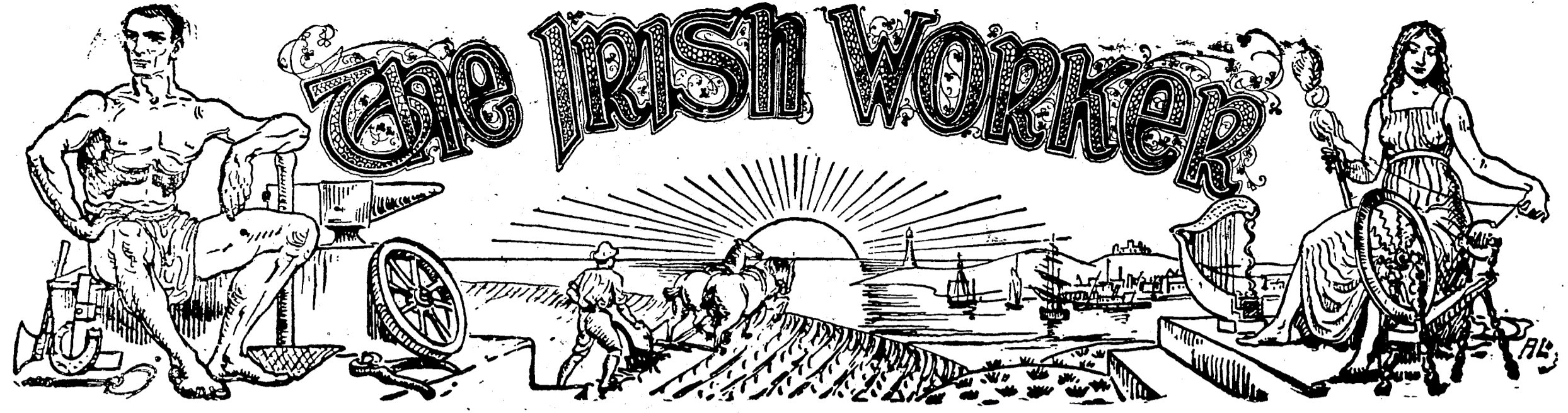


"The principle I... mean to... is—that... ownership... moral and... to the sun... the centre... of right in... Ireland."



Who is it speaks of defeat?
I tell you a cause like ours;
Is greater than defeat can know—
It is the power of powers.
As surely as the earth rolls round
As surely as the glorious sun
Brings the great moon-wave,
Must our Cause be won!

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

Vol. I.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, MARCH 2nd, 1912.

[ONE PENNY.]

Mr. Bernard Shaw on Home Rule

Irish Protestants' Craven Terror.
The "Christian Globe" has received several communications commenting upon the leading article on the Protestants of Ireland which appeared in its columns last week.
Mr. G. Bernard Shaw writes:—
What is wanted on both sides of the Channel is a little real Protestantism. This craven terror of poor old Rome—of a Pope who is less free personally than any saint and less powerful than the nearest surgeon—is not Protestantism, it is the cowardice that is the invariable symptom and product of want of faith. You have only to look at the great Protestant manifesto of the Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" with the part about Edward Carson and Lord Londonderry to realize how completely Ireland has been kept out of the mighty stream of modern Protestantism by her pre-occupation with her unnatural political condition.

There is one force, and only one, that Home Rule cannot face, and that force is democracy. In democratic America Irish Roman Catholics desert their Church by tens of thousands. In oligarchic Caste-ridden Ireland the bitterest enemies of the priests would be rather than desert in the face of the enemy. In France the Roman Church cannot get even justice. In Italy the pope is a prisoner in his own palace. In Spain priests and nuns depend on police and military protection for their personal safety. In Ireland alone the priest is powerful, thanks to the hatred, terror, tameness, and filly of the Protestants who stand between him and his natural enemy—democracy.

There is only one chance for priestly tyranny under Home Rule, and that is the chance of the Protestants insisting that the Roman Catholic shall be denied the political rights which are his in order. The Protestants need in Ireland to-day is the abandonment of the Roman Catholic Church. At present the priests levy taxes without audit or responsibility, and demand charges for their official services—funerals, marriages, &c.—which should be levied by the State. The Protestants, who should pay the principal charges, besides their own, should be made to contribute to the maintenance of the convent schools as they do in other countries.

With the Roman Church accept these conditions, there is no reason to prohibit conversions. Let us, all the better, demand that the tax on the Roman Church in Ireland should be levied by the State. There is no reason why he should not; he is always asked to support it in Malta, and to support Mahomedanism, and suppress the sale of the Bible in the Sudan, not to mention still stranger things in India. And just because he can reasonably claim that, if there is to be a spiritual budget, he is entitled to his share of it. Concurrent endowment of Roman, Presbyterian, Church of Ireland, &c., is not impossible. The simplest plan, however, would be to exempt non-Catholics from the tax. Where is the difficulty?

