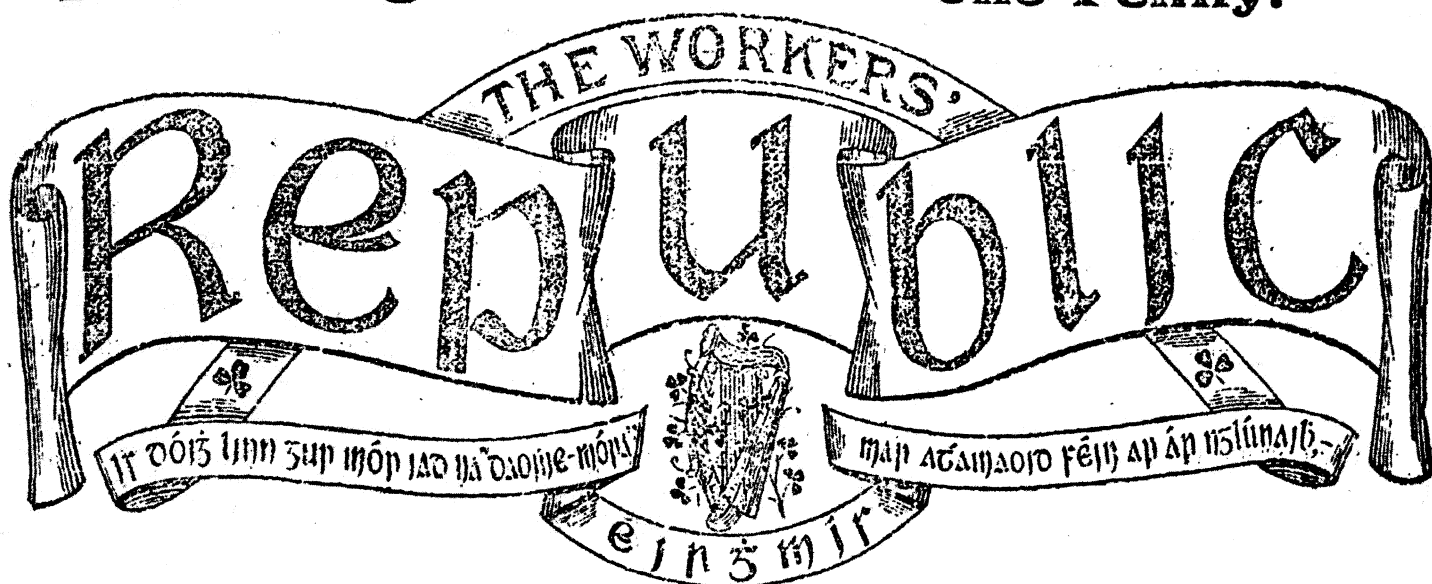


Twelve Pages

One Penny.



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MONTHLY, ONE PENNY.

Notelets.

With this issue we begin a new series of the WORKERS' REPUBLIC. This series has been designed for the purpose of enabling the I. S. R. P. to bring out a series of pamphlets suited for the Socialist propaganda in Ireland, and therefore dealing with the economic and political situation in this country.

We have long felt the need of such pamphlets for the advancement of our cause in Ireland. It is not that there must be an especially Irish form of Socialism, but that there must be in Ireland, as elsewhere, a system of Socialist teaching based upon the economic and political conditions of this country.

Of pamphlets dealing with the abstract principles of Socialism there are enough and to spare; we have no intention to enter into competition with such literature, but only to produce works furnishing such presentation of the subject as are suggested by the facts of life, past and present, in this country.

"Erin's Hope," the first of these pamphlets, and "Home Thrusts," by Spailpin—reproduced in this number and published with covers—are now ready, and can be obtained at this office, price One Penny Each. Special terms will be given to clubs or newsagents ordering a quantity.

The late election contest in the North City Ward of Dublin was the first occasion on which

the I. S. R. P. came into direct conflict with the official Home Rule organisation, and the Socialist workers are naturally proud of the result.

