

W. RACE
Gifford

THE SPARK

“KEEP THE FIRES OF THE NATION BURNING”
(G. S. PARNELL)



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THE NEW LOYALISTS

WITH the eight millions of English men (?) who, though eligible, fight shy of war service we are not concerned. To the loyalists of Ireland we direct the exhortation to remember the need of their King and Country. For them Ireland has no appeal. Her beauty attracts them not. Her sorrows stir them not. Her woeful plight appeals not. Their eyes like the fools' are on the ends of the earth; their own potato patch lies weedy and neglected. Of Belgium's fair cities they know much. That gallant people's desolate land calls them. Galway's grass-grown and deserted harbour tells them no story. State trials in Green Street Court House stir no memories. Bachelor's Walk is merely the name of a Liffey-side thoroughfare. The call of Belgium is upon them. Their souls sicken at the disasters of that far off land as they walk from picture house to picture house to enjoy the horror of Belgium's fate, and taste in advance the joy of avenging it. Nine months of war have gone. The appeals to their martial ardour still adorn the dead walls. Nine months have gone and still the flags of Grafton Street resound to their tread. The office and counter still claim them. Theirs is a vicarious ardour which would with admirable modesty step aside in favour of corner boys, out of works, drunks, et hoc genus omne. The Home Ruler may come and go—the Nationalist *does not*—the loyalist *will not*. Whilst our leading loyalist families are gallantly endeavouring to “induce” their Home Rule and Nationalist employees to go where death and glory await them, their own sturdy

sons stifle their patriotism in the depths of ink bottles. The pen of the loyalist is mightier than the sword. The posters inside the Liffey walls may catch the quay side gulls—they will not catch him.

Of course, the family is doing its bit. Papa dismisses his painters and carpenters, telling them there is plenty of work—manlier work too, down at Great Brunswick Street. Mamma joins a Belgium Relief Committee, and Sister Susie makes comforts for the brave lads at the battle front. But brother Bert sticks to his fags and his flags. Flanders knows him not. Like a common Nationalist—before the “truce”—he skulks behind the fleet.

All we have written applies with as much force to the new loyalist as to the old. Thousands upon thousands of this new breed are holding on with grim determination to their jobs, while agreeing that John Redmond's policy is the essence of Nationalism. Blind to their own inconsistency they stick to their guns at home. Wooden guns, shot guns, Italian guns—sans—ammunition, all are good enough to keep them marking time at home. Home Rulers of the old school did not join the British Army. The new loyalist will not.

We recently brought before some of them privately the improvement in the Separation Allowances; demonstrated that their absence in foreign parts—even Belfast—on war service would mean increased luxury in the old home. They did not question the accuracy of our calculation. Their only defence was a Von Moltke silence.

Silence will not do. Their King and country need them. John Redmond calls them. Our once sober Professor Kettle bawls at them. Major O'Connor styles them curs and cowards. Private Stephen insinuates they are traitors. Major Dease suggests they do not exist! A solution must be somewhere—there is a good deal of lying about this "loyalty" campaign. Big strapping sons of loyalist publicans, loyalist ward heelers, loyalist milk-and-water-men, loyalist "Party" men, can be seen nightly in the streets, while the drunks and ne'er-do-wells and ex-convicts, strut about proudly in their khaki evidence of consistency.

Kitchener has lashed the English workman into some semblance of patriotism. Lloyd George is going to curtail our beer. Something must be done with the new and old loyalist. We hear that Kitchener has already represented to John Redmond the inadvisability of marching his wooden-gun men up and down Ireland indefinitely. We can understand his position. England needs men to fight her battles. Ireland has men. Hence Kitchener's natural anxiety. The true attitude of a West Britith Loyalist is not a matter of debate. His position at home is untenable. His place is abroad where his position might be equally untenable, but then he would have answered the call of Stephen Hand, Tom Kettle, John D. Nugent, and all the other great leaders of the New Loyalist Movement.

The matter does not brook delay. There should be a clear line between those who are willing and anxious to fight for England, and those who give Britannia only a lip service. Loyalist young woman! See that your young man of the Young Ireland Branch buys a khaki suit. If he is a Redmond wooden-gun man ask him for whom or for what he is fighting. Extract a straight answer. If he does not join the "Awmy" he is no loyalist. And sure, in that event Ireland needs him still! But we must have no more of this Kindergarten diplomacy. We were never a match for English diplomatists, and we have got to realise it. The time is ripe for Redmondite Volunteers to declare what they are out for.

A CORRECTION.

—:o:—

I find I was misinformed regarding the date of the polling in Trinity Ward, which I anticipated by a week.

MADDOCK & CO.

