



The Hidden Connolly

part 2: *The Harp*

Harp Strings

[February 1908]

I see by the last reports that emigration from Ireland is increasing at a rapid rate. The going forth of the Gael still continues.

Soon, very soon, there will be none left in Ireland except old men and women, lunatics, paupers, policemen and British Government officials. Then when that assortment get dissatisfied with the conditions—there being no Irish people to feed upon—they in their turn will apply to the Home Rule members to take up their claim for more soup or pensions and when it is debated upon the “flure of the House”, the newspapers will tell of it as another “Irish Night at St Stephens”. ‘Tis a great world!

And the United Irish League¹ will send another deputation to America to collect donations on the strength of this great fight for Ireland. And all the Irish American politicians who expect to run for office that year will crowd upon the UIL platform to wave the green flag and fool the Irish.

Not the least of the sorrows of Erin is the fact that the miseries of her people are the stepping stones on which shameless politicians climb to pelf and power.

But do you realize what this Irish emigration means? Go down to the harbor some day and see the great Atlantic liners emptying through the portals of Ellis Island. See the fresh healthy faces of the young Irish cailíní and buachaillíní, girls and boys, watch the life and vigor in their every action, note the latent strength of limb so different from the Americans of the same age, think of their fresh and unpolluted minds, and then reflect on what they will be after years of the fierce struggle and trying climate of America.

Then, after a course of reflection on that, turn your mind to Ireland and think on what and who are being left behind.

I have been on an emigrant train in Ireland—a train being run to meet a liner at Queenstown--and it left an impress on my mind that nothing will ever efface.

At every railroad station the train stopped to take on a fresh batch of passengers, the platforms were always crowded with young and old, but when the train pulled out it was only the old people who remained; the young were in the train on the way to America.

Have you ever heard the Irish caoine—the death cry? It is heartrending when uttered from the lips of bereaved women wailing over their dead; it catches the heart as in a grasp of ice and brings tears to the eyes of the stranger when it bursts upon his ears in the house of death.

But the caoine over the dead, pitiful as it is, is not so weirdly mournful as the wails that follow the emigrant train on its way to the emigrant ship.

The death cry is at least a recognition that all is over, the worst has happened, and the old Irish mother or father will say amidst their sobs: “Sure they’re better off out of this hard world”, but the wail over the emigrant gathers its heartbroken note from the knowledge that the worst may be yet to come, that the anguish of leavetaking may be sweet mercy to the terrors of the future.

As an emigrant train pulls out of the station, or the emigrant ship swings into the bay, the parting between the young who go and the old who remain is as much a leavetaking as a parting on the edge of the grave would be, at least in most cases, but the terrors ahead are greater to the emigrant.

As Kickham says in his beautiful poem, ‘She lived beside the Anner’:

O, Irish peasant girls,
Sure, we well might call you brave,
The least of all your perils
Was to cross the ocean wave.²

And for what is all this emigration? To escape British tyranny. But does it fulfill that purpose? In another part of this paper you will find a list of British landowners in the United States, members of the British governing class who own vast tracts of land in this country. Did the Irish men and women

who as farm laborers work on these estates in America escape from British tyranny when they left Ireland?

Or when they traveled 3,000 or 4,000 miles from Ireland to be exploited by British magnates at the end of their journey for the rest of their lives, where did the benefit come in?

Or take the longshoremen of the port of New York as an example. The vast majority of these men are Irish. They came here to get from under the hated tyranny of the English governing class. Did they?

Walk along West Street, and notice the names of the companies for whom those men as longshoremen are working today. They are all English Shipping Companies, owned by Englishmen, owned in England, registered in England, sailing under English Laws, and flying the English flag.

There are no harder working men anywhere than these longshoremen; their toil is arduous, their risks are great, accidents are plentiful. Conditions in short are of the worst, slave-driving is the order of the day, and the men have to work under the lash of language of the most degrading and insulting nature.

In all the four provinces and thirty two counties of Ireland there is not a corner where you could get working men to tolerate from foreman, employer, or landlord the language these longshoremen of New York hear from their bosses every day.

Yet they came here to be free. I have worked among dock laborers in Dublin and know that were a boss to attempt to use language to them one hundredth degree as insulting as is used every day to the New York men there would be a rise in the death rate. But some of them also emigrate to America and work along shore in New York in order to be free. Sarcasm!

What is freedom, anyway?

Does it depend upon the flag that is flying over our heads, or upon our control of the necessities of life? I hold it depends upon the latter.

The British flag is the emblem of the empire under which our fathers were robbed and murdered, and under which we were robbed and would have been murdered if it was necessary in the interest of the robbers; the American flag is today in control of a class which rules the producers and also stands ready to do the murdering act.

The English poet Shelley puts the true meaning of slavery when he asks:

What is Freedom?—ye can tell
That which slavery is, too well—
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

'Tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day,
In your limbs as in a cell
For a tyrant's use to dwell

Briefly, the essence of slavery is in being compelled to work for the profit of another, having your existence dependent upon the will of another, and in having no control over your own means of subsistence.

The Irishman who rushes from Ireland to work upon the ranches of English Syndicates in the West, or to carry the hook for English Steamship Companies along West Street, New York, is not rushing from slavery into freedom, but is only, at his own expense, changing the location of his slavery.

He is not even changing his taskmaster. He finds that in this country the shareholders in the company which coins his life blood into dollars are the same men and of the same class as those who rackrented and robbed him on the ould soil at home.

And he has the additional humiliation of finding that the newspapers refer to him here as a "citizen of an Anglo-Saxon country", whereas at home he was left the mournful privilege of remaining an Irish Celt.

No, emigration does not bring the Irish worker from slavery to freedom. It only lands him into a slavery swifter and more deadly in its effects. I wish that all the Irish who toil and suffer in this country would write home and tell the grim truth to the people they know in Ireland, and not leave

all the letter writing to the poor amadán who finds a few dollars in his pocket and rushes to buy a five cent postage stamp before he pays his board bill.

If he waited until he paid his board bill he probably would not have the price of a postage stamp left. But he won't mention that in his letter.

The remedy for Irish misery is not emigration, and the remedy for American industrial conditions is not the restriction of emigration. In both cases the remedy is Socialism—that the toilers should come together on the political and economic fields and take and hold that which they produce by their labor. Then Ireland will indeed be a country to live in, not to flee from. Ireland will then be such a country as enthused the imagination of our martyrs when they gave up their lives that she might taste of the glories of being free.

That is something worth fighting for. Are ye men enough, brothers, for the task?

Since writing my notes for the January *Harp* I have been down in the Valley of the Shadow, whilst the angels of life and death fought for my poor carcase. Today I am breathing a little freer, but I ask the reader if he finds my notes a little in the plaintive key to remember that they came from the sick bed of a

Spailpín

Europe and America

[February 1908]

One of the salient characteristics of American life, and the one which most strongly appeals to the imagination of the thoughtful observer, is the intense chauvinism, the exaggerated patriotism of its inhabitants. That a nation so young, so new, and as yet so unformed, should exhibit such an abnormal degree of satisfaction with itself; that a people so compounded of, and continually recruited from all the races of the old world should yet affect to believe that a proper degree of pride in itself required a contempt of the stocks from which it sprung, and that moreover this virulent nationalism should even seize hold of and possess elements the most recently settled in the country, all this presents a phenomenon of the first interest to the student of the development of human institutions. And if that student be a Socialist, this American characteristic will present itself in shapes and forms even more amusing and bewildering than to the ordinary investigator. If he studies the Socialist literature of America he will find that the great mass of it, and all its important works, consists of translations from European authors, yet ninety nine out of every hundred American Socialists he meets will tell him American Socialists are the only real kind; if he studies the statistics of production and the relation of wages to product of the laborer's toil he will find that the American workers receive a vastly smaller proportion of their product than the Europeans receive of theirs, and yet that the American worker glories in his "superior position"; and when he studies the daily and hourly life of the American toiler in the factory, workshop or mine, he will find him submitting to conditions which the European worker in his native habitat would not bend to, even at the point of a bayonet.

But, most important of all, for a realization of this fact is necessary to an understanding of the true relation in which Europe and America at present stand towards progress, he will find that whilst in Europe the toiler has risen to a conception of the dignity and mission of his class, in America the ambition of the toiler is to be a slave driver instead of a slave. Be it noted that this applies not only to the native born American, but to the Working Class of America as a whole, Irish as much as any other. The spirit of America is on them—the spirit of grab.

We do not point out these things in order to decry the American, but to point out to him, and our own race in danger of infection from Americanism half-fledged, that if it is true that America has much to teach Europe it also has much to learn. We speak of the Working Class—the only class we are interested in. Let us consider briefly a few facts in the history of the Working Class of the two continents and see which has the most reason for pride.

For the last fifty years the course of the American Working Class has been downward. The history of strikes is a history of the continual invasion of the judiciary of the rights of the strikers, and a slow but insistent invasion of the rights of Working Class Combination; the use of Federal and State troops against the Working Class in disputes between employers and employed from being rare or unheard of is now the first thing spoken of; the popular suffrage is curtailed and restricted more and more every day by limitations of the opportunities of minority parties to get on the official ballot, and the imposition of financial qualifications on candidates in many States—in short, recent American

history is a record of successful encroachments of organized capital upon the crumbling citadel of popular American liberties.

On the other hand the history of the European Working Class has been calmly and determinedly upward. From being helots despised and contemned, without rights of suffrage, of meeting or of association, they have become the arbiters of the peace of nations, again and again determining the question of peace or war by the fear they inspired in the hearts of their rulers; the proceedings of their national conventions are more eagerly read by the tyrants of Europe than the speeches of Kings, and when they call their International Congress the most influential journals of the capitalist world choose their best men to attend and report their actions.

The right of popular meeting in Europe, the right of a free press, the right of suffrage, the right of political and economic association—all these rights, and they are milestones of progress—have been won by the European Working Class by its own strength in the teeth of the armed forces of feudalism during the same period as has measured the downward tread of the toilers of America. It is as if fifty years ago the toilers of Europe and America were respectively at the bottom of a valley and on the top of a mountain. In the meantime as the one has ascended the other has descended, and though the latter may still occupy the highest altitude who can doubt which has the most right to pride? In teeth of all the forces of hell, in face of persecution and martyrdom that counted its victims by the scores of thousands, fronting without flinching the dungeon, the convict settlement, the guillotine and the scaffold, scorning all the seductions of treason and giving its best, its purest and highest thoughts to the work of human regeneration even whilst thousand-fanged poverty was daily tearing at its vitals, the European Working Class has fought its way up out of the nethermost depths of the abyss.

All hail then to the European Working Class, not our rivals, but our Comrades-in-arms! Let us as Socialists remember that the test of Socialist success is not gauged by the few who set themselves up as a small coterie of doctrinaires, nor by the purity of the doctrine of the few, but rather by the manner in which the vast mass of the toilers have been reached and quickened by the higher life of class consciousness and patiently trained and equipped for the task of self-emancipation.

Judged by that test how many great reputations will fall; how many humble workmen may exalt theirs!

Harp Strings

[March 1908]

We are a great people!

Possibly you may have noticed that before; but it is no harm to remind you of it. But even if I did not remind you, a cursory glance at the newspapers would establish the fact in your mind without doubt or question.

We are a great people—we Irish. What other people could or can produce such a large and varied assortment of characters looming large in the public eye? Never a day passes but someone with an Irish name “does a stunt”—to use an expressive Americanism—that draws public attention upon the Irish race, and adds another few pounds weight to the load of responsibility that race is staggering under.

We are a great people, we Irish. We turn out in our tens of thousands on St Patrick’s Day to celebrate the memory of the Apostle who, our orators tell us, “introduced Christianity into Ireland”. But every historian tells us that the Christian religion was planted in Ireland, churches were built, and Christian services held before ever St Patrick saw the country.

We hear all our great orators loudly proclaiming that St Patrick banished snakes from Ireland, and we believe them, although we know that Home Rule and Unionist politicians are still there in large numbers.

