



THE COLLECTED
WRITINGS AND
SPEECHES OF
ARTHUR GRIFFITH

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PUBLISHER'S FOREWORD

Arthur Griffith is one of the most recognisable names of the Irish revolutionary period, his influence lingers on in the organisations and parties that he founded and in the political principles he asserted. A highly intelligent and heterodox political theorist, Griffith was a prolific journalist whose career spanned over three decades.

Griffith saw his role in the nationalist movement as primarily that of a thinker rather than a political leader, yet nonetheless in November 1905, he would form Sinn Féin, arguably the most influential political party in Irish history.

Griffith preferred neither parliamentarianism or physical force, rejecting the former outright and seeing the latter as impractical when he felt that efforts at that stage were to be focused on building up cultural and political institutions and promoting advanced nationalism. He sought however in his political theorising to reconcile both constitutionalist and revolutionary tendencies.

In his most famous and seminal work, *The Resurrection of Hungary*, Griffith proposes what would be known as the Sinn Féin policy, the effective restoration of the 1782 Constitution achieved by Henry Grattan in a dual monarchy system akin to the methods and practice of the Austro-Hungarian Compromise of 1867.

His dual monarchy policy provoked much debate within the nationalist movement, with some receptive to such a strategy whereas others continued to favour traditional republicanism. However, the policy of abstentionism from the British Parliament remained and continues to remain a cornerstone of Sinn Féin doctrine, even after the dual monarchy proposal had

been scrapped in favour of traditional Irish republicanism by 1917.

Griffith was also a proponent of the national system of political economy first formulated by the German economist Friedrich List, which rejected the Free Trade seen as being a means for continued English global financial dominance in favour of a nationally minded protectionism embraced by the Continent.

He eschewed cosmopolitanism, internationalism and socialism and rejected the doctrine of class warfare, he was also however an anti-imperialist who sympathised with other nations under British colonial rule, namely the Boers and Indians.

Griffith was a dominating figure in one of the most defining epochs of Irish history and was revered by both friend and foe. Michael Collins wrote of him as being a “mighty figure in Ireland”, and Pádraig Pearse who seemed to personally dislike Griffith as an allegedly obstinate figure, still managed to say of him that he had “virtues that no other Irishman has.”

AN CHARTLANN.

FOUNDING OF THE UNITED IRISHMAN

From The United Irishman, March 4, 1899.

The appearance of a new journal is an event of such frequent occurrence in Ireland that it has come to be treated with indifference. During the past few years many papers sprang into existence – wherein, indeed, lay their sole resemblance to the offspring of Jupiter – and, having no *raison d'être*, died as quickly and decently as possible. Our fate may not be unlike; but if the cheers which resounded recently through the land for the men and methods of '98 were born of honest throats, our future should be secure.

There exists, has existed for centuries, and will continue to exist in Ireland, a conviction hostile to the subjection, or dependence, of the fortunes of this country to the necessities of any other; we intend to voice that conviction. We bear no ill-will to any section of the Irish political body, whether its flag be green or orange, which holds that torturous paths are the safest for Irishmen to tread; but, knowing we are governed by a nation, which religiously adheres to:

“The good old rule – the simple plan –
That those may take who have the power and those may keep who can,”

We, with all respect for our friends who love the devious ways – are convinced that an occasional exhibition of the naked truth will not shock the modesty of Irishmen and that a return to the straight road will not lead us to political destruction. We intend to decry the work of no Irish party nor to belittle the character or asperse the motives of any Irish publicist who may differ from us; but we feel certain that if the eyes of the Irish Nation are continually focused on England, they will inevitably acquire a

squint; for, in our own experience, we have known some good Irishmen who by too constant gazing on the Union Jack, acquired a degree of colour-blindness which caused them to perceive in it an emerald-green tinge. To be perfectly plain, we believe that when Swift wrote to the whole people of Ireland 170 years ago, that by the law of God, of nature, and of nations they had a right to be as free a people as the people of England, he wrote common sense; notwithstanding that in these latter days we have been diligently taught that by the law of God, of nature, and of nations we are rightfully entitled to the establishment in Dublin of a legislative assembly, with an expunging angel watching over its actions from the Viceregal Lodge. We do not deprecate the institution of any such body, but we do assert that the whole duty of an Irishman is not comprised in utilising all the forces of his nature to procure its inception.

While we shall, as we have said, assume no attitude of hostility to any party in Ireland working for what it holds to be the interest of our country - while we shall never stoop to the stupid vulgarity of assailing the personality of any who may differ from us - one thing we shall do - or strive to do; there is a vile, skulking, servile spirit abroad - a lying, dastardly spirit - sometimes disguising itself as a patriotic spirit. When England shrieks out against another nation, it urges us to join in the cry - to turn up our eyes at the corruption of Republics, the tyranny of Czars, and the eccentricities of Emperors; it prates about British greatness and British magnanimity, and foretells us devoted Britishers when we have got our "rights"; it derides nobility allied with failure and, when a voice is raised on behalf of the cause for which men died, it sniggles of "Cabbage-gardens" and "Battles of Tallaght." We shall strive to exorcise that spirit and to make its harbourers loathsome as leprosy in the sight of the people.

With the present-day Irish movements outside politics we are in more or less sympathy. The Financial Reformers, who with child-like faith think their magnetic eloquence will draw

our vanished millions from the pocket of John Bull, are incidentally doing good in promoting an union of Irishmen in opposition to their one enemy; the resuscitation of our National Language is a work in which every one of us should help; at the same time we would regret any insistence on a knowledge of Gaelic as the test of patriotism. It is scarcely necessary to say we are in full sympathy with the objects of the Amnesty Association; but we shall not at any time support an appeal to any such myths as English Justice or English Mercy.

We trust we have made ourselves perfectly plain. We have not endeavoured to do aught else. Lest there might be a doubt in any mind, we will say that we accept the Nationalism of '98, '48 and '67 as the true Nationalism and Grattan's cry, "Live Ireland - Perish the Empire!" as the watchword of patriotism.

With these words, we commend the UNITED IRISHMAN to your support, but to secure it we shall not abate a jot of our principles. We ask for it the support of all our countrymen, but we do not seek it on any false pretence, trusting to prove equal to either fortune.

A NATIONAL ORGANISATION

From *The United Irishman*, April 29, 1899.

For years past we have sacrificed our liberty of thought, speech, and action on the altar of an idol yclept Political Expediency – a fouler demon than Saturn of the Carthaginians. And this we have done, most of us, thinking it patriotic, some of us doubtful, and a few of us knowing it to be wrong, but unable to revolt or fearful of being stoned as blasphemers if we did. The worship of this infernal deity has wrought woe in the land and degradation in the National character. All through the century the work of the Irish patriots has been consistently undone by the Irish politicians. Tone pointed out as the goal of National effort an independent Ireland, O'Connell plucked from the people's heart Tone's ideal, and cleared the way for England to compass her famine-slaughter of the Irish.

The Revolutionist taught his countrymen to be men, the Agitator taught them to be dastards. Young Ireland could not save them from the consequences, and Fenianism, taking up Young Ireland's interrupted work, had to struggle against the effect of a half-century of false teaching on the mind of the nation in addition to struggling against the might of Britain. Because Fenianism failed in the first attempt to achieve its main object, the false prophets were enabled to draw again after them a people inured by habits of servitude to judge the wisdom and efficacy of policies by their apparent material results or their momentary success or defeat. Since then Ireland has been led by the men who proclaim its willingness to accept a modification of foreign dominion as a full discharge of the National demand. The natural consequence has been the weakening of the National spirit and the lowering of the National morale. Ireland is being educated up to the uselessness of self-reliance.

Were we to argue as illogically as those pseudo-leaders of men who point to the incidents of a self-reliant and revolutionary

policy as its results, we might well charge them with responsibility for the increasing poverty and decreasing strength of the nation. A constitutional policy alone has little potency to affect a change in international relations between a weak and a powerful nation. Not Deak but Kossuth was the real winner of even the semi-independence of Hungary.

No Irish Nationalist denounces constitutional action against England solely because it is constitutional. He merely declines to set it up as a fetish. If such action can aid the realisation of the National object it would be folly not to use it. On the other hand he will not hesitate to use unconstitutional action when he deems it well to do so. The political oaf will oppose unconstitutional action because it is unconstitutional and because he is incapable of comprehending that Right and Wrong are no more determined by a constitution than they are by a policeman and that no man living in his own country under a constitution framed and established without his or his countrymen's approval or acquiescence, has the slightest moral obligation to obey or respect it.

At the present time, I grant, unconstitutional action – which in Ireland means armed opposition to foreign domination and refusal to obey foreign law – would be unwise, since it could not be sustained. I cherish no delusion as to England's strength; I have heard the thunder of her cannon in three continents and seen her ships of war patrolling a dozen seas. We cannot cope in the field with England today, but only the fool believes that what is must for ever endure. England is powerful, but not all-powerful – she is strong, but not invincible; and while I am convinced it would be impolitic at present to use unconstitutional methods I maintain my right and the right of every Irishman to resort to them at any time to serve the interests of Irish Nationalism, that is, the interests of Ireland. Nor do I advise resistance to the law, since at this juncture any general resistance to it would place us in a position which would be untenable. Non-resistance to the law and acquiescence in it are,

however, different things, and in it Irish Nationalists will never acquiesce until the Irish Nation becomes its creator.

“Acquiescence in oppression is an admission of its right, and that admission daily enfeebles the oppressed whilst it more than in the same proportion strengthens the usurper, for it add opinion to his cause.”

And here I may express my abhorrence of the action of certain men who in recent days counselled the people to break the law and shirk the consequences. During the last dozen years many public meetings called by the Home Rulers have been proclaimed illegal by the British Government in Ireland. In defiance of such proclamation, acting on the advice of the Parliamentarians, the people have assembled. So far there was nothing morally wrong. But when, to uphold the law, the forces of the British Crown, have been let loose, with baton and bayonet, on its humbler violators, the leaders who induced the people to challenge the combat have ordered them to run away from it – to offer no resistance, but to take home their broken heads and battered bodies in peace; and a despicable Press has trumpeted every such humiliation of Ireland as “A Great National Victory.” No policy was more calculated to make slaves and cowards than this and the men responsible for it were dastards every one.

By such teachings the National spirit has been weakened that before any attempt can be made to cope with the enemy educational work must be taken up. For this purpose, I urge the establishing of a National organisation with the openly-avowed ultimate object of ending British rule in this country, fearlessly asserting its intention of securing that object at all hazards and by any means, but honestly acknowledging its present inability to lead Ireland to victory against the armed might of her enemy; confining itself, for some time, to the disciplining of the mind and the training of the forces of the nation, whilst impressing on it that, in the last resort, nothing save the weapons of freemen can regain its independence. Such an organisation can be formed

and work openly in the light of day without breaking any law, human, divine, or British. It need have no secrecy about it whatsoever. I am not to be taken as opposed to secrecy in Irish National movements; but at the present time I do not consider it either necessary or politic. When it becomes essential let us be as secret as the brethren of the Rosy Cross. Such an organisation should, I suggest, require only two qualifications from its members - one, that they declare themselves advocates of an Irish Republic, the other, that they be persons of decent character. Possibly there may be a few persons amongst us who while subscribing to the doctrine of National independence are not republicans. If such there be I would remind them, as Mitchel did their fathers, that the time has passed when Jehovah anointed kings; but though I am a believer in republican systems of government, I am ready - as I believe is every other Irish Nationalist - to accept any form of native government in preference to alien rule.

The National organisation should be free from the influence of men holding position in the British institutions of Ireland. I do not suggest the exclusion of any Irishman from its ranks who may happen to be a member of the British Parliament or of any of the newly-created local governing bodies, but I do suggest the exclusion of all such persons from office in the organisation. Such an association should suffer no risk of being made, in its whole or in its parts, subservient to the parochial ambitions of petty men. The individual member might take what part he pleased in local affairs provided he did not utilise his connection with the National organisations in such matters. The immediate work of such an organisation should be to make the people think and to create a healthy and fearless public opinion - not as an end, but as a means to an end. It should adopt no attitude of antagonism to the Parliamentarians; but point out to the people that Parliamentarianism is not Nationalism, and leave them, in their own judgement, to give it what support they pleased. Toleration, free, impersonal criticism, and sympathy

with every man, seeking, after his own lights, the welfare of our common country should be distinguishing characteristics of the organisation and its members.

