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## BY CONSENT.

The Irish Parliamentary Party recently passed a resolution against conscription, and the "Free-man" wrote a leading article on the subject, but the influence of both has been exerted to the full to prevent public bodies taking any action on the matter. This action of the *Party* only confirms the suspicions I have entertained for months past as to their real attitude on the matter. *They will bargain for the enactment of the Home Rule Bill by agreeing to call off the opposition to conscription.*

It is of little weight with them that the Liberal Party is pledged to Home Rule apart from all other considerations. The Parliamentarians are so supine that they stooped to coax the Liberals by accepting the Two-Million-Budget, the Insurance Act, and the crime of the Exclusion of Ulster. They consented to the postponement of the enactment of the Bill till the end of the war (whenever that will be), and, in the meantime, to prove how thankful they were in advance, they became recruiting agents for the British army. The prospect of the wretched measure of Home Rule ever becoming an accomplished fact has faded into the dim future with the advent of the Coalition Government of which Sir Edward Carson is Attorney-General. The Party and its jackal Press are, therefore, talking of a settlement by consent, as if English parties ever agreed to anything in regard to Ireland except its continued plunder. But this claptrap about a settlement by consent is good enough for both English parties to still further fool the gullible Irish and make their "leaders" eager with anticipation of office in the imitation talk-shop in College Green.

They are now warned that the possibility of a "settlement by consent" depends on their continued willingness to obey anything their English masters order, even to the sacrifice of the whole manhood of Ireland. Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P., of the Carlton Club, and formerly on the editorial staff of the *Times* (London), bluntly states the matter in a long article in that paper on 26/8/15 examining the question of conscription.

"Ireland is," he says, "a point of constitutional rather than of military importance. The omission of Ireland as a whole would diminish the total (conscripts) available by 250,000 at the outside. If the whole of Nationalist Ireland were organised in opposition to military service, it would obviously not be worth while carrying out the campaign to enforce it. But why should we assume that this would be the case? Will the Nationalist leaders who have taken a consistently patriotic (!) line in this crisis violate the essential principles underlying the present Home Rule Act by asserting that the United Kingdom is not a single unit in the matter of defence, and that the laws of the United Kingdom with regard to defence shall not apply to Ireland? If they do it can only be at the cost of gravely imperilling that true settlement based on mutual consent to which we all look forward after the war."

That is putting it very bluntly up to the Party. No Conscription, no settlement by consent. I shall leave it to the Quadruple Entente who man-



age the affairs of the party to face it as best they can. Irrespective of this decision the country has already made up its mind: *it won't have conscription*. It will resist any attempt to enforce it. In this case: at all events Redmond's power of bargaining is gone.

## BEYOND BELLOC.

There are a lot of war experts knocking about now-a-days. War experts as a rule have nothing to do, and as I have nothing to do, never had, and never will have, I have decided to join their intellectual ranks, and enlighten the ignorant and misguided masses upon the existing state of affairs, I know I'm not wanted to do any such thing, neither is any other war expert. But having regard to my extensive military knowledge; I done two months' training with the Boy Scouts, locally known as Britain's last hope, and as to the amount of valuable information I have been able to obtain from such rare military experts as John S. Kelly, Stephen Hand, and Tom Kettle, I feel justified in assuming that my opinion on the present military situation will be just about as reliable, and, certainly, just as much believed as the opinion of Hillaire Belloc or Colonel Maude.

Well to begin. There's a war on, a fairly extensive war too, I happened to make that remark to a friend of mine the other day and he wanted to know "where", I wonder if that was colossal stupidity, or did he know I was a war expert on the track for copy. The war is now on for some considerable time and a lot of great battles have been fought, battles have always been fought in war, you can't fight them any other way—for reference see the "History of the Battles on the Floor"; but none of the great battles fought in this war had the same far-reaching effect as the Battle of Stepney. There will be several more battles fought with varying successes, but in the end Germany will be defeated, I may say Germany will be defeated because I'm a war expert; if I was a Tailor, or a Bricklayer, or a Cockleman, I might, of course, hold an entirely different opinion, but I'm not.