We are a great people! Mr Yeats³ comes all the way from Ireland to tell us in New York that we Irish are a spiritual-minded people, and every Irish saloon keeper in America swells with pride as he reads the modest eulogium, and then passes on the graft to the District Leader,⁴ to allow him to break the law and keep open on Sunday.

We are a great people! So spiritual-minded are we that we allow one of the sweetest poetesses of the “48” movement to want for the common necessities of life in an Australian city;⁵ we looked placidly on whilst the mother of J K Casey, the high-minded poet of the Fenian movement, suffered the degradation of the workhouse in Athlone; but we will turn out in Dublin in our tens of thousands to cheer a Croker whose money is derived from blackmail upon crime, and from the graft levied upon

poor Irish workers as the price of being allowed to earn a living in the service of this city; or, in America, we will gladly honor a T F Ryan, whose money is the result of gambling in Wall Street and of shady transactions in the realm of "high finance", as thieving in a large style is euphemistically styled nowadays.⁶

We are a great, spiritual-minded people! When W B Yeats, son of the gentleman whose remarks elicited the above comment, produced in Ireland a play, *The Countess Cathleen*, which purported to treat of a mythical Irish lady who in a time of famine sold her soul to the Devil in return for food for the starving people—all the spiritual-minded journalists in Dublin were horrified at the suggestion that an Irish woman could do such an act. Yet not one of them could go to or from the newspaper office of an evening without passing scores and sometimes hundreds of Irish girls whom the pressure of want had driven to sell themselves body and soul for a crust of bread and a slum to hide their misery in.

And every one of the spiritual-minded gentry are supporters and upholders of the system of society which continually compels this traffic by the Devil in the sweet young bodies and clean souls of our Irish maidenhood.

Spiritual-minded, eh? If Mr Yeats was one of the Irish Working Class, and had been so unfortunate as to work for his living in the service of a "strong farmer" in Ireland, or to toil under the eye of an Irish boss or contractor in this country, he would be inclined to believe that the spiritual side of their characters at least needed a little more nourishment to keep it alive.

We are a great people, and so spiritual, too! When we remember how the Irish turned their backs upon their own language and literature because they believed that it paid them best to speak the language and read the literature of their oppressors, all this talk of spirituality is calculated to bring on a feeling of nausea.

Let us be frank with ourselves. I am as great a stickler for the honor of the Irish race as ever stepped in shoe leather, but when I hear any man throwing blarney into the race by the shovelful, so to speak, I have the same instinctive suspicion of their motives as I have when a man praises me too profusely to my face.

And my suspicion is always increased by the fact that it is always some member of the propertied classes who tells us that our hills are higher, and our valleys deeper, and our grass greener, and our people holier than the same things elsewhere, for I observe that not one of the blarneying capitalist crew will ever consent to forego a cent of their profit from our labor as a tribute to our common spirituality.

We are a great people! Witness the following paragraph:

Mr Frederick Ryan, a prominent Dublin Sinn Féin journalist, left London this week, says the *Daily Chronicle*, for Cairo, where he is to take up the editorship of a newspaper to be run on Sinn Féin lines for Egyptian Nationalists.

So here we have an Irishman going to Egypt to teach the Egyptians how to organize against British rule! But that is only half the story. The other half the London journalist did not know, or would not reveal if he did know. It is that Mr Ryan is a well known Irish Socialist, was one of the first members of the Irish Socialist Republican Party, and is the author of a play, *The Laying of the Foundations*, in which the present-day municipal corruption of Irish cities was mercilessly exposed, to the intense delight of the Dublin Working Class.

To those who have witnessed the production of his play, the photograph-like fidelity with which he portrayed the sham patriots and equally sham loyalists, and their trick of arranging little business deals in private, at the expense of the public, whilst in front of the public they posed as mortal enemies, is a remembrance to be treasured for a lifetime.

If he had done nothing else than produce that play, he did not live in vain. So, Frederick, a mhic mo chroí, sláinte.

Talking of plays reminds me that the Irish National Theatre have produced a play in New York entitled *A Pot of Broth*, which represents how an artful Irish beggar deluded some simple Irish people into giving him a pot of broth by pretending to produce it from a stone. The play, if it was presented as an illustration of the things which amuse Irish children, would be harmless, but presented as an evidence of a literary revival in Ireland, it is calculated to afford sport for the Philistines.

At all events, when the average American looks upon those simple, innocent, easily deluded Irish men and women on the stage, and then remembers the shrewd, aggressive, calculating Irish who are

his competitors in every walk of real life, he is apt to wonder where all the simple and easily deluded types go to. They don't come here.

Surely the Irish National Theatre could find something better, something more representative of the new life now stirring in the heart of Erin than an old pishrog, fit only for old women to tell to giggling boys and girls.

It was well enough, while Paddy and Mary, or Bridget and Micky were sitting in the shadow beside the turf fire, to encourage their old grandmother to tell such a story and pretend a great interest in it, because whilst she was telling the story she could not be watching the courting going on; but to present it as a specimen of the plays of the Irish Renaissance—

Ugh! but then the Irish National Theatre assured the authorities at Dublin Castle that they were a harmless, "non-political body". And that explains a lot.

Miss Anna Parnell was recently mobbed and assaulted while attempting to address a meeting in Leitrim in favor of the Sinn Féin candidate.⁷ The Irish chivalry towards women is proverbial. Is this the modern sample of it?

An old Irish legend popularized and given world-wide currency by Thomas Moore in his poem, 'Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore', tells how the people of Ireland were so honest and chivalrous that a beautiful woman traveled alone and unmolested through the country, although carrying many jewels on her person. Seems to me she would not have fared so well in Leitrim on a fair day and in the midst of an election.

But then Ireland had not at that time had the benefit of seven hundred years of English civilization, nor yet had she on her soil the human by-products of capitalism. It was the latter, the unscrupulous capitalist Home Rule politician working through his agents upon the ignorance of a people crazed and brutified by vile, adulterated "Fair Whiskey" that was responsible for the outrage.

The practice our "spiritual-minded" publicans in Ireland follow in "doctoring" their whiskey for sale at fairs is well known to everyone acquainted with rural life in Ireland; men filled with their poison are capable of any crime, and it was a master stroke worthy of their whole policy for the middle class Home Rule gang to whoop up a gang of such creatures to assault a lady whose shoes they were unworthy to blacken.

And it is no mere reverence for the name of Parnell makes me say so, but knowledge of the fibre and quality of the lady in question. I don't care much for names at any time, and any reverence for the name of Parnell was most effectually killed in Ireland by John Howard Parnell when High Sheriff of the city of Dublin.

When Queen Victoria was about to visit that city on a recruiting mission for the English army after preparing the way by "graciously consenting" to allow Irish soldiers in her army to wear shamrocks on St Patrick's Day as a reward for their loyalty to her (and treason to liberty) in the war upon the Boer Republics,⁸ Miss Anna Parnell wrote to the Irish press that the Irish people that year should dip their shamrocks in ink in memory of the horrors of Victoria's reign.

And immediately John Howard Parnell wrote to the press that he would be proud to go on his knees to present the keys of the Irish capital to his lawful sovereign(?). He thus publicly slapped his sister in the face in order to proclaim himself a crawling slave. The act debased him and ought to have exalted his sister in the eyes of the manhood of Ireland.

And it did so exalt her. The heroes of this Leitrim exploit are not representatives of Irish manhood, they are the types produced by the constitutional agitation, and its time-serving policy. They are of the same type as those male and female criminals who in 1900, 1901, 1902 were dragged up out of the haunts of vice and crime in the North Dock, North City and Wood Quay Wards in the city of Dublin to vote for the Home Rule candidates and save our "holy religion" from the assaults of the Irish Socialists.

I have been in a few elections in Ireland in which Home Ruler and Tory alike would have gone down in defeat before the candidate of the Socialist Working Class had they not been saved by the purchased vote of the criminal classes, recruited from the slums. Therefore I do not wonder at Leitrim, I only wonder at the naïve wonder of the Sinn Féin journalists.

Cheer up, my friends! Ireland will not be saved by a few chance votes in Leitrim, nor is Ireland lost because of the acts of a few scoundrels whom all true Leitrim men and women would disown. Ireland can only be saved by her working class industrially organized to seize, hold and operate all her industries—free people in a free nation.

SPAILPÍN

Harp Strings

[May 1908]

Our glorious institutions.

In Ireland we used to hear the supporters of the British Government and Irish Landlordism in all their public utterances rave about "Our glorious institutions in Church and State," and vow that they were prepared to die in their defense.

When we common Irish workers looked around for those "glorious institutions," we could see only jails, poorhouses, policemen to club us, red coats to shoot us, and idle aristocrats to live upon our labor.

We could see the emigrant ships bearing away our young men and women and merchant ships bearing away the food they might and should have eaten; we could see our insane asylums filling up at a rate of increase unprecedented in Europe, the white plague of consumption setting its mark upon our once healthy race, and our towns and cities thronged with starving unemployed.

The glorious institutions of Ireland under English civilization were the marks of the degradation and misery of the Irish producers.

In America today it seems to me we are rapidly drifting into a similar position. Every spell-binder for the capitalist parties whoops it up for our glorious institutions.

And when the working class looks around for these "glorious institutions" the few that meet its eye are not reassuring for its peace of mind.

Our great American institution today is the bread line; every night in New York thousands of men and women stand in line in the public streets waiting for their turn to receive a few crusts of bread to keep body and soul together. The same in every other city and town from East to West.

The bread line is a great American capitalist institution. But I do not think I would shoulder a rifle in defense of it.

Another great and glorious institution of the United States today is the sweatshop. You will find on another page the gruesome details of the long hours and starvation wages which prevail in the sweatshops of New York; how little children are robbed of childhood, joy and sweetness by the cruelties of capitalism.

And capitalism is more cruel than the cruelest ogre of the giant stories of our childhood.

If you wish to discourage emigration from Ireland then send broadcast through the Green Isle this cold official record of capitalist oppression in this great city. It would be a better anti-emigration document than anything the Sinn Féin National Council has the courage to publish.

It would help the benighted Irish peasant to understand the peculiar benefits of our great American institution – the sweatshop.

Going through Union Square some weeks ago I had a dream – a day dream. I thought I was in Dublin: mounted policemen were charging the peaceable foot passengers upon the sidewalks, hordes of policemen on foot with clubs drawn were swooping upon unoffending crowds and smashing in heads, ambulances were carting away the wounded and brute force was plainly riding roughshod over reason and justice.

It all looked so homelike, so much like dear, dirty Dublin during a loyalist celebration that I felt as if I was acting the title role in *The Exile's Return*.

But, alas for the vanity of human hopes, not for me were the sweet delights of Mooney's bar, or Manning's snug, far away was the rustic innocence (?) of the Waxy Dargle or the strawberry beds, lost forever was the alluring comfort of the 'Hot Wall,' and the pleasant pastures of the Coal Quay.

I was not in Dublin during a loyalist celebration, I was in New York during an Unemployed Demonstration; those heads smashed did not belong to Irish rebel patriots, but to American out-of-works; and those club-waving cops were not the hirelings of England, but the paid and freely elected servants of the men whose heads they were smashing.

And yet it was so much like Ireland. In every respect identical, except that the Irish worker does not vote into power the men who send the cops to smash his head. In Ireland he does not get the chance. But I wonder if in America he does vote for those who send the cops and troops to break his head and his strikes.

I never heard of Irish workers in Ireland voting for the political party of evicting landlords; how is it that in America they vote for the parties of oppressing capitalists?

Buenos Aires Elections.

In the elections to the Chamber of Deputies last month the Socialists in the capital city of the

Argentine Republic polled, according to the official returns, 7,756 votes as against 15,651 cast for the Presidential or governmental candidate. This was out of a total vote cast in the whole city of Buenos Aires by 36,511 citizens.