Our candidate polled a clear majority of the working class vote in the Ward; it was the minority of working class voters allied to the class-conscious votes of the business men which made up the poll of our enemies.

It was a victory for the capitalist class, and the treacherous Labour fakir as typified in the Labour Electoral Association; a victory indeed in appearance, but to the far-seeing mind it was the greatest disaster either have encountered.

Like Queen Anne, Queen Victoria is dead. She held the same situation for over sixty years, was frugal and attentive to her duties all that time, and left a large family well provided for. We are also informed on high authority that she was virtuous,

The above paragraph is an accurate and reliable condensation of the principal contents of all the English and Irish newspapers for some time past.

As a literary curiosity we reprint on another page a criticism of His Majesty, King Edward, which certainly makes up in vigour whatever it lacks in courtesy or refinement. It is from one of our French Exchanges.

H O M E T H E R U S T S

Practical Politics.

Let us be practical. we want something practical.

Always the cry of humdrum mediocrity, afraid to face the stern necessity for uncompromising action, the above quoted saying has done more yeoman service in the cause of oppression than all its avowed supporters.

The average man dislikes to be thought impractical, and so, while frequently loathing the principles and distrusting the leaders of the particular political party he is associated with declines to leave them, in the hope that their very lack of earnestness may be more fruitful of practical results than the honest outspokenness of the party in whose principles he does believe.

In the phraseology of politics, a party too indifferent to the sorrows and sufferings of humanity to raise its voice in protest, is a moderate, practical party; whilst a party totally indifferent to the personality of leaders, or questions of leadership, but hot to enthusiasm on every question affecting the well-being of the toiling masses, is an extreme, a dangerous party.

Yet, although it may seem a paradox to say so, there is no party so incapable of achieving practical results as an orthodox practical party; and there is no party so certain of placing moderate reforms to its credit as an extreme—a revolutionary party.

The possessing classes will and do laugh to scorn every scheme for the amelioration of the workers so long as those responsible for the initiation of the scheme admit as justifiable the "rights of property"; but when the public attention is directed towards questioning the justifiable nature of those "rights" in themselves, then the master class, alarmed for the safety of their booty, yield reform after reform—in order to prevent revolution.

Moral—Don't be "practical" in politics. To be practical in that sense means that you have schooled yourself to think along the lines, and in

the grooves those who rob you would desire you to think.

In any case it is time we got rid of all the cant of "politics," and "constitutional agitation" in general. For there is really no meaning whatever in those phrases.

Every public question is a political question. The men who tell us that Labour questions, for instance, have nothing to do with politics, understand neither the one nor the other. The Labour Question cannot be settled except by measures which necessitate a revision of the whole system of society, which, of course implies political warfare to secure the power to effect such revision.

If by politics we understand the fight between the outs and ins, or the contest for party leadership, as in Ireland, then Labour is rightly supremely indifferent to such politics, but to the politics which centre round the question of property and the administration thereof Labour is not, cannot be, indifferent.

To effect its emancipation Labour must re-organise society on the basis of labour; this cannot be done while the forces of government are in the hands of the rich, therefore the governing power must be wrested from the hands of the rich—peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary.

What then shall we say of our constitutional agitators, and their constitutional clap-trap?

Let us be peaceful by all means, but let us not prate too much about being constitutional, for if we cannot secure justice within the constitution shall we cease to seek after it?

The governing classes can declare unconstitutional whatever political movements they do not like. Knowing this, many Irishmen run into secret societies in order to satisfy their hatred of the Constitution.

It is against the Constitution to join a republican secret society. But it is also against the Constitution to keep a dog without a licence. The romance which might attach to the former act is cruelly dissipated by the reflection that the law is as remorseless in hunting down the offender in the latter.

Class Politics.

The whole edifice of modern society to-day is built upon the oppression and plunder of Labour. The Sovereign on the throne, the nobleman in the palace, the capitalist in the mansion, the judge on the bench and the lawyer at the bar, are all pensioners on the labour of the workers; are all seated, like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, astride the neck of the worker, riding him to social ruin.

