the writings of the Gaelic poets inspired and directed Pearse's mind, enabling it to reach its full flowering as the most noble and most truly Gaelic mind of his generation. And he who would emulate Pearse must drink from the same springs, for a nationalism that is divorced from the culture that gave it birth is an incomplete and barren thing—it is as though he who would be a great athlete left one limb unexercised and untrained to wither and atrophy.

PEARSE not only selected these poems from the vast materials existent, but accompanied them by English translations which capture very much of the beauty of the originals. In this book one may find two things—the beauty of true poetry and the authentic voice of Ireland ever striving to be free.

THERE was no thought of compromise or accommodation in the mind of Fearflatha O'Gnive. Hereditary Bard to O'Neill of Clana boy who wrote about 1580:—

IF thou hast consented
That there be a new England
named Ireland,
To be ever in the grip of foes,
To this isle we must say farewell!"

AND Angus MacDaghre O'Daly, writing about the same time, might have written for this generation when he said:—
"Tis better to watch on the tops of the cold ben,
Though short of sleep, yet glad some,
Urging fight against the foreign soldiery
Who hold your Fathers' land."

OR when he uttered this warning to the factionists of his day:—
"Tis no want of strength or skill in arms
That hath caused you, O Chivalry of Banba,
To be humble and obsequious
To the overweening outland hords,
Unless it be not the will of God,
O Ireland,
That ye should help one another,
The victory over you united
Shall not be to London's bold battalions."

THEN, as to-day, we but needed to be of one mind and Ireland was ours. But it was not the will of God that we should help one another. When will we learn wisdom from our history? And Geoffrey Keating, writing half a century later on the same theme, cries:—
"Tis the wrong-doing of the Irish themselves that have overthrown them with one stroke,
Quarrelling about some fleeting transient right—
And not the strength of the enemy's arms."

THE full bitterness of the dispossessioned Gael—reduced to bondage by an inferior race—finds expression in these lines written on seeing an Englishman hanging from a tree:—
"Good is thy fruit, O tree!
The luck of thy fruit on every bough;
Would that the trees of Innisfail
Were full of thy fruit every day!"

I WILL end by quoting four lines that contain in them the hope that still burns in the breasts of millions of the oppressed, not alone in Ireland, but wherever the English flag flies:—
"The world hath conquered, the wind hath scattered like dust
Alexander, Caesar, and all that shared their way,
Tara is grass, and behold how Troy lieth low,
And even the English, perchance their hour will come!"

May we, Irish men and women of to-day do our part in realising that hope.

Seán Mór.

NO REST

(From Column 2)

minded Empire? No; the will of the people has been expressed but in their country's defence, and by those who have prepared or are preparing to do so when the opportune moment arrives. The compromiser will wrong never expressed the real will of the people.

THERE is little use in honouring the undefeated dead unless we are prepared to take to heart the lessons they have taught us. We must put their teaching into practice. We do not wish to have enmity with England for ever. We are willing to forgive even if we cannot forget. But enmity between us there must be until England clears out of Ireland, bag and baggage, and renounces all claim to authority over us in any form.

SEAN MOR.

MCCRACKEN SHOWED THE WAY

For the second time Ireland, or part of it, has been commemorating the men of '98. Here is an article in modern journalistic style telling of one of the Northern '98 leaders. Every fact is historically correct—only the modern news angle is new.

Belfast, July 17, 1798.

SURROUNDED by a crowd of on-lookers and by hundreds of armed troops, Henry Joy McCracken, tall, brown-haired, 31-year-old leader of the United men, was hanged on an improvised gallows in the market square here, at five o'clock this evening.

CALM, serene and unflinching, he was about to address the murmuring crowd when his body was sent dangling into the air.

Some minutes before, he had said good-bye to his sister Mary, who accompanied him, weeping bitterly, almost to the foot of the gallows. To the end he refused to tell anything about the insurgents though the authorities had offered to spare his life if he did so. "I wonder how you can suppose me to be such a villain," he told Major Fox before mounting the gallows. Those were his last words. The market place on which the scaffold was erected had been given to the City by his grandfather.

MCCRACKEN, who had been in hiding since the battle of Antrim, was captured by a party of yeomen near Carrickfergus on the eighth of this month. Yesterday, he arrived in Belfast and, at 12 o'clock to-day, faced a court-martial in the City Exchange.

Two men gave evidence against him, one of them swearing the accused man had forced him to join the rebels at Antrim. McCracken denied he had ever seen either of the men before. Having pointed out discrepancies in the evidence, he was about to make a speech when he was hurried off to the barracks, there to await the verdict. Shortly before five o'clock he was ordered for execution.

I WAS told this evening of McCracken's part in the Rising, of his bravery and courage and of his brilliant leadership at the battle of Antrim.

Son of 77-year-old ex-sea Captain John McCracken, well-known Belfast merchant, he was apprenticed to the linen trade, as a youth. Serious minded, thoughtful, his own interests were to him always a secondary consideration. Contacts with Belfast's workers, Protestant and Catholic, made him long to improve their lot. He was one of the founder members with Wolfe Tone, now in France, and Thomas Russell of the Society of United Irishmen in October, 1791.

HIMSELF a Presbyterian, he always stoutly championed the cause of the Catholics. When numbers of them were driven from their homes through the raids and burnings of the Peep o' Day Boys he employed attorneys to investigate their cases

and take them into court. Often he provided the necessary money himself. If the magistrates were unjust to the Catholic victims he did not hesitate to denounce them. Largely because of this, he was arrested and imprisoned in Kilmainham Jail, Dublin. Though no charge was brought against him he was kept there for fourteen months.

RELEASED from prison he began to prepare harder than ever for the coming Rising. Vigorous, popular, he won people over to his cause wherever he went, particularly from amongst the ranks of the Catholic "Defenders." June 7 had been fixed as the date for the Rising in Antrim and Down, but as the day approached the other leaders resigned, leaving the burden to McCracken, who now became Adjutant General for Antrim.

ANTRIM town was to be his first objective. The magistrates were meeting Lord O'Neill, the county Governor, there on that day and he thought their capture would be a good stroke. Some of his own men, it is said, betrayed his plans, so that the authorities knew just what to expect.

ON the morning of June 7 he raised his standard—a green flag—at Roughford, a little village, five miles from Antrim. 21,000 men had been listed for the county, but only about 1,500 assembled for the attack. They had one uniform and one piece of cannon, a six pounder mounted upon a commandeered carriage. Like most of his men McCracken wore a green sash. "If we succeed to-day," he told them, "there will be sufficient praise lavished on us, if we fail we may expect proportionate blame. But whether we succeed or fail, let us try to deserve success."