We gather from our Irish Argentine contemporary *The Southern Cross* that the Socialist candidate Dr Palacios claimed that he was defrauded out of his election. It adds that "the claim is probably true. It was told in Autonomista clubs on Sunday evening how 'la asistencia publica', meaning automobiles laden with voters and cash, went to the relief of the Presidential candidate when Dr Palacios was pressing them hard in the Boca."

In another part of the paper we read the following characterization of the methods of the successful capitalist candidates.

We have never seen anything to approach the elections of Sunday in sordid and cynical meanness and political indecency.

All of which goes to prove that in the Argentine Republic we have one South American nation thoroughly up-to-date in politics, fit peer for New York or Chicago.

But that is not why I am quoting it. At least, not entirely. I quote it to point out the curious attitude of the paper I have cited, the *Southern Cross*. This is an Irish Argentine paper, a champion of Sinn Féin, a devout exponent of Catholicism, and a great enemy of oppression – in Ireland.

You have read how it characterized the methods by which the elections were won, and being honest yourself, you no doubt believed that the *Southern Cross* would willingly aid the Socialists in securing a recount, or in any possible manner blocking the fraud upon the electors.

You poor simple amadán. Will you never learn the essential difference between the theory of honesty and its practice? Study the *Southern Cross* and you will get point thereon. In its issue of March 27, it has this editorial statement:

The Socialists have, to a certain extent, scored by their protest against the electoral frauds of the 8th inst. Due to the absence of any other organized protest, theirs has had the field to itself. The name of the Union Patriótica has been associated with the socialist protest in certain quarters, but this is a falsification of the facts. The Union Patriótica has not identified itself officially with the tactics of Dr Palacios and his friends and would be extremely ill-advised in doing so. It is bad enough that the Socialists are left to champion the purity of our institutions by the political apathy or disillusionment which prevails. But it would be a greater calamity still to have the Union Patriótica enrolled under the red flag.

There we have it calmly stated that although the elections were controlled by fraud, and characterized by "sordid and cynical meanness and political indecency," yet it would be a "calamity" for the party favored by the writer of that editorial to identify itself with the Socialists in protesting against these crimes against the free expression of the will of the people.

The inference obviously is that the writer believes it is better to tolerate fraud and political indecency than to have an honest vote if the latter would enable Socialists to win.

Well, to use their own phraseology, we have never seen anything to approach that editorial in sordid and cynical meanness and political indecency. Thank Heavens that in Ireland at least that spirit – the spirit that stands prepared to condone corruption for political ends – is unknown in the Sinn Féin press. The Sinn Féin press in Ireland is not prepared to wink at fraud, corruption and wholesale bribery because it is practiced against Socialists. In Ireland that is the monopoly of the Tory and Home Rule press.

We have no doubt the *Southern Cross* strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of the editors of the *Irish Times* or the *Freeman's Journal*.

And the New York *Irish World*, long since become a mere tool of the Republican party, helps still further to illustrate how little professions of religion or nationality make for political purity or civic virtue.

On that point I am reminded that we have had His Eminence Cardinal Logue amongst us for some time. His Eminence comes here to appeal to Irish Americans in particular and to Americans in general. Now, with the Cardinal as an ecclesiastic we have nothing to do, but there are some acts of his in Ireland in which he stepped out of his place to interfere in secular matters, and it is well that those acts of his be known in order that, if there is any contrast between his attitude towards the press

in Ireland and towards the press in America, we may admire his versatility and adaptability to changing conditions.

And in order that, if there is no difference in his attitude in the two countries, we may admire the consistency and fine poise of the Cardinal.

Whether he changed or refused to change we must continue to admire, or else we would be accused of being anti-clerical, which would be simply dreadful.

And yet, strange to say, such is the waywardness of human nature, especially of the Irish brand, that there are quite a few people who believe that His Eminence stands for conceptions of human society and holds ideas on intellectual development that properly belong to the darkest of the dark ages, and make him a greater menace to free American institutions than the most violent Anarchist that ever was barred out of the United States.

Whether these people are right or wrong I leave the reader to judge from a letter I have received from a valued friend in Ireland. It was written some months ago, but is thoroughly pertinent at present. But before quoting it let me remind the reader that in Ireland we have no public school system like America. All National Schools are sectarian schools, and according to the law the clergyman in each parish is the manager of the (so-called) National School in his district, and has full power to remove at will all teachers.

This power is not merely nominal, but is at all times exercised in the most arbitrary fashion by the Parish Priest or Protestant Minister as the case may be. As a result the National School teachers have less security of their position and less independence of action than the veriest laborer.

The Spailpíni, the laboring boys, who flock from Ireland into England in harvest time to cut the English harvest in order to earn rents for their Irish landlords, are not such helpless bond slaves as this system has made the Irish National teachers, the most educated class of workers in Ireland.

This system is the direct result of an 'understanding,' or as the Americans would say, a 'deal' between the Vatican and the English Government in Ireland—a direct outcome of the secular policy of the Papacy. Every revolutionist in Ireland realizes that this compact is the source of the unflinching opposition of the higher Catholic clergy to every real revolutionary movement in our country.

The British Government has in effect said to the Vatican: Now, you claim that if you can control the education of the child you can perpetuate the Catholic Church. Well, we will give you full control over primary education in Ireland by making your priests managers of the schools, on condition that in return you give us your support against every serious revolutionary movement against English domination.

The history of Ireland in the nineteenth century tells how well both Church and State lived up to their bargain.

Some few years ago when Mr T W Russell⁹ proposed in the House of Commons that the management of the schools should be vested in popularly elected public bodies in Ireland it was both significant and instructive to observe how Irish Home Rulers and English Tories lined up to defeat this democratic principle.

The Home Rulers profess to believe that Ireland is capable of controlling her own destinies, but they bitterly fought the proposal to entrust the Irish democracy with the control of the primary educational establishments of their country.

The Tories profess to believe that Ireland is priest-ridden, but they fought the proposal to emancipate the schools from the grip of the priesthood.

Arch hypocrites both!

So much for a preface. Now for the letter:

A big sensation was caused here last December by the suppression of the *Irish Peasant* by Cardinal Logue. It was established by the late James McCann, MP for Stephen's Green, and was intended to aid various co-operative enterprises which he had started in Navan, where the paper was published. It was edited by a journalist called Kenny who is known as 'Pat.' The local clergy took offence at the tone of the paper, and after remonstrating several times with Mrs McCann, finally sent an ultimatum that 'Pat' be removed or else they would be obliged to ask their flock not to read the paper. 'Pat' thereupon retired, *and every copy of that issue was burned*. The new editor was a London journalist named W P O'Ryan, a well-known Gaelic Leaguer. O'Ryan continued the independent tone of the paper and even opened its columns to a discussion on the managerial question in the schools. To the chagrin of the clerics the discussion caused the circulation to go up

week by week, and a number of priests took part in the controversy. This was too much. The local clergy invoked the aid of the Bishop, and when he failed to do the needful, the assistance of Cardinal Logue was sought. The Cardinal thereupon wrote to Mrs McCann (who is a very pious catholic, having a son a priest and three daughters nuns) saying that the tone of the paper was poisonous and anti-Catholic, and unless the editor was removed and its policy was changed he would be obliged to denounce it from the Altar. That settled it. Mrs McCann was so frightened that she gave orders that the paper be stopped immediately. She also showed the Cardinal's letter to O'Ryan the editor, a proceeding the Cardinal did not anticipate. O'Ryan stepped into the breach, published a special issue of the paper explaining the whole dispute which came as a bombshell to the public, and announced his intention of publishing in Dublin in the course of a few weeks *The Peasant*, as a successor to the *Irish Peasant*. It, *The Peasant*, has now a good circulation and continues to give much offence to the clergy by the freedom with which it discusses matters which heretofore were regarded as the special province of our 'spiritual leaders.'

So the world do move.

By the way, I have noticed that the *Gaelic American* quoted vary freely from the *Peasant* of late. Now, I challenge the editor of the former paper, and I admire it in many things, I challenge him to give in his columns a full and impartial account of the suppression of the *Irish Peasant*, and the establishment of its successor, apropos of the visit of Cardinal Logue. As I have done. It would be thoroughly to the point.

We would then see whether Mr John Devoy had or had not lost the fire of his younger days.¹⁰

Of course, I know that all my voteen friends after reading this will conclude that Spailpín is an "anti-clerical". At any rate I freely confess that I would rather trust for the freedom of Ireland to the Irish Working Class than to the Irish Priesthood, and I had always a sympathetic feeling towards the saying attributed to Thomas Francis Meagher,¹¹ to wit, "If the altar stands between man and his freedom I would say, Down with the altar."

And Meagher was no enemy of the Catholic religion nor yet given to anti-clerical ideas.

No, my friends, the time has long since gone by when Irishmen and women could be kept from thinking by hurling priestly thunder at their heads. We may still kneel to the Servant of God, but when he speaks as the servant of our Oppressors he must not wonder if he receives from slaves in revolt the same measure as his earthly masters.

It is well to let His Eminence, Cardinal Logue, know that he cannot act the despot and throttle the press in Ireland, and act the patron of free institutions in America without the slight difference of attitude causing some comment, and

It is well, above all, to let all the clerical ranters (Catholic and Protestant) against Socialism realize that it is not Socialism that is on trial before the bar of advancing civilization, but they and theirs.

Socialism is today in the role of the public prosecutor, and all its enemies are on trial for treason against freedom and humanity.

A thousand welcomes then to Cardinal Logue, and more power to the elbow of the Irish writers whose journal he could not suppress.

May the breed increase and multiply on the face of the earth.

SPAILPÍN

Our First Anniversary

[January 1909]

With the issue of the December number of *The Harp* we closed our first year of existence in the field of Socialist journalism. It is fitting, therefore, that we should say a few words now in review of our experiences in the past twelve months as well as of our hopes and plans for the future.

When we first proposed to issue an Irish Socialist journal in this country there were but few who failed to give us the discouraging word, or to predict for the venture a short and inglorious existence. We were told that there were not enough Irish Socialists in America to pay for the ink to print one issue, let alone to pay for the whole edition; that the Irish who are not Socialists were too bigoted to read a Socialist paper, and that our efforts would be wasted and our energies were misapplied. Also some of our Socialist friends were sure that our ideas would tend to segregate the Irish from the workers of other nationalities, instead of uniting them together. But we went right ahead with our

work (it is a way we have), and were pleased to find all the sinister predictions brilliantly falsified. We received instant and cordial endorsement of our enterprise from Irish Socialists all over this continent, we discovered Irish Socialists who were enthusiastic for the cause but had kept out of the organised movement because of what they conceived to be the too blatantly anti-religious attitude of some of its speakers, and we verified our contention that the Irish workers in America were as ready to read Socialist literature as were any other workers provided that literature was made interesting enough by its interpretation of the historical facts and conditions most familiar to them.

We have not converted all those whom our paper has reached, but we have opened up a new field of activity in the Socialist movement. We have revealed to the Socialists of our own race that there lies in the trodden and untrodden paths of Irish history a fruitful field of research which will yet place in the hands of Irish workers countless weapons for our intellectual warfare, countless arguments reinforcing our position as Socialists. And to those of our race who are not Socialists, we are every day demonstrating from the facts of Irish history that through all the welter and chaos of our national struggle there has been a steady social evolution, that the impelling forces of that evolution lay behind all the noisy manifestations of conquest, insurrection and struggle, and that the destined course of that evolution takes the Irish race from the *common ownership of the clan* through the forcing house of capitalist property on to the higher ground of the *common ownership of all the workers* in each free nation, in a world knowing no master.

The Harp has striven conscientiously to be as scientific in its Socialism as any journal of its nature can be, but at the same time it has adhered to the point of view that the teaching of social science does not mean the juggling with a vocabulary of scientific phrases and with a difficult technical terminology. It has rather striven to simplify its language in the belief that an ability to state a scientific truth in words understood by the average man in overalls is a greater acquisition in writer or speaker for Socialism than its opposite, an inability to state a simple social problem without the use of a host of many-syllabled words. Our readers know whether we have been successful or not.