The politics of the Master Class are only the quarrels of thieves over the division of the spoil. The politics of the Working Class are the organised efforts of the victims, conscious of the thieving, to put an end to the system of society which makes it possible.

The mixed character of all speeches in connection with the late '98 Movement proved conclusively that our middle-class leaders are afraid to trust the democracy. In the midst of their most fervent vituperations against the British Government there rises up before their mind's eye the spectacle of the Irish Workers demanding Freedom for their class from the economic slavery of to-day.

And struck with affright the middle-class politician buttons up his trousers' pocket, and shoving his hand deep into the pockets of his working-class compatriots, cries out as his fingers close upon the plunder, "No class questions in Irish politics."

So our middle class become Home Rulers, secretly or openly leaning to the British Constitution.

What is the difference between the Unionist and the Home Ruler? Starting from the postulate that we accept John Mitchel's definition of the British Empire as "a pirate institution robbing and plundering upon the public highway" we must conclude that the only difference is that the Unionists wish to keep the Irish people as SUBJECTS of that Empire, whereas the Home Rulers desire to raise them to the dignity (?) of ACCOMPLICES.

And the Socialist Republicans wish to kick the whole Empire and all its fraudulent institutions into the outer darkness.

And once it is effectually elevated off the face of the planet it has so long cursed by its presence, whether it goes to join the angels above or the politicians below is no concern of ours.

Catholic University.

Yes, gentleman, what we want is a Catholic University!

If only we had a Catholic University the poor ragged children who sit around the Catholic Boys' Home in Abbey Street, unable to find the coppers necessary to procure admission to its shelter, would have all their woes removed.

And the crowd of forlorn men and women who every night press for admission to the Night Refuge in Bow Street; the hungry outcasts who wait around the gates of the Mendicity; the evicted tenants, patiently waiting for restoration to their homes; the broken-hearted labourers, toiling their lives away for a starvation wage; the unemployed, wearily tramping from insolent foremen to overbearing employers; the slum-dwellers, poisoned by the pestiferous air of our city tenements; the peasant, mentally and physically starved on his barren mountain patch, all, all would be initiated into the delights of a happy existence—

If only we had a Catholic University!

Some of us would be satisfied with less. Most of those I have mentioned would, I think, but then they are only base plebeians—common working-class people who would never see the inside of a university, anyhow.

When we speak of a university for the Catholics we don't mean all the Catholics, but only a small portion of the whole body, viz. those who can afford to send their children to such places—shopkeepers, lawyers, gombeen men, rackrenting landlords, patriot publicans, slum proprietors, and other such bright jewels in the crown of the Church Militant.

"Free Education up to the highest University grades," and as a supplement to make it workable, "Free Maintenance for all Children," both planks in the Socialist Republican programme, might make the university question a popular one, but otherwise the agitation is simply bogus—a clerical-cum-capitalist dodge to divert our attention whilst a new bargain is being struck at our expense.

At least, so thinks Spailpin.

Old Age Pensions.

Giving evidence before the Old Age Pensions' Committee, Sir John Dorrington, M. P., expressed the belief that "provision of Old Age Pensions by the State would do more harm than good. It was an objectionable principle, and would lead to improvidence."

There now! You will always observe that it is some member of what John Mitchel called "the canting, fed classes, who is anxious that nothing should be done by the State to give the working class habits of "improvidence," or to do us any "harm," Dear, kind souls!

To do them justice they are most consistent. For both in public and in private their efforts are most whole-heartedly bent in the same direction, viz., to prevent improvidence—ON OUR PART.

They lower our wages—to prevent improvidence; they increase our rents—to prevent improvidence; they periodically suspend us from our employment—to prevent improvidence, and as soon as we are worn out in their service they send us to a semi-convict establishment, known as the Union or Workhouse, where we are scientifically starved to death—to prevent improvidence.

Old Age Pensions might do us harm. Ah, yes! And yet, come to think of it, I know quite a number of people who draw Old Age Pensions and it doesn't do them a bit of harm. Strange, isn't it?

