



Vol. II. No. 31.

DUBLIN, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, 1915.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY

ABOUT TOWN

THE other day I was directed to report a recruiting meeting. I found one without much difficulty. It was being held in Foster Place. On the right was the old Parliament House, now a bank, owing, we learned long ago from the Christian Brothers' history, to bribery, corruption, and intimidation. Behind us was a recruiting booth, and a recruiting tram, gaily decked. What the latter is for no one seems to know. Nobody ever seems to have been in it yet. Behind the booth was the statue of the King who gallantly left his own small nation to take on a more responsible job safeguarding Christianity and saving Europe from French militarism. Near by was Trinity College, which the commanding genius of Loftus changed from an obscurantist priory, of the type to be found in priest-ridden Italy or Belgium, into a happy training ground for enlightened, progressive, Empire-builders. Strange that of late a teacher of Trinity College, probably weak-minded, should hold that the Immortal (and at times immoral) King carried on his Irish campaign with Popish gold. But to the meeting.

The chief speaker was middle-aged, well-fed, strongly built, and wore military uniform. If the illustrated papers do not lie, in France or Belgium he would have been on active service. He announced that he had to deliver three speeches per day, per week, and was getting fed up—and small wonder. He spoke with a decided English accent, and addressed his appeal to fathers and mothers. If the mothers did not want their boys to go to the front, they should remember that if the bloody Germans landed, well the mothers would have no boys

soon. Why, we were not told. Fathers who did not like to let their boys from home, should remember that under certain circumstances, there would be no home—which seemed likely enough considering the trend of present taxation.

The speaker informed us that he was a Christian man, and called on all in the name of the Lord, as Christian men, to go out and fight those bloody Germans. He knew them; he had traded with them, and lived among them, and they would stop at nothing.

If the people only knew, he continued, what this really meant to civilization, there would be a general and voluntary exodus of all males in the island. At this, a youth, of the insurance office clerk type winked, but rubbed his nose apologetically when he saw a policeman frown at him.

There were some people, the speaker believed, he hadn't met any of them (may be because he had not been here long enough) who said they were for themselves alone. What did the good book say? As no one appeared to know we were told that it says: "Man liveth not to himself alone" and more which he forgot. The good book also says in another place, "Now the serpent was more subtle than any of the beasts of the earth which the Lord God had made", but the gallant speaker seemed to have no use for the text.

He (the gentleman in military uniform, not the serpent) had spoken in Belfast to Nationalists and Unionists on the same platform—an Ireland united for the first time—all together like a bundle of sticks. No one seemed to be quite clear why these

people were like a bundle of sticks, but apparently those referred to were tied up. Bundles of sticks are used for starting a fire, and possibly the Belfast folk are to be used to draw fire later on; hence the necessity for tying them up.

At this point a Crimean veteran did a turn which fell very flat, and then the meeting concluded, the band skulking behind the bank and playing "A Nation Once Again" in a furtive, shame-faced way, much to the amusement of the bystanders. Among the bandsmen, I noticed a well-known three card trick man which shows how all sections of society have been moved by the great appeals.

It is to be regretted that the listeners seemed to think the whole affair had been arranged for their delectation, and, undoubtedly, if this perverted notion grows among the public, the picture houses and theatres will suffer considerably.

L.

A CROMWELL WANTED.

When the Devil's sick the Devil a Saint would be, but some times old Nick loses his temper. His representatives in Ireland have been fawning on the Natives—as the "Irish Times" calls our people—for some time past in order to get *them* to do *their* business. But occasionally they cannot hide their real feelings. On Monday the "Irish Times" published approvingly a letter in which the writer—one of the Ascendancy of Sligo—called upon the British Government to prevent Irishmen from emigrating and to force them into the British Army instead. The Ascendancy Man wound up with a cry that will find an echo in every Ascendancy heart,

"O for a Cromwell!"

This appeal and prayer published in the "Irish Times" of Monday last, is a light on the psychology of the West Briton. The Garrison in Ireland prays for a Cromwell for the Irish Natives, and they won't be happy till they get him.

Cromwell landed in Dublin in August 1649, and laying siege to Drogheda in September, he forced his way into that town on September 10. What followed is described by the English writer, Carte:—

"All his officers and soldiers promising such as would lay down their arms quarter, *and performed it so long as any place held out*, which encouraged others to yield. But when they had done all in

their power *and found no hurt could be done them*, then the word 'no quarter' went round, and the soldiers were (many of them against their will) forced to kill their prisoners."

It was Cromwell himself, when he had tricked the Drogheda people by promises of quarter to surrender their arms, who gave the order to slaughter in cold blood. For five days the massacre continued, and only thirty out of five thousand escaped with their lives. Some of the men and children who fled to the Church were burned to death, the Church being fired by Cromwell's order.

"O For a Cromwell!" prints the "Irish Times."

From Drogheda Cromwell proceeded to Wexford where he acted similarly. Three hundred women and children who rushed in terror to the Cross and there pleaded for their lives were slain to the last mother and babe by Cromwell's orders.

"O For a Cromwell!" prints the "Irish Times."

"For soldiers who had put him to a storm, renegades who had once served the Parliament, *or priests taken in the captured towns*," writes Cromwell's eulogistic biographer Firth, "*he had no mercy*."

"O For a Cromwell!" prints the "Irish Times."

"Cromwell held," continues Firth, "that the Catholic doctrine was poisonous and anti-Christian, that the Catholic clergy were the chief promoters of the rebellion, and that *the Catholic religion had no legal right to exist in Ireland*. In conformity with these principles the exercise of the Catholic religion was not to be suffered and the laws against it strictly enforced."

"O For a Cromwell!" wails Ascendancy in the "Irish Times."

