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PRICE ONE HALFPENNY

R— M— G—

When one meets nowadays in Dublin with some old acquaintance labelled Redmondite, he finds in him an extreme anxiety to disclaim John Redmond, and excuse John Dillon and Joe Devlin. The votaries of the last-named will, indeed, outvie any in denunciation of "the Duke of Aughavannagh," as some of them term the "leader" to whom in public they profess allegiance. The most inexperienced in modern Irish politics would read in this signs and tokens that the "hard word" has been passed around, and that Messrs. Dillon and Devlin have decided to save themselves by throwing Jonah Redmond overboard when the war waves subside. Redmond is a coward—Redmond is a bungler—Dillon never agreed with his attitude, and was only constrained by allegiance to the unity of the party to countenance it. Joe Devlin is deadly opposed in private to Redmond, as, poor fellow, he feels bitterly the false position he has been placed in—this is the staple of the political conversation of Dublin "United Irish Leaguers" and A.O.H. men when they meet Nationalist acquaintances.

Evidently these people seriously think that by chucking out Redmond and putting Dillon in his place, the power they have lost can be regained. Their simplicity is no less remarkable than their cunning. The fact that Devlin and Dillon may in private pretend to view the opposite of those they express from the public platform does not make them less contemptible to Irish Nationalists. It makes them the more contemptible.

"Redmond must go"—"R.M.G." will not purchase again the support or the tolerance of the people of Ireland, for a party which has let its pusillanimity blossom into corruption, and its corruption beget the meanest traitorism re-

corded of any body of men confided in by the Irish people. Redmond is not more guilty than Dillon or Devlin—not more cowardly, not more corrupt, not more traitorous. He is equally cowardly, equally corrupt, equally traitorous, and "R.M.G." will not purchase immunity for the new leader whom Mr. T. P. O'Connor—"the Kingmaker"—prepares to take Redmond's place—John Dillon.

While Dillon's and Devlin's agents are at work in Ireland, O'Connor has undertaken the United States. There he is trying to boom Dillon as "the man who stopped Conscription"—a modest description which Dillon in his speech to the Armagh gullibles hinted was applicable. O'Connor hopes to conciliate some of the Irish-Americans by this description of the Melancholy Humbug, who is, by the way, in O'Connor's after-dinner stories, one of the chief butts of his London wit. The eulogy of Dillon has been sent broadcast by O'Connor to the American Press, and he has piled it on to the puppet whom he designs for Redmond's soon-to-be vacated chair, with a trowel.

"One of the strange and unexpected consequences of this war is the position into which John Dillon, the Irish leader, has been brought (O'Connor writes)—I might even say pushed. Up to this war he had confined himself, like most of the Irish members, to the affairs of his own country. Of these affairs, there is not and never has been a man in modern Irish politics who knew so much."

This is a handsome beginning—observe, Dillon is not only implicitly declared to have been "pushed" beyond Redmond, but he is clearly enough declared to surpass Redmond in his knowledge of Irish affairs, and is quite explicitly

mentioned by the title hitherto assigned to Redmond—"The Irish Leader."

What an extraordinary Irishman and Admiral Crichton is it, vain old foggy, whom the astute T.P. is planning to put in Redmond's shoes, O'Connor thus tells the guileless Americans:—

"No man is more thoroughly and completely Irish in sentiment. What he feels, you may take it for granted, ninety-nine out of every hundred Irish Nationalists feel. But this unequalled knowledge of Irish politics is also due to extraordinary and sleepless industry. Every day Mr. Dillon reads from twelve to twenty newspapers."

Prodigious man! but there is more to follow. O'Connor's impish humour cannot even in this serious matter prevent him from a slap at the puppet, with jokes on whose dullness and vanity he keeps English smoking-rooms in a roar. He slyly compares Dillon to—a "Hun":—

"He might well be taken for the head of a German press bureau (writes T.P.), so incessant and so widespread is his newspaper reading. And he does not read newspapers after the easy and superficial fashion of most men. With a blue pencil in his hand he marks every passage which seems to him important, and he cuts them out afterwards and holds them for further use. He watches every telegram with regard to Continental opinion, but he especially watches every item in the record of Irish doings. In addition, he has a gigantic correspondence with all parts of Ireland, for he has friends everywhere, as no man has spoken in so many parts of Ireland."

The humour of T.P. reconciles those who detest his rascality to reading anything he writes on his colleagues. His hit at Dillon's garrulity, and the foundations of his friendships, is in the rascal's best manner. His description of Dillon in "British politics" is inimitably untrue:—

"He belongs in British politics (says O'Connor) to that stern and unbending group of Radicalism which looks askance on big military or naval armaments. These views he shares, of course, in common with nine out of ten of the British Radicals. The great point of difference between him and them is his extraordinary promptitude, his tireless industry and his iron courage."