Let us suppose that the Roman Church refuses all state interference. Continental experience proves that the interference will take place all the same. The priests cannot resist or defy the Factory Acts of an Irish Parliament, nor expect unconditional education grants from it. Irish priests may regard the possibility of municipal elections, with municipally regulated fees, as a wild dream, but the fact is that the Roman Catholic Church I ever visited was (and is) in venues where the sacristan was a buttoned and braided municipal official, and the staff of the

officiating priests was, in fact—whatever it may have been in theory—a municipal staff. If Orangemen would open their minds to these contemporary facts and practical probabilities, and clear their imagination of thumb-screws and stakes and faggots and run on the race, we should soon have Irish Protestants asking the Government to make Roman Church Establishment a feature of the Home Rule Bill, and the priesthood resisting the proposal and clinging with all its might to its present irresponsible power and riches.

Enough then of these drunken Ulsteries and maudlin signings of "Rule Britannia." The North need to sing "The Protestant Bays will carry the Drum." It was manlier than clinging to Britannia's skirts for protection against the bogey man with the triple tiara.
I suppose it is useless to remind the Orange North that honour and humanity are to be found in Roman Catholic Ireland at least as conspicuously as in Belfast, and that as, though Calvia burnt Servetus, and priests have been quite as horribly persecuted as parsons, the Roman Catholics have managed to survive Protestant domination, perhaps there may be some hope for Protestants under Home Rule.
At all events, pure materialistic cowardice will not save the situation.

G. BERNARD SHAW.
February 14, 1912.

Battle Hymn of the Chinese Revolution.

Freedom, one of the greatest blessings of Heaven!
United to Peace then will work on this earth.
Ten thousand wonderful new things.
Grave as a spirit, great as a giant.
Rising to the very skies.
With the clouds for a chariot and the wind for a steel.
Come, come to reign over the earth!
For the sake of the black hell of our slavery
Come, enlighten us with a ray of thy sun?
White Europe! Thou art indeed
The spoiled daughter of heaven.
Bread, wine—thou hast everything in abundance!
For me, I love liberty as a bride.
Through the day in my thoughts, through the night in my dreams.
I survey the woes of my fatherland.
But the inconsistent nature of liberty,
Prevents me from attaining her.
Alas! my brethren are all slaves!
The wind is so sweet, the dew is so bright,
The flowers are so fragrant,
Men are becoming all kings—
And yet can we forget what the people are suffering?
At pecking we must bow our head
Before the wolf of an Emperor!
Alas! Freedom is dead!
Asia the Great is nothing else but an immense desert.

In this century we are working
To open a new age.
In this century, with one voice, all virile men
Are calling for a new making of Heaven and earth.
May the soul of the people rise to the peak
of Kwang tung!
Washington and Napoleon, you two sons
of Liberty,
May you become incarnated in the people!
Hin-Yun, our ancestor, guide us!
Spirit of Freedom, come and protect us!

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There are Men in Wexford yet!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.
DEAR SIR—The writer was never more proud to be a Wexford man in all his "born puff"
Often sir, during the past 20 years have I felt sorrow from my very heart that the men and boys of the Wexford foundries seemed so bereft (if I may use the word here) of any National or independent spirit. Yet I am old enough to remember the fact that the strike at Pierce's 21 years ago, when for want of a Larkin or a Union, the men had to go back on hands and knees to be received, not with open arms, but with the FALLING LASH. What, with many not taken back at all, others, wages cut, it was no wonder that when 10 years ago, the great Labour Party of England and Ireland held their Congress in Wexford Town Hall, one trade only, I believe, could be got to join their respective Trades Union.
Yet, now after 20 long years, see how the good God ordains that right shall conquer might.
I honestly believe after the hardships the men at that time endured, and later they have since handed down, that it would almost have taken 10 years more before they would have "sent for Larkin," but by the action of the employers they drove the men to the union rooms, and the circumstances of the case being peculiar, it was found necessary to elect one of the best organizers and truly one of the best Irishmen it has ever been the lot of Wexfordmen to fall "foul" of, as Joe Kelly would put it
I say, without fear of contradiction (and time will prove it), that the people of Wexford should never fail to thank God for having sent such a schoolmaster as P. T. Daly to Wexford. It would take up far too much of your valuable space to enumerate the many "crooked ways that are made straight," by the late gallant fight. Suffice to say that it has CLEARED the air in Wexford. The workers now can judge for themselves. They will be no longer led to the polls, &c., by the "Jem Sinnotts" and "Jem Staffords" &c.
In reading Waterford Notes in last Saturday's WORKER, I was again forcibly reminded that the men, boys and men's sons who made good fights in the Land League and other days, were and are on the right side now, whilst every rotten shonon and sons of shonons are now on the employers' side. In a word, of course they are nothing nor nobody but emergency-men and hangers-on.
The O'Hanlon whom your Waterford correspondent alludes to is none other