FIGHTING bravely, they attacked the town in a number of quarters, beating the well armed dragoons. Inside an hour they were masters of the entire town, but just as they put the dragoons to flight, they themselves fled. McCracken, wounded in the arm did his best to rally them, but it was no use. It is now known that their flight was due to a mistake. Other United men led by Samuel Orr, who had come to their assistance, mistook the flight of the dragoons for a charge and scattered. Seeing them fly, McCracken's men fled too.

During the following days, McCracken tried to get in touch with the Wexford insurgents: contact with the South was now his only hope. He marched to Kells, but later turned back to Slernish. Meanwhile the country was being scoured for him and a reward of £400 offered for his arrest. Plans were made for his escape to America and after several days in a cottage at Cave Hill he set out for Carrickfergus to catch a waiting ship. He was on his way there when he was captured.

—Foot of Column 3

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AFTER CASTLEBAR

(THE BALLAD OF BARTHOLOMEW TEELING)

THE English General Vereker
Gazed on the human pyre,
He saw the "Bluecoats" falling
Beneath his withering fire.
He saw the French and Irish,
Like waves upon the shore
Surge forward, then retreating,
Midst gun and cannon's roar.

Then o'er his Saxon features
A smile of triumph crept
As through the frenzied rebels
Murderous, his cannons swept;
And seeing how his army
Secure, would not retreat
He proudly dubbed them victors—
He thought not of defeat.

But ere that smile of triumph
Had vanished; 'cross the plain
Between the lines a Bluecoat
Rode forth with bold disdain,
On, past the wounded comrades
And corpse of the dead
With stirrups taut and hanging
rein,
Now crouching low, now up again,
Oh, on, across the gun-swept plain
Unceasing the rider sped!

So loud the guns were booming,
So fast the muskets' fire,—
"He's doomed" the English whis-
pered,
"He cannot now retire"
But as each smoke cloud lifted
The enemy saw, dismayed,
The Bluecoat, hatless, spurring
Straight for the wooded glade.

Safe 'neath its sheltering foliage
He vanished from their sight;

The cannon on the hill above
Still roared with grim delight;
Still poured its deadly volleys
Across the plain—but look!
The hill—the gun—the Bluecoat—
A flash—the valley shook!

I shook as the muzzled cannon
Roared and the earth around
Rose like a cloud of darkness,
Poised, and crashed to the ground;
And midst that falling debris
A figure lone appeared,—
A horseman—'tis the Bluecoat!
And soon the lines he neared.

And then from out the Irish
And French a murmur rose,—
A blessing for deliverance—
But, like the gale that blows
Gentle at first, then stormy
This murmur voiced a cheer,
The cheer and then the battle cry,
It gripped the men to do or die,
To charge and make the Saxon fly—
It numbed their sense of fear.

And so the French and Irish,
Like to a tidal wave,
Swept o'er the English ramparts
Which slight resistance gave
Swept on to final victory
Spurred by brave Teeling's deed—
The brave will always conquer,
By them are nations freed!

GERARD HOLMES.

(Bartholomew Teeling, the hero of this ballad, was one of the bravest and ablest of the Irish officers who came over with Humbert to Killaia. He was hanged by the English on September 24, 1798).

AODH DE BLACAM WANTS TO WEEP

IN case you don't see the weekly English Catholic Herald (the paper that on several occasions maligned the men of Easter Week, 1916), I want to direct the attention of your readers to its issue of December 9. In that issue the Irish correspondent (who is, I am told that once fire-eating Republican, Mr. Aodh de Blacam), had a lot to say about the blowing up of the Partition symbols along the Border on November 29, and the deterrent effect it was bound to have on the holy and pious and immortal work of changing Taoiseach-Craigavon and his merry men from Colonials into Dominionists.

IT makes one want to weep," wrote this brand from the Republican burning, "when the strength of our position, a moral strength of growing power, is dashed from us by some small group. Violence cannot end Partition, since it hardens the very people whose persuasion is what we need, if they are to resume their old

place in the Irish nation."

NOW when did the author of the Foreword to Sinn Féin and Socialism discover that the Belfast mongrels as you have rightly named them, belong or have ever belonged to the Irish nation of ORR & MCCracken and HOPE and MITCHEL? When did he discover that Sandy Row and Stormont could be won over (to what?) by the cooing speeches of nice gentlemen like Aodh de Blacam or the play-acting of Organiser Eamon Donnelly?

DIDN'T Aodh de Blacam want to weep in 1922 over what he called simony and other things? Hasn't he and others like him blown hot and cold as the fortunes of the Republic rose and fell? Aren't his likes a danger to any movement? Will some kind friend present him with a Belfast linen hankie and let him go into a corner and weep in peace?

RORY.

TO-NIGHT McCracken's body was buried in the yard of St. George's Church. His sister Mary, who followed the coffin to the grave, fainted when she heard the thud of the falling clay.

PADRAIG O STONDON.

ALL the usual features will be resumed in our issue of January 7.

CASEMENT'S LAST ADVENTURE

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SEUMAS OG MAC DARRAGH

THIS tenacious and trench-

ant writer will appear in

our columns again next week

with an article entitled *The*

Crown Minister Explains.

—Inserted by George and

Mollie.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1938.

THE TASK

SOMEbody wrote in our columns this time a year ago that for lovers of Irish Independence there is no New Year; that until the task of ages is accomplished and our freedom won, the days and weeks and months go by, but we must keep our faces to the foe, moving forward a step whenever we can, falling back a step when we must, but never deserting the fight or persuading ourselves that it is over. It will never be over for self-respecting, unforgetting, unconquered Irish men and women until every sod of Irish soil and every institution of ours within and without the Heaven-set boundaries of Ireland are free from every vestige of British control or authority.

"Nothing is ever settled until it is settled right," a great man of other days is reported to have said. The words are true, wherever and by whom they were said, and for us they have been emphasised and clarified by Pearse who wrote:—

"There can be no peace between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood, between justice and oppression, between freedom and tyranny. Between them it is eternal war until wrong is righted, until the true thing is established, until justice is accomplished, until freedom is won."