The "iron courage" of the man who fled to Colorado in 1882, and straddled the fence in the Parnell split until he found which was the winning side, is cynical enough, but the representation of Dillon as a god of English Radicalism is a gem. Last week, in the House of Commons, amid roars of Radical laughter, the Radical leader, Outhwaite, explained to the Speaker that when he left the House while Dillon was speaking he did so, not to avoid an Zeppelin, but "to avoid a gasbag!"

O'Connor concludes with a sketch of Dillon as "a silent and shy man," which is the keenest piece of hidden satire yet written on the man

whom Parnell described as a human peacock:—

"In private life (says O'Connor) he is painfully shy and reserved; he could be in a big hotel for weeks without knowing a single person in it, though when he does meet people, his courtesy, his wide knowledge, his tolerance make him a delightful companion. But when he is sitting in the House of Commons, all these things disappear. There is no debate so dull, no topic so remote, that can drive him from his seat. The silent and shy man of private life seems to be absolutely without nerves when there. He is ready to jump up without a moment's notice. While other men are holding back, he is already in the midst of the raging seas of political controversy."

The attempt to appease Irish-America by substituting Dillon for Redmond at the head of the "Party" will have as little effect as the subterranean attempts that are going on in Ireland to induce Nationalists to again tolerate a traitor-party, on condition that it changes its figurehead. It is not R.M.G. or D.M.G., but P.M.G.—the Party that must go—the Party that in a national crisis attempted to betray every principle on which Irish Nationalism stands—the Party that in a national crisis lent its assistance, as spy and informer, to the English Government against its own Nationalist countrymen—the Party that sought to defile the graves of the dead who died, that Ireland may be, and submerges the national life, the national faith, the national outlook, the national interest, the national hope, and the national ideals—that Party, whole and entire, not its John, or its Jack, or its Joe, must go. It is a thing of evil which for some years slowly poisoned the veins of Ireland, but in the mercy of God Ireland has discovered its character at last, and not she, but it, shall die.

KHAKI TWISTERS.

The great Oliver Twist campaign, or "we want more and still more" billets for bullets scheme is under weigh as I write, and, as seems appropriate, Ireland's greatest political "twister", the Redmond, has given the game his approval. My Lord Wimborne has issued a circular-letter to which is attached a blank form to be filled in or *not* filled in by the recipient as he chooses. This letter has been issued indiscriminately to Priests, Christian Brothers and laymen. The point to bear in mind is that you can light your pipe with this letter and form if you choose, or you can save it up with other such literature and sell it for waste paper when sufficient has accumulated, but you are not *obliged* to sign it, and anyone who tells you to the contrary is merely a "khaki twister".

IRELAND'S CALL.

What special virtue is there in Belgian nationality or Serbian nationality beyond and above Irish nationality? There is none. And Irishmen are asked to *die* for foreign nationalities whilst their own nationality is derided and despised. Irish nationality is a holy and a noble thing. When it was unhampered and unimpaired, this nation held foremost place in the esteem of all cultured peoples. It has been the purpose of English rule in Ireland to destroy our nationality. That design has been fulfilled as successfully as war, persecution, and legislation could accomplish it. It is possibly only an English mind could conceive the idea of sowing contempt and disgust for the native language in the minds of school children. It is akin to teaching children to spit in the face of their own mother. The past couple of generations have been taught to despise Ireland's language. The child that used an Irish word in school was punished for the "offence," and to address a person by his Irish Christian name was tantamount to insult. By such means was the use of the language of Ireland discouraged.

The game goes merrily on to-day. The British Government taxes us and utilises our money in the schools to spread the blight of British "civilization" amongst our school-going population. The language of Ireland is penalised in the schools of Ireland by the same powers and hoary hypocrite that whines for the desolation of Belgium. Is it not a simple and practical test of the sincerity of British professions of sympathy with small nationalities to ask the British Government to remove all restrictions on the teaching of Irish in the National schools. Maybe Tom O'Donnell, or John Boland, or even Alf Byrne would apply the test.

To counteract the great game, to render void and futile the mean and slimy British game of teaching Irish children to hold their own nationality in contempt, we, that is those of us who are clear of the British school atmosphere, must do everything we may to foster and popularise the language of our nation.

It is not an overwhelming task. It doesn't mean that we have all to go to school again. The Gaelic League Branches are not schools, although they advertise the holding of "classes". They are social centres illuminated by the wit and culture of Gaelicism, their "classes" are not of the stiff and freezing rigidity of the school-house, they are bright and cheery gatherings of men and women, boys and

girls who have to exercise their brains and their muscle throughout the day in earning their livelihood, and who cannot be overburdened with complex grammatical problems at night. And even though grammar may be tabooed, solid progress is accomplished by teaching the language through conversation and object lessons, etc.