Every member of such an organisation, like every citizen of a free state, must be prepared, on occasion, to willingly bow to the opinion of the majority, but he should not be required to renounce his own views nor to cease from endeavouring to convince his brethren of their wisdom. This is unity amongst freemen, not the hideous thing we have been accustomed to so long in Ireland which throttled or gagged every man whose views differed from those of a majority. Briefly, I propose the formation of a National Republican organisation in Ireland, pursuing for the present a British-law-abiding and educational policy in Ireland and cultivating also an Irish foreign policy. To outline one here is not, at present, necessary. It is sufficient to know that Ireland can make its power felt in every division of the world save, perhaps, one, and can make itself an object of concern to England's three great European enemies - Russia, France, and Germany. To shape a concrete scheme for an organisation on these lines requires no labour. To make it successful requires the coming together of all Irish Nationalists, sinking personal differences, and bringing all their enthusiasm to the task. There is nothing brilliant or original about my suggestion, but I think there is something practical. That, however, those who read must decide, and I am willing to alter or modify, take from or add to it when anyone points out how the National cause can be better served by so doing. A nation of men with disciplined minds, knowing their rights, their duties, their strength, and their weakness can bring the realisation of the cause of Ireland's patriots and martyrs within practical range, but if no attempt be made to create such a nation, Ireland with her dwindling population and her gods of clay needs but another generation or two of British Government to lose all characteristics of, and all claims to possess the rights of, a distinctive Nationality.

Possibly indeed some harp-strumming, bastard Nationality may be cherished by the couple of million West Britons who may then dwell upon her soil, probably not even that. Before, however, such a triumph of British civilisation could be consummated Britain would have some more strangling work to do; nevertheless, without the turning of the people to the ideals of Tone and Davis the complete and utter destruction of the Irish nation is humanly certain, and the slaves reared in Ireland in future generations may scrawl "Fool" above the grave of every man who died for its independence.

PROPHETS OF PATRIOTISM

From *The United Irishman*, June 10, 1899.

I have read within the past week two articles which concern Irish Nationalists – one in the pages of the *New Ireland Review* and the other in the columns of the *Daily Express*. A writer in the review argues that Ireland is nothing if not Gaelic, and has been nothing since her political life ceased to be Gaelic two hundred years since, and can be nothing until it becomes Gaelic again. Grattan and 1782 placed the Pale at the head of Ireland, asserts our philosopher, and since then we have lost our character and gone to the dogs. All our demigods of two centuries he strikes and gibes at – our agitators were mere Englishmen and our rebels one and all West Britons. Tone, Grattan, Flood, and Emmet had no conception of an Irish Nation; Mitchel and Smith O'Brien were simpletons; '98, '48, '67, and Parnellism were English movements in their essence and the Gaelic movement of today is the only National movement we have had since Gaelic Ireland fell at Aughrim.

There is nothing startlingly new in Mr. Moran's views. He has pilfered his ideas from W. A. O'Connor, and gives them to us touched up and tinted, as his own. But, unlike his master, he lacks caution and particularises too much. When Mr. Moran attempts to leave his guide he always gets lost. His article is founded on the fallacy that English oppression was racial instead of political and economic. A little thought would have convinced Mr. Moran that race-hatred has nothing to do with the retention of the English grip on Ireland and never had. Mr. Moran makes an even greater blunder when he places the Pale at the head of Ireland, "for the first time," in 1782. The Pale had been at the head of Ireland for 140 years previously, since the morning when its marchmen met the Gaels on Knocklofty and Rory O'More swore on behalf of old Ireland to fight for the King of England; it was the Pale that led Ireland at the Boyne, at

Aughrim, and at Limerick, and it was the eminent Palesman Sarsfield whom Gaelic Ireland worshipped and the men of the Pale, the Prendergasts, Dillons, and Lacys, who led Gaelic Ireland to victory on the Continental battlefields. The Gael voluntarily accepted the Palesman as his countryman 250 years ago, and the Pale has led him, not always wisely, but always consistently, since against the Power which cares no rap about whether an Irishman be of the Pale or of the Gael so long as he be robbable. Mr. Moran blunders again when he asserts that Grattan, Flood, Tone, and Emmet had no conception of an Irish Nation. The acceptance of the Catholic by three of them was acceptance of the Gael and Flood's appeal to his country's ancient glory and native language proves him to have been no kicking colonist. Our revolutionists, for whom our teacher has little but contempt, were absolutely right in their position. They did not hold that the cutting of the connection meant all we mean when we speak of Ireland a Nation; but they held as men of common sense that the rebuilding of the nation must be preceded by its political emancipation. They did not seek to minimise the force of the Gaelic tradition; the Gael, Daniel O'Connell, sought to destroy it. Mr. Moran, like the group with whom he appears to be connected, seemingly desires a Gaelic-speaking Ireland, *plus* the British connection.

Since Mr. Moran has been posing for some time past as the inspired teacher of his ignorant countrymen, I may point out that he is evidently unacquainted with Irish history. At the period of the Jacobite war, when the Gael and the early and late Norman Irish were practically undistinguishable, he tells us "the line of demarcation was hardly blurred," Grattan and his followers, we learn, had a hatred of other people's religion, Swift regarded Irishmen with contempt (what a vile, sly old lie this is!), Flood, we read, left *his fortune* for the study of Irish, Tone, we are told was not an Irishman, was not more extreme than Frederick Hervey, the English Bishop of Derry, was, in fact, a Frenchman born in Ireland of English parents. Surely no man who had even

cursorily studied Tone could write such nonsense. Mr. Moran's knowledge of Irish history and Irish leaders is equalled by the accuracy of many of his statements - "Literature in the English language is English literature," "Not one in a thousand Irishmen believes in his heart that we were anything but savages before the Norman appearance," and so forth. Mr. Moran denies he wishes to rake up racial prejudices, and concludes his article by telling us that "the Queen's Irish were never so numerous as they are today and to add to their effectiveness they dress themselves in green." Thus our philosopher strives to rouse the suspicions and antipathy of the Irishman of fifty generations against the Irishman of five.

I turn from the truculent Gael to the gentle "John Eglinton," who descants in the *Express* on regenerate and unregenerate patriotism; methinks it should have been degenerate patriotism. Patriotism, to "John Eglinton," appears no very great thing; the Individual gives to it more than it can repay. One smiles to read our clever essayist's assertion that the Celt is dead just as one has finished reading the whooping champion of his existence. Ireland of today, according to our thinker, is the eldest child of John Bull, fruit of his rough amour with the Celt, and whilst the parent survives "can hardly look for political greatness and independence, and it would seem to be her part to become a nation in mind and spirit and to allow unregenerate patriotism to give place in her bosom to regenerate." "John Eglinton" is no true genealogist; and if the child cannot breathe and live in peace whilst the old man lives, does it not seem to be her part to knock the old man on the head?

ADVANCE OF IMPERIALISM

From *The United Irishman*, June 17, 1899.

One of the distinguishing marks which the 19th century has imprinted on the course of universal history is the genesis and subsequent development of that aggressive polity of the nations which has come to be known by the name of imperialism. To trace this back to its original conception would be a task as arduous as it would be abstruse and abstract. Suffice it, that the first determined epoch, at which the policy of Imperialism (as we now commonly understand that term) became a factor in the world's history, was ushered in by the memorable battle of Waterloo. The war of American Independence had barely bereft England of some of her most cherished and valuable colonies when the French Revolution brought those great wars, which beginning in the *regime* of the great Terror, lasted, with one brief pause, for nearly a quarter of a century, and culminated in a crowning victory for the much-vaunted mistress of the seas. The world during that time was deluged in blood, whilst England reaped a harvest of plunder and aggrandisement. Waterloo enabled her to have all her possessions, however attained, confirmed at the Peace of Paris. The nation which had lost the best part of her American possessions through tyranny and folly, beheld herself amply compensated by the spoil of two hemispheres.

But other nations were now in the van of progress. Russia pushed her encroachments to the very borders of China, and essayed those brilliant moves which swallowing up Turkestan, has brought her almost within telescope-range of the English frontier in India. Pushing her pretensions to the South, she even ambitioned the possession of Constantinople itself. England, unable to brook this trespass on her dominant power, induced France to co-operate in humbling the Muscovite. The wings of the Russian eagle were clipped in the Crimea. But how they have

grown since! During the course of the century the other nations have become consolidated, and have advanced in industrial progress, so that the very supremacy, of which England boasts so much, is seriously threatened. France and Germany, both equally strengthened in their political and social tone by the war of 1870, are now amongst England's chiefest competitors in the markets abroad. And industrial competition, in its infancy in the last century, is now the directing lever that influences the policy of nations, that brings war within measurable distance, that induces situations where peace trembles in the balance and commerce suffers a momentary paralysis. It is not then unnatural that as the interests of nations are more and more scattered over the world, the policy of the central government should be to take energetic steps to defend all its members and to secure the industrial and political cohesion of the whole. It becomes us then to well differentiate between the policy of Imperialism and the means by which it is carried out. Bad thought it may be, it has nevertheless been the ruling doctrine that the ethics of the body politic stand on another plane from those of the individual. The formula may have its evil; it is still more or less the ruling doctrine. The essence of Imperialism might, applied to the case of a private individual, be construed as common robbery or sheer swindling, but considered as the polity of a nation it is held by a large and important school just and honest. In a word, Imperialism is but militant Nationalism. That it is the tendency of modern times for nations to form into larger combinations, provided that the difference of language and racial characteristics is reduced to a minimum, cannot be gainsaid. Under the conditions of national existence in these days, small nationalities have little chance of sustaining their organisation. It is better that this tendency should be cultivated with due regard to national aspirations in regulating the internal economy of the government. The relations between Ireland and England are, on that understanding, incapable of being anything but unsound, hollow, and insecure under the present

constitution. On the other hand, the connection between Canada and England contains all the elements for the construction of such a combination. While Ireland is subservient to England under present conditions, and while her interests are blasted by the pernicious wind of English policy as at present exercised, it behoves Ireland to look out for another state of political existence, whether as an independent community or in such union with another nation as should ideally exist between this country and England.

What, then, is that union? It is hard for any man to show cause why England should enjoy the predominant partnership as at present she does. No justification can be found for it; no other defence or apologia than the logic of the bayonet and the bullet. If we are to be united with England, and if this United Kingdom is to be the centre-power of a great and widening system of Imperialism, how are we to obtain a voice in the direction or control of that system? If the Imperialist policy, which has steadily grown from the Napoleonic days to our day, when it is the avowed creed of Ministers of the Crown, if it is to be realised and executed to the full, does it mean that England goes forward, the Imperial mistress, while Ireland and the other kingdoms and nations fall into line as mere appanages? If this be Imperialism, it can only expect the fate of that similar policy of ancient Rome, whose frontiers and barriers were thrown down by nations and peoples scorning to become the mere tools and slaves of such a small political entity as the Senate and people of Rome. Imperialism as a broad policy may be defended; but the Imperialism which sets England on a throne of golden luxury while other nations are sweating with the task of propping it up, cannot surely commend itself to the great bulk of that loose and scattered organism called the British Empire.

Imperialism as a general policy is merely an exchangeable term for the advance of civilisation. It is the embodiment of human progress carried out and polished by the attritions of nations. But if it is to succeed and develop humanely and

efficaciously it must not trespass on the real, unquestionable domain of nationhood. No nation ought to be yoked to the car of Imperialism that does not share in the common benefit. And every nation has a right and duty to compete with its fellows, and to secure the fullest influence in bearing the banner of progress beyond the present limits that bar the advance of civilisation.

IRISHMEN'S BUSINESS

From *The United Irishman*, June 24, 1899.

"What's everybody's business is nobody's business" is an adage that contains a lot of truth - applied to Ireland it is at least as truthful as it is of other countries. Under ordinary conditions it would not matter so very much, but as the conditions which prevail in Ireland are not ordinary, but extraordinary, we cannot afford to indulge in the luxury of indifference, whether other people do so or whether they don't.

If we pause to think for a few moments on any of the questions that are before the country, as a means towards the material or mental advancement of the people, we will be forced to admit that three-fourths of the interest which is apparently aroused, and of the support which the matter would appear to be receiving, is absolutely artificial and insincere. It is the easiest thing in the world to organise a meeting - a most enthusiastic meeting even - in Ireland. All you require is a fine day - then the people will come out, and when they come out they are always enthusiastic, if the subject have the least tinge of a National complexion. But the enthusiasm is not genuine, unless the subject be one the solution of which would mean an actual material advantage, immediately accruing to some section of the people; and, even then, it is only genuine amongst that particular section. The general mass of the people fail to grasp the fact that whatever contributes to the welfare of any portion of our countrymen is really strengthening the position of the nation as a whole, and that consequently it should be a matter of "everybody's business" to assist, as far as they can, the cause of any section. Towards National questions which offer no *immediate* material benefit to any section of the people - however great the ideals on which they are based - the masses, generally speaking, evince no sympathy whatever. Given a fine day, they will, of course, attend a public meeting, give the

speakers a hearing and a cheer, and then go home and forget all about it.

This unfortunate indifference to everything but personal concerns – this failure to understand that in a country like Ireland governed with a most absolute selfishness in the interests of another, an active and practical sympathy is needed with the most humble movement that in any way would tend to strengthen our position or in the least degree assist us to continue the unequal struggle in which we are engaged – is most discouraging to anybody who ventures to enter on a National work whose successful conclusion cannot be accurately computed in pounds, shilling and pence. It is the “business” of every Irishman to appreciate the value of every detail in Ireland’s case, and to take a genuine interest in every National effort. Till every individual Irishman understands his “business,” efforts towards National advancement must continue to fail.

