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PRICE ONE HALFPENNY

# THE GREAT DELUSION

It is to me a matter for keen regret that some of our Priests have succumbed to the Great Delusion.

The behaviour of the Redmonds, the Kettles, and the Gwynns is logical and consistent enough. They are now, and have been for some time, the paid agents of foreign government in Ireland. To an extent they are dissatisfied agents, dissatisfied in that they are not given more responsible share in perpetuating foreign standards in Ireland under the guise of what is called "Home Rule." This grievance, however, they consider trifling, and they refuse to allow it to come between them and their loyalty to their paymasters. Their paymaster, the British Empire, is in danger, and in seeking to induce men to fight to maintain the supremacy of the Empire, the Messrs. Redmond and Co. are merely seeking to preserve the life of the goose that lay (for them) the golden eggs. That they urge every reason but this, the true one is remarkable, but it is only one of many remarkable facts in the Great Delusion.

As regards our business men and professionals, the only complaint I make against them is that they, too, seek to impose the Great Delusion on the people of Ireland. They will advance any and every reason why men should go to the trenches save the right one. And hence this is THEIR war, and Ireland's, in so far as THEY represent Ireland. This is the war of every institution, and of every individual who has been given by the aid of the British Empire. It is the war of every individual whose welfare depends on the British Empire, and it is the war

of every institution whose continuance depends on the British Empire.

It is the war of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and of the "Freeman's Journal." It is Wm. M. Murphy's war, it is Carson's war. It is the war of the Castle-hacks and the pensioners. It is the slum-owners' war, and the Music Hall artistes' war, but up to the present I do not see how it can be the war of Ireland's priests.

The Great Delusion has been created, fed and fostered by the lower type of sensation journalist, backed by the audacious advertising agent. It has fallen flat in England; but in Ireland, where there is some survival of idealism, some worship for spiritual things, some appreciation for heroism and self-sacrifice, and the anxiety to preserve them, the Great Delusion that England is in this war to champion Christianity, and the small nationalities, has been shouted and maintained with steady perseverance, and, be it said, with some success.

But it is a **delusion**. England is not in the war from other than motives of self-preservation, and if the Irish people are as loyal to the Empire as the Parliamentarians contend, let the delusion be dispelled and the truth be placarded from end to end of the country, and shouted from every platform that the existence of the Empire is imperilled, and that all who love it and have a stake in it are needed at the front.

The temporal and spiritual interests of Catholicism were in parlous straits when the Church would acclaim England as their guardian. The one isolated case which I recently mentioned is an instance of the British authorities' respect for religion. I refer to the desecration of the



Catholic Chapel in Mallow workhouse. The Chapel is used by the British army as a canteen. You can fancy the respect in which the khaki-clad frequenters of Mallow canteen will hold the altars of the Church in the future.

ED. DALTON.

## THE FELON-SETTER.

Society, that general thing which some people are fond of discussing, has a short way with burglars and criminals of all kinds. It deprives them of their power to offend against the laws of Society. And nations, as particular sections of Society, have a short way with spies and traitors. In fact, they have a shorter way with traitors than with spies, because a spy may belong to another nation, while a traitor is one who betrays his own country.

No person will say that Ireland has at any time, within the last seven centuries, been quite at peace with England. If Ireland has never been quite at peace with England, she has, consequently, been in various degrees at all times at war with England.

Of course, the seven-century war between the two lands has produced on the one side an overbearing and "superior" race, and on the other a people well sprinkled with traitors and national degenerates.

The Felon-Setter is a particularly vile specimen of national degenerate. He combines the character of the spy and traitor. And, as an offender against Society, he deserves to be deprived of the powers to offend against the laws of Society; while, as a traitor and a spy, he deserves the fate always reserved for spies and traitors by healthy and free-spirited nations.

The Felon-Setter is a person who, by reason of his nationality and familiarity with the patriotic workers of his nation, is in a position to offer the enemy details as to their mode of action and conduct which leave them open to arrest or the more ignominious distress consequent upon loss of employment.

He cherishes venom in his heart, and sins against charity so boldly, that he can deliberately take the bread from the mouth of a man whose only offence is a love of his own land.

In many cases, if his victim is a person of intellect, because he is incapable of meeting that person in open fight, he strikes him in an absolutely caddish way, and tries to silence by intimidation and threats of poverty a voice he is afraid to answer.

Now, Irishmen who love Ireland cannot at the present moment of crisis afford to be the victims

of felon-setters. It is not enough to fight and provide for the wounded in a conflict; it is necessary to deal smartly with spies, and more smartly with traitors.

Felon-setters should by a few examples be forced to realise that this game, like the game of the spy-traitor, is the riskiest in the world.

We are all humanitarians, but there is not one among us who can object to the treatment which nations meet out to spy-traitors. And, therefore, this is a suitable time to warn the "enemy in our midst" that he cannot proceed to felon-set any longer with impunity.

Nationalist Ireland has been long-suffering and patient under the evils of foreign rule; but there is a limit to our endurance of evils inflicted on us by native-born traitors. That limit has been very nearly exceeded by the new brand of Imperialists.