I wonder how many readers of THE SPARK would like to "get their own back" off the British Empire, by showing it that with all its cunning it hasn't in their case succeeded in preventing them knowing their own language. The time that each shall spend in learning the language of Ireland shall be well and profitably spent not for the individual solely, but for the nation. The future shall be with the "small" nationalities. Whatever power emerges victorious and blood-giutted from the war should be so keen on securing the permanency of peace and shall still further be so convinced that there "was something wrong somewhere" with an imperialism which rendered this vast war inevitable that it will "simply for peace sake" refrain from hampering the development of the small nations. By their development I do not mean their external expansion, but their internal and intellectual growth. So that in the future each man and each woman of Ireland, each boy and each girl who has a knowledge of Ireland's language shall be a witness for the reality and vitality of that "small nationality" called Ireland. And even if the "worst" should happen and the Huns should "put out the lights" of the pious British Empire, I can promise you that a working knowledge will not be an incumbrance to you.

Obeys that impulse now, and take your place at the nearest Gaelic League branch. Here are the addresses and class-nights of the Dublin branches:

The Central Branch, 25 Parnell Square—Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 8-9.30 p.m.

St. Kevin's Branch, 6 Harcourt Street—Classes every Monday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m. Children free.

Columbkil Branch, 5 Blackhall Street—Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, 7.30 p.m. Children free.

St. Patrick's Branch, Girls' School, Ringsend—Wednesday nights, 8.30 p.m.

Keating Branch, 18 North Frederick Street—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, 8-9.15 p.m.

Star of the Sea Branch, Schoolhouse, Sandymount—Wednesday, 10th November, 8 p.m.

McHale Branch, 26 Blessington Street—Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 8 p.m.

Cleaver Branch, 25 Donore Avenue, S.C.R.—Wednesdays and Fridays, 8-9.30 p.m.

THE IRISH ENEMY.

There is no more delicate problem for the Imperial Statesman than that of Ireland, or rather that of the natives of Ireland—people of a strangely warped disposition. In early times predatory tribesmen; preying on each other, they consistently resisted all efforts at enlightenment. In those days, rulers endeavoured to introduce into this country, from England, a thrifty, hard-working type of settler, but with ill-success, in part through the barbarity of the native population, and in part through the contamination which the settlers received from intercourse with the other inhabitants. An absence of all industry, commercial development, and of the amenities of civilized life during many centuries, shows to what degree the Imperial policy failed. Of all the settlements made, those alone proved fertile which had been conducted by Cromwell and William III., and even these settlers, at moments of Imperial crisis, showed a disposition to sink to the level of the Irish. The solution of the Irish problem was not to be met in importing industrious Englishmen.

The evil affecting Ireland was one of no ordinary dimensions, an evil justifying a desperate remedy. Kindness was wasted on the aborigines, they polluted all with whom they had come into contact, and as they continued to increase, a menace to civilisation, it was decided, by those most fitted to judge, that, in the interest of common humanity, the Irish must either be removed from the island, or radically exterminated. The first to formulate a scheme definitely admitting the need for removing the Irish native was Lord Howick. In 1807, when there was a grave shortage of men for the Napoleonic wars, this nobleman introduced a measure to afford, as he said, "a salutary check to the increasing population" of Ireland by inducing numbers of the Irish to enter the service of His Majesty. This plan had a dual advantage. Skilled English artisans would not be dragged from their benches, and not alone would the Irish be reduced in numbers, but they would be debarred from leaguings with His Majesty's enemies. Unhappily, a short-sighted administration did not adopt this prudent measure.

In 1817, when a rich harvest was reaped by the

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Irish; Apaches, the Imperial landlords increased rents all round. This plan eliminated several thousand undesirables, but, notwithstanding, in 1847, European civilisation had to face almost eight million savages in an island at the end of Europe. At this moment there was no war; but the Administration, profiting by previous experience, made sure not to miss its opportunity. Rents were raised, food supplies were exported, and the import of all cereals was prohibited: the staple food of the lower orders failed, and in the two succeeding years two million hindrances to progress, moral and material, were brushed from the path of righteousness.

Some few years later, Russian intrigue forced us into a war to protect a small nation, Turkey. At the time there was a great dearth of employment in Ireland, and thousands enlisted; with consequent advantage to Imperial affairs. Since that date, a steady decline has been noticeable in the native population, a reduction of two million having been effected in sixty years. There is every reason to hope that the present emergency will not prove without its consoling features. So many Irish have gone forth from Ireland to fight, that the country may truly be called "a bright spot". It behoves the responsible officers to see that the numbers returning will be brought to an irreducible minimum.



MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

Na Fianna Eireann Headquarter's Staff have charge of arrangements for the Manchester Martyrs' annual commemoration. It will be held in the Mansion House, Dawson Street, on Monday, November 22nd at 8 o'clock. Mr. Hobson will be the speaker, and a musical programme will be rendered by talented Nationalist artistes. Tickets are 2s., 1s. and 6d.

Irish Theatre, Hardwicke St.

Week of November 8th, Every Night at 8.15.
MATINEE SATURDAY at 2.30 p.m.

"The Privilege of Place"

By EDWARD MARTYN.

ADMISSION ... 1/- and 6d.

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