Then all the Royal Family have pensions, and they don't seem to do them any harm; royal babies, in fact, begin to draw pensions and milk from a bottle at the same time.

Afterwards they drop the milk, but never drop the pension—nor the bottle.

Then all our judges get pensions, and are not corrupted thereby—at least not more than usual. In fact, all well-paid officials in governmental or municipal service get pensions, and there are no fears expressed that the receipt of the same may do them harm.

But the underpaid, overworked wage-slave, To give him a pension would ruin his moral fibre, weaken his stamina, debase his manhood. sap his integrity, corrupt his morals, check his prudence, emasculate his character, lower his aspirations, vitiate his resolves, destroy his self-reliance, annihilate his rectitude, corrode his virility, and—and—other things.

Whereas the governing class, not possessing any of these things, can accept a pension and go unscathed.

Let Us Free Ireland!

Let us free Ireland!

Never mind such base, carnal thoughts as concern work and wages, healthy homes, or lives unclouded by poverty.

Let us free Ireland!

The rackrenting landlord; is he not also an Irishman, and wherefore should we hate him? Nay, let us not speak harshly of our brother—yea, even when he raises our rent.

Let us free Ireland!

The profit-grinding capitalist, who robs us of three-fourths of the fruits of our labour, who sucks the very marrow of our bones when we are young, and throws us out in the street, like a worn-out tool, when we are grown prematurely old in his service, is he not an Irishman, and mayhap a patriot, and wherefore should we think harshly of him?

Let us free Ireland!

"The land that bred and bore us." And the landlord who makes us pay for permission to live upon it.

Whoop it up for liberty!

"Let us free Ireland," says the patriot who won't touch Socialism.

Let us all join together, and cr-r-rush the br-r-rutal Saxon. Let us all join together, says he, all classes and all creeds.

And, says the town worker, after we have crushed the Saxon and freed Ireland, what will we do?

Oh, then you can go back to your slums, same as before.

Whoop it up for liberty!

And, say the agricultural workers, after we have freed Ireland, what then?

Oh, then you can go scraping around for the landlord's rent, same as before.

Whoop it up for liberty!

After Ireland is free, says the patriot who won't touch Socialism, we will protect all classes, and if you can't pay your rent of course you will get evicted, same as now. But the evicting party under command of the sheriff will wear green uniforms and the Harp without the Crown, and the warrant turning you out on the roadside will be stamped with the arms of the Irish Republic.

Now, isn't that worth fighting for?

And when you cannot find employment, and giving up the struggle of life in despair, enter the Union, the band of the nearest regiment of the Irish army will escort you to the Workhouse door to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day."

Oh, it will be nice to live in those days!

"With the Green Flag floating o'er us," and an ever-increasing army of unemployed workers walking about under the Green Flag, wishing they had something to eat. Same as now.

Whoop it up for liberty!

Holidays.

Where were you for the holidays?

Were you tempted to go abroad? Did you visit the Continent? did you riot, in all the abandonment of a wage-slave let loose, among the pleasure haunts of the world?

Perhaps you went to the Riviera; perhaps you luxuriated in ecstatic worship of that glorious bit of Nature's handiwork, where the blue waters of the Mediterranean roll in all their entrancing splendour against the shores of classic Italy.

Perhaps you rambled among the vine clad hills of sunny France, and visited the spots hallowed by that country's glorious history.

Perhaps you sailed up the castellated Rhine, toasted the eyes of bewitching German Fraulein in heavy German beer, explored the recesses of the legend-haunted Hartz mountains, and established a nodding acquaintance with the Spirit of the Brocken.

Perhaps you traversed the lakes and fjords of Norway, sat down in awe before the neglected magnificence of the Alhambra, had a coffee with Menelik of Abyssinia, smelt afar off the odours of Morocco, climbed the pyramids of Egypt, shared the hospitable tent of the Bedouin, visited Cyprus, looked in at Constantinople,

ogled the dark-eyed beauties of Circassia, rubbed up against the Cossack in his Ural mountains, or

Perhaps you lay in bed all day in order to save a meal, and listened to your wife wondering how she could make ends meet with a day's pay short in the weekly wages.