than a first cousin to the brave and true patriot priest, late Father Davy Walsh (peace to his soul). Who does not remember "The Hook 200" but has heard of "Healy Lodge" (Castlebridge), Parnellstown, Kiltane, &c., &c. This priest was one that did not fight with gloves on, and for taking them off he was sent home three times to keep his aged mother company (one of the best mothers too a son ever had), and for what? Simply for keeping the country in a state of "turmoil." Yes, but when he was removed from Hook the people there nailed up both chapel and priest's house for three months, and to a man and woman, boy and girl and child assembled outside the church each Sunday and holyday, and the oldest man present recited the Holy Rosary.
Well, Mr. Editor, Wexford town can boast of having in their midst Nicholas O'Hanlon Walsh, brother of Father Davy's.
Need you ask what side he has been on—no, it is hardly necessary—he has been on the right side, the winning side if you like.
In season and out of season I have heard Nicholas has fought as he knows how to fight for the men, as some of those who had to "do" with him knew to their cost. Only yesterday I saw a list of subscriptions to the men's fund (for Christmas) and Nick's name headed the list with £2 (second subscription), and let me tell you sir, Nick Walsh is a poor man. I should have mentioned that when the trying time came in late agitation (Parnell split) both Father Davy, Nicholas's sisters, &c., stood by him, and not only that, but when Redmond sold the cause the Walshs never since became his followers.—Yours truly,
A WEXFORD REBEL

IN MEMORY OF MR. B. JACKSON.
A hush as of an Angel's wing
Breathes o'er this New Year's day,
And o'er the hearts that mourn the loss
Of one who's passed away.
Gone to that land of peace and love
Where sorrows are no more,
To tune his golden harp of praise
On Eden's radiant shore.
Gone to that glorious summerland
Where pensive autumn's shade
Nor fails to brighten the crystal flowers
Nor make their beauty fade.
Life's battle he has nobly fought
Beneath his Master's crown,
Who softly called him to His side
And lay his armour down.
Regret sits now in many a home
And pale-faced sorrow's pain,
For one who's vacant place on earth
Can never be filled again.
For one who's calm endeavour sought
With true and loyal zeal
To uphold the labour cause
And workers' rights reveal.
For one whose earthly star has set
To shine in purer air,
Yet leaves a lingering sadness dark
Behind it everywhere.
But memory shall never die
Of him who's mourned in vain—
The memory of that faithful heart
His comrades will retain.
'Tis true his soul has softly fled
And left its broken chains,
Like the crushed leaves of the rose when
The fragrance still remains.
Oh, mourning hearts, accept from me,
Though poor the tribute be,
This poem-wreath, humbly twined to-day,
In memory sent to thee.
WILLIAM SCOTT.

A NEW ERA.
Some Reflections on the Funeral of a Worker.

"So is death an end; but it breedeth an infinite beginning."
Any stranger passing through the streets of Dublin on Sunday last must have been struck by the remarkable demonstration that took place. Remarkable in more senses than one; in the first place, never before in the history of the Labour movement of this country has such a scene been witnessed.

Many public funerals have passed through this ancient city en route for Glasnevin; many men, famed in Science, Art, and Literature, have found a last resting place there.
But it has always needed the death of some great leader of the people, backed up by tremendous organisation, to bring thousands of people from their homes on a bleak spring morning such as was seen on Sunday last. It has been the lot of the writer to take part in several of such, and my mind brings me back some twenty years ago when, amidst hail and sleet, I stood round the grave of the great Charles Stewart Parnell. It fell to my lot to follow the remains of poor Nally to his grave after he was released from an English dungeon to die.
And on Sunday as I thought of these men, who had worked for Ireland in her fight for political freedom, standing round the grave of poor Ben Jackson, I breathed a prayer of thankfulness that I had lived to see this day.

Twenty, aye, ten years ago, such things would have been impossible. How many men and women in the past have been murdered by the capitalist class in their greed for dividends and have gone down to the grave unmourned, except by their nearest relatives. But now, my masters, the workers are beginning to realise their power; they are learning that class consciousness is necessary to their emancipation.
And more than twenty thousand men and women, conscious of their class, rise as one without any organisation and take complete charge of the main streets of the city to do honour and mourn the loss of one of their class, unknown to the majority of them, except that he had been martyred, so that the rich could have cheap biscuits and a very select few large dividends.

And as this mournful, aye, and triumphant procession, wended its way through vast crowds of sightseers to the sad dirge of the workers' bands one could hear many murmurings. The writer was asked numerous questions, such as: What is the meaning of this? or you might have heard, as I did, that it must be some great man's funeral; and when the information was given that it was simply a funeral of a worker, a mere boy, cut off just on the threshold of manhood, the words, "How sad."
The traffic of a city held up so that one factory worker might be buried marks a new era in the Labour movement, and amongst the traffic were several motor cars, in of which were seated several well-dressed and over-fed men, one of whom stopped me. He asked, "What is all this about?" I answered, "It is the funeral of one of the working class." He sought further information. I told him. He turned to his companions and said, "Just fancy, all this bother about a factory hand."
Aye, my masters, only a factory hand, if you wish, but far dearer to us of the working class than the "king on his throne."

Be sure, ye who would belittle the factory hand; we are many; ye are few. We are awakening from our slumbers and time is on our side.
Last Sunday was but the dawn of a new era. Ben Jackson has not died in vain, and again I breathe that prayer of thankfulness that I have lived to see this day; for it has filled me with a new hope. Yes, hope for the working class; aye, and Ireland, too.
W.F.O.

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