For Irish Republicans these words hold as much truth and meaning to-day as they held when they were written. We are far away from the independence our martyrs and warriors died to achieve. Truth and falsehood are at war in our midst—the truth that the English Crown has no right to interfere in our affairs, the falsehood that it has. And until that war comes to a victorious end for us, we can hail no New Year with the joy of freemen; we must keep on teaching and toiling and fighting, day in, day out, from year to year, until we can raise our heads with pride among the free peoples of the world, and claim that we are as independent as God surely meant us to be when He gave us a special and distinct inheritance to hold and guard and keep for ever, as a gift from Him should be held and kept and guarded. That claim we cannot make to-day.

"UISNEACH"

OUR contributor who writes over the name of "Uisneach" will be with us again next week. The title of his article is *Power from Tripe*. It will set people thinking.

A NEW YEAR MESSAGE TO "SAOIRSE EIREANN"

IN our issue of November 19th, we published on our front page an article entitled *Enemies of Religion*, and the following week a priest gave it unstinted praise. His letter is referred to by the writer of the following message, who is a Missionary priest working in England. His New Year Message to us is as follows:—

"The thoughts expressed by the priest who wrote you on November 28, were and are exactly my own. I prayed that bishops and priests in Ireland, and from Ireland, might read, study and be enlightened, and that they being once converted (to the Separatist Idea), would confirm the brethren!

"The brethren would be the false prophets who (mis) 'lead' the poor people who have suffered in National self-respect, in the purity of our

Irish and Catholic culture, in every thing good and holy, as well as in the more material things of life.

"Congratulations on your first year's splendid work! *Saoirse Eireann* has been interesting, illuminating, instructive, strong and straightforward, clean and Catholic, without a trace of bigotry or hurtfulness. Its contents have grown up from first eternal principles, and so the great Cause which you are preaching is bound to succeed.

"I hope that your readers will be more than trebled in 1939, and that soon the whole nation will once again glory in their own Irish Republic and that we who are perforce exiles will, like our kinsmen at home, be able to raise our heads, proud of the race to which we belong.

"Beannacht Dé ar an obair!"

THE NEW YEAR

PRINCIPLE

SAY, what lesson shall it teach us,
All the anguish and the tears,
All the suffering and the sorrow
Of the past and present years?
Say, what lesson shall we learn
From the martyr's saintly pain;
From the sad brow of the exile,
From the patriot's prison chain?

We had emblems, we had symbols
Of the righteousness and truth;
We had strong Promethean fire
In the bright days of our youth.
Titan-like, we grasped the banner
Through the storms of centuries,
And we flung it in its glory
To the wild burst of the breeze.

But the weak and coward-hearted
Shiver now in drear dismay;
And they whine in accents wailing:
"All our hopes have passed away.
We are covered with the shadow.
We are stricken with the blast."
Craven hearts! the storm and shadow
Are the same as in the past.

Still the same, O clouded Ireland,
Ireland of our hopes and tears;
Still the same dark flood of sorrow
Rolling down the myriad years.
Still the same true hearts are beating
As they roll the current back;
Never swerving, never turning
From the true man's rugged track.

And we read the holy lesson:
Let the time be near or far,
Yet our country's brow of sadness
Shall be lit by sun and star;
For the red fire of the tempest
Brings us closer to the dawn;
Brings us sooner to the sunlight,
With the wind and lightning gone.
"LEO" OF '67.

WHEN a mason sets out to build—when an architect sets out to plan—when the owner sets out to imagine the new house that is to be his home, each knows, or should know, that on one thing the whole right building depends. The comfort and arrangement of the room may be perfect, the appearance of the house may be fine, the material may be of first quality, and the bricks well and truly laid: a good house.

IS IT! A little mark comes on the outer side and widens, zigzagging downwards. Inside, the new white plaster shows a crack and begins to peel. Very little at first. But presently comes the stormy night; the gable falls and the house lies in ruins. The house had every thing. Yes, everything except one thing deep down, out of sight, that was passed over by the very man who ought to have safeguarded the house.

WHY did the house fall? Because it was built on an unsafe foundation. The house in itself was nothing. It was not founded on a rock, and the foundation was the thing that really counted.

MEN'S lives, and the lives of nations, built up invisibly, form the house beautiful for all to see. But still it is the foundation that counts. Principle, the rock foundation of men and of nations. The sure foundation of life, of business of the relations of men to each other, of national work, of nation building: principle—the rock.

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Sean O'Deorain, Executive Secretary and Treasurer,
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THE "COME-ALL-YE"

IN the Ireland of sixty or seventy years ago, these songs of the people, broadsheet ballads, or "come-all-ye's," as they were popularly known, were very plentiful. They are the literature of the transition period, when the native Irish having lost their language through the Penal Laws and the terrible social conditions inflicted upon them, coupled with the gradual encroachment of English civilization, turned to the language of the foreigner in an effort to express themselves.

THEY were the beginnings of a real Irish literature in the English tongue, but they were strongly flavoured by traces of the one which had been suppressed. In an effort to approximate the English language to the sounds of the old Gaelic, they applied to it the rules of the Irish.

THE critic coming upon these ballads will doubtless find in them much that is bad and worthless, much that is but mere doggerel and unsuccessful attempts at versification; yet even in the worst of them he will come across something of real worth—some line which sparkles like a jewel, giving life to the whole. It may be some chance observation upon life full of a quaint wisdom, or some line expressive of deep emotion and sincerity. They have the air of being drawn direct from the common consciousness of simple folk. They are the products of simple minds, of minds often unable to express themselves coherently, or labouring under too great an emotion, but though often lame and halting, are wonderfully quick to stir the difficult emotions of their hearers.

PADRAIG O STONDON.

EVIL FRUIT

WHEN one looks back upon the immense enthusiasm which swept the country in favour of the Gaelic League some thirty or more years ago, one realises with a shock the collapse of Gaelic Ireland today. After that great awakening to the Gaelic tradition, there grew up a generation which expressed in the rising of 1916, the latent and abiding will to freedom which smoulders and blazes up from time to time throughout all Irish history. Hand in hand, the cause of the Gael and of freedom went forward to victory, until December, 1921. After that, the signing of the Treaty and the war upon the Republic has brought about a spirit of apathy and demoralisation in Gaelic Ireland, which is the most accurate testimony that the fruits of the "Treaty" are evil, and evil fruit comes only from an evil tree.

PROINSIAS.

THE Publisher is exceedingly grateful to those who have already responded to the call of Liam O Cadhla published in this column on Dec. 30 and Dec. 17.