## EXIT HOME RULE.

Ten years ago the English Liberal Party came back to power in England with a majority of 350 votes. For twenty years previously that party had been pledged to Home Rule, and it was on the plea that Home Rule, and it was on the plea that Home Rule would be endangered by Parnell's continued leadership that Irish dupes, in 1891, were used to drive to the grave the one man in Irish politics whom England feared. When Parnell had been got rid of, and the English Liberals came back to power in 1892, the confidence-trick was played upon this country. A Home Rule Bill was introduced and passed through the English Commons by a majority of 43. It was, of course, summarily rejected by the English Lords, as all knew it would be; but instead of dissolving and appealing to the electorate, the Liberals dropped Home Rule and went on for three years with legislation and jobbing in their own interest. The two men who held Ireland quiet for them over this betrayal were John Dillon and T. P. O'Connor. Dillon, with the assistance of the "Freeman's Journal," flooded Ireland with the lie that Lord Rosebery, the English Liberal Premier, was the best friend that Ireland had, and on twenty platforms Dillon denounced those who protested against the shelving of Home Rule as "Traitors, Cowards, Factionists and Disgruntled Politicians." O'Connor manipulated the United Irish League of Great Britain, and in return was supplied with funds to establish newspapers, which after a period he traded off at a profit. Thus Home Rule was sold by the Fool and the Knave in 1892-95. At the General Election of 1895, the Tories returned to power, and remained in power for ten years.



At the end of that period they were flung out by the enormous majority of 350, and a private agreement was entered into between O'Connor, Dillon and Redmond with the English Government that they would not raise the question of Home Rule in that Parliament. In return, the patronage of Ireland was practically placed at their disposal, and they not only refrained from embarrassing the Government by mentioning Home Rule, but they supported it in imposing a Budget upon the country which increased its taxation enormously. Despite the wallowing corruption into which Ireland was plunged, the insistent criticism of the Sinn Feiners forced the Liberal Government, when it dissolved Parliament in 1909, to restore Home Rule to its programme. It returned to office in 1909, and again in 1910, and for six years it has kept playing with a Home Rule Bill, keeping the unbribed people of Ireland quiet, while Dillon, Redmond and O'Connor and their "heeler" (as O'Connor calls him) Devlin roared in the Irish ear that all was well.

It is interesting now to recall that the Editor of "Sinn Féin," so far back as 1909, asserted that a Coalition Government would be the end of the Home Rule measure—that both Front Benches would combine to dish Home Rule. The Coalition has come.

The anti-Home Rulers in Ireland to-day have a standing army of twenty thousand men, armed, equipped, and paid by the English Government. Behind the army stands a reserve of 70,000 men, partially trained and armed. The standing army is disguised as "The Ulster Division"—the reserve is known as the Ulster Volunteer Force. We read in this week's papers that the Dublin Fusiliers and the Munster Fusiliers were sent first of all to effect a landing in the Dardanelles, and that the waters were reddened with their blood. These regiments were composed of followers of Mr. Redmond. The followers of Sir Edward Carson, who have enlisted in the "Ulster Division," remain—armed to the teeth—in Ireland. Bonar Law, who publicly pledged himself to resist by force of arms if necessary the coming of Home Rule for Ireland into operation, now enters the British Ministry, together with Balfour and Lord Lansdowne. Carson and Smith, the leaders of the "Ulster Revolution," are now the Law Officers of England. Carson has won all along the line. Home Rule, as he said, is an Act, not a fact. The "Act" on the Statute Book is now waste paper. Ireland has once again been sold by the dastards whose fathers sold her in 1832, in 1846 and in 1853 to the English Government for place and pension.

## BELGIAN STACPOOLE

The other day I espied the name of H. De Vere Stacpoole assigned to an appeal for Brave Belgians and the other noble fellows who are fighting the battle of Civilisation and Liberty, of Progress and Humanity against the Horrible Huns.

"H. De Vere Stacpoole," I mused—"H. De Vere Stacpoole—where have I heard that name before?" A confused memory of an Irish cabin burning, a battering-ram, English soldiers with bayonets fixed lining the roadway, an old grey-haired woman weeping, and men and women groaning and cursing—the furniture of the burning house piled by the roadside, and a well-dressed man, to whom the English military officer spoke with deference directing three ill-looking rascals, who threw sods of turf soaked in a can of paraffin oil into the burning thatch from time to time. The name of Stacpoole in some odd way was associated with that childish memory of thirty years ago. But, no, that was not what made the name so oddly familiar. Then in a flash I remembered. The Belgian Congo Agitation.

The public has a short memory, but it may remember that in 1909 and 1910 a virulent agitation was engineered in England against "Belgian atrocities in the Congo." I have no doubt the Belgians did commit atrocities in the Congo, just as the English did in Mashonaland and Matabeleland and the parts of Africa they "civilised." But it was not the Belgian atrocities in the Congo, but the Belgian possession of the Congo that hurt the English Congo agitators of 1909 and 1910. The Congo is a great reservoir of rubber and ivory. If England could have got it she would have been able to corner the rubber market of the world. Hence the Congo Atrocities agitation. I remember it all. I remember how it was engineered, how it was financed, and how it was run. I remembered its pamphleteers and its novelists, and I remembered H. De Vere Stacpoole.