So much we have done, so much we intend to continue doing.

But, that we may continue, we need some more vigorous assistance than we have hitherto received. If every letter we receive containing a glowing encomium upon our work and its value were to enclose only one yearly subscription, the *Harp* would be in the waters of financial security. But they do not. Hence, while our readers are telling how fine a work we are doing, they are by their apathy keeping the continuance of that work in utmost peril. This paper has never yet asked for a donation, it has never yet filled its columns with appeals for cash; it does not propose to do so now. But it does say, and say most emphatically, that it must have more subscriptions, and still more, and yet more. Or else—

This paper should be in the hands of every intelligent Irish man and woman in this country. Are you doing your share to get it there? We have ere now asked our readers to send us the name and address of the Secretary or Treasurer of all of the Gaelic League, Irish Language societies, or Sinn Féin Clubs in their vicinity, and to spend at least 25 cts as a half-yearly subscription for *The Harp* for each of them. As these are the most intelligent and idealistic of our people, they are the men and women we desire to reach and must reach. But how many of our readers responded? We make the appeal again, and beg our friends and sympathisers to act in this matter, and act quickly. If you believe in *The Harp*, work for it. Since the launching of this paper until the present day the editor has given his services to the paper gratuitously, never receiving a cent for his labors, and they necessitate an expenditure of time and energy equal to that of many highly paid editors of other magazines.

The editor of *The Harp* is a workingman with more than the average workingman's responsibilities to carry, and he feels that as he has labored to do his duty he has a right to ask those who value the fight we are making to at least show their appreciation by increased zeal for our journal. The manager and publisher of the *Harp* has carried the financial burden along in his turn and he also feels that it is time our comrades of the fighting race began to do some fighting along this line.

Now, let the valiant band of Harpers speak out!

We want to put the *Harp* in the hands of every radical minded Irishman or woman in this country.

We want to put the *Harp* in the hands of every student of the Irish language, every advocate of advanced Irish politics.

We want to put the *Harp* into the hands of every Irish clergyman, Catholic and Protestant.

And we want to put the *Harp* into the hands of every honest unionist of Irish extraction.
What are you going to do about it?

Harp Strings

[March 1909]

I am glad to notice that the Irish working class on the old sod are up and doing abreast of the times. Frequently I have told the Irish-American workers at meetings throughout this country that they are fifty years behind the workers in the Irish cities in their grasp of modern problems and conditions, and was laughed at for saying so.

But let some of the doubting ones read this extract from an Irish paper telling of the formation of a great industrial union in Ireland at a time when American workers are still split up into warring crafts:

A meeting was held in Dublin on Tuesday last of delegates representing the carters, dockers and other trades in Dublin, Belfast, Dundalk, Cork and Waterford for the purpose of forming a new Irish Trade Union for those engaged in the distributive trades. The new union is to be called the Irish Transport Workers' Union, and will adopt exactly that attitude of friendly co-operation toward the English unions that they extend to the unions of Germany or France; but it will not merge itself in any English unions, as too many Irish unions have done. Mr J Larkin, late organizer for the English Dockers' Union, will act as organizer. It is to be hoped that this example of independence will be followed by the workers throughout Ireland.
—*Irish Nation*

And the Labor correspondent of the Dublin *Evening Telegraph* has the following to say of the new union:

Out of the lamentable dispute between the National Union of Dock Laborers and its branches in Ireland appears likely to spring an Irish general labor organization. The Irish Transport Workers' Union appears to have been brought into being mainly in consequence of the differences which arose between the dockers' energetic Irish organizer and their general secretary, culminating during the recent carters' strike in this city.¹² Last week, in Belfast, Mr James Larkin gave his version of the differences which led up to the separation, declaring that he had been suspended from his position in the National Union by the General Secretary without the endorsement of the Executive. On Monday a branch of the new organization was started in that city. When Mr James Sexton attended a meeting under the auspices of the National Union in Great Victoria Street Hall, the following evening, for the purpose of explaining his position, his reception was so hostile that he was unable to obtain a hearing, and left the platform. Subsequently he made a long statement to the press representatives, in the course of which he declared that Mr Larkin's suspension was due to his not having acted in accordance with the rules of the union; to his refusal to leave Dublin and Cork when ordered, and to his having acted contrary to instructions in connection with the Dublin dispute. Meetings of both sides were subsequently held in the different maritime centers of the North, but there can be little doubt as to the ultimate result.

A further confirmation of this cheering news is to hand in the report of the dock strike in Cork. It is also confirmation of the truth of my statement regarding the splendid class spirit of the Irish workers.

The dockers (longshoremen) in Cork were out on strike against a local shipowner, and knowing that the capitalist in question also ran a theater in their city they organized a boycott of the theater, and placed a line of pickets around the theater as well as around the dock. The theater employees were organized in another union and they protested against the boycott of the theater, but in vain.

And as the working class of Cork sympathized with the dockers, the double boycott was maintained. The Irish worker believes that when a capitalist tries to starve him into submission it becomes his duty to hit that capitalist, and hit him hard. If need be to put that capitalist out of business.

But the Irish-American worker believes that his union should sign a contract with the boss, and that it is his duty to continue working for the boss if the contract says so, even when that boss is using every weapon in his power to smash another union in the same shop or industry.

Such an idea as carrying the fight against the boss into a totally different industry, as those Cork men did, would be too "Socialistic" for the "safe, sane and conservative" labor leaders of America to tolerate.

Wherefore I say, Bravo, Rebel Cork! You are living up to your magnificent traditions. I confess it warms my old heart to see Belfast shaking hands across Ireland with Cork, and all the coast cities in between meeting in our Irish capital to ratify the brotherly compact, and launch the modern union of militant labor.

Some innocent people cannot see what the rise of a modern labor movement in Ireland has to do with the question of freedom for Ireland. Poor souls, they never paused to consider what is meant by the word "Ireland." They never paused to ask themselves which of the classes in Ireland were interested in freeing the country; which in keeping it in subjection. Had they paused to think they would have reached some conclusions rather startling to the beneficiaries of the present system. Perhaps rather startling to themselves.

They would have reached this conclusion, that a class that is interested in having a plentiful supply of Irish cheap labor cannot be expected to do anything to abolish the cheapness of that labor. That the oppression of Ireland keeps labor plentiful and cheap, that the Irish capitalist wants labor plentiful and cheap, and that therefore the Irish capitalist is interested in maintaining this oppression of Ireland in fact, although he may desire to change the form of that oppression.

The Irish capitalist and the English government are in entire agreement upon the proposition that the Irish worker should be skinned; they only disagree as to which of them should have the biggest piece of the skin.

An Irish Republic, the only purely political change in Ireland worth crossing the street for, will never be realized except by a revolutionary party that proceeds upon the premise that the capitalist and landlord classes in town and country in Ireland are particeps criminis (criminal accomplices) with the British government, in the enslavement and subjection of the nation.

Such a revolutionary party must be Socialist, and from Socialism alone can the salvation of Ireland come. It is a hard lesson for some men to learn, the lesson that property relations are at the bottom of all political fights. But it is a lesson that must be learned. Wolfe Tone learned it, and by cleverly utilizing it brought all the warring creeds of Ireland into his organization; the Fenians learned it when they threw in their lot with the Land League and initiated the so-called New Departure, and the Redmondites forgot it and became the sport of British parties.

It was for private property that Judas sold his Savior; it was for private property that the long list of Irish recreant chiefs betrayed their clansmen from being Irish freemen into West British serfs; it was a belief that the rights of private property were more sacred than human rights that caused the Irish people in "black 47" to pay their rents to a robber landlord class and then lie down and die like dogs in the midst of plenty which their own hands had created; it was on the altar of private property in the means of life that the Irish race has been sacrificed for 700 years.

Here let me quote a recent writer in our bright and cultured contemporary, the *Irish Nation*, of Dublin, Ireland:

In any sort of human contest whatever, self-reliance is an essential condition of permanent success. It implies courage and self-confidence, which are eminently necessary in the propagation of a great principle, or the pioneering of an important movement. And to this quality, in large degree, must Sinn Féin attribute its present measure of success.

To do one's work without appeal to, or dependence on, those whom your cause does not interest sympathetically, or those whose interests lie in the direction of frustrating your efforts and preventing the realization of your ideal—this, determinedly and faithfully adhered to, I consider to be the fullest expression of the principle of self-reliance. It may interest some Sinn Féin advocates to learn that Socialism and self-reliance are intimate friends, and always have been.

Irish Socialists never cease inculcating the necessity of the workers relying on their own resources—mental, physical and otherwise—in their political and economic struggles for freedom. They hold that that freedom can be won only by the working class, there being in Ireland no other class interested in winning it for them. This is no mere baseless assumption, but a sociological fact, historically founded and confirmed by modern tendencies and economic development. In the past the people had to rely for the expression of their hopes on middle-class mouthpieces. To-day they are rapidly producing their own modes of intelligent articulation.

The day is past when they begged the privilege to crawl the earth. They are now beginning to demand not only the right to live, but possession of the earth itself. And why not? The earth, or at least that portion of it geographically known as Ireland, belongs naturally and legitimately to the Irish people. The Norman Conquest dispossessed them by inaugurating the era of private rights in the ownership of the land of Ireland. Before the Conquest the people owned the land; since the Conquest the people's masters own it, and own the people too. The cause of the Irish people's miseries is that they do not own the land they till, nor the implements they work with. That they are in fact economic slaves—slaves to the Irish capitalists and Irish landlords, who are the modern inheritors of the people's rights and property—the land and capital of the country. Socialists are self-reliant. They rely on the awakening class-consciousness of the Irish people. They rely on the competence of the Irish people to emancipate themselves from the thralldom of Irish as well as English class domination—from native as well as foreign fraud, hypocrisy and all other forms of cant and imposition. They rely on the Irish

people, once risen to a clear conception of their social position, and a right understanding of their relations to the past, to repeal not only the 'Union' but the 'Conquest,' which they must do before they can be free.

And in passing let me say that the British government is not the conquest, though in Ireland it is a buttress of it. The ruling class of this country could not do without a government of some sort – British or Irish.

If Sinn Féin has its way there will still be the upper and lower classes, with a discriminating government to take care of them both. Sinn Féin has no quarrel with the Conquest; Socialism is its deadliest enemy. If Nationalism means that the people shall own the land of the country, as they formerly did, and also the factories, machines, railways, shipping, and all else necessary to the carrying on and maintenance of the social welfare and an Irish civilization, then Socialism is not opposed to Nationalism. If Nationalism means the cultivation of national characteristics merely, such as language, literature, history, and so on, then, though Socialism is not by any means opposed to these, it is opposed to such a shallow understanding of the national idea, excluding as it does the conception of an economically free people.

The dispossessed of Ireland are our hope, and we want for them everything the resources of Ireland and their own intelligence can provide.

DARCY

Thus things are moving in Ireland as elsewhere. But, according to the Irish, Irish-American, and purely American papers, the friends of freedom and progress in Ireland are meeting with opposition from quarters whence such opposition should least be expected.

There is about to be established a new National University in Ireland, and the whole country is in an uproar over a proposal of the Gaelic League to make the study of the Irish language compulsory for all students entering that university. Practically all the popular forces are on the side of that proposal, and all the enemies of progress in Ireland are against it.

Landlords, the British police and military forces, the flunkeys and seoiníní, and all the pensioners of tyranny and corruption are against the proposal that in Ireland the Irish language shall be as needful to a student as is Latin, and, wonder of wonders, the Standing Committee of the Bishops of Ireland, headed by Cardinal Logue, have openly declared against this moderate demand.

Out of this anti-Irish attitude of the Irish bishops many things have arisen. Not the least significant is an article in *Sinn Féin*, the organ of the Sinn Féin Party, which, written by a priest, states that the Irish bishops have always been in favor of England, and since the founding of Maynooth, hostile to Irish National ideals.