LIGHT, COMFORTABLE, DURABLE
SPECTACLES
ROBERT MAJONE—KEYS, 29 WELINGTON QUAY

WHAT IS FAILURE?

THERE is a great deal of nonsense talked about failure. Failure in itself is no disgrace, though the majority of people are dull enough to fancy it so. But then the greater number of one's acquaintances are not clear-sighted, and many of them have no opinion worth calling an opinion of their own on matters that really are of importance. The world at large is just an amplification or multiplication of our own little parish. And how many of the neighbours in that parish have even the independence or the insight to form and keep an opinion of their own! Yet double them up often enough, and we get what we then call Public Opinion.

PUBLIC Opinion—taking a few thousand of your neighbours and mine—calls Failure the same thing as Disgrace. One wonders why!

FOR if there is one thing in life—whether the life of the individual or of the Nation—that is second in certainty only to death and far more recurrent, it is Failure. The child in its earliest efforts to speak and to walk fails times without number before success comes. The scholar fails in every task he attempts before he satisfies his master. The artist's early efforts, the orator's first speech, the writer's over-enthusiasm, how do they look to each one in the light of later and true achievement? And what is true of life is true of nations. Did any nation win to freedom at the first valiant fight? So it is true of inventions—Palmy, the potter; Humphry Davy of the safety-lamp—how many times did failure meet them before success came? It is true of nation-builders, of conquerors, of discoverers, of scientists. It is true above all of the human soul.

FAILURE is a circumstance—not an end. There is nothing that can come near it in value for testing a man or a woman's mettle. Let us be beaten to our knees—there is no disgrace there. The disgrace lies in not getting up again and fighting on. Has a man courage for one fight only? Then let him never attempt to live. Who amongst us goes through life without failures and reverses? Which of us is intended for unalloyed success? Would it make better men or women of any of us?

THE life of a man, the lives of men, are but a long history of failure. If God set out to damn men and women for failure, St. Peter's occupation would be gone, and Hell, like Japan and Germany and Italy, would suffer from need of expansion. Heaven would be, indeed, a desert place.

WHAT is Failure and what Success? The man who stays at home will not, of course, lose his way of a dark night on a dangerous road. The dog that skulks without defending his master's property will never be killed by burglars. The bird that never soars will not be beaten to earth by the storm. The nation, content to lie in slav-

ery, has no cause to fear the conqueror's fury.

BUT are these, when all is said and done, to be counted amongst the successful? What respect have we for them? And why? Just for this, that whilst they have succeeded along what we may call the material plane, their lives have been a gross failure on the moral plane. And at the further end of everything, it is exactly on the moral plane that we shall be judged. We are not going to be asked what we have done—but with what motive and in what manner we have done it. Not how many times we have succeeded, but whether we met our reverses like men and learned their lessons.

REPUBLICANS used to be fairly good at that class of judgment, too, once, and by it came a little nearer to God. For what did we once mean by failure? Not being worsted, but leaving the straight road; not being made prisoner, but the betraying of cowards under adversity; not the loss of friends, but the accepting of benefits from the enemy; not wounds and death and loss of all worldly goods, but incapacity to hold out to the end.

And now?

THERE are two words in the mouth of our people and of our Republicans—Policy and Compromise. You hear them wherever people come together—at the fair, at the fire-side, in trains, after Mass. "We have failed"—that is the cry and policy and compromise, the consequence of that miserable thing, Failure.

BECAUSE we are "too proud" to arise from that failure, we must descend to those two depths. Too proud! No, but too wanting in the greater qualities of the soul and of the heart; too wanting in courage and in faith and in vision. So we search out after Policy—the hiding of Truth for the sake of gain. Because Truth is to most people alike a terrible and an indecent thing, requiring a covering of skin aprons at the least. And we search out, too, after Compromise—the bartering of Truth for some fancied gain or other.

MY blue-terrier being attacked by your bulldog—do you honestly expect me to beat my dog because it is your obvious duty to beat yours? Have sense, man!

FOR strong men, Failure does not count. And neither policy nor compromise are meant for strong

men—leave them to weaklings. Right, we know well, is Right, and Wrong is Wrong; we can only obscure them by bringing in side-issues.

ONE of Henry Ford's (of motor fame) principles is thus defined: "Failure is only the opportunity more intently to begin again. There is no disgrace in honest failure: there is disgrace in fearing to fail. What is past is useful only as it suggests ways and means to progress."

So says the successful business man.

BUT we can go to a higher tribunal; take the world's history. Was ever a greater failure in His day and generation than that Man of the common people, a "carpenter's Son," who, at the almost unanimous demand of His own people was adjudged by an alien conqueror to die a shameful death, reserved for criminals, in company with two convicted thieves. There was Failure, indeed—failure of the individual Man, failure of the Cause for which He stood. Yet we Republicans are afraid to fail, ashamed of having failed.


And we forget that success can only be won through failure.

SODRAIC NI DRUAOIR.

"DEIRIS 'SA TSUIC"

Maoin Domnais ra mbuaoim 1920 d'áinig rása ar na vobéonais go dtí péipeál. Stiúde gCua an fáin a bí an céadú díppeann ar rúbal. Searnfeadair cimceall an poitig agur nuair bí an pobal ag ceacté amac cuairneadair gac tinné. Táinig cléipeac an tréipéit amac agur mála an c-rafaire; n-a léim áige. Rug ceann na vobéonais ar an mála agur baín ré ar lámh an cléipeig é. D'orcan ré amarran é, agur éad a raib ann, éire, teabaire ghl, amac ar an ntealab. Bí an rásaie ag ceacté in tinné an cléipeig. Nuair domnac ré ead a bí teabaire ag an vobéonáie bí pé ar buite. "Gos ruar na rúbal raí go léin agur cuip ircead ra mála apir iad" ar ríreann "nó ir tinné ir meara." Deim an vobéonáie rúit apir agur nuair bí pé imtáige vobéaire an rásaie go feargac leir an gcléipeac—"m'peac náir máit tinné é no ntealab, teagfann vob'n talah gac mac málap acu." "Thuire, ná bac teó, ádair," apir an cléipeac: "Deirir ra c-rafaie opann."

Donnall Ó Caola.