A correspondent asks me whether Mr. S. W. Maddock, who orates at the back of the Custom-House on Tuesday evenings, to an audience of enthusiastic "G" men on "Catholic Ireland's" duty to Catholic Belgium, is the same S. W. Maddock, who orated at Unionist gatherings about the persecution of Protestant Ulster by the remainder of Ireland if Home Rule were passed into operative law. He is, and Mr. A. Beattie, T.C., who orates in the same vein is identical with the A. Beattie who toured Ulster a few years ago as a persecuted Protestant from Dublin, who declared the Catholics would not permit a Protestant to live if they could help it. Maddock, Beattie, Lloyd, Ormsby, and Irwin—these are the people who to-day stand up in Dublin on a Government-provided platform (expenses paid) to look for Catholic recruits, while their brethren of the Ulster Division are being carefully kept at home in Ireland, free from trouble and danger. How transparent the whole game is!

The Slaves and the Bounders.

The last occasion, until now, when a Lord Mayor of Dublin visited the English Viceroy in this country was 1884. Parnell then interposed an absolute veto on any recognition of the head of a foreign government in Ireland. After 31 years Mr. Gallagher, of Charlotte Street, being instigated not by the devil but by the Town Clerk, burst through Parnell's Standing Order, and this is the sequel—quoted from the "Irish Times" of Tuesday last :—

THE LORD LIEUTENANT AND THE LORD MAYOR.

The Lord Mayor, and about fifteen members of the Dublin Corporation, received the Lord Lieutenant's Private Secretary (Lord Basil Blackwood) yesterday afternoon at the Mansion House. It was the intention of His Excellency to pay a ceremonial visit to the Lord Mayor, but other engagements prevented him from carrying out that intention, and he sent his Private Secretary instead.

Lord Wimborne's private secretary is esteemed good enough to return the State visit of the servile Dublin Corporation to Lord Wimborne himself, and no doubt he is. Mr. Henry Campbell's brethren of Masonic Lodge No. 25, must postpone their congratulations on *his* Knighthood.

The True Men of Baile Atha Cliath*

There is a city that stands on the Liffey, I ween,
Where soldiers are marshalled for Eire, their queen,
While they honour the martyrs who died for the Green,
That city the sight loves to see.

Ne'er tell me again she's the town of the Pale,
For the faith of her sons will ne'er falter or fail,
And their hearts beat responsive to old Grainne
Mhaol—

The true men of Baile Atha Cliath,

CHORUS :

Hurrah ! boys, were ready to brave the red tide,
As others before us for Ireland have died,
To rear the Old Flag in its glory and pride—
The true men of Baile Atha Cliath.

The spirit great Lorcan undauntedly bore,
To rouse up the Gael when the Norman came o'er
Throbs through the old town from her heart's inmost
core,

And thrills with the beat of the free.
The Torch that at death young Emmet laid down
Is treasured here more than a Sceptre or Crown,
While the shade of our Tone and great Tandy's renown
Watch over old Baile Atha Cliath.

CHORUS.

God bless you, brave boys who are guarding the cause,
Who band and who league 'gainst the foreigner's laws,
May the cheers of the free be your righteous applause!
My heart goes out ever to ye.

And when Freedom's battle-call wakes the old land,
When she leaps to the combat the sword in her hand,
God ! mine be the glory a soldier to stand
With the true men of Baile Atha Cliath.

CHORUS.

RORY OF THE HILL.

*Baile Atha Cliath, (Bauile-Ah-Kleeah), the Irish name for Dublin.

IRISH CONCERT AND DRAMA.

The annual concert and drama of the Croke Gaelic Club will be held at 41 Parnell Square, Dublin, on Friday and Saturday, 30th April and 1st May. A very entertaining programme has been drawn up, to which several well known artistes will contribute. The proceedings are timed to commence at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7.30, and the prices of admission are 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]

OUR VILLAGE—THEN AND NOW.

Many years ago we lived near a small Irish country village. Coming into school of a morning with the sod of turf under one arm (if in winter time), we first met on the left hand side the nailer's shop with its diminutive anvil and glowing small fire ; next to it was a wheelright's where farm carts were made and repaired ; two blacksmiths vied for trade and caused us boys to stare into the gloe inviting gloom where the smith—"a brawny man was he"—caused showers of transient sparks to come to life and as soon expire ; near the river was a flour mill where country carts stood in a row waiting for the corn to be ground within ; a hatter's establishment was still in existence, and bonnets were still turned out in another part of the town ; a weaver's shuttle could be heard in constant motion elsewhere. Everywhere was industry, nowhere was poverty. In those days Home Rule had not reached the Statute Book, and we did not hear—much less heed—the Empire's call.