Now the present position is exactly this; Russia is doing a masterly retreat, England (that's us), and France are both doing a masterly sit down, and Germany is doing an unmasterly, unmannerly, inhuman walk over, capturing cities, towns, rivers,

lakes, prisoners, and other things too numerous to enumerate. Really it's disgraceful and ought to be put a stop to. I therefore believe that things will go on much the same until a change takes place, or until something happens, which, of course, isn't likely to, until something turns up. I will now leave matters as they are for, I think, I have explained the whole position as well as, or, perhaps, better than any other member of my profession, but should anything serious happen, or even if it isn't serious, I will let everybody know about it and give reasons why it did happen, and other and more weighty reasons why it should not have happened with all the necessary explanations, deductions, and suggestions applicable to the circumstances which will have arisen owing to something having happened.

## REGISTERING THE IRISH.

Lady Forbes has done her bit for the British Empire at the expense of the Irish down Granard way. She brought around registration forms to the poor people of the district and strove with a mixture of cajolery and coercion to make them fill them up. We are told that the same game is being attempted elsewhere by others of this shoddy "aristocracy." These idle women are not supposed to get registration papers except for themselves, but apparently the British Government is supplying them with forms ad lib, and encouraging them in their reprehensible conduct.

The "Dundalk Democrat" stated that the crew of the local steamer Joseph were peremptorily ordered by the Scotch police authorities to sign the Registration forms when the vessel entered Ardrossan port. The Irish sailors refused, declaring the Registration Act did not apply to them, whereupon they were threatened with arrest by the British naval authorities. In these circumstances, the Irish sailors on the advice of their captain signed the forms under protest. When they had signed them they were told that on receipt of a postcard at their own homes in Dundalk they must go to Scotland and report themselves for munition work. This scandalous treatment of Dundalk sailors has left Joe Nolan and Gussy Roche, the £400-pounders for Louth quite cold, and the good old "Freeman" has kept silent about it. Mr. Joe has not a word to say on the matter, and John Redmond is looking the other way.



## NOT THE ONLY WAY.

"Lorcan Sherlock sed somethin' at the Corporation 'bout two ways o' servin' Ireland," remarked Terry.

"Faith an' sure he did," replied Patsy, "an' I'd few min on either bank o' the Liffey since the lanes were driven into the say understood that double way better nor Lorcan the Little. But sure like that there's nothin' new in the idea. O' course 'er' ar' the two ways. Ther's the way o' Alderman Tom Kelly an' the way o' Councillor Lorcan Sherlock. Ther's the way o' Arthur Griffith an' the way o' John E. Redmond. Ther's the way o' John Mac Neill an' the way o' John Dillon. Ther's the way o' Dinny Mac Cullough an' the way o' Joe Devlin. Ther's the way o' Sean Mac Dermott an' the way o' Liftinant Tommy Kettle. Ther's the way o' Sean Milroy an' the way o' Alderman Mac Walter. But like that 'twas always the same. Hadn't ye the way o' Art Mac Murrough and the way o' Dermot o' the same family, God save us! Ther's what Lorcan Sherlock calls the broadminded way. It's a sort o' a steam-rolled road that ye wouldn't get a jolt in iv ye druv over in a truck car widout a lock o' hay under ye, or even in a workhouse ambulance. It's what Lorcan described at the Corporation as a materialistic highway to prosperity. I don't think Lorcan explained whether he meant public or personal prosperity; but thin I don't think thim reporters gave even Lorcan verbatim, an' o' course ye have the Censor. It's a pity, for Lorcan knows the road well. He's travelled it now for many a long day, an' be me ag, Terry, he wasn't all the time on the footpath. Whin Lorcan was trottin' round like a toy rier huntin' for microbes wid Lady Aberdeen, or thim distinguished service orders from that man ahaffy from fornint the Ould House wid the figure o' Sargint Mike O'Leary on it, he was travellin' over the broadminded way in a sort iv golden springed automobile wid his eyes fixed on the diamond-studded goal in front o' him. He lay back 'mong the Union Jack coloured silken cushions an' his nose high in the air, sniffin' the materialistic perfume o' the broadminded West-British meadows on both sides o' the road. Be the battle-axe o' an Boru, Terry, but it's the grand way to go the broadminded way o' the Lorcan Sherlocks iv Ireland. Whin ye look at the fine style an' comfort o' the discindints o' the min an' wimmin who took the broadminded way ye wonder at the spirit an' patriotic divilmint that led so many min an'