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"ROSA"

CLÍONA DO SCRÍOB

III

Ní raib aet reade mblian beas
u'aise nuair a éaladar cráct ar
uicéir aip. Ir amháil a bí ré as
pocairt damhntis pa Sgiobaipin
bluan an Sábair. Cé ná raib ue
mhuasail as an mbainntis aet mac
a bí na baol fuair pi bap leir an
ocpar. Má ba baol féin é cuig ré
sup cómaip corp a mácar a cup.
Dia tuip rin féin 7 an anacaim, cup-
eas na milte an uair rin san com-
paimn piú amhain. Connac Diarmuid
an baol boet a cup a mácar; deim
ré cuip rin 7 cuip ré an corp mar
ba baol. Aet níor féaró ré an
pácar uacábar a deapmar ap
féaró a faogail. Deapcuig ré an lá
ran go nuéanpáir ré a deapús
óicéall fearca cun raipre na h-éir-
eann baime amac. Sgiob ré ceann
uoir na vánta abfeair uáir cum ré
i mbeapla a cup ríor ap an ócáir
úo "Jillan Andy" a ainn.

Deim ré cornú ap an beas obair
pa bliain 1856, pa Sgiobaipin mar
pa baol cómhúirde aip an uair úo. Támis
ré féin 7 rluas u'óisfeapáir an
baile go raib na cuppóir céana
acu le céite 7 cúpeasóir Cumann ap
bun. An "Phoenix Society" 7
gnáac a baipair aip. Deim an cum-
ann ré cómh-éangail leir na Fialní
pa bliain 1858 7 d'iaó Dómmail. Ós
Máic Captais 7 Rora an céar beap
a glac móo na bfiníní. Tamall na
biaró rin gabáir é féin 7 a compá-
uicte 7 seapáir leat bliain ppiorúin
oeta. Nuair a fill ré abate fuair
ré amac go raib an cléir 7 na
baime capéir iompáil na cómhúir
7 go raib uipre ap an gnó beapús
bí cupra ap bun aise 7 bí aip an
baile u'fáigaint 7 baillú leir go
h-áimeipre.

Támis ré cap naip pa bliain 1863
mar damhntis ap páipéir na
bfiníní, *The Irish People*. Gabáir
aip 7 cuagóir cómhain an bheirín
Keogh é. Deim ré é féin uo córaic
7 a deannan ran uo uo léis ré fáil
aon níor níor meara 7 níor reap-
baraige ná a ceite a rgnóó Láo-
saige, Ó Luabáir 7 ucaob an Keogh
céana. Nuair a h-iaipáir aip a
paib aon níor le fáil aise cun a
córaic na pa noapáil é ré uóbaip
ré ná:—

"With the fact that the Govern-
ment seized papers connected with
my defence—with the fact that they
packed the jury—with the fact that
the Government stated they would
convict—with the fact that they sent
Keogh, a second Norbury, to try me
—with these facts before me it would
be useless to say anything."

Nuair a bí Keogh a baopaó ap
reirann "Cá an ppiorúin raipáir
uipre cuip ré féin Fáil ó 1859."
"Díor im' Saebéal ó'n lá puasó
mé" apna Rora. D'píne an uair a
baopaó cun ppiorúin é sup cúpeasóir
an oíoc—éipic go léir ap a luabáir
céana.

Deim Diarmuid ana cúro filí-
eacá. D'féirpí ná raib áro lipríocet
na cúro rgnóóin aet aon níor a
rgnóó ré ir óna éipríde amac
cáinis ré. Ap na ppiorúin uáin a
cúim ré bí "Jillan Andy" 7 caome ap báp
éamonn úi uóbaig. Níor eapail
leir na rmaoince 7 na tuairmí a bí

aip ap Sapanais a noetaru pa uáin
úo. Ir leóp aon beapra amáin cun
reo a baipéant:—

"For these are Christian Pharisees,
the hypocrites of creeds,
With the Bible on their lips and
the devil in their deeds."

Too merciful in public gaze to take
our lives away;

Too anxious here to plant in us
the seeds of life's decay."

Deim ré plán aipcuáin leir ó
Saebólunn go Deapla 7 ó Deapla go
Saebólunn. Deim ré aipcuáir ap
Páim of Life le Longfellow aet ní
paib ré pó maip mar bí ré raipáir
aipir uéanap ap ríil liceapóis an
Deapla. Ní raib an meapáct
Saolac inr na beapáil. Ní raipáir
páirta luomta caite isceapre ap
nór na uáin Saebóige. Seo cúro
ue:—

Ní pa rruaipcear ná pa uaiapcear
Luigean ap ríise ue péir uóise
úe;

Aet le gnóim beir a uéanap
maipair'

Níor féapir gac lá ná an lá
poim ré

Nú

Cuipéann beata Laocha in uúil
uúinn

Ir féirpí linn rin féin u'uar
lúgáir

San imteacé uúinn páigaimp-re
Rian ap gcor ap epáis na uúil."

Do cuip ré an aipcuáir go go
uoi Longfellow 7 aipcuáir uipéac
go Deapla ap a rgnóó ré féin na
ceannata 7 fuair ré leirp uirdeapir
uáir.

"Please accept my thanks for your
kindness in sending me your trans-
lation of my Psalm of Life. I can-
not read it but I see from the literal
translation into English how faith-
ful it is."

San aipcuáir aóim ré ap *Freedom's*
War le Mangán fuair ré reapir maip
an beapús-áin a bí aise ap Sallab
a noetaru, go móip móip ran cupáil:—

"Le pára acá agaim in iomaio
Sáirú

Anoir epiallamip geara ue gear
puac."

Ói ceangla luomta Saebólunn as
Rora 7 ba móip aise an ceangla rin.
Ói amáin Saebólunn aise 7 ba
uinn leir iao. Ói rgnóóin 7
n-Saebólunn aise 7 ir rruas ná ríil
páigail oeta anoir pé puo u'imeis
oeta. Ói ríap a cine ap eólar aise
7 baip ré féirpí ap ap gac ócáir a
fuair ré. Ói an flit-éipríde Saebó-
lac aise pé mar bí as dóo Ruao
ó Dómmail 7 as reana Saebóir eile
náp fear a nglúna puair uo Sallab.

Cá an puo uóbaip an Diapáac
óí cionn a uaca cómh ppior móir 7 bí
an cráp úo aet sup féirpí Laocha
Saebéal a fuair báir ó fom a leir
uo cúp ran áipéam.

"They think that they have fore-
seen everything, they think that they
have provided against everything;
but the fools, the fools, the fools!
they have left us our Fenian dead;
and while Ireland holds these graves
Ireland unfree shall never be at
peace."

(Cpíoc).