To-day the many trades and occupations which lent delight to our youth and gave employment to many hands have ceased to exist. We have instead the advantage of enjoying the blessings of "free and compulsory" education, National Schools, a free and independent Press, trial by jury, Habeas Corpus Act, and many other substantial evidences of progress. Our old village is changed. The paths are paved, the roads metalled, hedges clipped to meet the requirements of the sanitary inspector, the policeman, and the whirling motorist who all use the village for their various conveniences. True, the population is gone. The land is in grass, and bullocks stalk where children once did roam. The inhabitants have crossed the ocean where, though far removed from the Empire, they have not yet forgotten it in their prayers. Nor shall we. As we kneel down at night—a difficult task what with lumbago and rheumatism—we picture another bedtime long ago. Then there was the murmur of the rosary. We should at that time have willingly died for religion. To-night, Glory be to God ! many a young Irish boy has actually died in protecting the pious people of Catholic France from the frightful hordes of Huns who have invaded that fair land with the object of banishing nuns and priests from the schools and livings, and depriving the little French boys and girls of that piety and

religion which at present form so prominent a part in their school life.

We have said that the people are gone. And yet those left bear evident signs of greater poverty than we remember in our youth. Now there is a police barrack, five public houses, a workhouse, and a colony of old age pensioners. Corner boys are to be seen on all sides, or were at least before the recruiting sergeant visited the town. Now they have gone, gone God knows where. Gone to prevent other villages far away from being reduced to loneliness and poverty. Sometimes we ask ourselves, Glory be to God! could any village even in Belgium and France, be more desolated than our native place. The chapel is in need of paint, and the bell is where the last storm left it. The mill is roofless, and one side of the road is full of ruined houses and cottages. Surely to God the Germans could not do worse than has been done to our village by—God knows whom! It is a grand thing to think that our boys are away in a distant land defending other people against invasion and destruction and general desolation. And yet, and yet, there's a doubt in our minds. If all these Irish boys were drilled and armed for industrial Ireland—if all the money we are spending in France could be put into rebuilding our ruined villages and re-establishing our ruined industries, it would be time enough then to think of helping other people. Charity begins at home. God forgive us if we're wrong. Old folk have old ideas about piety and nationality. John Redmond knows best. We must only hope that when Belgium is restored, and Poland re-established, that all the grand armies will come over here to Ireland to set up in Ireland that freedom for which our people are now struggling abroad. Our only regret is that we shall never live to see that day.

THE MARCH OF MEN.

It was an inspiring sight to witness the march through the city streets on Sunday morning last of 1,200 Irish Volunteers. Their manly, alert bearing, their discipline and fine physique, won the admiration of all who saw them. One could not avoid contrasting their fine, eager, earnest faces with the hang-dog expression which seems to have permanently settled on the Redmondite playactors. The muster on Sunday, I am informed, was not by any means an exhaustive one, but was merely in the nature of a recruiting parade, decided on at short

notice. I hope there will be many accessions to the ranks as a consequence of this parade. The Irish Volunteers are the heirs of the men who kept the faith alive in Ireland during the trying times of the past. They have the respect of all their countrymen and women of intelligence and of honesty, and a future generation shall acclaim them as the custodians of Ireland's honour in to-day's crisis in our history.

The "Freeman" and the Volunteers.

For some occult reason the evening edition of the "Freeman's Journal" is reproducing on Saturday evenings what it alleges to be facsimile pages of the "Volunteer Journal." Dr. Madden had this to say in his history of Irish Periodical Literature which I would commend to the sober consideration of the "Telegraph" staff—When Johnny comes marching home (ahem!) again, after listening to his doggerel "sung" in London:—

A traitor journal, entitled the "Volunteer Evening Post," purporting to be an advocate of the Volunteer Association, and Irish Independence; but really set up at the expense of the English Government, entirely under English management and control, made its first appearance the 11th of November, 1783. From the early part of that year the regime of corruption in the Press and in the Parliament became particularly conspicuous, and especially so in the columns of the "Freeman's Journal," which had previously been such a flaming patriotic journal in its politics. Its subsequent career was calculated to bewilder, to deceive public opinion, and to make a "burla" of public principle. This was particularly obvious from the time of its being printed and published at No. 4 Crane Lane, in 1783, on the premises of Mr. Francis Higgins.

In the "Freeman's Journal" for June 23rd, 1791, we find a notable change, not only in the politics of the paper, but in the character of the advertisements. The legitimate advertisements connected with trade are reduced to nearly one half the number and amount of space of a few years previously; but the falling off in the mercantile advertisements is more than compensated by a new class of advertisements in the "Freeman," that of Government Proclamations.

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