wimmin 'long the rough thorny way—that's th' other way—leadin' to freedom, yer a sort o' mad wid Red Hugh an' Shane O'Neill. Yer disgusted wid lads like Dean Swift an' Wolfe Tone, Father John Murphy, Robert Emmet, Mitchel, Davis, Stephens, Willie Rooney, an' in our own day youngsters like Liam Mellows. What sort of min war Allen, Larkin, an' O'Brien? Why in the name o' practical politics, ward or otherwise, couldn't they have stepped out along the broadminded way, even iv they had to fut it at the start. There's always a chance iv a lift like the Sham Squire got, or later on Keogh. O' course it's in the 'Freeman' they have the contract for keepin' in repair the broadminded way. I think Ignatius O'Brien was at the steamroller, an' George Mac Sweeney used to spread the metal——"

"What 'bout Brayden?" interrupted Terry.

"Brayden is back in a liebye," replied Patsy. "He dropped an' order he got from the County Surveyor's missus who wanted the road kept clear for the reds and closed agin the blues. 'Twas the means o' gettin the Master and Missus sint home. Oh! but Terry it's the grand way to go all the same. 'Stead o' trukin' out long the stoney mountain road, the narrow way wid not a house near it 'cept a polis barrack or a jail. Not a tree 'cept a gallows tree at every cross-roads, an' the only dog ye can see a felon setter inside the ditch. Isn't that a nice sort iv narrow-minded way to try to serve yerself an' Ireland be goin' along an' all 'cause yer so far behind the times as to b'live that Ireland should get the same treatment as Continintal Small Nationalities, an'——"

"Ther's no broadminded way to Heaven anyway," interrupted Terry.

"So I've often been tould," replied Patsy, "but, on th' other hand, Harry the Eight tould the people he had discovered a rale smooth broadminded way to Heaven, but, o' course, that was long afore Viviani put out the lights."

"They say he's lightin' thim agin, said Terry.

"I think 'twas the Lord Mayor or some o' the party over for the week-end excursion that sed they counted more nor a dozen religious rush lights lit by Viviani himself specially for the tourists an' they say that since the Marathon race from Mons dozens o' French people have learned how to bless themselves——"

"What 'bout Ireland an' Home Rule?" interrupted Terry.

"Oh! hould yer tongue," replied Patsy. "They never ask thim questions 'long the broadminded way!"



## GINNELLISMS.

The recruiting campaign is the present form of the deadly policy of extermination.

Ireland's most fatal weakness is that of relying upon any promises statutory or otherwise of any English Government, Party, or Minister. Every dupe of such promises rues his folly.

While the English practice their "business as usual" and their strikes and other activities as usual, while the hum of incessant industry vibrates through their land, and the wealth that accompanies industry makes them more careful at the present time than ever before, Ireland, where there is no such hum, no such industry, and where the best land has been stripped of inhabitants and is running waste and unproductive from want of men to till it—Ireland is allowed to practice only stagnation as usual, emigration as usual, or fighting for England as usual. Good enough for Hottentots. I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, is it good enough for you?

We are now passing through a period of the most brazen dupery that has ever been practised even in Ireland, and whoever dares to expose the dupery, and remind the people of indisputable facts is not challenged as to their correctness, because it is in that his offence consists, but is first denounced as an enemy of Ireland by a Government Press pretending to be Nationalist, and is then banished or imprisoned by the Government as the highest stroke of British statesmanship in Ireland in the twentieth century.

The one thing that England can be always trusted to do is, not to keep faith with Ireland longer than suits her.

Ireland is entitled, after God, to the best that every Irish heart can give, or mind plan, or hand perform. It is for this doctrine and practice our friends are now undergoing imprisonment as alien criminals.

Irishmen are calmly asked to believe that they can better serve Ireland by enriching the soil of Flanders or Gallipoli with their dead bodies than by staying at home in Ireland minding their own business and drilling and arming for the defence of their own country.

The Government which at the same time sends its agents to cajole or bully Irishmen to do for Belgium what it would shoot them for attempting to do for their own country is diabolical surely, but not clever.

England has only to read her own record to find

the startling resemblance between her crimes in Ireland in times of peace and the worst she has yet attributed to the Germans in a time of war.

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