And, whilst you thus squandered your substance in riotous living, did you ever stop to think of your master—your poor, dear, over-worked, tired master?

Did you ever stop to reflect upon the pitiable condition of that individual who so kindly provides you with employment, and does no useful work himself in order that you may get plenty of it?

When you consider how hard a task it was for you to decide in what manner you should spend your Bank Holiday, where you should go for that ONE DAY, then you must perceive how hard it is for your masters to find a way in which to spend the practically perpetual holiday you force upon them by your love for work.

Ah, yes, that large section of our masters who have realised that ideal of complete idleness after which all our masters strive, those men who do not work, never did work, and with the help of God—and the ignorance of the people—never intend to work, how terrible must be their lot in life.

We, who toil from early morn till late at night from January till December, from childhood till old age, have no care or trouble or mental anxiety to cross our mind—except the landlord, the fear of loss of employment, the danger of sickness, the lack of common necessities, to say nothing of luxuries for our children, the insolence of our social superiors, the unhealthy condition of our homes, the exhausting nature of our toil, the lack of all opportunities for mental cultivation, and the ever-present question whether we shall shuffle off this mortal coil in a miserable garret, be killed by hard work, or die in the Union.

With these trifling exceptions we have nothing to bother us. But the master, ah, the poor, dear master!!

He has everything to bother him. Whilst we are amusing ourselves—in the hold of a ship shovelling coal, swinging the hammer in front of a forge, toiling up a ladder with bricks, stitching till our eyes grow dim on the board, gaily riding up and down for twelve hours per day, seven days per week, on a tram-car, driving around the city in all weathers on floats and drays, standing at our ease OUTSIDE the printing office door

listening to the musical click of the linotype as it performs the work we used to do INSIDE, telling each other comforting stories about the new machinery which takes our places as carpenters, harness-makers, tinplate-workers, labourers, etc., in short whilst we are enjoying ourselves, free from all mental worry

Our unselfish, tired-out masters are sitting at home, with their feet on the fender, softly patting the bottom button of their waistcoats,

Working with their brains.

Poor masters ! Mighty brains !

Without our toil they would never get the education necessary to develop their brains ; if we were not defrauded by their class of the fruits of our toil we could provide for education enough to develop the mental powers of all, and so deprive the ruling class of their last vestige of an excuse for clinging to mastership, viz., their assumed intellectual superiority.

I say " assumed," because the greater part of the brain-work of industry to-day is performed by men taken from the ranks of the workers, and paid high salaries in proportion as they develop expertness as slave-drivers.

As education spreads among the people the workers will want to enjoy life more ; they will assert their right to the full fruits of their labour, and by that act of self-assertion lay the foundation of that Socialist Republic in which the labour will be so easy, and the reward so great, that life will seem a perpetual holiday.

Spiritual Inheritance of the Celt.

The Spiritual Inheritance of the Celt.

I suppose you have all heard that phrase. You may not understand what it means, but that, as the vulgar phraseology hath it, " makes no matter."

Nowadays the Spiritual Inheritance of the Celt is in evidence at almost every public meeting in the country ; every public speaker who finds himself too densely destitute of even the faintest traces of originality to evoke the applause of his audience, or is too ignorant of the question under discussion to speak even tolerably upon it,

falls back as a last and never-failing resort upon an appeal to the Spiritual Inheritance of the Celt.

That is always apropos. No matter what the subject of the meeting may be—Catholic University, Financial Relations, Home Rule, or the location of the Pig Market, it can always be embellished and improved upon by an appeal to the Spiritual Inheritance of the Celt.

What that Spiritual Inheritance is remains to me somewhat of a problem. I am a hard, matter-of-fact individual, and inclined I daresay to place too much stress occasionally upon material things as the first necessity, but I am open to conviction, and hope some of my well-informed readers will please enlighten me by answering this question :—

What is the Spiritual Inheritance of the Celt ?