In this bit of criticism I do not mean to say that Irishmen are any worse than the remainder of mankind, but only that, in view of our position, they are worse than they ought to be, or even from a purely material standpoint, they are worse than they can afford to be. If Ireland were an independent nation, entirely free from the influence or control of any other country, the necessity of being perpetually on the watch to guard its interests would no longer be a matter of individual concern. The destiny of the country would be under the guiding influence of the executive, and the instinctive ambition pertaining to every free people, which would grow up amongst the masses, would be quite sufficient, without any special active measures, to prevent the acceptance of foreign ideals, and to ensure that “everybody’s business” would be conducted in a light of a purely-Irish thought, and consequently in the interests of the Irish nation. We would be jealous of our country’s welfare and solicitous for its progress as a matter of pure instinct, just as is the American, the German, or the Englishman today.

But not being a free and independent nation, we have not the incentive of a National prestige to be maintained in the same sense that a free and independent nation has it; we have only our national hopes as an incentive, and the difference throws upon us the responsibility of greater efforts and substitution of an instinctive National pride by unremitting individual exertion. We are in the position of a man beginning life as compared with the man who has established and controls a flourishing business – very little effort on the part of the latter is required to keep everything working smoothly, while the former, if he wishes to succeed, must strive late and early, and day by day, and cannot afford to miss an opportunity that will in any way help him forward.

The Irish people have not been acting in this spirit – they have only rather worked in sections for sectional advantages; and they have almost utterly failed to realise the truth that every movement which aims to preserve the National traits of character, or to counteract the influence of outside fashions, customs or ideas, is working to get them to take their place as a Nation in the future – working much more so in that direction than many of the movements which claim support on the grounds that their successful issue means a monetary gain to the people. I have a full and complete sympathy with every effort that is made towards the material welfare of the people; but movements which look further into the future are also deserving of support.

Taking “Everybody’s business is nobody’s business” as a text, a valuable political sermon might be preached on the Irish language question, the necessity of a revival of the interest in Irish literature, the restoration to favour of our National songs and music, the desirability of practising our Irish games, and many other matters – the pursuit of which at present offers no immediate addition to our incomes.

The future of Ireland must be Irish in thought, speech, and tastes, if we ever hope to attain the ideals which we profess to

entertain – if the Anglicisation which has already progressed so far be allowed to continue unchecked we shall soon have lost all claim to be regarded as a separate Nationality; and in course of time may even cease to advance that claim ourselves. The facts of our situation as we find them, justify us in actually considering the question of Ireland in the future surrounded by a purely Celtic atmosphere or Ireland in the future as an English province. If we go on as we are going, it is quite possible that eventually we may cease to hold the idea that we are entitled to a separate existence as a nation; and if we cease to hold the idea, we shall never achieve the object. We shall become an English province outside England, debarred from the benefits of English progress. The Englishman holds no sympathy for any but his own people; and practically, only for such of them as live in England. In developing his colonies, matters are so arranged that the heavy end of the profits finds its way to England; and if at any time he seriously sets to work in Ireland we may be perfectly satisfied that he is working with the same idea in his mind. So that, in drifting towards Saxonism, and risking our chances of ultimate freedom, we are making a very foolish move.

If, on the other hand, we remain Irish in every sense, and endeavour to preserve the National traits of character which remain, and to recover those which have gone or are going, then, when fortune favours our desires and places the destiny of the country in our own hands, we shall be in a position to set about building up an Irish nation, under the influence of a purely Irish thought, and in the interests, before everything else, of the Irish people themselves.

Thus, it is clear that it is not only duty, but good policy as well, to guard against the subversion or loss of our native characteristics. The spirit of freedom, in a free country, is sufficient, as a rule, to make every man a patriot by instinct. A practical patriot shows a preference for, and a jealous interest in the language, manners, customs, literature, music, amusement, and industries which pertain to his own people. One would

think that in a country which is not free the desire of freedom should prove as strong, if not a stronger stimulus; but to judge by Ireland to think so is really very far from right. Our language, manners, amusements, and everything else have come to be much more English than Irish, and the man who shows a preference for what ought to be the natural tastes of everybody, is considered vulgar by many, and an out-of-date crank by many more. This condition of affairs is not only treacherous to Ireland, but from a purely material point of view, is it "very bad business" also.

The remedy is a matter of individual concern. Let every Irishman form in his own mind an ideal Ireland; Irish in everything it says, Irish in every note it sings, Irish in its social life, Irish in everything it buys; and then, let him act up to his ideal as far as he possibly can. If he does this, the future of the country will be safe, be our period of suspense short or be it long. If he will not do it, the less we think upon the subject the better for our peace of mind.

THE TRUE USE OF HISTORY

From *The United Irishman*, December 28, 1899.

From the days of Herodotos down to these, our times, when every apologist for a raid or buccaneering war thinks wise to inflict a vast network of ravelled facts on a large-suffering mankind, the conceptions of history have been many and varied. "Happy the nation that has no history," cries Montesquieu, probably despairful of the future of any people who have endless traditions of the past, to first map out accurately and then live up to them. The philosopher may be right in so far as he discusses the merits or advantages of a National legend enshrined in an overgrown shell of historical annals. But the value of universal history, or history taken as part of the general philosophy of life, stands altogether on another plane. Some there are who think that history is old-fashioned, that it is bound to be musty, obsolete, out of date utterly; and that in these workaday times people should be more practical, and instead of bothering about Julius Caesar's siege of Alesia, discuss the more knotty problem of the siege of Ladysmith or the present whereabouts (here or hereafter) of Herr Andree. This view is entirely uninformed, and is founded on an utter ignorance as to the office of history. Clio is an impartial goddess, and binds herself neither by the distinctions of nations nor the lapse of ages; her lessons are applicable to all time, her teachings affect every incident in the world's career. Therefore, a mere string of annals, a diary of the centuries, do not make history in the true sense; they form the skeleton around which our philosophy must clothe the living essence that will give it speaking power. What events and occurrences happened in the time of Caesar happen today; the facts are different, but the logical sequence will be the same. The fall of Poland and the fall of Ireland are due much to the same cause, and it behoves the true student of history to analyse and sift to the primal cause of all.

The history of our own country is roughly divisible into three epochs, more or less vague and rude – First, the golden age prior to the Norman invasion; second, the struggle by force of arms for the mastery, lasting from the 12th century to the Peace of Limerick, when the Irish nation reached its lowest ebb; third, the subsequent resurrection of Ireland, with the assimilation of some Anglo-Norman blood of the Pale, a resurrection not yet consummated, but showing in our days a sign of approaching life and glorious liberty once more. An examination into the annals of the first epoch shews the deficiencies of the Irish system of government under the Gaelic *regime*, which permitted the country to be more liable to the solid, persevering, definite policy of the Normans. While every petty chieftain had his own ideas as to what his neighbour should or should not do, and while he would persist in expounding these ideas to the detriment of his neighbours' peace and toleration by force of arms, the Normans were welded in a feudal system which, whatever its other social defects, at least enabled them to build up a politico-military machine of State before which the Irish monarchy crumbled and tottered. To give one instance, see how at the frown of Henry II., the great Strongbow, the titular King of Leinster, abased himself and was as but the merest unit before the unseen, but not unfelt, power of the King of England. In the second epoch the racial struggle has been, except in one or two notable instances, directless or wanting in definitive objective. Of all Irish leaders who are entitled to rank as statesmen Hugh O'Neill stands out as perhaps the only man who conceived the reality of an Irish Nation. Patrick Sarsfield, after the fall of Kinsale in the Jacobite wars, had an opportunity of asserting the dominant rights of the nation by repudiating the halting, English-interest Government of the Duke of Berwick. He would have had the unanimous support of the Irish army and the principal men of the Council designed by Tyrconnell were in his favour. He could have scotched incipient treason and saved Limerick. But he parleyed and made a pact with what was then

known as the New Interest, which we call the West Briton party. Says the Chronicle: –

“Sarsfield was sent for and a final resolution taken to set up another form of government, excluding Berwick and all Tyrconnell’s creatures. Happy Ireland, if that resolution was executed!”

Agents were sent to St. Malo, in France, to negotiate direct with the French King, but the New Interest men triumphed, and Sarsfield did not press boldly for what Hugh O’Neill would have grasped – the repudiation of all English dominion, Jacobite as well as Williamite. In the third epoch of our history, in which we now find ourselves, we see a gradual progression of the idea of a nation from Molyneux’s assertion of an independent kingdom of the Pale, through Swift’s regret of the decadence of the native Irish element, through Grattan’s declaration specifically applying to a mere Parliament of the English interest in Ireland, but applicable in a wider sense to the rights of this nation to self-rule, through Wolfe Tone’s conception of a sovereign, free Irish State, through the entangled political sophistry of the present century down to today, when a clearer insight into the moral of our history guides us back to the nation of Tone, of the Old Interest men of the Jacobite days, of Hugh O’Neill, of all those who tolerated no idea of master from outside the four seas of Ireland.

The true use of history, then, is to recognise beneath all the vandal plaster of modern word-spatterers the unity and continuity of our ideal – how our public men in the past strove for it; how far they approached it. We will note their mistakes and try to avoid their recurrence. One Treaty of Limerick ought to be enough in the lifetime of the Irish nation.

VALHALLA

From The United Irishman, August 18, 1900.

One of the most melancholy pilgrimages, perhaps, that one can make is to a temple of national glory where the dust of great men comeslingles in a general tomb. We see those lying side by side who, in the heyday of their career, were perhaps bitter foes, but who now sleep in all the silent unanimity of Death. In many a moment of fierce wrath the thunderbolts of eloquence were mutually hurled, and now a simple slab or more ornate effigy is the mute witness to the transient nature of man. The voice that once mayhap pierced the roof of Parliament and thrilled the hearts of the nation; the arm that carried the prestige of the country to a higher pitch and added to the renown of the national prowess; the brain whose workings evolved the hidden treasures of Nature, ennobled and ameliorated the path of life and adorned the daily routine with intellect and imagination – all here lie still and quiet beneath the pale hand of Death. But if, then, the earthly career of those is over who worked and sought for the greater glory and good of the nation, and if but the cold and lifeless marble is the only visible memorial of their past being, yet without the temple, in the vast life of the nation their work is perpetuated and the monuments of their former prowess rest in the continued advance of the country. Sympathising hands may raise the stately cenotaph or erect the majestic statue – they are at best but dumb testimonies to the general regard. But to visit such a collection of monuments and behold the evidences of a country's greatness, as instanced in such a metropolis of the dead, inspires one with thoughts as to the life-work of those vanished minds and as to the legacy they have bequeathed to our day.

Considering the limited scope which has been allowed to her national genius, Ireland has produced a fair share of great men. Unfortunately, linked as she is with England, whose

neighbourhood is a source of perpetual blood-sucking, a great proportion of her intellect is drawn with magnetic force to the focus of that empire whose eternal boast even claims dominion over the sunshine. Were Ireland relieved of this paralysing connection and allowed to pursue the tenor of her way, she would beyond a doubt rise quickly in the rank of nations even to the very foremost, while now she must lie concealed behind the aegis of Britain, nor dare bid welcome to any other nation without a permit from London. And under such a yoke it is a wonder that in this country there has sprung up a spurious crop, rank and file, and far from being racy of the soil.

Not to go into a roll-call of the living, let one but think over the illustrious dead to whom honour is done in their own country, and what a picture meets the mind's eye!

One goes into Westminster Abbey and contemplates the respect and recognition paid to the great men whom England claims her own. The name of Burke calls to mind the greatest days of Parliamentary eloquence. The tomb of Pitt conjures up a vista of those days when England strove for bare existence, when last she measured her strength with France and came well-nigh being worsted in the struggle. A simple slab with the name of Fox recalls one little morsel of justice that ever an English minister tried to do to Ireland, while by his side Grattan reposes claimed by the nation whose bond he sore withstood until beat down by fraud and chicanery and to whose legislature he became no mean ornament. On all sides we are surrounded with the mementos of great men whose abilities and talents were devoted to their country, no less sensible of their duty than were their countrymen of their worth. Let us turn to Ireland and search for such a temple. Enter St. Patrick's, the most likely to correspond to Westminster. What a hideous monstrosity meets the eye just on the threshold in the form of a monument to the Earl of Cork. Here on the very doorstep of what is called a National cathedral we see rapine and murder put on a pedestal, while the true hand of history writes a most damning epitaph

over him, whose vile life is here celebrated by a most barbaric structure. And beyond that there is little, if anything, that appeals to the Irishman whose mind is not rotted with the servile doctrines of the English ascendancy. Between ecclesiastics of cloudy memory, whose chiefest virtue was to have worked for their stipend, and dead and killed soldiers of the English army, whose lives were expended in some bloody holocaust on the altar of English dominion over weak and defenceless peoples, the whole cathedral seems let out to a choice few who are as representative of the Irish nation as Lucifer is of the archangels. It is not, then, to a great fane like Westminster or the Pantheon that we can go to behold the memorials of our famous and revered dead. It is not even to Glasnevin we can go to visit the graves of even a fair proportion of them. It is to the lonely country graveyards we must go, where in silence and fear the bodies were borne of those who died martyrs to the cause, and whose burial in Christian fashion was permitted only on sufferance. No mighty monument marks the resting place of Emmet. A lowly stone tells the wayfarer where Tone is laid. Over the country in many a nook and corner there is many a green mound covering one who gave up his life for the land which he sought to raise from the slough of English tyranny, and for which he would have worked and striven as hard and earnestly as the greatest English statesman in his own country to raise it to a high and ever higher level. In nearly every case nothing but the green sod tells of this sacrifice, and the dust of the dead is mingled with their native earth unhonoured by sculptured stone.