This priest goes on to quote a pastoral issued by Dr Troy, of Ossory, Ireland, during the American War of Independence, in which his lordship instructed the Catholics of his diocese to "observe a day's fast, and to humble themselves in prayer that they might avert the divine wrath provoked by their American fellow-subjects who, seduced by the specious notions of liberty and other illusive expectations of sovereignty, disclaim any dependence upon Great Britain, and endeavor by force of arms to distress their mother country, which has cherished and protected them."

Be it remembered that this pastoral was issued at a time when the penal laws against Catholics were still in operation, and those men and women whom Dr Troy asked to pray to God against the Americans were themselves at the time the most oppressed people in Europe.

As this reverend gentleman points out in his article, the Bishops of Ireland were wrong always in their politics; were always on the side of the strong against the weak. To them might be applied the words Gavan Duffy¹³ puts in the mouth of an Irish clansman of 1641, when speaking of the Norman Irish lords, they "kiss the tyrant's rod," and "still prefer their master to their God."

The clergyman I am quoting says: "In dealing with national issues particularly their intervention has usually been unfortunate and not rarely been disastrous."

We socialists who remember that the Bishops have denounced every movement in Ireland seriously threatening the English connection, that they denounced the United Irish patriots of 1798, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Samuel Neilson, Thomas Russell, Miles Byrne and Michael Dwyer, that they denounced the Irish rebels of 1848, Smith O'Brien, Michael Doheny, Thomas Francis Meagher, John Mitchel, and John Martin, and that Bishop Moriarty, of the County Kerry, said that "Hell was not hot enough, nor eternity long enough, for such miscreants" as the Fenians of 1867, we who remember those things are as little likely to be turned from our course as Socialists by clerical denunciation as the Gaelic League is to be turned from its course because the Bishops have joined the English enemy, or the revolutionary Nationalists of the past were to be frightened from theirs when priestly denunciations from the altar were hurled at those enemies of British oppression.

We regret these things, we wish from the bottom of our hearts it were otherwise, but we march

straight onward, and as the Church refuses to share in the glory of our struggle it cannot complain if it is awarded a back seat at the feast of our triumph.

Some day I expect to hear of a Catholic historian who will essay to prove from history that the Catholic Church must be the true Church because she has never ceased to grow powerful spiritually, despite the fact that her political policy has been one long crime against human progress. He will argue that if she had not been what she claims to be, the Church of God upon Earth, the crimes and blunders of her rulers would long since have destroyed her.

And he will not lack an abundance of material to build his theory upon. But the building of that theory depends upon an unconditional surrender by the papacy of its political alliance with capitalist society.

When the Catholic workers everywhere are as determined to keep the priest in his place as the Dublin workers are, that change of the political policy of the Papacy will not be far distant. For instance, let me quote from the *Gaelic American* two accounts¹⁴ of a recent municipal election in Dublin when the local clergy took the side of a drink-seller, land-grabber and corruptionist against a popular Sinn Féiner and Gaelic Leaguer:

In the Inns Quay Ward the contest was even more exciting, though not more important. Councillor Seán T Ó Ceallaigh, who is a prominent Sinn Féiner and manager of *An Claidheamh Soluis*,¹⁵ sought re-election and was opposed by one Dodd, who is the owner of the three 'pubs' in the ward. Dodd had all the forces of the UIL¹⁶ on his side, and we are told that the latter were prepared to spend one thousand pounds to defeat Seán. The local clergy were also on Dodd's side, and told the people that every vote given for him was given for their religion and their God, but Seán beat the clergy and the UIL (and its one thousand pounds) and retained his seat.

The good priest, it appears, has, since the result was declared, found out that Mr O'Kelly is an exemplary gentleman and the man he supported the very opposite. The Sinn Féin Party, he has also discovered, has many good points, – in fact, is the only honest element in the Corporation. But it was 'anti-Clericalism' and 'Atheism' to support Mr O'Kelly before the election.

But it appears there are quite a number of things our good friends the Bishops are out against; quite a number of things they are ready to denounce. Here is a quotation from the *Pittsburg Sun*:

(Special to the *Pittsburg Sun*.)

DUBLIN, Feb 23—The issue of the bishops' pastorals, which were anxiously awaited, have been found to deal with the disturbed condition of the country, denounce boycotting, cattle driving and moonlighting and condemn the secret societies which have sprung up in recent years, although the object of the members of the societies is upheld.

The Bishop of Clonfert writes: "It is one of my deepest convictions that scarcely a greater curse could befall this parish than the spread of such societies. I admit that the object of these societies, as distinct from the societies themselves, may be worthy of approval."

The bishop adds: "No man can be a member of a secret society and remain a Catholic. Members of such societies are guilty of a mortal sin against Almighty God."

Archbishop Logue, primate of Ireland, in denouncing the well-known Ancient Order of Hibernians, which was imported from the United States a few years ago, declares in his pastoral that the practices of this order have recently become abusive, endangering the innocent virtue of youth.

I might add that the practices of the Standard Oil Company have also been abusive, "endangering the innocent virtues of youth," corrupting legislatures and debauching public and private life, yet his eminence, Cardinal Logue, set Catholic youth the example of consorting and dining with its head on his recent visit here.

A millionaire in his greed for unlimited wealth can break all the commandments in the decalogue and poison the whole political and juridical system of the nation, and Cardinal Logue will smile approvingly upon him, but let a poor Irish peasant drive cattle off the land stolen from his fathers, and lo, the Cardinal is shocked at such depravity.

I say "Three cheers for the cattle driving!" Men have been driven long enough in Ireland, as elsewhere. It is now time to reverse the process – to drive cattle in order to make room for men.

This gives me an opportunity to introduce a speech by the head of the Steel Trust, which the bishops and Cardinal might profitably study:

NEW YORK, Feb 12—Financial circles are stirred by the statement of Elbert H Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, that centralized wealth must be controlled and kept within bounds, or the mob will attack it.

Gary spoke as the guest of honor at the dinner of the Illinois Society Thursday evening. The guests at the

dinner were all representative Wall Street men and he took occasion to discuss the vexed question of vested rights.

Rights of the individual are subordinate and must submit to those of the public, he said. The opportunities for the acquisition of wealth have been and are so great that large and increasing fortunes of individuals and corporations compel the most thoughtful men to dread the results of the future, unless the influence and power of money can be controlled by governmental authority.

This head of the great predatory steel trust recognizes, as do the cattle drivers, what Cardinal Logue and his kind forget, that the rights of the community are more important than the rights of the individual.

But when he talks about the power and influence of money being controlled by governmental authority, he forgets, or would have us forget, that government to-day is simply a weapon in the hands of men of money, a "committee of the rich administering society in the interests of the rich."

Poor martyred Sir Thomas More, who was executed by that English saint, Henry VIII, for refusing to deny the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, had a clearer idea of government as it was then developing than either the Bishop or Elbert H Gary. He said that he could see nothing in society but AN ORGANIZED CONSPIRACY OF THE RICH TO PLUNDER THE POOR.

Sir Thomas More was a martyr for religion, for the Catholic religion. Had he lived in our days and uttered such sentiments, some of the Bishops and clergy of the Church he died for would denounce him from the altar.

I was sorry to see in a Socialist contemporary recently a reference to the United Irish League convention in Dublin which betrayed a woeful lack of sympathy with and understanding of the language movement in Ireland. It said that not much could be hoped for from a convention which recognized the rights of a dead language and denied the rights of living women—or words to that effect.

Not much can be hoped for from that body in any event. A packed convention which openly and systematically excluded from representation every element not supporting the bosses can not be expected to do anything progressive.

But if our contemporary thinks that the convention's attitude toward the woman and language questions was influenced by honest convictions it misses its guess by about 9,875,378 miles—more or less. The language had a well organized movement of the best male and female fighters in Ireland behind it; the women were only represented by an idea, a principle. And what politician ever allowed a great principle to weigh so much with him as the fear of losing cash and votes?

The Irish politicians will respect the woman movement when it is strong enough to kick them, not before. Until then they will rave about the beauties of the Daughters of Erin and continue telling those same daughters to stay at home and mend socks, or plant potatoes, whilst their lords and masters are settling the fate of Ireland over a pint of Guinness' or suffering for their country in a tall silk hat and a white waistcoat "on the flure of the House of Commons."

When the British government had squelched the Land League it was the women of Ireland, the Ladies' Land League, that stepped into the breach and defeated the government and the landlords; and when the male politicians of Ireland were cowed or corrupted into inactivity on the occasion of Queen Victoria's last recruiting mission to Dublin, it was the fearless women of Ireland, led by Miss Gonne—a female Bayard truly, without fear and without reproach—who conceived and organized the magnificent idea of parading the children of Dublin whom neither the sweets nor the coins of the tyrant could corrupt.¹⁷

Some day I hope to tell in more detail of that magnificent parade of 30,000 children of the working class Dubliners which responded to the call of the Irish women and from the depths of their uncorrupted child hearts hurled at the heads of the enemy the scorn and contempt of the unconquered Irish proletariat. For the present sufficient to say that no one who witnessed it will ever forget it, nor will those who know the inside history of it ever wonder at the desire of the craven crew of politicians whom it shamed to keep the Irish women out of political life.

Talking of parades, allow me to step aside and ask when are we going to have an Irish parade in America? I have seen a whole lot of St Patrick's Day parades, I have seen a lot of parades of Irishmen, but never an Irish parade. I have seen Irish parades in Dublin on Seachtain na Gaeilge, parades representing stirring incidents in the literary and historical life of Ireland, and calling up from the past many memories calculated to make Irishmen and women respect themselves by respecting the roots from which they sprung. But in America, and especially in New York, St Patrick's Day has become a

mere parade of Irishmen led by political grafters, saloonkeepers and other unclean elements who hope to turn an "honest penny" by trading upon the enthusiasm of the rank and file.

In Dublin I have seen the self-respecting Dublin workingmen respond to the call of the Gaelic League and compel the publicans (saloonkeepers) to keep shut all day in honor of the National Festival. Here in America, with the eyes of strangers ever on us, the National Festival is made an excuse for Irishmen to wallow in drunkenness and profanity until the race has become a byword. Every saloon owned by an Irishman is crowded to the door with tippling, swearing, quarreling, degenerate sons of the Isle of Saints.

Hence, I repeat the question: When are we going to have an Irish parade? Or in other words, when are the clean-souled, self-respecting men and women of our race going to organize a parade and demonstration worthy of our record, and when are they going to take by the scruff of the neck and kick into the outer darkness all the unclean, self-seeking elements who thrust themselves to the front on great Irish affairs to-day?

Speed the day!

My, but I have forgotten about that language question. No one who had been in Ireland in the last ten years could talk of the language as dying.

It is advancing with leaps and bounds. To my mind the manner in which the Irish people have set their minds upon the rehabilitation of the language of the Gael is a convincing proof of their intellectual sanity—a refutation of all talk about the degeneration of the lower classes. For it was the lower classes in town and country who rallied to it first. The intellectuals followed. The few rare spirits like Dr Douglas Hyde were not at any time supported by their own class.

As a Socialist I hold that we ought to be interested in everything that keeps track of the milestones of human progress, preserves for us records of the paths by which any or every section of the human race carved its way upward to where we are to-day.

Language is one of the greatest of these records of progress. Let me quote to you a passage from a recent book of sociological research, *The Dawn of History*, by C F Keary, MA:

Language holds within it, far better than do tumuli, or weapons, or articles of pottery, or woven stuffs, or ornaments, the records of long past times, records of material civilizations, likewise. It holds these records as a chemist would say in solution in it; not visible, perhaps, to the mere passers-by, but if we know how to precipitate the solution it is wonderful what results we achieve.