The legends, romances, fairy tales, " pistrogs," and general folk-lore of this country deal largely in popular interpretations of the manifestations of the unknown forces of Nature : always giving, as is the wont of a half-educated people living in close contact with nature, a personal form and intelligence to every natural phenomenon whose origin is unknown to them.

In other words, where the investigations of modern Science have laid bare the workings out of natural processes, our forefathers saw only the labours, or heard only the voices, of spirits—the roar of the tempest on the hilltops, the sighing of the wind through the valleys, the myriad, undefinable noises of night, the phantasms passing across the minds of the insane, the weird phenomena of birth and death, all these were to the Celts of old the result of a perpetual war between superhuman intelligences, beneficent and diabolic.

Thus the Celt clothed the mechanism of the universe with form and colour ; thus sprang into existence in his brain all the spirits, good and bad, with which his fancy has invested every hill and dale, river, loch, and island in Ireland ; thus originated the Spiritual Inheritance of the Celt—in an unprogressive desire to escape the responsibility of investigating phenomena, by placing their source beyond the reach of human activity.

But, I may be told, is not the fact that the Celt did show himself prone to place a spiritual interpretation upon the material manifestations of natural phenomena, proof in itself of the spirituality of his mental bias, or inheritance.

It may be. But if it is, then the same proof holds good of the Teuton, of the Russian, of the Indian; all of whom have under the same conditions cherished similar beliefs and all of whom have in proportion as their material conditions were modified and altered by the development of industry and the growth of towns and cities, abandoned such ideas in favour of the scientific explanations.

The characteristic marks of Celtic spirituality are all to be found paralleled in the Hindu and the Brahmin; the legends of the Brocken and the Black Forest show the German mind as fertile in weird conceptions as ever was Irish Seannachuidhe; the Russian Moujik and baba still tell each other of the spirits of forest and mountain steppes; and the peasantry of Somersetshire and other English rural counties give to recitals of occult happenings such credit as sufficiently demonstrates the affinity of their intellectual state to that of the Spiritual Celt.

I do not war upon this quaint conceit of ours. I am only tired of hearing it belauded and praised so much by superficial thinkers and spouters.

Now, I believe that the mental traits upon which our Celtic enthusiasts base their claims, or should I say OUR claims to spirituality, are but the result of the impressions left upon the minds of our forefathers by the operations of the natural phenomena of their material surroundings; that most, if not all, races have had similar beliefs at similar periods of their history; and that there was therefore nothing unique in the intellectual equipment of the Celt, and nothing that he needs must cherish lest he lose his individuality.

The influences which go to the destruction and debasement of the Irish Celtic character are not racial in their essence—they are social and industrial; it is not Anglo-Saxonism, but Capitalism, which pours its cheap filth into our news' agencies, and deluges our homes with its gutter literature.

This fact is obvious to all who choose to open their eyes and note that Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, have each their gutter literature, corresponding in all its vulgarity and inanity to the Cheap Jack rubbish and filth with which some people would have us believe is Anglo-Saxon.

The debasing literature is common to all these cities because its source is common to all; that source being, of course, not the language but the capitalist system.

It is a trifling degree worse in England, only because the capitalist system is more developed in England than in the countries named. As people become brutalised by overwork under Capitalism they lose the faculty for appreciating healthy literature, and require the strong meat of sensationalism and suggestiveness—the stronger and more pungent the flavour the easier it can be assimilated by the degraded wage-slaves.

If you desire to pursue this line of thought further, you can do it by tracing the appetite for unhealthy literature in capitalist countries, such as England, America, and France; and the corresponding absence of such literature in countries such as Spain, Portugal, and Norway where Capitalism is in its undeveloped, infant state.

As long as it was a question of Celt versus Saxon in Ireland the Celt, considering the enormous odds against him, held his own fairly well for six hundred years—held his own characteristics so well that one hundred years ago many districts were as un-English in thought and in speech as at the Norman Invasion.