But if there lack in Ireland a fane to contain within its sacred precincts memorials to the true and tried Irish who have served the real and sincere interests of their country, there exists in the love of their people a living testimony to the respect with which their memory is revered. The people will sift the chaff from the grain, and though the worthless and the wicked be glorified for a time by magnificent monuments adorned with grandiloquent

epitaphs, the Irish people will treasure up the memory of those whose principles are theirs, and whose epitaph will be written when we, following those principles, will achieve National freedom. A day may come to witness an Irish Westminster, an Irish Pantheon, but it will not more reflect the hallowed memory of the dead than at present dwells in our hearts. But it will do then what now is impossible; marking the advent of our freedom, its cenotaphs will breathe an inspiration to many a rising generation, bidding them to go forth and emulate those who here rest in final repose, by advancing the prowess and glory of the Irish Nation!

THE NATIONAL REVIVAL

From The United Irishman, December 1, 1900.

This, the closing year of the century, has witnessed a national revival in Ireland that is really gratifying to everybody with a mind capable of appreciating the development of a genuine Gaelic spirit. Unfortunately, there are many, very many, who have still the vaguest and most irrational conception of what the Celtic spirit is, but those who understand the question in its higher forms are making the power of their opinion felt in Ireland, till their influence is spreading over the land, and the people are beginning to unite in an intellectual bond of sympathy around the only ideals that can ever elevate the nation either materially, mentally, or politically. The growth of the language movement, and the extraordinary increase in the number of those who have taken up its study, are the most powerful and unmistakable signs of the awakening – West-Britons, as a rule, don't learn Irish. And then, again, there are evidences about that the backbone of the nation is being stiffened in the smatter of showing preference for the products of Irish labour. This is not so clear to everybody as is the interest in the language; but that a beginning has been made cannot be questioned. Time was when men were ashamed to speak their native tongue, and few would have ventured to hope that could, through the efforts of the Gaelic League, have so soon been changed, till it is now a safe prophecy to make that the time is not far away, when men will blush to own they cannot speak it. The language movement has stirred the dormant spirit of the race, and lifted them out of the rut of disorganised and hopeless Parliamentary agitation, whose futility and lack of progress has filled the nation with despair, till our people once again breathe freely with a breath of hope, for they see now that something

may be done without the hallmark of Westminster on the programme, and when something may be done, who shall say that more and more may not? Who shall dare to put a limit to the progress of a re-awakened nation in the first realisation of the power that is in it? As the language is being raised so may our industries, and so may every ideal and tradition that we have allowed to vanish from our lives be restored, till we become once more Irish in our aspirations and ambitions, and advance on the broad road which Celtic spirit and self-reliance will open up before us without a single look towards London, and as we would have done had the Saxon influence never been known amongst us. The spirit which is bringing students in their thousands every night to learn Irish is the spirit that can do the rest. It only needs to understand that it can do it. The many years of agitation under Parliamentary leaders, from which Ireland has suffered has succeeded in rooting the idea in the minds of most of the people that their wrongs can only be reformed by Westminster, and under that idea we have religiously declined to make a move to help ourselves, waiting for the something-or-another from across the water, which hasn't come and won't. The language movement has emphatically shown that where there is a will there is a way, and though the new organisation which has been started by the Irish Shop Assistants for the advancement of our industries appears to many to have entered on a hopeless campaign, the success of the Gaelic League shall be their encouragement, for the spirit behind it is the spirit that can bring the realisation of their hope to the Shop Assistants' League as well. It is not too much to hope that even greater progress shall attend the efforts towards industrial revival. It needs no such industrial labour as is necessary for the study of the language, and it is but reasonable to expect, in view of the awakening of the country, that when the knowledge of the work

undertaken by the Shop Assistants is spread amongst the people they will secure, almost from the first, the sympathy and co-operation of the public as a whole.

The people want to think out matters for themselves, and to shake off the lazy attitude of mind which, for so many years, has left them a prey to every ambitious political adventurer who chose to take the trouble of making a public speech, and they are beginning to realise the want at last. The signs of the times are favourable, and when the organisation of the best spirit and most thoughtful intellects in Ireland is completely under the auspices of the Cumann na nGaedheal, a powerful combination will exist whose influence on the thoughts and ideals of our people will fit them still more to second the work of the language and industrial movements. This tendency towards the revival of the real national ideal is encouraging to contemplate, and holds out some hope to those who have striven to bring it about, that though we have sunk, we have not gone beyond redemption.

ON AUTHORITY

From *The United Irishman*, January 5, 1901.

Philosophers have discovered in the course of their gropings after truth that this world is permeated by many a cross purpose. Some of these investigators have incontinently seized the particular phase of life which most drew their attention, and have made of it a law and a dogma to which all else is utterly anathema. Rather they should endeavour to reconcile the seemingly contradictory issues and resolve them into a harmonious entity, as nearly perfectly correct as might be. Thus it is that many writers and speakers on the subject set up Liberty as a foe to Authority. These, in brief, would preach what is supposed to be the theory of so-called Anarchism – a maximum of Liberty with a minimum of Authority. This is seeming fair, but on examination will prove all too vague as a working doctrine. Liberty, which is the major factor, has received many definitions, and has been moulded in many a philosophic matrix to a delicate ideal. One writer would claim that it is the natural state of man, and that all restrictions are an encroachment on man's natural rights, and ought therefore to be jealously warded off. This would say that every single man is a world to himself. Another writer would define Liberty as the right to do anything whatever, provided we do not usurp or invade the rights of our neighbour. This definition would bring our neighbour into the purview, and instantly raises the question as to who is to decide the delimitation of our neighbour's rights, so that we may use our fullest liberty, or to decide what restraints are to be put on our rights to do what we please, which we are told is the fundamental canon of Liberty. The distinction between the definitions is a philosophically nice one, but it shows itself day by day in the declarations of public men, or in the manifestations of irresponsible individualities.

If we are prone to dive into the question of the Rights of Man as forming the foundation of all Liberty, we can very well essay to ask what are these Rights, and how come they to reside in any individual? Admitting that all the formula would claim on its terms, the new-born babe possesses as much or as little of rights to Liberty as man in his prime. For what does man in his prime possess that of it entitles him to inborn rights which the babe does not possess? Is it wealth? – then the poor and destitute are slaves. Is it education? – then the illiterate have no rights. Is it experience? – then the cunning city man possesses far more rights than the innocent countryman come to town with the last load of hay. In fine, there can be one reason only why the full grown man has rights to a greater extent than the babe, and that is because of his becoming a useful member of the state. It cannot be on account of inborn rights, for then the babe ranks equal with the man. It is solely because man is born to be a citizen, and as a citizen possesses liberties in common with his fellows which are agreeable to the interests of the Commonwealth. And that which decides what is or is not agreeable to the interests of the Commonwealth is – Authority.

In applying these considerations, philosophic though they be, yet wholesome withal to sounder thinking, to the case of public affairs in Ireland, it behoves us to discern clearly the true and right path of public duty. We Irish claim the existence, in point of historic right if not of actual fact, of an Irish Commonwealth. We claim that the Irish nation is a separate entity, yet yoked, unwillingly and rebelliously to its desires, to the neighbouring Government of England, which is the focus of a straggling, ill-digested empire. We claim that the voice of the Irish people is or ought to be the supreme Authority within these four shores, and we do not recognise the right or justness, even if we have to admit the operation, of any external government which usurps the authority of the nation. For us, Ireland is the State. For us, Liberty consists in doing all that is consistent with the interests of Ireland. If it so happen that our fellow-

countrymen do aught that we consider inimical to the weal of Ireland we can only, under the present *regime* enter a protest. But we cannot deny them rights, which only the supreme authority of the nation duly set up and recognised could do. We must be very careful how we speak with regard to that control of government which is so irksome at present when imposed on us by foreign rule, but which in itself is meet and proper, since it is the only guarantee and safeguard of the public liberty of the citizen. In this regard it is more or less demoralising to the public spirit of the nation when "law and order" has become degenerated into a shibboleth at which every public man in Ireland who would be popular flings a jeer. The man who flaunts law and order, and makes of it a party cry of the enemy, reck little of the evil that is wrought by his words. He should think of that coming day when the people hope for a native Irish State, and surely he would not have law and order excluded then. Consistency is a jewel, but nothing is more precious than the public spirit of a people who, in seeking after their proper liberties, preserve high and intact the best traditions of the moral code, without which no nation can hope to attain lasting eminence as a nation. We have in England, today, a specimen of a nation that has thrown all moral sense of international rights to the wind. In breaking faith with the Transvaal, in surreptitiously sending troops to the frontiers of the Republics, outraging all sense of international law and order, she sowed the seeds of her own destruction. The lawlessness of the English people showed itself when they refused a hearing and used unseemly violence to speakers of the Peace Party. Their statesmen are wafted on seas of blood towards an Imperialism which crushes all expression of individual opinion. The lesson ought not to be lost on us in Ireland, and we should gather from it that when a people abandon all self-restraint and divorce themselves of their sense of honour and fair play, it is but a step to despotism.

The issue for the Irish people, then, is that they should do nothing which would militate against their own right to set up a competent authority when this country shall be separated from England. For instance, the members of the police force are regarded as enemies of Ireland, which to a limited degree, and a limited degree only, they are. But the evil of this cast of thought is that the people may regard a police force of any kind as an evil to be combated, and that thus when a native government sends forth its decrees, which can only be enforced by a competent police force, it may find itself confronted and thwarted by this feeling which is in our day so well nurtured in the hearts of Irishmen. It might be urged these considerations are premature. They are not. Nothing is premature that tends to build up the public character of this nation, and if the national character were trained and made fit for self-government the result would be such a united demand for the whole Irish People that it would resound through the world like the ring of the Mauser of the sturdy Boer. But as it is the character of the nation is buffeted and beaten upon by a thousand orators from Press and platform, and things are not put as they really and truly are, but only as it suits the passing hour. This is why the need of a new school has arisen, to go out into the wilderness and preach to the people who are straying for want of a true political compass, to teach them the true bearings of national prestige, liberty, and power, to ground them in the elements of national honour and self-respect, so that when the hour of need comes they will be men of a true mould and not puppets of the street corner, to tell them of that goal, that true and only goal, to which they ought to tend, and to guide their steps in the way, so that being *men* as well as patriots they can be trusted to do and dare as only can be trusted true men!

IRISH NATIONALISM AND THE IRISH LANGUAGE

From *The United Irishman*, January 12, 1901.

“What,” exclaimed the orator, “will you give up the language of Patrick, Brigid, and Colmcille for the tongue of Poynings, Strafford, and Cromwell?” And the audience cheered. Its cheers warmed my breast, and the light on the brave young faces made my heart jump like the sun on Easter morn. For the moment I forgot the fallacy and danger underlying the orator’s rhetoric. Walking home with him afterwards I asked him mildly would he care to give up the language of Sarsfield and Tone, of Emmet and Davis for the tongue of Diarmuid MacMurrough, Owen Connolly, and Shaun na Sagart. He stared up blankly at the tower of Patrick’s Cathedral, and then turning and gazing down the Coombe where the marigolds are golden remarked that I was a West-Briton. His inconsequence delighted me. The man was an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm for a language with which he is unacquainted, and his delicious bigotry are the strongest proofs of how firmly the Gaelic movement has rooted itself in Ireland. Years ago an ignoramus would have sneered at the language. Now the ignoramus yells out in bad English that all we who do not speak it are mere Englishmen. This is a sure sign that the Gaelic League is going to achieve its object. A movement that at the same time is supported by the man of intellect and the profound jackass cannot fail.

