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## CULTURE, MORYAH !

A NATIONALIST of my acquaintance recently expressed disgust at what he termed "the great numbers of Irish recruits" which had entered the British army since the outbreak of the war. He seemed surprised as well as disgusted. As a Pacifist, I am not too well pleased myself, but as to being surprised, why it's all the other way; I am astonished that the Recruiting advertisers haven't roped in more.

The modern conditions under which we live, in both town and country in Ireland, are almost ideal, if I may employ the word in such an un-ideal sense, for gaining recruits for the war. The eternal monotony, the drab, grey, mean and unappealing life our young men exist in town and country is well escaped even to endure the discomforts, nay, even the horrors, of the trenches in France and Belgium.

And the conditions here are scarcely worse than those in England, only to our people they are more irksome, because we haven't sunk quite so low, in the moral and spiritual sense, as the English.

That we haven't been degraded to their level is, indeed, cause for wonder, considering the agencies that have been ceaselessly operating to destroy Gaelic culture and civilization in their cradle. Any race but the stupid English would have long since recognised that the subjugation and destruction of Irish Nationality is beyond the powers of men or devils. Here we are, after centuries of man-made hell, and Irish Nationality is as vigorous and as unconquerable as on that fateful Good Friday 900 years ago, "when Brian smote down the Dane" at Clontarf,

and as buoyant and as active as, 600 years later, when Hugh O'Neill humbled the pride of England at the Yellow Ford. This nation is *unconquerable*, either by fire or sword or betrayal. God has blessed and strengthened Irish Nationality, and it has survived, and will survive, every effort to suppress it. We would rather go through those ages of suffering again, and keep our hearts and souls clean, than leave a heritage of guilt and shame to our children, by purchasing immediate material gain at the sacrifice of our sacred principles.

It is this spiritual sense of responsibility that has saved our people from sinking beneath the forces of Anglicisation. It is this that makes them superior to the environment with which basely-conceived alien legislation has surrounded them, and it is this alone which has comforted and sustained them when their alleged leaders forsook the traditional path and took the turning that leads, *perhaps*, to material gain, but certainly to a future of guilty minds and corrupt hearts.

I have constantly insisted that modern evils in Britain and West-Britain are the inevitable and logical consequence of British civilization. That civilization is the product solely of British brains. It has been evolved under the most favourable circumstances during all the years that England has dominated the earth. And if this was its ultimate aim—the creation of the modern type of Englishman and the modern type of West-Briton—that aim has been achieved—achieved with a vengeance. As ye sow so shall ye reap. If British civilization—native



to them in every way, the masterpiece of the master-minds of their own race, appreciated, enjoyed, and exalted by them as the greatest blessing under Heaven—has only succeeded in reducing the English to their present shameful and pitiable level, what could be hoped from it for our race, alien to it in religion, temperament, and ideals? To what miracle is due our escape from becoming a mongrelized colony in fact as the Redmondites would have us become by act? Is it not due to, and a convincing evidence of, the eternal vigour and indestructibility of Irish Nationalism?

And we are sometimes asked to give up our Nationality, asked even by Irish-born men, self-styled level-headed men, practical prudent men, and as convincing evidence of what desertion and surrender will do for you they say: "Now, look at me", and what do you see? Oftenest nothing but a fat-bellied, red-faced old dyspeptic, who has poisoned himself by over-eating, and who thinks himself a model of shrewdness because he has managed to save enough money to rear up his family in idleness and luxury. "Yes, West-Briton, I have looked at you, looked on you, and looked through you, and I spit on you! Had Judas not hanged himself he, too, might have lived to cultivate dyspepsia and to rear sons and daughters in idleness and luxury, and you would only be a bad second to him in respectability.

The puny attempts of a few militiamen "dressed in a little brief (Khaki) authority" to suppress Irish Nationalism by frightening some Dublin printers into ceasing to print Nationalist papers only makes me laugh. Does anyone seriously think that this kind of thing helps the Empire, or hurts Ireland? Why their whole accursed Empire is incapable of breeding a Herod big enough and great enough to suppress the undaunted, insuppressible, and unpurchasable heart of Nationalist Ireland.

ED. DALTON.

## MORAL SOAP WANTED.

The Dublin Corporation on Monday last by 28 votes to 13 decided to present an address of welcome to the incoming British Viceroy. The motion was proposed by the Lord Mayor. I can understand Alderman Thomas Kelly's indignation at the passing of the motion, but I do not share it; nor do I share altogether his views as to the motives of the people who voted for it. Some of them I know to be perfectly honest and sincere, although

to my mind very childish, politically speaking. The Lord Mayor will do anything he is bidden by the wire-pullers, and if there is any storm raised they will sacrifice him as they sacrificed Alderman Farrell a few years ago. Other members also in the interest of the fetish of discipline and unity will swallow their own convictions and obey the instructions of Nugent and Co., who have climbed on the people's backs to office, and who mean to retain office even at the sacrifice of the lives of thousands of young Irishmen.