But with the advent of Capitalism all that was changed; the cheapness of its wares opened a way for English Capitalism into districts where the political power of England had only excited aversion; the use of the English product paved the way for the use of the English speech, which in its turn made possible the debasing floods of cheap literary garbage.

Thus Capitalism has done more in one hundred years to corrupt the Celt and destroy his racial distinctiveness, than the previous six hundred were able to accomplish.

Yet the "Spiritual Inheritance" orators and writers are all in favour of capitalism and against Socialism.

Why? Because their belief in a spiritual inheritance does not weaken their determination to hold firmly on to the incomes derivable from their material inheritance of land and capital—and the legal title it conveys to a share in the plunder of the Irish Worker.

I could mention one poet in this city of Dublin who writes some most weirdly spiritual poems in the intervals of drawing rackrents from one of the most filthy slums in town.

He is a patriot, a publican, a town councillor, a slum landlord, a poet, and heir to our spiritual inheritance—and other things.

A beautiful blending of matter and spirit!

Well, well! I have rambled a bit from my text, or rather the incident that suggested the text. That incident was a complimentary dinner given to D. J. Cogan, M. P. for East Wicklow. Mr. Cogan, in thanking the friends who had feasted him, gave this gem to the world. I quote from the "Evening Telegraph."

"The sentimental was the spiritual side of man—it proceeded from the soul, and the man who was without sentiment would be without a soul (hear, hear). He therefore had no hesitation in admitting that the Irish character was highly sentimental, and he was proud of it. But why was it so? Because it is highly spiritual, and he thought it would be a sad day indeed for our country when the sentimental or spiritual side of it would become paralysed, or lose any of its attributes (applause). In conclusion, he would do what one individual could do to further the interests of that branch of trade to which he had the honour to belong (hear, hear)."

Now, that is what I call "lovely," Mr. Cogan is a provision dealer, and the beautiful and entirely ingenuous manner in which he promises to combine in his own person a solicitude for the spiritual side of the Irish character and the interests of the provision trade, is worthy of all praise.

But if an Irish workingman were to rhapsodise about our spiritual inheritance at the beginning of his speech, and at the end of it to denounce the tyranny of capital, what a shock his audience would receive!

Perhaps that is the reason why the Socialist Republicans are never counted in in the functions organised by the new cult. Perhaps! Yet I think we are as favourable as need be, but we cannot forget that there are thousands of our brother and sister Celts so poor to-day that if they could barter their spiritual inheritance for a loaf of bread and a "rasher," it would be a profitable exchange.

But, gentleman, before we part allow me to give you a toast. You will drink it, please, in water—the finest Vartry blend, with microbes of Irish manufacture only—and pledge me accordingly: "He e's to the union of two mighty, epoch-making forces, 'The Spiritual Inheritance of the Celt,' and 'The Interests of the Provision Trade'; these two, linked in indissoluble union, to go marching down the ages to immortality together."

Slainte!

A Critic Criticised.

A Critic.

Cork's own city has provided itself with a critic who, in the "Evening Special" of Saturday, September 8, 1900, runs full tilt up against the President of the British Trades' Union Congress, and against Socialism in general.

The Cork Critic is a curiosity in his own way. He is, in the first place, a born journalist; you can see that with the first glance at his writings. The first qualification of a journalist on a capitalist paper is a perfect readiness to write columns of matter upon any subject which may turn up, without wasting any time in acquiring knowledge of what he is writing about.

So with this Cork Critic. Every line he writes gives evidence of the density of his ignorance on all matters Socialistic, but he apparently conceives that fact to be of trivial importance for he proceeds to spread himself out upon the question with a recklessness of grammar and an ignorance of economic teaching not to be surpassed by any collection of old women in the land.

As to the grammar, will the reader cast his eye over this gem from the editorial in which this critic lets himself loose upon an unoffending community.

Speaking of the President of the Congress he writes: He does NOT look at Labour and Economic questions from NO mere sordid, bread and butter, point of view."