I am young enough to hold it possible that I may live to hear the soft, sweet murmur of the musical Irish tongue on the lips of the young girls who pass me by in the streets of my native Dublin, and listen to its joyous martial tones singing manfully from the gallant young men of the city of Tone and Emmet. I hope to see the day when in shop and salon our grand old language will be spoken. And I hope to see this, not because Irish

was the acquired language of the lowland Scot, Patrick, and the native tongue of the pious, Brigid, and the father of Ireland's misfortunes, Colmcille, but because it is our own language. If our Gaelic Leaguers think it is not enough to tell the people they should speak their own language because it is their own - if they will insist on telling them to speak it because noble personages spoke it - why not instance the truly Irish heroes and heroines whose tongue it was - Finn and Cuchullain, Fergus, and Cormac, and Conor, and Diarmuid, and Maebh, and Macha. I would, too, they would exercise a little thought. English is certainly the tongue of Strafford and Poynings and Cromwell, but it is as certainly the tongue of Shakespeare and Sidney and Milton. Irish has been in the past the tongue of sages and poets, of just law-givers and unblemished heroes, of queenly women and kingly men, yet it has also been the tongue of fools and tyrants, of traitors and cowards. A man may know the Irish language and sell his mother. When propagandists talk nonsense they do not advanced the cause they desire to serve. The English language is not debasing, but the English spirit is. If we return to our own language the English spirit cannot affect us so much, because it cannot so readily interpret itself to us. But affect us it always must while the English flag flies over us.

I can understand and forgive the use of silly and absurd arguments of the "Patrick, Brigid, and Colmcille" type, when addressed to the more debased of the Irish people, that section which feels shame at speaking the beautiful Irish tongue. The plea of expediency excuses the immorality of the means used to regenerate the sunken. When O'Connell, a bitterer enemy to the Irish language, by the way, than Poynings or Strafford or Cromwell himself, damnably iterated in the ears of the Irish peasant that that peasant was the finest fellow in the world, he probably meant to raise the peasant in his own estimation. But the peasant laid down and died of hunger in the midst of plenty after forty years of O'Connellism. I would advise the Gaelic League to avoid the blarney and insincerity introduced into Irish

life by O'Connell. Let it base its case for the revival of Irish on a foundation that will not expose it to the attacks of its enemies.

"No Language, no Nation" - how often have I heard my friends of the League quoting this ridiculous tag. "Who said so, Friend Leaguer?" "Oh! Schlegel, a great philosopher." "Indeed, and what was the philosophy of the great Schlegel?" And lo! My Leaguer is gravelled. Why is it, men - intelligent men - will pin their faith unthinkingly to a verse or a line of prose written by some person of celebrity? I know an Irishman who has an intense hatred of the Teuton. In his youth he read a couplet -

France, with her soul beneath the Bourbon's thrall,
And Germany who hath no soul at all.

This couplet has firmly convinced him that the land of Goethe, Schiller, Richter and Korner is soulless. No less ridiculous is the position of the fanatics who, with the example of Switzerland and the United States before their eyes, parrot-like repeat silly Schlegel's thoughtless words. Every Irish Nationalist desires the restoration of his country's independence and his country's language. But if our independence were to be gained only by destroying our language, I would take a hatchet myself and go forth to destroy. Nor would any Irish Nationalist hesitate a moment to choose between an independent Ireland, with its own Government, its own flag, its own army and its own fleet, speaking English, and an Ireland bringing forth Irish-speaking fusiliers to do England's bloody will. Fortunately, there is no need to make a choice. Irish Nationalism and the Irish language go hand-in-hand. It is only when Ignorance yells out that the English-speaking men of Wexford were not Irish while the Irish-speaking scoundrels of the North Cork Militia were, and tells us in its funny way that Emmet and Tone and Davis are not Irish, and that O'Grady and Yeats can never write a line that will touch the heart of a single Irish ignoramus, one feels compassion for

the Gaelic League and trusts it may be saved from its illiterate friends.

Poor Ireland has need of her language, to resanctify her hills and plains and streams. The cause of the Irish language is a noble and national one, but it can be injured by allowing fools and hypocrites to pose as its champions. In Dublin of the wine cups the Gaelic will yet be in esteem, and in the more esteem for intelligent preachers.

THE DEFINITION OF AN IRISHMAN

From *The United Irishman*, March 23, 1901.

Oftentimes in glancing back over the expanse of Irish history it must have struck us how the nation seemed several times to be on the point of dissolution. Yet, hazardous as was her extremity, the nation has risen up like the phoenix from the ashes of its impending doom. After the battle of Kinsale the affairs of the country were desperate, but after the Flight of the Earls it seemed as if the soul had fled from the poor, hacked, war-worn body of Ireland. But within forty years of that, even, another O'Neill stood at the head of as stout an Irish army as ever tramped over the hills and dales of our country; and looked out over the bloody field of Benburb in the consciousness that Ireland was living still and as able for the fight as ever. But even that struggle was quenched in a sea of blood before the onslaught of the merciless Cromwell. The great plantation began, by which those were rooted in the country whose descendants are still with us.

A great portion of the Irish people were sold into slavery. Again it seemed that Ireland was on the point of perishing. Yet before half a century rolled by another generation had sprung to arms, another Irish army took the field, and the Boyne, Athlone, Aughrim and Limerick told that Ireland was Ireland still. Alas! Even those men passed away for nigh a century the country was to sleep in a torpor which, trance though it was, resembled death so closely that men almost forgot that Ireland was a nation. In 1782 the tap of drum was again heard in the land. The sword again leaped from its scabbard to voice the demands of the people. And, although the head and front of the movement was questionable in its nationality, the bulk of it was composed of the men whose ancestors had fought on the side of fatherland on

many a field from the Yellow Fold to Kilcommodon. And yet the bright ray that glinted off the cannon and the sabres of the Volunteers was swallowed up in the gloom of English bribery and corruption; but in '98 a few peasants once more told the old tale that the old, old cause was not dead. They passed away, undone and unrequited. Still the spirit of the ages lives on, and today, in the 20th century, the aspiration, the voice, the goal is the same as when Rinuccini, interpreting it aright, excommunicated all who had made pact or peace with the English.

But the question resolves itself – how comes it that this nation has survived so many disastrous wars, has so often leaped to arms, and is ready at the present moment to step as far as a generation ever did before? Confined within the precincts of this isle of ours, whence gather we the strength to maintain the struggle? How has it come to pass that from time long past, Ireland has been split into two bitterly hostile camps, each doggedly keeping its ground, and each determined to wage the struggle to the bitter end? These questions call for an analysis of the parties in the contest; those are the English interest and the Irish interest. The point at issue now is, what is the Irish interest? Briefly, it is the aggregation of the individual units of Irishmen composing the community in this country, who share common views, who work for a common object, who travel towards the one national goal – in a word, who have a common interest.

We are now led to consider what is an Irishman? Oftentimes, in debating the nationality of a person, it has been urged on one hand that he belongs to the country in which it is his fortune or misfortune to be born; on the other hand, it is held that his nationality is that of his parents, and when his father and mother are of different countries the question becomes a moot point. But when a man emigrates, the matter becomes a complex one. If he happen to emigrate against his will, for the country's good, the country is only too anxious to disown him. If he go away of his own free will and settle in a foreign country and prosper, we follow him with longing eyes and we hold him up

to the world as a shining example of the genius and talent of our race. For a kindred reason we are inclined to be jealous of outsiders who come to settle in our midst, perhaps to prosper and occupy a high place in the national social standing. The kernel of the nut is, what does a man's nationality really consist in?

I should hazard the opinion that every man ought to be judged by his acts, and in default of acts by the expression of his motives from which spring his actions. If an Irishman go to America and settle down there, and if he take the oath of allegiance to the United States, he ceases to be an Irishman, inasmuch as the terms of that oath make him forswear all ties outside his adopted country. He becomes a free citizen of the United States, but he throws off his Irish citizenship. Yet it might be said that we, who live in Ireland and exercise the franchises granted us under the aegis of the British Constitution, have also sacrificed our citizenship of Ireland. But no. We are here, determined to make use of every opportunity to achieve the freedom of the nation and build up its fortunes. If a man go to America, or England, or anywhere else out of Ireland and settle down, he cuts himself off from Ireland, whether she be in chains or shall have gained liberty. Those who remain in the country are inheritors of the rights, as they are of the struggle which has been bequeathed us by a long line of anti-English Irishmen.

There remains the positive question – What makes the man to be an Irishman who remains in Ireland? I should say that the very same test which is the hall-mark of the American citizen ought to be the test of the Irishman, that he accept the doctrine of an Irish nation, Irish in its language, Irish in its policy, Irish in every outlook of its national life; and that he forswear all allegiance to every other nation in the world. The Englishman, if such there could be, who would take this test would be a thousand times more an Irishman than the Irish-born man with a Gaelic name who might crawl up to the ermine and administer the law of England against all traitors to his Sovereign Lord the

King. A Gaelic pedigree and a Gaelic name are good, collateral securities when the heart is Irish. But when the heart is English, and when a hatred of every symptom of Irish nationality permeates all the veins, not the purest blood of Niall of the Nine Hostages can redeem the title Slave. But be he Gael or Cromwellian, French-Huguenot or Spanish-Irish, the man who swears to an Irish Nation – and he only – is an Irishman.

“IRISH IRELAND.”

From *The United Irishman*, August 3, 1901.

Take a map and draw a line on it from the point of Irish Donegal to the tip of Irish Kerry, and you shall have drawn a line through Sligo and Mayo, Galway and Clare and Cork, through the foreign divisions of our divided country wherein the Irish language is a living force, and then read and *think*.

A few weeks ago above the country of the O'Donnells the flag of Red Hugh's assassins waved in triumph – the flag of priest-burning Elizabeth, of priest-hanging Cromwell, of priest-banning William, of the priest-hunting Georges – the flag of the people whose king swore but three months since on the Gospels that the Catholic was an idolator and the Mass a mummerly – hoisted by priests before the temple of their religion. Find me if you can in the records of any country, of any religion, of any people a parallel to this. Find me if you can a country where the whole Press – with one solitary exception – held a coward tongue or approved this outrage on God, on manhood, on Fatherland.

I turn my back on Irish Donegal – I flee from it to the uttermost end of Ireland – through Irish Sligo where Corruption buys and sells in the light of day; through Irish Mayo, where the Soldier of Freedom is stabbed in the back; through Irish Galway, where the peasant blushes at the tongue he speaks; through Irish Clare, where the priest on the altar-steps denounces the man who protests against the cockney music-hall; through Irish Cork, where the lotus-eaters dwell – and I come to Irish Kerry. Here, at least, should I find Irish Ireland. Here, where the Atlantic rolls round Valentia, I can sit, and looking Hy-Breasilwards, forget the hell of slavery behind me.

Sad Valentia. Time was when the Spaniard reigned here, and taught your hardy sons how to fight and win. Time was when the privateers of France found shelter in your havens.

Time was when three hundred men and women throve where now three hundred starve. England has smitten you sorely, Valentia – more sorely than the Angel of the Lord smote the Egyptians. I hate those English. I have hated them all my life, but how feeble must my hatred be to yours, O man of Valentia – you who saw your brothers and sisters exterminated before your eyes – you who gaze on ruins and a waste where fifty years ago thousands dwelt! I see a fleet of fishing-boats approaching. The boats are gay with streamers, and I hear the lusty cheers from the fishermen’s throats. They bear someone whom they love hither – some strong-souled man who stands between them and their destroyers. For here are the district councillors, here are the Valentia bandsmen, here are the Gaelic footballers, and here are the Gaelic Leaguers rushing to the waterside to welcome him.

He lands – a youth in khaki. I rub my eyes. It is not a dream. It is a soldier of King Edward of England these people welcome – his name Fitzgerald.

Before him crawling on its belly is the Gaelic League.

Before him squirming in the mud is the Gaelic Athletic Association.

Before him prostrate on the earth is the Irish Labour Association.

Before him kissing the ground grovel the elected representatives of the people.

The Valentia band strikes up “See the Conquering Hero Comes,” the night falls and the flames of a score of bonfires cast a ruddy glare on the waters.

Hail, Peter Fitzgerald, son of the Knight of Kerry, soldier of the King!

Do the bonfires remind you of those your comrades make of widows’ house in South Africa? Do you hear borne across the dark Atlantic, rising above the shrill cheering of Irish serfs, the wail of the outraged women, the cry of the little children, the groan of the dying peasant-soldier? Strangler of Liberty, look on

your serfs, and say with Aguila that Christ never died for such a people.

OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM

From *The United Irishman*, August 31, 1901.

"The choir," said Mr. Fournier at the Pan-Celtic concert, "will sing the Irish National Anthem, 'Let Erin Remember.'"

I smiled to hear that beautiful song of despair described as Ireland's National Anthem, and then I bethought myself, what is Ireland's National Anthem? And my mind was troubled. I turned to the Gaelic Leaguer and asked him.

"Go Maridh ar nGaedhilig Slan," he answered quickly.

"No," said a Cumann na nGaedheal brother of mine, "'tis A Nation Once Again."

"You are both wrong," quoth another of Cumann na Gaedheal, "it is The Memory of the Dead."

So perplexed I went forth and met a man in the street and asked him. "God Save Ireland," said he, gazing on me with wild surprise.