Leaving Swaine, J. S. Kelly, and Fox out of consideration, the majority was comprised of two classes. Firstly, those who are too stupid to form any political opinions of their own, but who are nevertheless sympathetic to the National movement. They were born of Nationalist parents, and their only political rule is to go with the majority, and never to question the "leaders." The other class consists of those who support established government because they have acquired either jobs or property to which their claim is so invalid, that change of government might dispossess them. They have something to lose in the same sense that Judas had, as he sneaked from the temple; in the same sense that the perjurers who carried the Union had, in the same sense that Leonard McNally had, in the same sense that Sadlier and Keogh, the betrayers of Tenant Right had, and so they will vote always and ever in the interests of their properties and their jobs. Why waste indignation on these creatures? Let us reserve that for the lazy and foolish citizens of Dublin who place temptation in the way of weak and corrupt men, by failing to exercise their votes on behalf of candidates who have something to lose which is unknown among the Nugents, the Murrays, the Quaid's, and the Shorthalls, reputations for unselfish devotion to National principle and honour.

Of the minority I shall say but little. This paper is the advocate of Irish Nationalism and of Christian Morality. It would have pleased me better if the minority were smaller. Nationality and Labour are only handicapped by the advocacy of men whom soap and water won't wash. Better Nationalism and Labour to be weak in numbers in the Municipal Council than weak in morale.

By the time this paper appears an election will have been held for the vacant Aldermanship of the Trinity Ward in consequence of the death of Ald. Gerald O'Reilly. I hope Councillor Lorcan O'Toole will be elected. O'Toole has been a consistent Nationalist all his life, and being a worker himself he is naturally an advocate of the



rights of the worker. His activities have been almost wholly concentrated on the G.A.A. movement in Dublin, and a large measure of credit for the great revival in interest in Gaelic games in Dublin during the past 15 years is due to his enthusiasm, perseverance, and ability. He possesses most of the qualities requisite in a public representative. I cannot understand why this election has been rushed so hurriedly. The nominations took place on Tuesday, and the polling was fixed for Friday.

## CAIN—THE LEADER?

In the course of a week I hold converse with many men of many views. It is interesting and instructive probing these views and comparing them, for by such means do I gauge the reasonableness and sanity of my own, and weigh the possibility of their general adoption. I always feel that if we came to the same level and judged men and movements by some common, logical, and morally sound standard the progressive movements in Ireland would win the ardent, earnest support of all of our countrymen and women who are not hopelessly vicious or depraved. In these movements I include the language revival, the industrial associations, the labour movement, the vigilance committees, the temperance associations, the Sinn Féin organization, the Irish Volunteers, the Gaelic Athletic Association, the Feis Ceoil, and the Irish dramatic societies, etc. They are all linked up by the mysterious, invisible, but very potent and enduring link of Irish Nationality. There may be men and women in any or all of these movements who are not Nationalists in the full degree, but they form the link, in as much as they consider the work to which they are devoted is vital to the health and well-being of the Irish nation. That is the standard by which I challenge men and women to test their actions, or even to justify their inaction. One would not look for much religious, political, or social activity from a carrot, because it is *only* a carrot; but men and women with intellects and with physical capacity are not to be justified in adopting the carrot-standard of conduct towards the country God gave them. The carrot lives a life quite devoid of turmoil, and as Nugent would say "At peace with his fellow carrots," but something else is expected from beings to whom a wise Providence has committed talents. They weren't given to be abused, for sure, nor yet to rot and decay from disuse. What a sorry case many of us can present at the final trial if we can

but say "I never did any harm," and what a distorted view of our duty and responsibilities it will indicate that we hold. To not do good, is to do harm. We are sent into the world to be men and women, not to be vegetables, and we shall be judged as men and women, to whom bodies and souls, intellects and physical powers were gifted, gifted for a purpose. We don't fulfil that purpose by merely *praying* "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done." We must interpret that purpose, and having done so we must each for himself and herself fulfil it to the letter. Not by proxy can the soul of an individual, and even less, the soul of a nation, be saved. As the son owes a Heaven-appointed duty to his mother, so too does each man of us and each woman of us owe a duty to that greater mother of us all—Ireland. Seek ye each his task, and do it. Ye are full-grown, and to be trusted each with a mind of his own, "think wrongly if you will but think for yourselves." Your "leaders" are only common fellows, after all; if God meant them to lead you like sheep he would have marked them in some way. They are not *yet* marked as far as I can discover. *Cain* was marked, I recall, but I cannot say, if instantaneously he had slain his brother. But even thus *marked* did he pose as a leader? I swear not. The world was young then, and wasn't educated up to our standard. If your leaders are marked let it be with ability, honesty, sincerity, and patriotism. This latter is a vital condition, and is employed in its old-time sense—of love of country. A patriot is not a man who lives *on* his country, but who lives in it and for it, a man who suffers by her misfortunes, not one who thrives by them. How many of your "leaders" are thus marked? Away with the smoke and dust with which self-seekers have sought to obscure the vital truths of life, let us strip men and movements of the tinsel frumperies with which age and custom has cloaked them, and let us judge them by the eternal standards of *truth*, of morality, and of self-sacrifice.