When we reflect that the Gaelic language was the language of a people who dominated all Europe before historic times, it seems plain that that language from the standpoint of sociological science must "hold in solution" great revelations as to the social structure, development and modes of thought of mankind. In other words, it is a mine of information upon the one subject in which Socialists are most interested. It is so recognized by German philologists to-day, and hence we have had the spectacle of eminent German savants going to live in the huts and to share the food of the peasantry of the western islands in order to learn this language.

I am quite convinced that when we get a real Gaelic scholar who understands the Socialist point of view, his research will furnish us with one of the best contributions to Socialist science we have had for a generation. Mark my words: The Gaelic language holds the best key to ancient Irish civilization and Celtic civilization in general. Hitherto its teaching has been lost to us owing to the stupid habit of Irish scholars of thinking in terms of private feudal property when they were attempting to explain Irish titles founded upon clan or common property. The results were wonderful and fearful. When my hoped-for Gaelic scholar arrives he will not try to find an English translation for an Irish title; he will rather pursue the Irish word back to its original primal meaning in the state of society, and social need, to which it owed its birth. Thus, when he tells us how the word originated, we will know how our fathers lived when first the word was coined.

To explain my meaning: We know that the English word "pecuniary" is derived from a Latin word signifying "cattle"; and that tells the true sociologist that at one time cattle were used as a means of exchange, as coins are to-day. Hence, the word carries in itself a picture of a certain state of society among the Latins.

But no systematic study of the Celtic tongue on those lines has ever been attempted by one who was furnished with the Socialist key to history.

The foregoing is one of the reasons which impels me to hope for the revival of the Irish language. Another reason is, that it is the Irish language.

You see that even the Irish language has something to offer Socialists, and vice versa. In the world of thought and action there is no good cause that has not a friendly relation to Socialism – there is no good cause it will not assist.

On questions of Honesty, Confiscation, Religion, Traditional Politics,¹⁸ Internationalism of Labor and Capital, Nationalism, Profit, Industrial Unionism and the Political Development of the Class Struggle, I would advise all my readers to lay in a stock of my new 10-cent pamphlet, *Socialism Made Easy*. It is absolutely free of all technical terminology, but will stand the test of scientific Socialism, making your fellow worker laugh, and end by making him a serious, determined fighter for the cause. Splendidly gotten up. Write to the *Harp* office, enclosing postage; 64 pages.

Meanwhile, read this extract from the *Catholic Fortnightly Review*:

Abundant evidence of barbaric practices in business life and business operations was submitted in a lecture delivered by Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph D, professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin, not long ago. The subject was *Business and Barbarism*, a sociological work much discussed at the time of its publication. He also came into prominence some six years ago, when his sharp criticism of the methods of "high finance" brought him into conflict with the authorities of the University of Nebraska, where at that time he filled the chair of Sociology. The ensuing controversy ultimately led to his resignation. His lecture on "Business and Barbarism" is sketched for us as follows by one of our contributors who heard it:

In Professor Ross' opinion it is greed that rules our commercial captains. They are never guided by concern for the common welfare. If "so much per cent profit" result from an operation, no matter how questionable, there will be multitudes of business men who will readily lend their aid to the enterprise. He instanced the reckless destruction of forests and the ruthless extermination of the whale and the seal in Alaskan waters as results of this commercial greed. When it was demonstrated that in some twenty years both whale and seal would become extinct, and that some native tribes were already starving because their chief means of sustenance is being destroyed, some one replied: "Yes, it's true, but you see we made 30 per cent." Again our railroads are annually killing ten thousand and disabling a hundred thousand human beings. Why this terrible holocaust? Because the magnates will not apply the necessary safety precautions. It would mean a reduction in dividends. The same holds true of the street car companies who refuse to install the much needed fenders unless compelled by law. Professor Ross was once invited to inspect the cooling rooms of a large Chicago packing house. In one of them he found fifteen young women working all day long in a deathly chilling atmosphere. The manager explained the beautiful arrangement for increasing and reducing the temperature, and showed how the walls were arranged so as neither to admit unnecessary air nor to dissipate the required heat. "You see," he said, turning to the visitor, "nothing is wasted in this arrangement." "No," replied Mr Ross, "nothing but the health of these young women."

Speaking of the waste of our natural resources Professor Ross also referred to the way in which petroleum and natural gas are being squandered without regard to the wants of coming generations. When those standing in need of these very means of support in after time will look into the empty holes dug by their forefathers, they may truly say that "the men of earlier days had money to burn." We may think that in times when a plague or pestilence threatens the well-being of an entire community, our commercial methods would rise superior to sordid considerations. But in matter of fact they do not. Several years ago stray cases of the bubonic plague were discovered in San Francisco. One of the public health officers, a conscientious man, thought it his duty to publish an official warning, especially for the benefit of strangers coming to the town. Some of the local business men thought such action would interfere with the influx of travellers and would consequently lessen business profits; so they opposed the honest health officer. When the latter persisted in his efforts he was boycotted by the moneyed men, who said he was an enemy of the city and even placed a price on his head.

Our newspapers are hopelessly in the power of the capitalists. The editor of an Indianapolis paper called his writers together during the money crisis last year and warned them not to mention a word about the "hard times" or to notice "shut-downs" or in any way to say anything which would enlighten the people on the true situation. Of course it was "the leading business men" who had so decreed.

Our whole system of advertising betrays the barbarism of our business methods. Not satisfied with covering fences, barns, walls, posts and hillsides with advertisements of safety-razors and tooth powders, unscrupulous firms resort to still viler practices. Tobacco, liquor, and – worse still – harmful nostrums and remedies for venereal diseases are advertised by means of suggestive pictures on cases and packages.

It would lead too far to mention all the business methods savoring of savagery that now flourish in the land. Organized exploitation of revenues derived from pandering to man's basest animal instincts is no longer uncommon. In Chicago alone there are at present thirty indictments against men for participating in the infamous "white slave" traffic. The glass factories of Indiana and the cotton mills of the South are filled by an army of child workers. The passage of stricter immigration laws is opposed by contractors for cheap labor and by the steamship agencies. When a certain factory manager was told that he was working his men to death, he said, "Lots more where they came from."

Professor Ross briefly spoke of the remedies. He mentioned social settlements, government regulation, municipal inspection, child labor laws, workingmen's associations, etc. He also discussed the Socialist

suggestions for betterment, saying they could not altogether be condemned. His own opinion was that publicity is the main agency to save us from the evils mentioned. But are not the very organs of publicity – the newspapers and magazines – become willing tools in the hands of an inhuman capitalist barbarism? Let Dr Ross study *The Myth of a Free Press* by Mr William Marion Reedy, and then proceed to wonder how the press, which alone is able to give the desired publicity, can first be rescued from the death grip of the modern Moloch!

That is good reading. It shows that the truth is making headway despite all obstacles. I have no fear for the results once men can be persuaded to approach the social question in a sympathetic mind. Truth will conquer. Some of these days the poor fools who think it honest to judge Socialism by the utterances of Socialist leaders, instead of by the party programs to which the party organizations bound these leaders down, will fail to get a hearing even in their own ranks, and some day the Socialists who try and commit the party to their private views on everything under the sun as well as Socialism, will be kindly but firmly stepped upon.

And then? Well, then we will have recruits by the hundred where now we have them by the score. While thinking of that, read this account in a Democratic paper of a great Democratic function which Bishop Donohue, of Wheeling, W. Va., did not mention in his lecture in Chicago, on "Socialism and Divorce." This is from the New York *Sunday Democrat*, of January 30, and the Charles F Murphy mentioned is the chief of Tammany Hall:¹⁹

Charles F Murphy, careful, judicious and far-seeing, gave the leaders of the Hesper Club, on Second Avenue, some good advice when he counselled them to "go slow" on their ball this year, the year of an important Mayoralty election.

The Hesper Club is made up chiefly of those whose livelihood is derived from "following the horses," making handbook, COLLECTING TRIBUTE FROM THE UNFORTUNATE, and "working primaries" in every large community, a certain number of persons who may be said to live by their wits (or the witlessness of others), having, in fact, what the law calls no visible means of support. They do not toil; they do not spin. They do not work for salaries; they do not work for wages. They have no trades, no professions or no industries, and their substance, it cannot be called a livelihood, is derived from chance, from games of chance, and from taking chances.

At this particular time, with a Governor in office elected largely on the issue of opposition to bookmaking in horse racing, with great opposition to the continued political activity of a number of individuals who have brought, and are bringing, discredit upon the Democratic party and upon the Democratic cause, some position in the background for the small fry of the Hesper Club would be judicious and seasonable.

But the same sinister counsel that permitted Candidate Chanler, the Democratic nominee for Governor, to INAUGURATE HIS CAMPAIGN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE RED-LIGHT GRAFTERS OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE, seems steadily to beset, against all counsel and admonition, the Democratic organization in New York, and even in the absence of Nigger Mike Salter and Monk Eastman, the Hesperites started not only to hold their annual ball, but, unwisely, to call unnecessary public attention to it.

That is a beauty. You see that the big chief of Tammany Hall, and the editor of the *Sunday Democrat* did not trouble themselves about the ethics or the morality of the affair. Bless your heart, no! All they were afraid of was lest it might lose them some votes in an "important Mayoralty election."

Yet some people would have us believe that if you support the Democratic party, whose chief is hand in glove with an organization of men who "live by collecting tribute from the unfortunate," and which began its campaign "under the auspices of the red-light grafters of the lower East Side," you are a good Catholic, but if you support Socialism you are lost.

Shame on them!

SPAILPÍN

Harp Strings

[May 1909]

MAN OF IRELAND

Man of Ireland, heir of sorrow:
Wronged, insulted, scorned, opprest,
Wilt thou never see the morrow
When thy weary heart may rest.
Lift thine eyes, thou outraged creature,
Nay, look up! for Man thou art;
Man in form, in frame and feature,

Why not act Man's Godlike part?

Round about the nations waking,
Every bond that bound them burst,
At the crystal fountain slaking
With parched lips, their fevered thirst.
Ignorance, the demon, fleeing,
Leaves unlocked the fount they sip,
Wilt thou not, thou wretched being,
Stoop and cool thy burning lip.

How applicable are these words of Denis Florence McCarthy to the Irish workers of America! As a fighter in the struggles of Labor on the economic field the Irish worker has had no superiors and few equals, but when it came to applying the lessons of class antagonism learned there to the field of political action, the Irish worker has not by any means kept abreast of his reputation.

He has not only failed to "act Man's Godlike part", but he has often been the mainstay of the system which in our day may be fittingly characterised as a forcing house for the crimes against God and Man in which the Evil One is supposed to delight.

Perhaps the reason is that in the Socialist movement, especially on the political platform, there has been far too much theorising, too much of a tendency to speculate, too great a fondness for philosophical disquisitions, and hence too great a proneness to forget that in the last analysis the whole concern of Socialism in the immediate present is with the workshop, and the struggles of the men and women therein.

I am wearied unto death listening to Socialist speeches and reading Socialist literature about materialism, and philosophy, and ethics, and sex, and embryology, and monogamy, and physiology, and monism, and platonism, and determinism from men to whom the more immediately important question of unionism is a sealed book.

And I suppose most other Irish workers got tired before I did. Unionism, the organisation of labor in the workshop, the robbery of labor here and now, and not the question of what influence the social organism of the future will have upon the minds, morals or theology of the race of the future are what the Irish worker is interested in. And I am inclined to think that in that respect he is not so different after all from the workmen of other races.

I am inclined to believe that when the working class really takes hold of the Socialist movement as a weapon in their industrial warfare, and ceases to regard it as a mere propaganda of idealism, they will make short work of the philosophers.

That will be a great day for Socialism, and a cold day for the theorists.

That is one reason I have always favored Industrial Unionism: I believe it will bring the Irish into the Socialist movement through the only gateway the Socialist philosophers have left unencumbered by their speculations, and the only gateway by which a political party of the working class can make its demands effective.