"Here, then," thought I, "are five Irishmen who hold different opinions on a simple subject. 'Let Erin Remember' - yes, but a National Anthem should be a song of hope, not merely of remembrance. 'Go Maridh ar nGaedhilig Slan' - ay, a thousand healths to our language, but there are other things in Nationality besides language. 'A Nation Once Again' - surely, we are a nation still - an oppressed, degraded, distracted, and sickly nation, but still a nation. 'The Memory of the Dead' - a noble song - when we forget the men who died to save us, may our right hands be forgotten - but a song of one day in our history, the day of the matchless Tone and chivalrous Lord Edward and sainted Emmet, but still only one day. 'God Save Ireland' - a tocsin that roused us in our despair, but like the other, the song of a day. What, then, is our National Anthem?"

Truly, we have none. I mind me of a time when I was a little fellow and listened to a strange, fierce, old woman, some of whose blood is in my veins - a very old, old woman who saw

the dogs of Thomas-street lap up a martyr's blood – listened to this old woman while she sang a song she heard often in her father's house sung by men who died on the scaffold or fell in the field, rotted in the dungeons or perished across the sea. I can see her yet sitting in her rocking-chair with her little hands crossed in her lap and a glint of godlike fire in her aged eyes, singing:

When Erin first rose from the dark-swelling flood
God blessed the green island, He knew it was good,
The emerald of Europe, it sparkled and shone
In the ring of the world the most precious stone,
In her name, in her fame, in her station thrice blessed,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp to the ocean's deep roar.

Oh, sons of green Erin! Lament o'er the time
When religion was war and our country a crime,
When man, of God's image, inverted the plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man!
By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' graves,
For their country, left only to tyrants and salves,
Drive the demon of bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made monsters let Erin make men.

The cause it is good and the men they are true,
And the Green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue,
And the triumph of Erin her daughters shall share,
Will the full swelling bosom, and fair flowing hair;
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling wave,
Men of Erin, awake! And make haste to be blessed,
Rise, Arch of the Ocean and Queen of the West.

Peace to her soul. Since she died I have never heard that song of the United Men, which many a gallant Irish Catholic and many a gallant Irish Protestant walked to death singing, save in the rooms of the Celtic Literary Society. Years ago, that brave old

Irishman, Sir Robert Stewart, arranged the music for us, and sent it to us. He loved it well, as he loved everything that was manly and Irish.

Young Ireland had many splendid National songs. It had Davis's "Green above the Red," "Clare's Dragoons," and Barry's "Green Flag" and "Step Together," and Frazer's "Song for July the Twelfth," and Walsh's "War Song," and McCann's "O'Donnell Abu!" and Pigott's "Up for the Green." But Davis's "Celt and Saxon," Mangan's "Irish National Song," and O'Hagan's "Paddies Evermore" are nearer to the anthem than any other of the Young Ireland songs. Fenianism did not bring us the National anthem, but it gave us some stirring National songs, and one excellent poem, "The Question," and since Fenianism we have had many bad poets, some indifferent poets, a few good poets, and one great poet, but none of them has writ Ireland's National anthem.

The Irish National anthem must be written in Irish, but there is no Irish *Rouget d'Lisle*, nor hope of one. It must be the anthem of Ireland - not of Ireland's language nor Ireland's sects nor Ireland's clans - but of Ireland - her hopes, her loves, her aspirations. It must be no pretty trifle with which the tyrant can join with his slave in singing, but a something virile and bloodful, haughty and defiant, something that will shout to the Englishman as Gaul did to Caesar, "Defiance, tyranny, while I have strength to hurl it!" It must be, in short, a song to *make* men - a song meet for men. We have no such song in Irish, but temporarily we may find something like what we need in English - something that will make us recollect we are Irishmen, and:

Sink the tale of Gall and Gael,
That cursed our fathers' day.

Such a song, I believe I know. 'Tis a song to a tune Irish of the Irish, near akin to "Irish Molly O," and easy of singing - 'tis a

song roughly written, lacking much of poetry and finish, but strong, brave, resolute and defiantly Irish – something to put a manly soul into who so sings and whosoever listens: –

The hour is past to fawn or crouch;
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might;
Let those who scorned the fountain rill
Now dread the torrent's roar
And hear our echoing chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore.

What, thought they menace? Suffering, men
Their threats and them despise;
Or promise justice once again?
We know their words are lies;
We stand resolved those rights to gain
They robbed us of before,
Our own dear nation and our name,
As Paddies evermore.

Look round – the Frenchman governs France,
The Spaniard rules in Spain,
The gallant Pole but waits his chance
To break the Russian chain;
The strife for freedom here begun
We never will give o'er,
Nor own a land on earth but one –
We're Paddies evermore

What recked we though seven hundred years
Have o'er our thraldom rolled?
That soul that roused O'Connor's spears
Still lives as true and bold.
The tide of foreign power to stem
Our fathers bled of yore;
And we stand here today, like them,
True Paddies evermore.

Where's our allegiance? With the land
For which they nobly died;
Our duty? By our cause to stand,
Whatever chance betide;
Our cherished hope? To heal the woes
That rankle at her core;
Our scorn and hatred? To her foes,
Like Paddies evermore.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might;
Let those who scorned the fountain rill,
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoing chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore.

Perchance some reader may know a better and braver song, and if so let him tell us, for until the coming of our Rouget d'Lisle we must even do the best we can with the material to our hand.

FRIEDRICH LIST

Republished in Nationality, March 24, 1917.

Since we wrote a few weeks ago about Friedrich List and Matthew and Henry Carey, the German and Irish economists who built up modern Germany and modern America in the teeth of English Free Trade doctrine, we have received scores of letters requesting further information on List and his economic doctrine. List's economic doctrine – an expansion of Carey's, is that Nationality is the highest value in economics, and the doctrine as expounded in his famous work – scarcely known in Ireland however – “The National System of Political Economy.”

We cannot, as some of our readers request, expound that system in detail in our columns. Our space is limited and there are many other urgent matters to deal with; but as to its application to Ireland we shall here quote from a speech by the Editor of this Journal delivered at the first Convention of Sinn Féin in November 1905: –

“The Anglicisation of the Irish mind is exhibited in its attitude towards economics. The system of economics which Adam Smith and his successors invented for the purpose of obtaining control of the world's market for England, is taught in our educational system and believed by the people to be the quintessence of wisdom. It does not matter that all Europe has rejected it. England still holds on, and because England holds on, Ireland, under the British system of education, perforce concludes the “as-good-and-as-cheap” shibboleth must be a gospel. Well, with the remainder of English impositions and humbugs we must bundle it out of the country.

I am in economics largely a follower of the man who thwarted England's dream of the commercial conquest of the world, and who made the mighty confederation before which England has fallen commercially and is falling politically – Germany. His name is a famous one in the outside world, his

works are text-books of economic science in other countries – in Ireland his name is unknown and his works unheard of – I refer to Friedrich List, the real founder of the German Zollverein – the man whom England caused to be persecuted by the Government of his native country, and whom she hated and feared more than any man since Napoleon – the man who saved Germany from falling a prey to English economics, and whose brain conceived the great industrial and united Germany of today. Germany has hailed Friedrich List by the title of Preserver of the Fatherland, Louis Kossuth hailed him as the economic teacher of the nations. There is no room for him in the present educational system of Ireland. With List – whose work on the National System of Political Economy I would wish to see in the hands of every Irishman – I reject that so-called political economy which neither recognises the principle of nationality nor takes into consideration the satisfaction of its interests, which regards chiefly the more exchangeable value of things without taking into consideration the mental and political, the present and the future interests and the productive powers of the nation, which ignores the nature and character of social labour and the operation of the union of powers in their higher consequences, considers private industry only as it would develop itself under a state of free interchange with the whole human race were it not divided into separate nations. Let me continue in the words of this great man to define the nation. Brushing aside the fallacies of Adam Smith and his tribe, List points out that:

“Between the Individual and Humanity stands, and must continue to stand, a great fact – the Nation.”

The Nation, with its special language, and literature, with its peculiar origin and history, with its special manners and customs, laws and institutions, with the claims of all these for existence, independence, perfection, and continuance for the future, and with its separate territory, a society which, united by

a thousand ties of minds and interests, combines itself into one independent whole, which recognises the law of right for and within itself, and in its united character is still opposed to other societies of a similar kind in their national liberty, and consequently can only, under the existing conditions of the world, maintain self-existence and independence by its own power and resources. As the individual chiefly obtains by means of the nation, and in the nation, mental culture, power of production, security and prosperity, so is the civilisation of the human race only conceivable and possible by means of the civilisation and development of individual nations. But as there are amongst men infinite differences in condition and circumstances, so are there in nations – some are strong, some are weak, some are highly civilised, some are half-civilised, but in all exists as in the unit the impulse of self-preservation and desire for improvement.

It is a task of National Politics to ensure existence and continuance to the Nation to make the weak strong, the half-civilised more civilised. It is the task of national economics to accomplish the economical development of the nation and fit it for admission into the universal society of the future. I now take List's definition of a normal nation such as we desire to see Ireland. "It should," he says,

"...possess a common language and literature, a territory endowed with manifold natural resources, extensive and with convenient frontiers and a numerous population. Agriculture, manufactures, commerce and navigation must be developed in it proportionately, arts and sciences, educational establishments, and universal cultivation must stand in it on equal footing with material production. Its constitution, laws, and institutions must afford to those who belong to it a high degree of security and liberty, and must promote religion, morality and prosperity. It must possess sufficient power to defend its independence and to protect its foreign commerce."

Sir, in the economy of Adam Smith, there is no place for the soul of a nation. To him the associations of its past possess no value; but in the economy of the man who made out of the petty and divided States of the Rhine the great Germany we see today there is a place, and it is the highest. True political economy recognises that prompt cash payment, to use Mitchel's phrase, is not the sole nexus between man and man – that there is a higher value than a cash value, and that higher value nationality possesses. When the German Commercial League 60 years ago exhorted all to stand together for a Germany such as we see today, it appealed to what its great economist had taught it was the highest value in economics – nationality. Can we imagine our manufacturers addressing our people as these German manufacturers did? Perhaps we can; but we can only imagine it as occurring at some distant period when they have realised the value of a national spirit. Listen –

“Every misfortune that we have suffered for centuries past may be traced to one cause; and that is that we have ceased to consider ourselves a united nation of brothers, whose first duty is to exert our common efforts to oppose the common enemy.... More beautiful than the spring of nature – more beautiful than any picture created by poetic imagination – more beautiful even than the death of the hero resigning his life for the benefit of his country, is the dawning of a new and glorious era for Germany. That which has been gradually vanishing from us since the days of the Hohenstauffen Emperors – that which is indispensable to enable us to fulfil the destiny marked out for us in the history of the world – that which alone is wanting to render us the mightiest of all the nations of the earth – viz: the feeling of national honour – we are now about to recover. For what object have our honoured patriots been striving? To imbue the people with the feeling of national honour.”

I shall detain you with Friedrich List, because he is unknown in the country which now needs his teaching most. We in Ireland have been taught by our British Lords Lieutenant, our British Education Boards, and our Barrington Lecturers, that our destiny is to be the fruitful mother of flocks and herds – that it is

not necessary for us to pay attention to our manufacturing arm, since our agricultural arm is all-sufficient. The fallacy dissolves before reflection – but it is a fallacy which has passed for truth in Ireland. With List, I reply: A nation cannot promote and further its civilisation, its prosperity, and its social progress equally as well by exchanging agricultural products for manufactured goods as by establishing a manufacturing power of its own. A merely agricultural nation can never develop to any extent a home or a foreign commerce, with inland means of transport and foreign navigation, increase its population in due proportion to their well-being or make notable progress in its moral, intellectual, social and political development; it will never acquire important political power or be placed in a position to influence the cultivation and progress of less advanced nations and to form colonies of its own. A mere agricultural state is infinitely less powerful than an agricultural-manufacturing state. The former is always economically and politically dependent on those foreign nations which take from its agriculture in exchange for manufactured goods. It cannot determine how much it will produce – it must wait and see how much others will buy from it. The agricultural-manufacturing states on the contrary, produce for themselves large quantities of raw materials and provisions, and supply merely the deficiency from importation. The purely agricultural nations are thus dependent for the power of effecting sales on the chances of a more or less bountiful harvest in the agricultural-manufacturing nations. They have, moreover, to compete in their sales with other purely agricultural nations, whereby the power of sale in itself is uncertain – they are exposed to the danger of ruin in their trading with agricultural-manufacturing nations by war or new tariffs, whereby they suffer the double disadvantage of finding no buyers for their surplus agricultural products and of failing to obtain supplies of the manufactured goods they require. An agricultural nation is a man with one arm who makes use of an arm belonging to another person, but cannot, of course, be sure

of having it always available. An agricultural-manufacturing nation is a man who has two arms of his own at his own disposal, and the relative cultivation of the agricultural and manufacturing arms of a fertile country will support in comfort thrice the population of a country developed in agriculture alone.”

THE SINN FÉIN POLICY

From Sinn Féin Weekly, May 5, 1906.