CADIBOIL IX

SPÓRT SA CACAIR

Concúipir na uéirí reo bí Nópa ap
aip aipir i mbeale áca Cluac. Bí a
cúro leateannata raipre na Noelais
éapre. Capáir cúro ue na caillí
céana leir i halla na h-íolríocite
a bí léite poim an Noelais. D'é
an ócáir áúbar reandúir áca é ná
an oíocóis a bí ap an típ i n-gac
aon áipre. Bí gac caillín as cup ríor
ap eacépa éigin a cáipús le linn a
raipre pa mbeale áipre a uóamís
ríar cpíro ó reap ríar le céile as
uoi áabale. Bí an reéal uóbaic
céana é i n-gac baill. Ceap Nópa
supab é a h-aic féin an áit ba
reapre, aet nuair a éuala pí i ucaob
na uóablaíreacá inr na h-áicéacáir
eile ná cuait cuig pí náip' ion-
geapáca uí féin a uóamís pí féin
áipre munnipir a baile cpíro ue'n
anpó. Nuair a capáir cúro ue na
buacáillí uipéi bí an reéal mar ap
gceáona. Aet ní h-ionann imipre
na mbuacáill áipre imipre na gcaillín
ap a léirú puo. Bí cúro ue na
buacáillí áipre baime móip áca leir an
obair na mbeale féin áipre ir oípa-
ran b'éapreupme goill ppioc-obair
na raigúóir uirde.

Ói ppior móip as cúro ue na
buacáillí u'péir a réil féin. Ní
paib ann aet caiteam áipre uóbaic,
áipre mapá mbeal an caiteam áim-
píre rin áca, beap oeta san aon
caiteam áipre beir áca cóp ap bí,
óip ba concaipreacé beir ap nór-
cuma-liom ran am rin. Díor uóac-
áipap as an am Sallab ap uime
ap bí a bí ap nór-cuma-liom. Caic-
péir uime beir ap caob amáin ap
reap áipre san aon leiginc aip sup
féap ap an clárúe é. Ní paib aon
féap ap clárúe ann, ná ní paib
clárúe ap bí go uicríap le reap
reapam aip. Nuair a díocap baile
ue na raigúóir uirde rin áipre a
gcomápaíre, na uó-éipríde, leobá
eacéacé reap a páo sup
uime é a bí uóir uo ríis Sapaná é
nó a mbeale.

An céar uair bí reandúir as Nópa
le Drián u'innir pí uó pí fáil ap
éur amac na a baile féin. Cúip
pí ceipre aip eapóir mar bí na baile-
rean. Bí gac puo cuim go leóp na
baile aise Drián. Níor cáipús aet
cupla eacépa sup b'píu cráp oeta.
Ba móip an ríor a bí aise féin áipre
na buacáillí a bí leir—na h-ólaig
—áipre b'é an Noelais a b'éapir
ríor áipre beapóir bí aise le pára
í.

Aet níor b'pára sup maolúeacé
ap an áúbar caimce rin, gró ná
maolúeacé ap an oíoc-obair ap puo
na cine ná pa cáipéir féin. Bí áipre
móip ap Nópa beir ap aip ra cáipéir
fáir 7 bí Drián ann. Áipre níor
luabóir áipre Drián féin, gró sup
fupur feicéad nac í Nópa amáin ba
bun le n-a cúro rmaoince áipre
uairp.

Crápóna amáin pá'n féin Driáue
úis áine ní Longáin cúpeasóir uo
cupla caillín áipre buacáill cun a
cois as Cpóir an áipaláig cun eae.
Bí oécap ann ap fan caob
amuis ue munnipir Longáin féin,
áipre ap móir bí Drián Máis uóir
áipre Nópa ap an oécap rin. Níor
é an céar crápóna áca é amáin
áipre bíor áipre ap mácar áine
poim cúreacá beir áicé féin 7 a
cpíur cloimne ó am go h-am—go
h-áipre nuair ba cúreacá beir
éiprídeacé. Bí Drián ó Múy.
éite ap loe SCapáin ann áipre cú-
peasóir ap concaipir ap dean a' coise
7 gcomáirte le n-a gac beapús uim as
gabáir amáin. Áipre bí Máire ní
uóbaig ann—caillín a mbeapáir an
fupreos anuair ap na rgnóóir le tuar
áipre áicrídeacé éipre na meap ap
an ppiorúin. Nuair a bíor pí féin
áipre Míceal. Ó uóbaicé as poim
ap an uó gíleap ceoil—an ppior
áipre an fíreacé—bíor corp na map
ann—rin nó bíor gac éinne as
pbeapóis ríimce ap puo an
creompa.

Deapóir Drián uair áicrídeacé a
cúpeasóir cuma eile ap an uóbaic.
San ppior a bí aise ba ue'n émeal
ré é a cúpeasóir ní-lis 7 gcomáirte
gac éinne. "Fíir an laipáir"—nó
"Éamonn a' Cnuic"—nó "Seán lá
uóirp"—nó "An Pheacáin uóir."
Áipre céipéir na ppior-rean áipre é
"Sá áipir sup móirp ré féin gac
ap cáipús. Saolpéir as go paib ré
féin as áipre ap na Saebóir áipre
iao as cup an beapús-puacáir ap na
"raigúóir uéapra" as Caipéan a'
Dapáir an lá uó. Ní go paib gíem
áipre ap reopáil an ppeacáin uóir
áipre é "Sá cáicé na éipóir. Áipre ap
féaró an ama go mbíor an áicríde-
péacé ap puab aise bíor reopir
mupáimip ap an cúreacá. Luigéac
a uóbaicé cómh móip rin oeta go léir
go mbíor eapla oeta go mbíreap
uóbaicé a éipríde ap reuain a m-
cinnce áipre go gcaillpéar ré rmaic
aip féin. Áp uóis, b'éapir leobá
aip beir as éipreacé leir. Sam-
luigéac uóbaic go mbíreap Drián
a lán u'a b'píir ap féin inr an áicrí-
deacé. Áipre ní túirge bíor rin
éapre áipre ná u'áipáirp ap Díor
úoim ceol gíim nó réac amareac
a baipre.

(Ní Cpíoc).

AIMSIR CAITE

Féirpéir a bí i n-a cómhúir
7 gcaóin tamall maip ue uóbaicé
uóir ap aipre bíor an' rgnóóir
cun oípa aip. Díor ré i n-a ppior
poim éirge gíime gac maeann,
áipre cé go paib cupla míle le
ríabáil as an reap oípa a bí aise
bíor ré as an típ ra a n-éipríde
ré féin. Maeann amáin, pé puo a
móir áipre, bí an reap beapóir
leat-uair níor uéanap ná mar ba
gnáac leir, áipre bí an féirpéir na
maic poime. "Maueann beapús" ap-
ra an reap. "Ba eao" apna an
féirpéir.