No study of philosophy will ever bring the Irish workers into the Socialist movement; when they come they will come as an incident of the struggle for better conditions, and therefore the closer the politics of Socialism is bound up with the daily struggles of labor for bread and butter the more Irish will be found in our movement. If I would give a slogan to the Socialist movement today it would be "Less philosophising, and more fighting."

Apropos of the above I wish to quote a few striking passages from *Wilshire's Magazine* for May. A writer, C E Jerome Beyer, writing on 'Socialism and Catholicism', points out the growth of Socialism in Chicago amongst Catholics as a result of discontent born of hunger. He says:—

The members of the hierarchy who are bending their efforts toward the suppression of Socialism have come into direct personal contact with it. Let that never be doubted for one moment. And they have come into contact with it *within* the confines of their own parishes. It is this silent, this unexpressed, this indeterminate Socialism, bred of the discontent of the laity, which is meeting with the strenuous opposition of those high in authority.

And this Socialism which the priesthood, not as a whole, but in individual cases, is so strenuously opposing is that unsentimental Socialism, which will at the last furnish the great driving power of the Socialist movement. It is the Socialism of *hunger*.

This subterranean Socialism may know nothing of Marx, as yet. It may be merely a half-hearted groping in the dark. But it is there; and it is *one of the most tremendously significant things in the history of the Socialist movement*.

And another thing must not be forgotten. That is, that there are members of the Catholic hierarchy who are able to weigh this movement at its full value, to determine its relation to the Church, to say how far it is economic and how far it is religious. These men have refrained from pounding their heads against a stone wall, or throwing themselves under the Juggernaut.

Here are a few of the beginnings. In St Cecelia's parish school there are 805 school children. The population of the ward in which the parish is located may be gauged from that figure. In this parish, and the ward, while industrial, is almost wholly Catholic, there were polled at the last election 205 Socialist votes, and in that election the Socialist vote in Chicago was the smallest it has been in the last eight years.

The Socialist vote in the City of Chicago invariably exceeds the party membership by from three to ten to one. I venture the assertion, after more than one hundred conversations with Catholics who should know what they are talking about, that two thirds of this vote which does not come from the party membership is a Catholic vote.

This Socialism inside the Catholic church is not irreligious. In fact, it is profoundly religious. Some of the best men with whom I have spoken who declared they voted the Socialist ticket have been Catholics of the best type and deeply religious men.

The Harp is not a Catholic paper; it is an Irish paper and makes its appeal to Irishmen and women as such, and not on the grounds of religion, but as so many of our race are Catholics, we are naturally interested in such a statement as we have just quoted. It confirms our own position that at home or abroad the Irish Catholic, although he would die for a principle, would not live for it alone. He requires a more immediate, vital interest to sustain continued activity.

That to move him to action we need not so much a philosophy of the continued upward procession of the human race as the necessity for a combat to continue an unbroken procession of regular dinners.

When a man is hungry the most beautiful picture of human society in the future fades into unattractiveness compared with a beef stew around the corner.

Hence the coldness of the Irish in America (who are essentially of the class that often hungers) towards the Socialist movement compared with their enthusiasm in trade unionism.

And hence the failure that will attend every effort to keep them out of the Socialist Party once that party is realised to be on the political field the defender of their immediate material interests, as the union is on the economic.

The great strike of the French Postal and Telegraph Employees of Paris has shown the world the power of Labor when properly organised, has shown that an industrial union can of itself bring a modern capitalist government to surrender without firing a shot or building a barricade. It has answered the question so often put by the timid and doubter—Can the working class emancipate itself?—and answered it in the affirmative.

What wonder that the capitalists of the world tremble? Their mechanical majorities in the Chamber could vote down the demands of the Socialist members, but they could not set the wheels of industry going, deliver letters, nor send telegrams.

In the words of an eloquent article in *The Flame*, of Broken Hill, Australia,

This Unionism of ours is a Unionism that will march, unlike the Constitution of Carlyle's *French Revolution* that would not march.²⁰ Ours is a Unionism—New, but the embodiment of the best of the Old, and Newer yet to be—marching for the Cause that has come down the ages like a great river widening to the sea—marching forward valiantly, hopefully, powerfully to justice and freedom and peace and culture and love and honor. Our Unionism has marched, is marching, and will march.

The marching army of the peoples has tramped down through blood and fire. It has tramped down the mighty past through slavery and serfdom into wagedom; through peasants' risings, Feudalism, anti-landlordism, Chartism; through Cromwellian and American Wars of Independence, through French Revolution, Irish Insurrection, English-speaking agitation and tumult; through universal disturbance and turmoil.

All the social revolts and the revolutions of the working class have been forerunners of the

modern Labor movement: only there is this difference, that the movement of the disinherited for justice has today taken on a more scientific aspect and knows with exactitude what it needs and deserves and how to accomplish its purposes. To this position has brought the persistent striving for that righteousness which will truly exalt the nations.

“Thim’s my sintimimts!”

Talking about that Australian paper reminds me of another thing. The early issues of *The Harp* had a few articles giving an account of the situation in India and speaking approvingly of the Coming Revolt in India against the British Empire.²¹ Recently when lecturing in Brooklyn I had in my audience a gentleman who told us that he was an Englishman, a tory, a landowner, and an English Churchman, and he endeavored to represent British Rule in India as a most beneficent affair. It was to me most interesting to listen to this member of an aristocratic ruling class conscientiously laboring to justify his class rule.

But I remembered that if he had had me to deal with in Ireland a hundred years ago he would not have argued with me except through the medium of a pitch-cap or the triangle, and if we had confronted each other in India today his reasoning would have been equally eloquent, and I would have remained behind prison bars to note its fine points.

In *The Flame* of March 6, I find the following testimony to the holy, “civilising” influences of the British in India which will perhaps serve to make my readers share my feelings towards that “abomination of desolation,” the British Empire.

The British Army in India recruit women for the purpose of harlotry with an almost brutal disregard for even the God of Appearance. On June 17th 1886, Sir F (now Lord) Roberts²² issued his “circular memorandum” addressed to general officers commanding divisions and districts. In it he says –

“In the regimental bazaars it is necessary to have a sufficient number of women; to take care that they are sufficiently attractive, and to provide them with proper houses.”

In furtherance of these instructions, the officers commanding the Connaught Rangers at Jullunder wrote to the assistant quartermaster as follows:

“The cantonment magistrate has already on more than one occasion been requested to obtain a number of younger and more attractive women, but with little or no success. He will be again appealed to. The Major-General commanding should invoke the aid of the local government by instructing the cantonment magistrates, whom they appoint, that they give all possible aid to commanding officers in procuring a sufficient number of young, attractive, and healthy women.”

Just imagine a magistrate acting as a procurer, at the instigation of commanders of our glorious ‘harmy’!

Let the readers of *The Harp* remember that the women who are thus demanded for the purpose of gratifying the lusts of the English soldiers are procured by seizing any decent, attractive native woman the cantonment magistrate thinks suitable for the purpose, and carrying them by force to the bazaar where they are kept until they grow old or diseased. Then they are thrown out to rot in the jungle.

When the British were introducing the opium trade into India they sent commissioners into the territory they thought suited for the cultivation of the poppy, and summoning all the ryots (peasant farmers) before them, these said commissioners compelled each to set aside as much of his land as the commissioners wanted for the culture of this accursed drug.

When the natives would not buy nor use the opium, the government spent a vast sum of money in giving it away free in order to cultivate among them a liking for it. The drug has ruined millions, body and soul, but it has brought a great revenue to the British Government, therefore “Rule Britannia.”

The Universe is about tired of this British Empire, and I for one hope that the natives of India will, ere long, drive it from their shores into the sea.

There was a time when Irishmen also would have made the attempt, but the weakening effects of the capitalist system upon the mind and morals of our once gallant race has done its work, and today the thought of Irish leaders (?) seems to fluctuate between the abortion of the “Constitution of ‘82”, and that abortion of an abortion, Home Rule.²³

The magnificent ideal of our forefathers, an Irish Republic, One and Indivisible, has today no

resting place except in the heart of the unconquered Irish Working Class. But there it is safe and secure.

To conclude. Did you ever note the ignorance of the educated classes? Here is an instance of it. I quote from the *Argonaut* the following on 'The Red Flag', the Socialist hymn written by my old comrade, Jim Connell.

George Bernard Shaw recently aired his disregard for a new Socialist marching song, called 'The Red Flag'. "That ignoble air will be the death of Socialism in England, if it is not sternly suppressed," he said. "The composer, whoever he may be (and I don't care if he is my best friend), can republish it as 'The Funeral March of a Fried Eel' if he likes, but let him take it out of our already sufficiently obstructed path—a tune so abject and depressing, so mean and commonplace, that the human spirit broke before three bars of it had blighted the welkin." Unfortunately for Mr Shaw, the tune is from Mozart's first mass, and is known and sung all over Germany under the name 'O Tannenbaum'. It seems to be neither ignoble or depressing.

Unfortunately for the writer of that paragraph the tune is an old Irish Jacobite tune, called 'The White Cockade', was written and sung before Mozart was born, and its appearance in German as 'O Tannenbaum' is no doubt due to Mozart hearing it from some of the many Irish exiles of his time.

The author of 'The Red Flag' is a Tipperaryman by birth,²⁴ and it is safe to say he heard the tune at many an Irish fireside before ever he heard of Mozart.

Thomas Davis wrote a fine song to the same tune, and it has always been a favorite in Ireland since its composition.

Talking about songs, does any of my readers know that the famous Southern hymn, 'Maryland', is also written to an old Irish air?

Faith, we are a fine body of men and women.

SPAILPÍN

Notes from America

By 'Spailpín'

[June 1910]

Every year American employers pay \$23,000,000 in premiums for liability insurance, and yet not more than 40 per cent of it ever gets to the injured workman, who, in turn, must often give to his lawyer half of what he receives. The other 60 per cent is expended by the companies on commissions and in administration and legal expenses. No matter where you live you find your courts clogged with long-drawn and costly damage suits growing out of accidents. In New York City alone 60 per cent of the time in jury trial and special appeal courts is taken up with these cases. The cost of operating the court machinery is sometimes slight compared with the value of the time lost by business men in sitting on juries or acting as witnesses. On the other hand, the wheels of industry grind more swiftly and relentlessly. In 1908, for example, there were nearly 35,000 fatal industrial accidents, and approximately 2,000,000 non-fatal accidents. Every day lives and limbs are sacrificed to speed and production, leaving men, women and children helpless or dependent.

— *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia, USA.

If the working class were properly organised and educated to a due regard of the sacredness of working class life, they would suspend work in factory, workshop, mill or mine as soon as a serious accident took place until their representative could investigate the cause of such accident. If they did this 99 per cent of such accidents would never occur. No laws can stop accidents to workmen as quickly as making them too costly to the employers will do. When accidents cost more than safety appliances and due regard for human life, then, and then only, will accidents practically cease.

The efficacy of a law depends not upon the legislative body which passes it, but upon the courts entrusted nominally with the duty of its enforcement. And as long as those courts and judges are manned by enemies of the working class so long will Labour Laws be interpreted against Labour.

In no case is this more glaringly true than in the case of so-called Employers' Liability Laws. Every one of these laws has innumerable loopholes out of which the capitalists can and do crawl with ease, but which become narrow and restricted the moment a workman seeks to take advantage of them.

In the steel mills men are maimed or killed every day, families are deprived of their

breadwinners, wives widowed and children orphaned without the slightest hope of receiving adequate compensation despite all these laws supposed to guarantee the liability of the employer. The same holds good with every other large industrial plant in this country. Nothing is held in so slight esteem as the life and limb of the workers.

Let us picture what happens when a worker is killed in one of the great industrial hell-holes of this country—and what is good of this country is true of the world at large. As soon as the man is killed, and the proper officials have had time to frame up a proper story, his mangled corpse is brought home to his family, usually without an effort to prepare them for the shock, or to break the news to them gently.

