

Letters From the People

Somewhere in America

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Sir:

On the third of July last at sunrise at the foot of the statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, I proclaimed publicly the independence of Ireland. I begged the Irish Republic on the great Mother Time. In due course the first born has come to light; and its martyr blood cries to Heaven from the ruins of Dublin.

The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Republic. Smitten to earth, we rise again, ninefold more strong.

But must blood still call for blood? Hate still breed Hate? "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do." Ireland was of old, the Island of the Saints; for many a long year she has been the Island of the Martyrs. For me the watchword of our Free Republic shall not be revenge, but forgiveness. I would make Ireland the Arbiter of Universal Peace. Let us but be free to follow our great destiny, and all men—and our oppressors first—shall be our brothers. In this hour when the mildest man might well be lashed to fury I hold out the swordless hand of fellowship. England! There are stainless and noble passages even in your history. If we, as we gaze upon the bodies of our murdered brothers, remember them, cannot you do likewise?

Let us be free; let us have peace! To-morrow I may cite that other word of Christ: "Lo! I bring no peace, but a sword."

God save the Irish republic!

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

*To the Editor, Reedy's Mirror,
St. Louis, Mo.*