D. Ó Caóla.

Laetapir na mbó gcaipáirdeac

baime Saor ó Eicinn

D. Ó Ríoróáin, an Clóicéac, Co. áca Cluac

Go mbeirpíro beo ap an am pó
aipí.

MEMORIES OF MELLOWS

POOR PARNELL!

(*Prionius O hEidhin, who with Aibhe O Muineachain accompanied Liam O Maoil Iosa in his wanderings and adventures after Easter Week, tells this splendid, simple story*)

MY first acquaintance with Liam was in the Winter of 1915, when he was sent down from headquarters to organise and train the Volunteers in Galway. I thought when I first met him that he was only a delicate little chap who was very enthusiastic about the movement, and who might be able to give a very fine lecture on patriotism or even on how to fight, but no more. I very soon found out my mistake.

HE addressed our company the first night he came down, and told us he was sent down for a week, and that we were to prepare for a very hard week's work. We felt half inclined to smile at the little chap from Dublin talking to us about hard work, but that was the only occasion we felt that way inclined. Next night we were brought out with some more companies for a route march. I will never forget it; we were out about an hour when it started to pour rain. Of course we thought we were being allowed to seek shelter somewhere. No such thing—we were given to understand that we were not "sunshine soldiers", and we got the order to double. Our Commandant and Liam and myself were at the head. The Commandant was rather stout, and we thought that about 300 yards would be a good long double. I thought I was fairly long-winded. I don't know how long we were doubling, but we were nearly all doubled up by the time we got the order to "quick march". I pitied the poor Commandant; he was blowing like a steam engine. I was nearly as bad, but there was Liam as cool as a cucumber, trotting along, and the rain coming down in bucketfuls. After what we thought an eternity, Liam told the Commandant to give the order "quick march." If he was to save Ireland he could not do it. The order was conveyed to me. I managed to blurt it out somehow, and when we looked back we had about half our company! We had to wait for them on the road, and some of them didn't turn up at all: it was only then that we had an idea of what Liam meant by a hard week's work.

NEXT day I was lying up for repairs. By the time that week was up we all had an idea that soldiering was not all sunshine, and I do believe that if it was any other one who brought us through it but Liam, half of the boys would have been fed up. When Liam applied for another week with us we were all delighted, because by the time he had spent a week with us even the children on the streets loved him! When the second week was up he told them at headquarters that he was going to stay with us altogether, and I feel safe in saying that but for Liam the name of Galway would never be mentioned in connection with the Rising of 1916.

THEN the work started in real earnest. A branch of Cumann na mBan was started, and he taught them first aid. He taught the Boy Scouts

and the Volunteers signalling, scouting and everything in connection with soldiering. He was almost every day on his bicycle, organising some company of Volunteers. He was often away for two or three days, and on nights he would be late in coming home he came to my house, although he was boarding in another house in town. We happened to have a spare room, and we called it "Liam's Room", because no one used to sleep there but Liam. Sometimes a comrade came along with him. We never knew what time we might expect him, one, two or three o'clock, any time from 12 midnight to 8 a.m. he would ramble in, and he used to love to flash his lamp in my face and eyes, swelled with sleep, when I used to get up to let him in. I certainly do not believe that there is another in Ireland for whom we would have got up at all hours and would be so particular as we were about Liam. My wife and I often had little chats about him, and we would ask each other how it was that instead of being annoyed at being put about in this way, getting up at all hours of the night at a moment's notice and airing bed clothes and all that, that it gave us so much pleasure. The only explanation we could give of the mystery was that the fact that he made so free with us was a proof that he thought a good deal about us, and who is there having known Liam who would not feel proud to have Liam think a good deal about him?

I REMEMBER one night himself and a comrade came and knocked about two a.m. They had no light on their bicycles, and I was so stupid from sleep that I didn't know where to look for a light. I opened the door, and Liam's comrade came in first. We couldn't see one another, it was so dark. Liam went to shove his bicycle and where did he shove it but between his comrade's bike and the wall, where he had left it in the dark. He kept pushing. I was moping about in the dark, had only my shirt on, when I heard a report and felt a sting in my foot. I cannot say whether it was a prayer or a swear I said, but I jumped about three feet in the air. Then someone managed to get a light, and we found it was the bike that fell on my foot. But Liam was missing. We went to look for him with the candle, and found him, lying on the floor, in a helpless fit of laughter. I wanted to show him how serious the matter was. I showed him my toe, which was split from the bike falling on it, and poor Liam made a very vain attempt to apologise but failed completely, fell on the floor again and laughed. My wife shouted out from the bed, "What did ye do to my husband?" but instead of this having a sobering effect on Liam, it made him laugh all the more.

(To be Continued)

(AT Christmas, 1937, we told of Liam Mellows' first work as a boy organising the boys of Fianna Bircann. Now we tell of his later work, of his part in 1916, of his exile in America and of his later days in Ireland.)

"I shall not attempt to give an estimate of Parnell's character, I prefer to let the only Englishman who was worthy of his steel bear witness to his greatness."

THUS the late Barry O'Brien in his *Life of Charles Stewart Parnell*. The "only Englishman" was William Ewart Gladstone. I think I will be able to show that Barry O'Brien was unaware of the truth of Parnell's downfall, and that he failed to discover the secret of Parnell's great influence over the Irish people.

Before doing so, however, I must mention that there is as wide a field as ever for literature regarding the "Chief." Only a few weeks ago an English writer published a rather exhaustive account of him. And Captain Henry Harrison who has kept his hand in in Irish affairs, having been at one time Parnell's private secretary, and in 1922-3 a director of the C.D.F., lately wrote a *Vindication of Parnell*. The press reviewers avidly seize on any publication in which the Irish political leader is mentioned. Most of the Parnell biography hitherto marketed is a mixture of fact and fable. Let us examine a few points.

AT THE British General Election of 1880, the English Liberals secured 349 seats, the Tories, 243. Gladstone became Prime Minister. The first official files which the head of a Government reads are those relating to members of the Parliament of which he is Premier. These are always marked "Secret and Confidential." It is certain that Gladstone read this:—
"Last week I saw Parnell enter the White House, Washington, leaning on the arm of the man who blew up Clerkenwell."

