

Irish prisoners do in British gaols. He was removed to the hospital. Knowing the effect a cheerful environment has on a patient, the Huns sent a policeman and a warder to sit by his sick bed in the hospital. The Sinn Feiners thought he would have a better chance of recovering in other surroundings. They came to rescue him. A policeman shot the sick man; the policeman was shot himself; the prisoner made a dying statement that it was the policeman that was shot who shot him. Limerick was placed under martial law by MacPherson. The Labor leaders in Limerick took the Government at its word. Britain declared war on them; they practically declared war on Britain, and ignoring British law and British military force, they set about governing themselves. MacPherson did the only sort of things that could occur to a MacPherson. He sent down tanks and armored cars and airplanes to add solemnity to the funeral of the prisoner whom the policeman had shot. Nobody took any notice of his expressions of condolence. "In a week," says the *Glasgow Observer*, "by the mere device of ignoring British law and British proclamation, British power in Limerick had been brought to nought." Commenting on the situation, the *New Witness* says: "The general strike in Limerick as a protest against the proclaiming of the district as a military district and the threat to institute a general strike throughout Ireland must not be treated lightly. For this would not be the strike of a class, but of a nation. The effect would be to deprive England of a necessary part of her food supply. . . . Now, apart from naval protection, there is no doubt that we need Ireland far more than Ireland needs us, and the drastic Sinn Fein action is the strongest stroke yet in the battle for Irish freedom. . . . It is quite logical to say, 'We may deal together as freemen with freemen; you shall not deal with us as master with man.' What is the answer? To flood Ireland with bayonets and present a dead body instead of a free partner to the Peace Conference? The only other answer is to give Ireland her freedom. It is no use trying to bribe her." Instead of being reasonable and recognising that America has made up its mind now that the hypocrisy of Great Britain is the outstanding fact of the war, the Orange and Jewish Government of the Empire goes on with the same old game, and in the Tory press the old arguments of the forgers and the crime-manufacturers are repeated. Here they are, in the words of the *New Witness*: "Since English rule induces disorder in Ireland, let us have more and more English rule. Since the military occupation of Ireland has turned many moderate men into revolutionaries, let us send more troops across the Irish Sea. Since the British placemen have been the ruin of Ireland, let us have the incarnate placeman—Mr. MacPherson—as Chief Secretary. Most comic of all is the expression of fear that the Irish would not be able to govern themselves, when it is plain that we cannot govern them. Most dishonest of all is the argument that the murder of a policeman by X.Y.Z. stamps the whole movement for Irish self-government with the brand of crime. But every student of history knows that this has been the stock argument of all tyrants. It is an argument that will look rather silly at the Peace Conference, and, make no mistake about it, before the Peace Conference is over Ireland will be heard."

The Sinn Feiners were told that they were dreamers. In Limerick they retorted by setting up a provisional Government, just as Carson did when he was earning a seat in the British Cabinet. Limerick has made its practical protest against the exercise of British law, founded on force and usurpation. The first step in passive resistance has been taken. In the course of time we shall hear with what result. In the meantime we must remember that "the British Empire hates tyranny in any shape or form," and that it has fought for "the right of small nations to determine their own form of government." What puzzles us is that the English are amazed that Irish people should be so foolish as to think they meant what they said

when they spoke in that manner. Which all brings us back again to the stone beside the Shannon, which is the lasting warning that it is madness to take a treaty seriously. Ring your bells, discharge your rockets, make your speeches. We have made peace! So, at any rate, say Messrs. Mond, Isaacs, Rothschild, Eckstein, Speyer, Beit, and Wenkher. But does anybody say that we "have made the world safe for democracy," or won for small nations the right of a people to choose their own form of government? And will the German "nonentities," who alone would sign, be any more likely to keep faith than were the people who once signed a treaty on a stone beside the Shannon? For more reasons than one we hear to-day, across the blood-stained years, the cry, "Remember Limerick!"

NOTES

"The Glamor of Dublin"

Many moons ago we reviewed a little book which has since been welcomed with delight in many English papers. We believe the *Irish Times* had a harsh word to say of it, because the Sinn Fein note was clear in every page; but harsh words from such as the *Irish Times* are always a real tribute to anything good. Long after we had reviewed it, "Civis" seized on the passage which we quoted about the visit of Queen Victoria and her husband to Trinity College, where at the request of the Dons they wrote their royal names in the *Book of Kells*. Naturally, an Irishman resented the fact that any foreign sovereign should be allowed by the philistines of T.C.D. to perpetrate such an enormity. Well, it came to pass that one day when "Civis"—the New Zealand Piggott—was in a more than usually poisonous No-Popery and anti-Irish mood he dug up an old *Tablet* and waved this extract before the jaundiced eyes of the class of senseless and ignorant bigots for whom he caters. "Civis" did not tell them that it was a quotation. It does not matter whether he did or no. We merely mention the fact lest anybody should suppose that "Civis" could do anything decently or honorably. And the poor old dotard fumed and danced with rage at this further manifestation of the "Tablet man's" reluctance to fall down and adore "the greatest of British sovereigns" who deemed it a sacred duty to build up the power of Prussia—even at the expense of England's honor, as on that day when she prevailed with her Ministers to allow Germany to plunder Denmark. So much for our local Piggott. Let us, however, see more of the little book of which we speak. It is a far more delightful subject.

Mangan

In his wanderings about dear old Dublin the author is continually reminded of Ireland's immortal dead. Thus, one day, passing by Meath Street Hospital, the memory of Mangan, who died there, comes back poignantly:

"Hither they brought him tenderly from the cellage where the latest fever had sucked him down, little hope now left for this pale amber of a man cast high for eternity. 'Fumble, affectionate, and prayerful,' he mutters thanks and extenuation all the time as though these favors that his nurses delight to do him were tremendous gifts. And this sole thing he brought for worldly possession, a worn copy of the poet Keats is his plaything and solace in the bed; until on the eighth day he turns his parchment face and lucent eyes to the wall and closes as a flower that has surrendered its beauty. And the word passing in the street 'Mangan is dead.' 'Dead,' echo answers, 'but Rosaleen lives still nobler now!'"

St. Patrick

Here is another fancy:—

"Stand awhile, friend, respectful and contained as this pilgrim goes by. A simple-looking bedesman truly with down-looking eyes that meditate a great