Going to my bookshelf, I took down "The Pools of Silence," by H. De Vere Stacpoole (London, T. Fisher Unwin, 1910). It is the fifth edition—May, 1910—the fifth edition in eleven months, for the English philanthropists do their work well.

Under the guise of a novel this H. De Vere Stacpoole described the Congo under the Belgians. The Congolese are a simple and ignorant people—the Belgians are a hybrid of tiger and ape. Take 50 per cent. of avarice, 25 per cent. of lust, and 25 per cent. of devilish cruelty, and



you have the Belgian as depicted by H. De Vere Stacpoole. The Anglo-Saxon, whom H. De Vere Stacpoole introduces as a contrast, shines in manly virtues, and his loathing and disgust for the Belgians is as intense as H. De Vere Stacpoole's present loathing and disgust for the Germans. Listen to this as a specimen of how De Vere Stacpoole alleged the Belgians treated the Congolese:—

Two soldiers at the yelping order of Meeus [a Belgian from Antwerp] cut the old woman apart from her fellows and flung her on the ground. . . . A semi-circle of blood on the ground marked her gyrations. Once she had almost gained her feet, but a blow in the face sent her down again. . . . She flung herself on her back, and they beat her on the stomach, cutting through the walls of the abdomen till the intestines protruded. She flung herself on her face, and they cut into her back till her ribs were bare. . . . Meeus, pale, dripping with sweat, his eyes dilated to a rim, ran about laughing. . . . Berselius [another Belgian officer] . . . gazed, drinking, the sight in.

Then H. De Vere Stacpoole records how every living man, woman, and child in the Congo village was done to death in ways unprintable, while the Belgian officers exulted madly in their more than fiendish cruelty.

It is so curious—and disgusting—to re-read to-day this book of H. De Vere Stacpoole. Herein we find all the German atrocities of to-day—the wanton and inhuman slaying of inoffensive men and women, the brutal ravishing of women, the torture of children, the cutting off of hands, and so forth—all described in detail as being performed by the Belgians on the hapless Congolese. The same English Press-hands appear to be always employed.

H. De Vere Stacpoole's Anglo-Saxon hero, after killing Meeus, returns to Europe to rouse its conscience against Belgium. But, alas! he finds it impossible. "The Roman Catholic Church is entirely King Leopold's" amongst other things. This same "Roman Catholic Church" "put its broad back against the door of the torture-chamber" and "holds it tight." As Belgium is nominally, although far from being so in reality, a Catholic country, "the Roman Catholic Church" trick was played in England in 1910 to enlist the Nonconformist conscience in aid of the intrigue against the Belgian Congo.

So H. De Vere Stacpoole's Anglo-Saxon hero appealed to woman's tender heart against the abominations. We read at page 315-16 how he told of the prisons and the starvation of the Congolese.

Slaves of masters worse than tigers . . . he told the awful fact that murder there was used every day as an agricultural implement, that people were operated upon and suffered amputation of limbs, not because of disease, and that their sex and age—those two last appeals of

Nature to brutality—had no voice. He told the whole bitter tale of tears and blood, but he could not tell her all, for she was a girl, and it would be hard to speak even before a man the crimes against Nature, the crimes against men, against women, and against children, that even if the Congo State were swept away to-morrow, will leave Belgium's name in the world's history more detestable than the names of the unspeakable cities sunk in the Dead Sea.

Thus, H. De Vere Stacpoole in 1910. H. De Vere Stacpoole, in 1915, is engaged in exhorting the world to help gallant Belgium to crush the atrocious Huns. What a fine English game it is!



### OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

The Lord of Dublin reposing on the bosom of John D. Nugent in a Paris Cafe. In the background the smiling figure of M. Viviani "putting out the lights of heaven."

Jimmy Gallagher, with wet towel around his head, writing a special article for T.P.'s weekly on "How Ireland saved the Empire." In the foreground, Edward Carson sitting on the prostrate form of John Redmond, on an adjacent wall, a "bright spot" painted on a black background.

Representation of a large cheque crossed, made payable to "The Irish Hottentots," headed "At no far distant date," drawn on the Irish People, the whole accompanied by a tag containing the words, "A/c overdrawn, Present next war," and signed Ed. Carson.

The Leader of the Irish Race at Home and Abroad (bar America) declaring to the British House of Commons that Irish Nationalists have now, with a few miserable exceptions, ceased to exist. The Melancholy Humbug nodding solemn approval.

The 10th (Irish) Division leaving for the front. In the distance, John D. Nugent and Stephen Hand. On the horizon, the Ulster Division staying at home. Sir Edward, in the foreground, signalling back a wink to the horizon.

A green picture, entitled "United Ireland—Peace at Last," depicting a large transparent lion with the body of a lamb within. A few miserable nobodies pulling the lion's tail.

A red picture, entitled "Free gifts of a free people." A number of lean men reading a large poster on which some blackguard has scrawled "Remember Bachelor's Walk." An old woman, bent and feeble, by the roadside. In the middle distance a ruinous house. On the horizon, black clouds.

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