If the schoolmaster was indeed abroad when this journalistic critic was developing I would suggest that for the sake of that schoolmaster's reputation, this Cork Critic should never reveal what school he had attended.

Further on in this interesting article he declares that the President "soars aloft into the regions of Philosophy, and lectures the world on the prehistoric state of man AND OTHER WILD ANIMALS."

The confusion of thought shown in that paragraph; the entire inability to discriminate between a reference to the accepted facts of biological and ethnographic science and the mere speculations of philosophy, is proof enough that the writer's sole acquaintance with these subjects was limited to the names he juggled with so deftly, and used so wrongly.

But it is when he attempts to argue out his position that this poor scribe becomes really touching in his simplicity. Here, for instance, is a specimen of his reasoning, and a sample of his knowledge, which should not be lightly passed over, but should rather be preserved and carefully framed as a literary curiosity, born of an intellectual freak.

"Pickle's Philosophy of Collectivism, put into a nutshell amounts to this: Everybody is to own everything, and nobody is to own anything. A nice, comfortable philosophy for a considerable section of the world. Take, for instance, the man without any brains. What need he care if he has none? His neighbour has enough for the two, and as he would have the same right to an even share of the country's wealth as his brainy neighbour he would be the better off of the two, because he would have everything without worry or exertion."

There now, that is a gem! You will observe that the idea it means to convey is that Socialism means an equal divide of the wealth—an idea which nobody holds now, outside of lunatic asylums or the editorial rooms of capitalist newspapers.

Nobody ever heard a Socialist advocate a divide up, and when you hear any person tell you that Socialism means dividing up, depend upon it he is either a fool who does not know what he is talking about, or else a rogue who means to deceive you.

Socialists say that the land and all things necessary to life should be made public property, whereat the journalistic tout for the capitalist class shouts out that that means "an equal divide."

Now, just to emphasise the foolishness of such talk, remember that "all things necessary to life" include the rivers and canals. Do you suppose then that Socialists propose to divide up the Lee the Blackwater, or the Liffey, and apportion to each inhabitant of Ireland a share which he may carry away in his pockets?

We do not propose to divide anything but the labour, and that we hope to divide, if not equally, at least equitably. When that division comes off I think an enlightened community will find for this Cork scribe some function more suited to his intellect, or to his lack of it, than writing articles upon subjects he does not understand.

"Take, for instance," he says, "the man without any brains." Certainly, my friend, anything to oblige you, I will take your case—your case in every sense of the word. And really it is

touching to observe how the poor uneducated instinct of this scribe brought him at once to the point which affected him most—the man without any brains.

Under Socialism those who labour will receive the full reward of their labour, no part whatever being deducted for the upkeep of a master class. The only deduction permissible being that proportion of the product necessary for the renewal of raw material and appliances.

The man who has brains will be expected to do his best, and the man who has no brains (a curious kind of animal he would be) will be expected to do his best, and both would be rewarded according to the length of time they spent per day, week, or year, in the service of the community.

Probably the man with brains, would not receive more per hour than the man not possessed of brains; he would however have that incentive to exert his intellect which would come from the knowledge that he would be honoured and respected by his fellows in proportion to the worth of his labours.

The respect and honour of our fellows is payment enough for full grown men after our material wants are satisfied, and only perverted intellects and debased natures conceive a useless superfluity of wealth or powers of mastership to be necessary as an incentive to human ambition.

A truly civilised society would no more think of rewarding a man because Nature had endowed him with brains, than it would think of rewarding a man because Nature had endowed him with good looks.

IRELAND.

Ireland, as distinct from her people, is nothing to me; and the man who is bubbling over with love and enthusiasm for "Ireland," and can yet pass unmoved through our streets and witness all the wrong and the suffering, the shame and the degradation wrought upon the people of Ireland—aye, wrought by Irishmen upon Irishmen and women, without burning to end it, is, in my opinion, a fraud and a liar in his heart, no matter how he loves that combination of chemical elements he is pleased to call "Ireland."