Then when the widow is prostrated with grief beside the corpse of the man who had loved and laboured for her, when her heart is rent with anguish and the world seems to her to contain nothing worth living for—at this awful moment, a moment which ought to be held sacred and holy in the eyes of all true men—at this moment some unscrupulous legal shark in the employment of the trust is sure to obtrude upon her grief and with an affectation of sympathy to take advantage of her helplessness to induce the poor woman to sign a document surrendering her rights to compensation, and throwing herself upon the mercy of the company whose remorseless greed murdered her husband.

The widow is told that the document is a “mere legal formality connected with the lamentable accident,” and, desiring to be left alone in her sorrow, she signs, and thus surrenders the bread of her little ones into the hands of those who had robbed their father of his life.

Every workman can tell of such things. And what is true of the legal trickery in the case of deaths is also true in the case of serious accidents. Always the legal shark is on the job, ready to take advantage of the victim, and in his hour of greatest weakness to induce him to surrender his rights.

The capitalist class is the meanest, vilest, most utterly and loathsomely unscrupulous class that ever essayed to rule. And in America it excels in its total disregard for every moral and human consideration which might deter it in its greed for amassing wealth. Compare the death toll paid by American toilers to King Capital with the toll paid by workers in more civilised, because more Socialist, countries.

In England one railroad employee is killed to the thousand, and 21 injured. In Germany the death rate per 1,000 is 0.98, or less than one to the 1,000. In the United States in 1907 there were 4,534 railroad employees killed, or 1 to every 369, more than double the English rate. In the same year 87,662 were injured, or 1 in every 19 employed.

A writer in the *Brewery Workers' Journal*, Mr Henry W Bullock, of the Indianapolis Bar, cites the following awful figures of the slaughter of our class by the capitalist enemy:—

The report of Cook county (Chicago) charity service for 1907, on page 38, says:—

“A conservative estimate, based upon a careful inquiry among physicians, places the number of these [industrial accidents] at 10,000 a year. It is believed the loss of life and injuries in about three-fourths of this number could have been avoided had proper safety appliances been provided and closer scrutiny maintained for detecting and replacing faulty machinery.”

In 1907 J L Rocky, Chief of Bureau of Statistics of Pennsylvania, recited the death of 1,044 miners, with 3,424 injured, and 366 iron and steel workers with 2,634 injured; and added: “The preservation of life and limb should never be overshadowed by the elements entering into the mad rush for monetary gain.”

“In the State of Washington 158 wage-earners out of every 1,000 are injured every year.” (Report, Bureau of Labour, 1909.)

In ten years 860 coal miners have been killed in Ohio, the average being 2.35 to the 1,000.

“In 1907 there were 4,575 deaths in Ohio, due to violence and accidents, of which 2,919 were males and 1,656 females.” (Report, Secretary of State of Ohio, 1907.)

In 1908-9 Oklahoma report shows 13 miners killed to every 1,000, and 45 out of every thousand injured. Indiana also has 45 miners to the thousand employed. The *Minnesota Accident Bulletin*, October, 1909, shows that 57 per cent of the industrial accidents are inflicted upon persons under 30 years of age and 22 per cent upon persons less than 40. The total number of accidents reported from the selected branches of industry was 3,295, with 220 fatal, 129 being railroad, 82 mining. The Michigan report of 1909 gives 46 fatal, 432 serious, 282 slight, and much information regarding the health and morals of girls and children, gathered by the women inspectors.

“Twenty thousand accidents occur annually in New York State in the industries of mining and manufacturing alone, 2,000 more in transportation, and more unreported.” – *New York Labour Bulletin*, December, 1908.

Another writer, Mr Crystal Eastman, in a book soon to be published, entitled *Work Accidents and the Law*, prepared under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Survey,²⁵ gives the following remarkable testimony on the same subject: –

It is the best American manhood, in its youth and strength, that we sacrifice daily in the cause of transportation. Of the 125 railroad men, conductors, brakemen, yardmen, etc., killed in active service in Allegheny county during the year under consideration, 77 were under 30, and only 13 over 40. Eighty nine were Americans.

Probably the work of a yard brakeman more continuously and inevitably involves risk to life and limb than any other trade, unless it be that of the acrobat, in which risk taken is a part of the commercial end itself. The 12-hour working day or night of a yard brakeman is almost a continuous performance of what would be ‘feats’ of skill and daring to an ordinary man. The attention must not flag if he is to accomplish his work and avoid injury.

Railroaders Killed in One Year

Conductors	8
Engineers	7
Firemen	11
Brakemen	48
Trackmen	15
Labourers	14
Miscellaneous	20
Unknown	<u>2</u>
Total	125

Frederick Hoffman, statistical expert of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, tells us that among brakemen who die between the ages of 15 and 24 from 75 per cent to 85 per cent die by accident. The table given here shows that out of the 125 railroad employees who, during the one year, met violent death in the course of their work, 38 per cent were brakemen. Among the injured about the same proportion (42 per cent) are brakemen.

In the year there were 13 wrecks. Twenty of the men in our list were killed in these wrecks. In four of the wrecks the evidence is inconclusive. In nine the evidence is comparatively clear.

Not one of these nine wrecks of which we know the cause was due to what is called in law an “act of God.” All could have been humanly avoided. The telegraph operator who caused one wreck, the engineer and fireman who caused another, need not have been careless as far as we know. The three old ‘weak’ cars that caused three wrecks could have been removed from the service. The car with a defective brake that caused still another wreck could have been held in the shop for repairs. A careful section foreman would have mended the bad place in the track where the rails spread and an engineer was killed. Adequate road supervision could not have allowed 150 feet of single track to be obscured by steam for ten months till a fatal wreck called attention to the danger. An inspection department, even moderately efficient, would not have waited for the death of three men to bring to light the shallow foundations of the Deer Creek bridge pier.

The intelligent reader will observe that the law did not protect these men, that they were slaughtered because it was cheaper to slaughter them than to apply safety appliances, or enforce efficient inspection.

Understanding that fact, you will understand our contention that the way to stop so-called accidents is to make them too costly for the capitalist class, more costly than prevention. This can be done in two ways. First, and we put them in order of immediate effectiveness, Industrial Unionising of the railroads, mines, mills and workshops; Second, the efficient use of the Socialist Ballot to capture the administrative machinery of city, county and nation.

Were the working class organised on the lines of industrial unionism in an organisation which postulates its activities upon the truth that the working class and the employing class have nothing in common, and gathers into its ranks every person – man, woman, girl or boy – employed in the service

of capital, making out of all the employees of each industry One Big Union, and out all such unions one bigger still, the occurrence of a fatal or serious accident would be the signal for an instant suspension of labour until the accident was investigated. Members of the union would be appointed to take the injured or killed persons to their home or to the hospital, and to protect them and their family against all the legal sharks of the capitalist enemy.

You say this would dislocate industry and spoil a lot of material. Precisely. Do you consider a "lot of material" more precious than the life of one of our class? No, but the capitalist class and their lackeys do. Therefore if you would protect the life and limbs of the members of our class let the enemy know that every time one of our number is hurt a lot of material will go to waste. You will quickly see that that solicitude which they never showed for our lives and limbs they would instantly manifest to save their precious material and their potential profits.

Whenever a serious accident happens in an American mill, and the county coroner applies for permission to investigate, he is promptly met with a refusal. The gates are shut in his face and he is made to understand that city and county officers are elected on Republican and Democratic tickets to aid capitalism, not to interfere with it in the pursuit of its business. Having learned this lesson he goes quietly home and promises to be good in future.

But if the workers in addition to forming the industrial union had also the good sense to use the Socialist Ballot, when their coroner, elected on the Socialist ticket, applied for permission to [enter] the premises he would either be admitted at once or the entire police force of the city would be summoned if necessary to break a way in for him. And he would take care that he would not come out again without placing under arrest all the officials who had barred his way in, all those who had ordered it to be barred, and all the foremen and officials who could reasonably be held in any way responsible for the accident, either by having driven the men at a pace too rapid to allow of taking precaution, or by having neglected to provide such safeguards as the Socialist coroner knew were required by law.

Of course the Supreme Court would always interfere to release men, even should they be convicted, but nevertheless such a summary treatment as that outlined would cause such a dislocation of industry, such a loss of time, and hence of profits, to the capitalist class that before long that class would be offering premiums for the discovery of safeguards for the lives and limbs of its workers, and summarily firing every foreman or shift boss on whose shift an accident occurred.

And every interference of the Supreme Court, every demonstration of the fact that capitalism was in national control, would give an impetus to the movement against the capitalist system. Hail, then, to the Industrial Union and the Socialist Ballot as the twin forces for the Emancipation of Labour.

An enemy of the working class is he who would estrange them.

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Notes

- 1 The political organisation of the Home Rule party.
- 2 "She lived beside the Anner" is the first line of Charles Joseph Kickham's poem, but its title is "The Irish Peasant Girl", and the verse should read:
brave, brave Irish girls –
We well may call you brave! –
Sure the least of all your perils
Is the stormy ocean wave
- 3 The painter John Butler Yeats.
- 4 A local official in the Democratic party.
- 5 Mary Kelly, known as 'Eva of the *Nation*', was a prominent poet in *The Nation*, paper of the nationalist Young Ireland movement in the 1840s. She and her husband Kevin Izod O'Doherty, another Young Irelander, emigrated to Australia and died in poverty.
- 6 Croker and Ryan were leading Irish-American politicians of the time. Richard Croker headed Tammany Hall, the notoriously corrupt organisation of the Democratic party in New York, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, after which he returned to Ireland. Thomas Fortune Ryan was a millionaire who backed the Home Rule party.
- 7 Parnell was a leading figure of the Ladies' Land League during the Land War, and sister of Charles Stewart Parnell. Sinn Féin lost the Leitrim by-election to the Home Rulers in February.
- 8 Between 1899 and 1902.
- 9 A liberal Home Rule MP.
- 10 John Devoy, a veteran of the Fenian movement since before the 1867 insurrection, had been editing the *Gaelic American* in New York since 1903. In the next month's 'Harp Strings', Connolly wrote that he had been sent a

copy of the *Gaelic American* from 1907 which gave a full account of the *Peasant's* suppression. But, wrote Connolly, his point was that such an exposure would have been more powerful if it had been done during Logue's visit to the US. See Connolly, *The Lost Writings* (London 1997), p 113.

- 11 A Young Irishman.
- 12 Larkin brought the carters out on strike in November 1908 for a wage rise, without the support of the NUDL leader James Sexton, who subsequently suspended him.
- 13 A Young Irishman and poet.
- 14 Only one account follows: perhaps Connolly meant to write "this account".
- 15 Weekly paper of the Gaelic League.
- 16 The United Irish League.
- 17 The visit took place in 1900, during the Boer war, and Maud Gonne organised the children's parade.
- 18 This should read "Practical Politics", one of the subjects covered in the 'Workshop Talks' section of the pamphlet.
- 19 Headquarters of the Democratic party in New York, and a byword for its corruption.
- 20 Thomas Carlyle, in his history of the French revolution, expands on the theme of the constitution not marching: that France's constitution proved unable to face the questions the revolution posed.
- 21 Connolly's 'The Coming Revolt in India: Its political and social causes' appeared in the first issues of *The Harp*, January and February 1908. It is reprinted in *Selected Political Writings* (London 1973), p 230-40.
- 22 Roberts was commander-in-chief of the British army in India from 1885-93, and held the same post in Ireland from 1895-9.
- 23 In 1782, the British government conceded a fairly broad range of powers to the Irish parliament in domestic affairs. Restoring that situation was the official policy of Sinn Féin at this time. The various Home Rule Bills envisaged even less power for an Irish parliament.
- 24 Connell was actually from Meath. While he wrote 'The Red Flag' to the tune of 'The White Cockade', it is sung to 'O Tannenbaum'.
- 25 The Pittsburgh Survey, begun in 1907, made a comprehensive examination of working and living conditions in the city in six volumes. Eastman's book was volume II of the survey.