The Policy which Sinn Féin is born to advocate and advance needs no lengthy explanation. Its leading principles have been introduced to the notice of the Irish people during the past two years. It is the policy of national faith and national work. It is the policy with which Deak rebuilt Hungary in the teeth of Austrian opposition, and whose triumphs the nineteenth century witnessed, and the twentieth century is witnessing in Greece and Rumania, Bohemia and Poland, Finland and Norway. Its essential is faith – a nation's faith in itself. Lacking this, it is of no avail. Every country that has achieved its independence, that has regained its independence, that maintains its independence achieves, regains, and maintains by faith in itself. The political policy pursued in Ireland for thirty years past substituted for national faith national dependence. Ireland was taught to regard herself as too weak to rise by her own efforts, and to centre her hope and place her reliance in the generosity of her enemies. The economic history of Ireland for those thirty years attests the result of this disastrous policy, which alone in Europe Ireland adopted. The population of Ireland has dwindled by a million people, the tillage land of Ireland has decreased by a million acres; the manufacturing industry of Ireland has dwindled 30 per cent; and the taxation of Ireland has increased year by year until it has now become the heaviest in Europe. We are today in Ireland paying £2 5s. per head to England against the £1 5s. which he paid before we rendered her political and economic extinction of this country easy by transferring the field of fight from the soil of Ireland to the ground she has chosen for herself and has fortified through the centuries for her defence and perpetuation – her Houses of Parliament.

IRISH GRIEVANCES

During those years Ireland was taught that she had grievances, and that the remedy for these grievances was to be gained by appeals to the people who inflicted them. It appeared, in fact, that the Irish question was a bundle of grievances – grievances about land laws, fishery laws, franchise laws, labour laws, education laws. Men spoke of “Ireland’s grievances,” but never of Ireland’s Right. They cried the phrase, “Ireland a Nation,” from a thousand platforms, but they did not apprehend its meaning. They craved the removal of grievances – they never asserted the right of a nation. The question of Ireland is not a question of grievances. If it were, the removal of those grievances would render her evermore a simple province of England. Her claim is the claim of a nation to national, political, and economic freedom. Her claim is the claim Hungary made good on Austria, and by the same methods the Sinn Féin policy proposes to make it good on England. It is because England has disarmed this country, because she has impoverished it, because she is strong, that we write “humbug” beneath the policy of appeal to England’s sense of justice. So long as Great Britain counts 567 votes to 103 in her House of Commons England retains 567 conclusive replies to the appeal. Whilst Ireland continues to efface herself from the political and economic calculations of the outer world; whilst she meekly continues to make her island a profitable market for British produce and manufactures; whilst she silently pays up the annually-increasing impost for British ships and British guns, and breeds up her young men to man them, England’s sense of justice will never be aroused, even were the whole Irish Parliamentary Party to crack its lungs in the effort.

THE RIGHT OF IRELAND

The Sinn Féin policy will apply that stimulus in arousing the English sense of justice which Hungary applied to the Austrian sense of justice, with such excellent results, forty years ago. It is

not the power to manage its “internal affairs” Ireland demands – when by that cant phrase it is intended to convey that Ireland disclaims or does not possess the right to accord protection and bounty to its industries, to regulate its taxation in all its branches, to create and maintain a national guard to preserve its territory from hostile attack, to devise its own educational system, its own land tenures, its own legal codes, to make its own commercial treaties, appoint its own consuls, and dispose as it deems well of its own surplus revenues. When men speak of Ireland regulating her own “internal affairs” and mean that she is not do any of these things, they speak mischievous nonsense. The Constitution of 1782, which guaranteed to Ireland those rights, is still the Constitution of Ireland. The Renunciation Act in which England took the world to witness that the independence of Ireland was “established and ascertained for ever, and should at no time thereafter be questioned or questionable,” is still inscribed on the statute book. Ireland’s title to independence does not rest upon any Act or Treaty – it comes from God, and no man can definitely mark its bounds; but Ireland’s Charter is written in the Constitution of 1782, which remains the *de jure* Constitution of Ireland, even as the *de jure* Constitution of Hungary remained, through the years of its armed repression, the Constitution of 1848. Not on recognition of usurped authority, but on its denial – not on aid from our enemies, but on action for ourselves the Sinn Féin policy is based. Its essence is construction, and its march to its ultimate political goal must be attended at every step by the material progress of the nation.

SINN FÉIN AND THE LABOUR QUESTION

From Sinn Féin Weekly, October 25, 1913.

Six hundred years ago the States of Europe fell under the domination of Internationalism. The Hansard merchants, taking their rise in Germany, extended their power over that country, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, the Latin nations, the Slav countries, and England. Their factories dotted Europe from Belgium to Russia, their ships traversed all the known seas, their coin circulated from Ireland to the East: Princes, Kings, and Emperors became their vassals, national territories their farms, factories, and markets. Poland was their granary, England their sheep farm, Sweden their mine, Belgium their workshop. They claimed and enforced the claim to supply all nations with manufactured goods and produce, they bought in the cheapest and sold in the dearest market, they prohibited to all but themselves the transport trade, and on the industry of all nations they fixed their tribute. For three hundred years they ruled Europe in its commerce and industry, and formed the most potent influence in its politics. If France disputed their right and authority, they threw their resources into England or some other of France's enemies and crushed the rebel. If a smaller nation - Sweden or Denmark - sought to free itself from their control, they locked its ports and reduced to submission. Their own country they despised and neglected, for the Nation meant nothing to them - they were citizens of the world. When at length the nations found strength to formidably revolt against the yoke of Internationalism, and the Hansards appealed to the entity they had denied, Germany cast them from her protection. The English nation, which had not dared to resent their tyranny, even when they drowned the fishermen of England for presuming to approach the fishing-ponds of these

Internationalists, then tabooed their trade, and formed those companies of English buccaneers who, under the title of merchant adventurers, laid the foundations of English world-commerce and maritime supremacy. Holland and England completed the overthrow of mediaeval Internationalism in Europe, and fought to erect upon the ruins another Internationalism with Holland or England as its director. In the duel, England defeated Holland after a long struggle and thenceforward English policy was directed to the end of realising in herself the power of the Hanseatic League - to become the workshop, the carrier and the economic ruler of the world.

Her famous navigation laws, her resuscitation of the piratic States of Northern Africa to prey upon the commerce of the European Powers in the Mediterranean, her encouragement and subsidy of Continental wars, the iron protective system which she erected against foreign manufactures or goods in which she might develop a manufacturing power, her forcible suppression of Irish manufacturing industry, her famous treaty with Portugal, under which she reduced that country to vassalage and held her as a dagger at the hearts of France and Spain, her encouragement of foreign artificers and capitalists to settle in England, her State-aid to nascent industries, her interdiction of her colonies from manufacturing even so much as a horse-shoe nail, and her seizure, control, and prohibition from importation to England of the beautiful cotton and silk fabrics of India - all these were steps by which England ascended to her predominance in Europe and within a space of 200 years from the period when she had practically no export trade except the export of wool made her the great industrial and commercial power of the modern world. The end of the Napoleonic wars saw her in absolute command of the seas and chief command of the markets of the world.

It was no longer necessary for her to keep up the iron gates of her protective system, for the wasted countries of the

Continent could no longer compete in the English market. Nor did it seem that her navigation laws could be longer of service, for there was no other marine in Europe to compete against her. Then, throwing down those defences which had served her purpose she preached Free Trade to the end that all the nations might be constrained to open their gates to her wares as she had opened hers manually to them. The wisdom and economic virtue of mankind, she taught, directed all nations to buy in the cheapest market - her own. Since wheat might be bought more cheaply outside England than within England. England would buy wheat from the world at large, and the world at large would buy its manufactured goods from England. Cobden told his countrymen, and believed it true, that within ten years from the enactment of Free Trade every country in Europe would be forced to throw down its Custom barriers and admit the manufactured goods of England free, and in that faith England enacted Free Trade, injuring her agricultural interest and visiting Ireland with a destruction of which the cattle grazing on the soil that once maintained double our population are today the silent index. The lure of the Big Loaf won the English workingmen away from their Chartist leaders who sought to conduct them to economic salvation by winning for them political power. "We stand," said Peel, "on the confines of western Europe, the chief connecting-link between the old world and the new. Iron and coal, the sinews of manufacture, give us advantages over every rival in the great competition of industry, and our capital far exceeds that which they can command."

The boast was even less than the truth. Yet within fifty years of its utterance, England instead of capturing the markets of Europe and dominating the world as the Hansards dominated it, has lost half her power. Europe and America refused to fulfil Cobden's pledge to his countrymen to open their gates. Friedrich List and Prince Bismarck in Europe and the Irishman, Henry Carey, in America, kept the defences up, and the projected conquest of the world has failed. When a cry echoes in this

country today that Capitalism and not England is the enemy, the reply is obvious – the Capitalism that denied its obligation to the moral law and the law of the nation – the Capitalism that enunciated the doctrine of non-interference with its operations as a binding commandment on States and Nations – that concept of Capitalism had its germ in no Celtic or Latin civilisation, but in the Teutonic Hansards and its modern development the world owes to England. Tell me not that the evil itself, nor the creator and fosterer of the evil alone is to be abhorred. England, with her savage doctrine of the irresponsibility of Capital to aught but itself has begotten a misery on the social system which has driven men to dream that in a revival of Feudalism with the State instead of the Noble as all-provider – wherein the subject is relieved by a benevolent despotism from the exercise of his personal initiative and the discipline of personal responsibility – the Salvation of humanity is to be found. Not Capitalism, but the abuse of Capitalism, oppresses Labour, and not in the destruction of the Capitalist, but in his subjection to the law of the State, interpreting the conscience and the interest of the Nation, will Labour be delivered from its oppression and restored to all its rights.

I affirm that the evils of the social system, as they exist in this country and in Great Britain, are wholly due to English policy and Government, and that that policy and that Government are partly responsible for those evils, as they exist, though in a modified form, outside the radius of the British flag. I deny that Socialism is a remedy for the existent evils or any remedy at all. I deny that Capital and Labour are in their nature antagonistic – I assert that they are essential and complementary, the one to the other. I deny to any member of the human race as a member of that important part of creation any natural right except the right to live, and I affirm that every other man becomes possessed of he holds through religion and the nation. Therefore though there is not, has never been, and can never be individual equality amongst men, within the nation there is a

equality in which all men must be judged. It is not the right nor the function of the Nation to say to one of its sons:

“You are a capitalist; you must use your capital at my pleasure.”

It is the right and the function of the Nation to say:

“You are a capitalist. It is your right to use your capital as you please so long as you do not use it to the injury or oppression of the poorer of your brethren and my children.”

It is not the right of the Nation to say to Labour:

“You are Labour. You shall see yourself to Capital at Capital’s price, or my policemen shall punish you.”

It is the right and function of the nation to say to Labour:

“You are Labour. You shall sell your service to Capital for a lawful price, and a lawful price is that which will enable you to live in decency and comfort and provide against the material ills of the world. For I am the Nation – your father and the father of Capital also, and in my house my children shall not one oppress the other – it shall not be a house divided against itself.”

Whether the egg or the hen came first none of us know, but we all know that without the hen we cannot have the egg, and without the egg we cannot have the hen. Whether Capital begot Labour in the beginning or Labour begot Capital, without the wedding of Capital and Labour we cannot have production. We cannot slay the one without destroying the other. The incentive and right of both is the profit on production, and the security of the one and the efficiency of the other are essentials of national prosperity. Do not let us be misled by words and phrases. Let us inquire what they mean. When Labour is defrauded of its fair share of the profit it is the voice of stupidity which denounces Capitalism, instead of the abuse of Capitalism. If a thief puts his right hand in our pocket and takes our purse, we do not cry out

that the security and happiness of mankind demand that henceforward men shall chop off their right hands. We punish the thief, not because he has a right hand, but because he has abused its functions to the injury of other men. Labour is entitled to be protected against the misuse of his hands by the thief. The organised nation does not say to the citizen,

“You must yourself protect your possessions against the cunning or the force of the dishonest.”

It says,

“I shall be your protector.”

To Labour it owes a similar duty and protection. When I affirm this I deny the whole basis of the present English social system, with its doctrine of laissez-faire and its policy of unrestrained competition. It is under that system that the abuse of Capital has been invested with a pseudo-moral sanction and that we in Ireland are squirming, because we have not the political power to protect ourselves against it.