## TO THE YOUNG WOMEN OF IRELAND

The Recruiting boomers have recently asked you a series of questions to which you may not have yet replied. If you get the London "Morning Post" for Tuesday, April 13th, and the "Daily Sketch" for Wednesday, 14th, and Thursday, 15th April, they will help you to make up your minds as to your answer. I recommend all clerical readers of THE SPARK to also get copies of the papers mentioned.



## Why "Ireland" is at War.

I have a high opinion of the advertising profession. It is as honourable, and probably cleaner than the legal profession, and with all his faults I believe that the advertising agent has a better chance of Heaven than the modern Pressman. I think, however, that he has missed fire in his boasting of recruiting. Even "The Times" and the "Morning Post" are out for his scalp on account of his "reasons" why we are at war. A careful examination of the reputable organs of Imperialism discloses the following as the respective motives behind the various nations at the present time involved in the European dust-up:—

*Russia* is at war to gain her centuries-old object of seizing Constantinople and welding the Slav peoples into a world-dominating Slav Empire.

*Austria* is at war to hinder Russia's aggrandizement and to blot out the Serbian and Montenegrin nationalities.

*France* is at war to regain prestige and to recover Alsace-Lorraine.

*Serbia* is at war because racial and religious antipathies and Russian money and intrigue inspired the assassin, who made himself king of that turbulent country by the double murder of his royal predecessors.

*Japan* is at war because she plots to seize China and exploit the riches and resources of that populous and helpless country in building up a great Asiatic world-power.

*Germany* is at war because she wants to remain the predominating power in Europe.

*England* is at war because German industry, patience, and skill were rapidly taking the trade of the world from her financiers, manufacturers, and shipowners, and because events gave her a chance to destroy that trade competition by a war in which all other parties to the conflict were bound to suffer more loss than she, no matter how that conflict ended.

And *Ireland* is at war because "Home Rule is on the Statute Book" and because the "new era" has dawned, and because Belgian nationality is in jeopardy, and because "it would be shameful to depend solely on pagan England, anti-Christian France, and anti-Catholic Russia to defend the interests of Catholicism on the Continent of Europe". It will thus be seen that Ireland, as a gentleman

named "Brian O'Donnell" has declared, is really more concerned in this war than even any of the principals.

## The Invasion of Ireland.

### CLONTARF CENTENARY

The possibilities of a German invasion of Ireland have been widely canvassed recently, and speculation is rife as to whether such invasion, if successfully accomplished, would or would not be a great affliction on our country. This discussion adds peculiar interest to the celebration of the Centenary of the overthrow of Danish power in Ireland by Brian Boru, which will be held in the Mansion House, on Friday night next, April 23rd. The commemoration will take the form of an historical oration by Mr. J. J. O Kelly (Sceilg), the famous Gaelic writer, and a concert and tableau. The following will be amongst the artistes:—Miss Joan Burke and Miss Maire Nic Shiubhlaigh, and Messrs. Jay Ryan, E. O'Connor Cox, and G. Ua Croifte. The accompanists will be Messrs. Cathal Mac Dubhghaill and Seosamh Ua Croifte. A programme of music will be discoursed by a special orchestra from 7 o'clock, and the admission charges will be 2s., 1s., and 6d. Every reader of THE SPARK who rejoices at the overthrow of foreign rule in Ireland in the past, and who looks forward to its prospective overthrow in the future, should attend this event to commemorate the memory of Brian the brave.—[ADVT.]

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Rory of the Hills."—Yes, I remember your song. It was really good, but unfortunately the M.S.S. was mislaid. Can you send along another copy? Thanks for kind wishes.

Seaghan.—Thanks for poem, not bad for first inspiration? Did THE SPARK inspire you with anything else. Davis was certainly a righteous man, his pen-name was "Celt."

Drusus.—I don't know where Belfast is, it certainly doesn't come under the "new era," else the paper you name couldn't be printed there. Maybe the "partition" is an accomplished fact.

Many Others.—Suggestions received will always be borne in mind, even though they may not be immediately practicable.

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