This was supplied shortly before the Liberals took office by a woman who was sent officially to America to report on Parnell's movements there.

GLADSTONE was amongst the first to become aware of the position between Parnell and the wife of Captain O'Shea. He used this lady, as she testifies, "as a sure and safe channel of communication with him" (Parnell). Two years later he sent a Catholic Whig, Mr. George Errington, to Rome, on a secret mission. The true purpose of that mission was to vilify Parnell's character, and in this way undermine the movement led by Parnell. Eight years later still this "only Englishman who was worthy of his steel" penned the famous letter that brought about the Parnell Split.

Here it is:—
"I think I may be warranted in asking you so far to expand the conclusion I have given above as to add that the continuance I speak of would not only place many heavy and effective friends of the Irish cause in a position of great embarrassment, but would render my retention of the leadership of the Liberal party, based as it has been mainly upon the presentation of the Irish cause, almost a nullity."

NOW note this well. Gladstone addressed the letter to "Mr. Morley" on November 24, 1890. He

contrived to have it handed to the Chief Liberal Whip, whose name was Andrew Morley. This man dictated its contents to William Pitt, a member of the Press Association. The G. O. M., who continued to impose on the credulity of the "goms" in Ireland, afterwards explained that his letter was intended for Mr. John Morley, and deprecated its publication.

SECRET OF PARNELL'S POWER

WHAT is the secret of Parnell's great personality? In the political party which he led there were curs who yapped at him in private, but who were afraid to bark at him in public—not until Gladstone gave them their opportunity. The Chief did not bully them. He did not awe them by sheer weight of intellect. Nor did he keep them healed up by cunning. The truth is he did not care a pin for politics. He was a revolutionist. His ostensible political action was a preparation for physical force. This the leading Fenians of the day secretly knew, and hence they, or at least some of them endorsed the "new departure." When Forster's agents associated Parnell's "distance judging," "toy soldiering," his interest in Holt's military career with a "strong Fenian bent" they were not wide of the mark.

PARNELL did not possess that consciousness of personal power which leadership brings to smaller men. His great love for Ireland sprang from his greater hatred of English rule. To him Evil and England were one and the same. In his secret heart he despised lip-patriotism and placuchunting. The sincerity of Parnell's patriotism was the secret of his power.

THE O'SHEA AFFAIR.

WHEN Parnell was 21 years old, the woman who later spellbound him, married Cornet O'Shea of the 18th Hussars. She was the thirteenth child of Sir John Page Wood, and Emma Mitchell. The home of the Wood family at Ravinhall was frequented by poets, painters, and politicians. Amongst the latter was Gladstone's "brilliant young man," Mr. John Morley.

O'SHEA was always short of money. After leaving the British Army, he tried his luck at horse racing, and failed. His betting losses drove him into bankruptcy. Finally, he turned his attention to that refuge of the needy—politics. And above all people on earth who should succumb to his political seductions but the unweary electors of gallant Clare.

O'SHEA lived in a London flat. Strange to say, notwithstanding O'Shea's poverty, and his marital estrangement, his wife acted as hostess for sumptuous parties given by him at Thomas's Hotel, Berkeley Square. Amongst those who constantly attended these parties were the O'Gorman Mahon, Justin McCarthy, Dick Power, Col. Nolan (all M.P.s) and the unctuous Labouchere who edited "Truth" in the

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POOR PARNELL!

(From Page 7)

interest of hypocrisy.

PARNELL received several invitations. All he declined. Then someone "defied" Mrs. O'Shea to fill the "vacant chair" reserved for him, whereupon she vowed: —
"The Uncrowned King of Ireland shall sit in that chair at the next dinner I give."

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was wont to refer to Parnell as the "Uncrowned King of Ireland." Illuminating repetition.

MRS. O'SHEA, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Steele, drove one day to the British House of Commons. She sent in a card asking Parnell to come out to speak to her in Palace Yard. He responded. She writes of that first meeting as follows:—

"In leaning forward in the cab to say Goodbye a rose I was wearing in my bodice fell on to my skirt. He picked it up, and touching it lightly with his lips, placed it in his buttonhole.

This rose I found long years afterwards done up in an envelope, with my name and the date, among his most private papers, and when he died I laid it upon his head."

A ROSE done up in an envelope! Piffle! But what an exquisite picture of a gay, giddy cavalier! What a splendid setting for an idyll! Palace Yard. Broad daylight. A rose in a bodice. Curious that Mrs. O'Shea did not attempt to square the entrancingness of this first meeting with the terms of the first letter received by her from Parnell.

"I am going over to Paris on Monday evening or Tuesday morning," he wrote, "to attend my sister's wedding, and on my return will write you again.

Yours very truly,
Chas. S. Parnell.

THE truth is, Parnell's intimacy with Mrs. O'Shea arose from

the sympathy of rather constant companionship. This he courted in order to make use of her in his moves against the British Government. In this connection Mrs. O'Shea's own statement is illuminating. "My lover," she wrote, "was the leader of a nation in revolt, and, as I could, I helped him as "King's Messenger," to the Government in Office."

Poor Parnell! Poor Ireland!

DALCASSIAN

THE COMING YEAR

OUR propaganda in the coming year must specially be directed towards the elimination from the minds of the people of Ireland of false and slavish ideas. Ireland is a separate nation, with the God-given right to be independent of all other countries. Even minorities have the right to fight for freedom; and any Parliament in Ireland, elected by the people of Ireland, cannot, and must not be sacred from attack if it acknowledges a foreign king as King of Ireland. Ireland is held in slavery by the triumph of *Might over Right* alone, and is not yet free to work out her own destiny. The people of Ireland have never willingly acquiesced in their country's thralldom. The intelligent minority in every generation have striven by force of arms to right the wrongs of their country; but the cunning and might of the accursed British Empire were always allied against them.

"ENGLAND'S difficulty, Ireland's opportunity" has ever been the slogan of brave Irishmen. England's difficulty is once again on the horizon. The countries of Europe, it seems, are about to be plunged into another World War, and the plain people of these countries will be compelled by bribes or force to be cannon fodder in the interest of the Capitalists. Will Ireland be ready to seize her opportunity?

Pearse has said: "Ireland unfree can never be at peace." While it is held in slavery, we Republicans must see to it that the country will not have peace. Give us freedom, and then, and only then, will we have peace.

Saoirse.

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THE time for idle talk has passed; let us be up and doing.