I am a Protectionist. I believe in the protection of the capital of my country against the power of English or any other foreign capital. I believe that as it is the first duty of a nation to use all its resources to repel a military invasion of its territory, equally it is the duty of a nation to draw on and use all its strength to repel an industrial invasion which threatens its people with loss of their means of livelihood. It is the business of the organised nation to protect the employment of its people. It is the duty of the organised nation to protect Labour, and secure for it from the profits of production, not a mere competitive wage, but an adequate recompense proportioned to its services. I do not believe the remuneration of labour is to be fixed on the basis of the so-called Law of Supply and Demand. I deny that it is necessary, and I know it is unjust to pay a man less than the value of the services he renders. I know that we – Capital and

Labour alike – under the English social system are gripped and squeezed in the vice of this so-called Iron Law of Supply and Demand, and that we shall not get out of that vice until we regain the mastery of our own country. Like Marx's Iron Law of Wages, it has no truth at its base. The State may grow wealthy where the Law of Supply and Demand is worshipped as Immutable and Sacrosanct, but the nation will decay, and in its dissolution engulf the State. I see that process working before my eyes today in England. In the Ireland I hope to see, it shall not reproduce itself and work a similar destruction. The man who tells me that England is prosperous because she counts her trade by the thousand million sterling is the victim of that misunderstanding of terms so prevalent in this enlightened age of the cheap school, the cheap Press, and the cheaper university. That country, no matter howsoever wealthy it be, is not prosperous where abundant wealth exists and yet poverty and unemployment are the lot of a considerable proportion of its people. That State has abandoned its duty wherein there are men willing to work and yet condemned to pauperisation while wealth accumulates around them.

I am aware that my affirmations and beliefs are fundamentally at variance with the blessed system of Free Trade and Open Competition – a system supported today in the English Parliament and outside it by the English Labour Parties, who while clamouring against Capital, maintain in being the most iniquitous abuse of the power of Capital the modern world records – the abuse of Capital which has forced out of cultivation the soil of Ireland, with the result of making here a market for foreign wheat, and that has driven the Irish operative to America for the greater profit of the foreign market in Ireland. An acre of wheat employed three men and ten acres of grass today employs one. Was it for the benefit of the Irish farmer or the workingman, the trader, or the capitalist that Free-Trade England deprived Irish labour of employment on three acres that one bullock might be raised for her eating? Do bullocks wear boots and garments

and need furniture and houses? Have the Irish bootmaker, and tailor, and weaver, and carpenter, and cabinetmaker, and bricklayer, and plasterer benefitted because cattle now range over the fields whence men who needed all these things and bought them out of the wages of their labour have vanished. And if they do not, has not the fiscal policy of England in this country destroyed, not only the men who raised the grain in Ireland, but diminished by one-half the output of the Irish artisan. The colonies now send us grain, and I have read in new illuminations of political economy that Ireland needs the colonies. The colonies Ireland needs are colonies of men on her grazing-ranches. Give Ireland these, and give her the political power to protect herself and Irish labour will no longer be an overstocked market.

In the year 1913 we are in Ireland back almost in the economic position that we occupied in 1725, when with a population of 2 ½ million people we were forced to import food to feed ourselves. Then, as now, English Economists were good enough to point out to us that since we lacked industries and could not raise food enough for our needs, we should emigrate. One man in our forlorn country saw the fallacy, and exhorted the Irish nation against it. "To force our population to emigrate," wrote Dean Swift, "because they are short of food, is like cutting off your foot because you are short of a shoe." And before the Union what was Ireland's position. Her five millions, after feeding themselves on the fruits of her soil, had £3,000,000 worth of food every year to export and sell to other nations. The economic revolution was wrought when Ireland regained control of her political independence.

A wise State will, when it is necessary, tax the community to provide work for the workless. I am aware this is contrary to the doctrine and law of the English social system. That system will not permit the community to be taxed for such a purpose - it would interfere with the right it has accorded to Capital to follow what it may choose to consider its own interests

regardless of the interests of the nation. Instead, it levies a tax – in the name of Poor Law – to pauperise and perpetuate pauperism. Whether it is better that a community should tax itself in two millions a year to provide employment, for those whom its ordinary capital cannot employ, in reproductive work – in reclamation, afforestation, and a dozen other ways of national material benefit, or tax itself in a million a year to keep up workhouses and provide the unemployed with the bread of charity. In the first case, the nation keeps its poor self-respecting men, and reaps a return on what they produce which will eventually overbalance the expenditure. In the latter case it destroys the spirit of some of its people and reaps no material return on the expenditure it has made. Yet the latter is the system forced upon this country under foreign rule. We are taxed in £1,100,000 a year to perpetuate pauperism, but no tax is levied upon us to provide employment for our unemployed people. The Law of Laissez-Faire, the policy of unrestrained competition, must not be interfered with, and the development of our national resources through the industry of the people – the main cause of a nation's prosperity – must not be encouraged. To the end of our days we must go on buying English coal and iron and the world's wheat, and pay the difference by which we could develop our own coal and iron and grow our own wheat in a demoralising poor-rate.

It is not to the nation which, under the guise of Free Trade, abuses the power of Capital and whose very Labour leaders support the maintenance of that system that Labour in Ireland can look for guidance and help to its salvation. Let Ireland look within itself for light, and it will find it there. Labour and Capital are not things of today or yesterday – they are things of all time. A thousand years ago in Ireland when Irish Law ruled Irishmen, the rights of Labour were recognised and established in the civil code. The Law of Ireland fixed the remuneration of the workman, not on competitive, but on absolute lines. It appraised the value of the work done, and awarded Labour out of that

value the cost of Labour's maintenance during the performance of the work and a proportion of the profit on production. The artisan by his skill could rise to the acquirement of landed property and high social status, and guilds or partnerships of workmen, were recognised, authorised, and permitted a voice in the government of the State. You cannot reproduce in the twentieth century the Ireland of the tenth century, but you can reproduce and you must continue to reproduce in every century the spirit of the nation. Alone almost in Europe, Ireland grew up untainted by the slavery of Feudalism - her people nurtured in an independence which, where it exacted duties conferred rights, and it is not to a nation still intellectually impressed with Feudalism that Ireland must or should look for light on the path of the social problem. She can look back to a State which recognised the rights of Labour when elsewhere in Europe it had none. And in the adaptation of the spirit of the Irish labour legislation of our ancestors to the conditions of our own time will be found a true solution.

We are said to be on the eve of political change which will involve a partial control of Irish affairs by the people of Ireland. In that event, there will be set up in this country a Parliament whose limited powers will not enable it to protect by tariff, as France and Germany, Holland and America protected their nascent industries against unscrupulous competition and develop them into strength; it will not have power to do one-fourth of what a free government could do for this country, but there are certain things it can do, and if the workingmen of Ireland are wise enough to realise that the true instrument of emancipation for Labour is the political instrument operated through the legislature these things it can have done. The ninth article of the Sinn Féin programme declares that the control and management of transit by rail, road and water, and the control and development of waste lands are matters for an Irish Government. The 15th article of the same programme declares that the Poorhouse system shall be abolished and substituted by

adequate provision in their homes for the aged and infirm and the employment of the able-bodied in national reproductive works. The 10th article of the Sinn Féin programme supports the control and development of the sea fisheries by a National Government, and the eighth article declares that Courts of arbitration should decide industrial disputes. So much of the programme of Sinn Féin can be realised even in the hampered Parliament the Home Rule Bill proposes to set up in this country, and it was not today nor yesterday that Sinn Féin put it forward, but six years ago when it told Ireland that in dependence on herself she would find the key to work out the salvation of all her sections.

It is within the power of the proposed Home Rule Parliament to purchase for the Nation the existing railways and canals and work them solely for the Nation's interest. The purchase price of the Irish railways is roughly £10,000,000 and the transference of the railways to the Irish State need involve little or no cash transactions. State bonds bearing a fixed interest will affect the bulk of the transaction. No man needs to be told of the impetus and development of the trade and industries of Ireland and the consequent increase of remunerative employment which the acquisition of the railways or even the canals by a National Government would produce. Who that knows anything of our sea fisheries, starved for lack of capital and denied all state-encouragement, does not know that given that state-encouragement they will produce for Ireland an additional two millions per annum and provide, as they have provided in Scotland, well-paid work for thousands of artisans in subsidiary and complementary industries. It will be within the power of that Parliament to sweep away the degrading and wasteful system under which half-a-million a year is expended in administering £600,000 in poor-relief and crushing the spirit of men and women in the process, and it will be within the power of such a Parliament to substitute for the dagger-method of settling industrial disputes a system under which the State

will be the protector of Capital without being the foe of Capital. In the spirit and practice of our ancient laws, when the State through its Courts established the right of Labour to its fair share of the profits of production, and in the living example of New Zealand with its Conciliation Boards and Arbitration Courts are the model and example which even so poor a Parliament as that we are promised can follow to restore the relations of Labour and Capital in Ireland to a harmony with the national life.

But there is an enactment in another country which I have often admired and wished to see introduced and extended to mine. It is the law that secures to the family its house and forbids the family to be dispossessed of it except in the most extreme circumstances. I believe in a homestead law which will enable every working man in Ireland to own his house, and have that house secured to him free of seizure by any man for debt. I hold that as it was prohibited in ancient Ireland to distraint upon the workman's tools, it must be prohibited in the new Ireland to distraint upon the workman's house. Whatever the civil offences a workman may commit this I hold to be true, that it is the duty of the wise State to see that the penalty visited upon him for them shall not go to the extreme of rendering him and his family homeless. I believe in a homestead law which will permit every workman's family to procure through the State a house at the cost of its building, and to have and to hold that house as its property, free from fear that if poverty and ill ever visit them they will become shelterless in their own country. I am aware of the objections that may be urged, and to these objections I answer - You have rooted the farmer in the soil and you have done well. Give the workman a home, and the assurance that in infirmity, misfortune, or old age he shall not be deprived of shelter and you will do equally well. He will go through life strengthened in confidence, conscious of his citizenship and its duties, living in security, decency, and spaciousness - like the man of old dwelling in freedom under his own fig-tree.

Sinn Féin is a national, not a sectional movement, and because it is national it must not and can not tolerate injustice and oppression within the nation. It will not, at least through my voice, associate itself with any war of classes or attempted war of classes. There may be many classes, but there can only be one nation. If there be men who believe that Ireland is a name and nothing more, and that the interest of the Irish workman lies, not in sustaining the nation, but in destroying it, that the path to redemption for mankind is through universalism, cosmopolitanism, or any other ism than nationalism, I am not of their company. I have never been of their company. I never shall be of their company. If a legislature be set up in this country I shall seek to have realised through it that Sinn Féin programme I have mentioned. I shall seek to have its powers increased until they amount to national independence, and with the increase of its powers increase not only the wealth of the country, which is not prosperity, but the just distribution of that wealth, which is prosperity. The free nation I desire to see rise again upon the soil of Ireland is no offspring of despair – no neo-feudalism – with Marx and Lassalle and Proudhon as its prophets. It is the ancient Irish nation called into new being – a nation in which there will be no slums and no hunger, and every honest man who labours and performs will live in comfort and security. I am not concerned with the interests of humanity at large. I am concerned with the interests of my own people. But this I know – that he who wishes to serve humanity at large can only do so effectively when he serves it through the nation. That nation, whose sons and daughters free it of misery and produce in it understanding and harmony between all its sections, will be a light to the other peoples, and such a nation I desire, not for the sake of the other peoples, but for the sake of my own people to realise in Ireland. I trust no man who tells me he loves all humanity equally well, for I know that the man who loves all humanity equally well can love nobody in particular. I know that the man who loves all his neighbours' children equally with

his own is a bad father. I know that the one weapon with which the workingman can win his filched rights back again is the political weapon, and that those who advise him to neglect it and attack unarmed and unarmoured his oppressors where he is oppressed advise him to defeat. I know that those who represent the Nation to him as an enemy or as an illusion bid him destroy the chief factor in the world that can prevent capital abusing its power. I know that Irish Labour deserves well of the Irish nation for it was more faithful to it in the past than Irish Capital. I know that the strength of the claim the Irish workingman on the Irish nation is not that he is a workingman, but that he is an Irish workingman, that if he prefers a claim as a nationless workingman he possesses no right or title in Ireland which the last English workingman who stepped upon our shores or the next emancipated Chinese coolie who comes hither may not equally claim. I believe that when a Parliament be set up in this country the Irish workingman should use that Parliament to secure so far as is in its power the rights he is entitled to as a faithful member of the Irish nation. In that boat I shall pull an oar, but I shall never row in the cosmopolitan galley.

When Emmet died and Davis burned out his life and Mitchel descended into an English hell they did not die and labour and suffer to raise up in Ireland a replica of English civilisation - a State wherein many honest man starved while many a rascal flaunted the wealth of Croesus. But neither did they die and suffer so that their country might be delivered from the hands of one evil nation only that it might fall into the hands of men of no nation. They did not die and suffer for the tenant or the landlord, the workingman or the employer - they died and suffered for all, and the nation they saw in their prophetic eyes reared again upon this holy soil was a nation of men of many minds and many grades but of free hearts and manly brotherhood, nurtured in the love of justice and living by its law. That Ireland yet shall be, and the workingmen of Ireland who in the past faithfully served the ideal of the heroes who sustained

us with their blood and sweat in the march towards its attainment will not forsake their birthright. Through that nation and not outside of it they will regain all they have lost since the black shadow of foreign rule fell upon their country and struck down that civilisation of our Gaelic ancestors in which Capital prayed of Labour a blessing on each work undertaken and Labour gave the blessing in token of its satisfaction with the recompense.