Who doubts that the present war is being waged by the O-for-a-Cromwell-gang in behalf of Christianity, Civilisation, and the Small Nationalities!

ST. ENDA'S AERIDHEACHT.

Remember the great open air fete in St. Enda's College, Rathfarnham, to-day. The grounds are beautifully situated about a mile from the tram terminus. A motor service is at the disposal of all who do not like to walk, and once the grounds are reached, there need be very little anxiety about returning home for tea, as adequate arrangements are being made to provide teas and other refreshments at the Aeridheacht.

PRESS LIARS.

The following translations from the All-lies Press the current number of "An Claidreamh Soluis", show how a simple statement can be so twisted by expert liars as to lose all semblance to its original self:—

The "Kolnische Zeitung" (Germany)—"The news of the capture of Antwerp was hailed in this city (Cologne) by the ringing of church bells."

"Le Matin" (Paris)—"According to the Kolnische Zeitung", when the Germans entered Antwerp they compelled the priests to ring the church bells."

"The Times" (London)—"According to an account sent to 'Le Matin' from Cologne, the Belgian priests in Antwerp were expelled from their churches because they refused to ring the bells at the capture of the city by the Germans."

"Corriere de la Sera" (Italy)—"According to an account sent to 'The Times' from Cologne through Paris, the poor Belgian priests who would not ring the church bells in Antwerp on the capture of that city by the Germans, have been condemned to penal servitude."

"Le Matin" (Paris)—"According to an account from the 'Corriere de la Sera' from Cologne, via London, it is now proved that the barbarous conquerors of Antwerp hanged the poor Belgian priests because they refused to ring their church bells. They were hanged head down inside the bells in their sacred vestments." !!!

I do not mean to infer that the defenders of small nationalities are the only people who run "lie-tories". Possibly there are similar flourishing institutions in the Fatherland. I wish to point out that admirable liars the journalists of some great empires are, and that one empire in particular has been consistently maligning this country before the world for the past seven hundred years. The British Press is the most powerful Press in the world. England controls the great agencies supplying the world with news. In addition many foreign newspapers are controlled by Englishmen. The editor of the much-quoted "Telegraaf" of Amsterdam is English, and money is lavishly spent subsidising foreign papers where necessary. A great empire like Germany can in a measure counteract this, but what of Ireland? We have been painted to the world by the protector of small nationalities as a people unfit for the society of self-respecting

racers. Our very geographical position is ignored. The French Catholic Committee organised for the whitewashing of M. Viviani sends us its pamphlets addressed "Ireland, England". Particulars of the most public events in this country are absolutely distorted in transmission abroad by English Press agencies. The collision between the Irish Volunteers and the British army on Malahide Road and the subsequent massacre of unarmed citizens by the KING'S OWN Scottish Borderers at Bachelor's Walk was described in "La Prensa" of Buenos Aires as a conflict between the Catholic and Protestant parties, in which many Protestant children, driven into the firing line by Catholics, were killed. Ireland has let the world believe what England has thought fit to say of her, but we cheerfully maintain a platoon of four-hundred-pounders at Westminster!!

O'MAHONY STATISTICIAN.

At a recent meeting at Carlow, says the "Independent," "The O'Mahony in a speech which was often interrupted by cries, such as 'We have not got Home Rule yet,' and 'What about Carson?' condemned hatred of England because of old sores, and said they had no quarrel with the British people. On one present calling out—'The sooner Great Britain goes down the better,' The O'Mahony said he wondered if the idiot who said that realised how many Carlow men must bleed to death before Great Britain went down."

Well does Pierce Mahony himself realise it? And could he say *Why* Carlow men should bleed to death before Great Britain goes down? And could he then say how many "scallion eaters" would be living in prosperity and contentment in Carlow to-day if Great Britain had "gone down" 50 years ago. And if he has any more relish for statistics could he say what the population of Carlow would be 50 years hence even under "Hunnish" rule if under that same rule the population of German Poland has doubled since 1846, whilst the population of Ireland under benevolent British rule has been halved?

DEFENCE OF THE REALM ACT.

At the meeting of the committee on Tuesday night, it was announced that Alderman Laurence O'Neill had promised to preside at the protest meeting to be held in the Phoenix Park, on Sunday, September 12th, at 4 p.m.

City Bands are heartily invited to attend.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SINCE WE WERE BOYS. By William O'Brien, M.P. This volume, which is dedicated to Mr. John Dillon, M.P., is written in the author's famous concise style, recalling the "Fifty Thousand Words of Silence" which, written at the time of Mr. O'Brien's outbreak of self-effacement, drew forth encomiums to the extent of two and a-half columns in the daily Press from the late Michael Davitt. In Part I. of this work the writer deals exhaustively with the early friendship between himself and Mr. Dillon, in the days when they had "two minds with but a single thought", and when everything each did was right in the eyes of the other. The second part deals with the later period, when everything each did was absolutely wrong in the eyes of the other; and the concluding part suggests that those who agree with neither—the class that Mr. Dillon usually refers to as the Cranks and Nobodies—are probably right after all. This third part is the best in the book, and is worthy of perusal by the Irish people.

"DEATH OR GLORY."

"Who would tell him that the people of Dublin were not walking on air?" Professor Edmund Burke at recruiting meeting, Dollymount, August 3rd. Not alone *walking* on it, Professor, but some Dublin tradesmen will be actually *living* on it unless prominent recruiting orators pay their lawful debts.

SPARKLETS.

Simple Arithmetic—If its 16,000,000 miles from the G.P.O. to the nearest Planet, how far is it from College Green to the British Statute Book?

The Broken Spout—Where is Lieutenant "Professor" T. M. Kettle? Is he "recruiting" in another sense? Eh what?

Another Timely Volume—"From Castlereagh to Kettle," by Demosthenes O'Hara.

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