



Edited by ED. DALTON.

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## FALSE LIGHTS

ARMED conquest does not destroy a nation. National consciousness and aspiration survive a Cromwell in Ireland and a Suwarrow in Poland. Those who determine to destroy a nation must supplement the Sword by the Bribe, and the Bribe by the Lie. Without the aid of the Lie the Nation cannot be slain.

To enslave a people's mind is, therefore, the necessary task of one nation working to annihilate another. While the moral standards and moral values of a nation remain the nation lives. To assimilate and confuse the moral standards and values is the task of the foreign despot.

The effort to destroy the Irish nation broke down in every century while the Irish language remained the language of the people. It was inevitable that it should. No two white peoples in the world are so fundamentally opposed in ideals and conception of life as the Irish and the English. In character, temperament, and outlook they clash at every point. Spenser, the English sixteenth century poet, who witnessed and participated in the butcheries and spoliation of the Irish, was the first to put his finger on the real weakness of English policy in Ireland. "While the tongue is Irish, the heart must needs be Irish." Elizabeth in founding Trinity College was acting in Spenser's wisdom. Trinity was intended to enslave the Irish mind—to deprive the Irish of their nationality—in a word, to confuse the standards and values by which a nation lives.

The history of denationalisation in Ireland began

with Trinity College and culminated with the ironically-named National Schools. This policy is popularly spoken of as Anglicisation, but there is an inaccuracy in the term. England never aimed at making Irishmen Englishmen—she aimed at making them an English helotry. When the Cromwellian English settlers in Ireland sent their representatives to the British Parliament the Cromwellians of pure English blood and residence treated them with contumely. You are not Irishmen, they told these Cromwellians from Ireland, and you are not Englishmen. They must not attempt to regard themselves as the real Englishman's peers. This spirit has ever been the Englishman's spirit towards their "faithful Garrison" in Ireland. Even the great if infamous Lord Clare, who compassed the Union for England, experienced it when, on the conclusion of his assassin-work against his country, he appeared in the English House of Lords. Sneers, derision, vocal contempt were his portion. He was no longer of use to England. He had done all the evil work he was capable of doing for her—and he came back to Ireland to die, a broken man, cursing the hour he ceased to be an Irishman and leagued himself with his country's faithless enemies.

From the hour of the Union England set out in this country with a determined and vigorous policy of uprooting the national standards and values. The destruction of the Irish language was an essential step—for it is immutably true that so long as people speak their native language they *think* nationally—they cannot help doing so.



The "Education system" of Ireland was the weapon with which England achieved the end of perverting the mind and the nature of the people. What prevented the perversion from being absolute? Was it the rise of Young Ireland under Thomas Davis? For a nation being driven out of the heritage of its own tongue, Davis and his colleagues set up finger-posts to national safety and ultimate redemption by transfusing so far as it might be transfused the spirit and values of Irish nationalism into the Language which the Irish people were compelled to acquire.

Since then, the fight in Ireland—for Ireland—has been the fight of a tenacious Irish nationalism illuminated by Davis and Young Ireland against the corrupt and enslaved helotry and Foreign Ascendancy. That Irish Nationalism knows nothing of an Empire. It knows an Ireland, separate, apart, distinct from every other country—with an *Irish* right to a place in the sun, an Ireland owned by the Irish—an Ireland whose interests are above the interests of any other country to the Irishman—an Ireland whose duty is to itself.

This Ireland has had her ears deafened for some time past with the yelps of the cur and the howl of the wolf. Time was when she had wolfdogs, and time will be again.

In the last few weeks the "Irish Times" writes contemptuously in its leading articles of the Celtic Irish people as "The Natives," and loudly demands that these "Natives" should be forcibly compelled to expose their bodies to fatigues, wounds, and death. One Percy, an Englishman, living in this land, lectures the Irish farmers because they do not treat their sons as this Percy desires. One Worthington, another Englishman who has planted himself in the country, divides the country into four classes of helots, and calls on the "Paddies"—as he terms them—to do as he, Worthington, thinks proper with their bodies. One Doig, a Scotchman, who, as editor of the Dublin "Evening Mail," declares the Irish unfit for any form of self-government, appears in Wexford to bid those unfit Paddies die, that Doig might live to earn £700 a year by deriding and denouncing Home Rule, and with these aliens are the whole fry of the little Ascendancy gang with the little Ascendancy shred of a soul.

Surely an ancient nation was never so insulted—never sought to be so bullied and humiliated, by those who so long have held her up to the world's opprobrium. These creatures would have it a crime to-day to say that Ireland belongs to the Irish—

that an Irishman has a right to call his body and his soul his own.

Three things I assert—

An Irishman's Country is his own.

An Irishman's Soul is his own.

An Irishman's Body is his own.

GOD SAVE IRELAND!

## CONSCRIPTION OTHER END UP

The British Upper Ten Thousand had come to the conclusion that this war could not be won by the Press Gag, and were thinking of trying to win it by the Press Gang instead. Mr. B., nominally an opposition leader, and Mr. A., actually a leader in office, were both walking home from Mr. A.'s office in Downing Street, London, when the following colloquy, among other remarks, passed between them:—

A.—The way your fellows are finding fault is most unfair.

B.—What would you have? We are not making headway.

A.—Exactly. *We*, that is you and I and the rest of us, are making no headway. It is not fair for your crowd to throw the blame on our crowd. You know as well as I do that we are all in the same boat.

B.—I admit that in theory we are opposed, and in fact we are combined, but you are overlooking one element.

A.—What is that?

B.—Your fellows have the places and salaries.

A.—Yes, and the responsibility and the odium.

B.—That is your choice.

A.—What do you mean?

B.—Look here, my dear A. We are up against the biggest thing of our time. We are in the biggest fight of all time. We are here, the Pretorian Guard of Empire, endeavouring to continue what we have managed so well in the past, shaping the affairs of the world for the advantage of our own class, and incidentally for the advantage of our adherents. First of all, we have to manage the British public. They are getting tired of the Press Bureau. Many are growing inquisitive. Some are even sceptical. Next thing, they may grow apprehensive, and who knows where it may stop? Our diligent Press management has succeeded in keeping Morley's warning out of sight so far. It may come to the front again at any moment. You remember Morley's protest.





A.—Remember ! It is burned into my memory. It haunts me night and day. “If we lose this war we will have to pay a fearful penalty ; if we win, the penalty will be greater.” And Morley is so wise, so moderate, and so sagacious. But what can we do ?

B.—We are still playing the conventional game. Your set are the Government, ours are the Opposition, and each set is acting in what we choose to call a representative capacity. Therein lies the danger. The moment “public confidence” is shaken, our apple-cart may be upset, and our Upper Ten Thousand may be anything but upper. The public still believe they can call us to account.

A.—That fellow Northcliffe of yours—

B.—Exactly. Of ours, but not of us. I remember well when he was what they called a Rathmines Johnny, when I was in Dublin. There is no real difference between a man who has risen as he has risen, by sheer personal push, and a Keir Hardie. Of the two, Northcliffe must be the more likely to despise us. We may find him one of these days at the head of anything. How different from dear old faithfully traditional Walters.

A.—What do you propose ?

B.—I say, the whole situation is unexampled. The world is at stake. The conventional game must go. Government and Opposition must go. Representative capacity must go. Calling to account must go. Newspaper criticism must go.

A.—I see. You have a memory, too. “B.M.G.” Eh ! You will get back on them with a *vengeance*.

B.—Ah, no, my dear A. The conventional game was certainly played for all it was worth against me, but I am not thinking of a personal victory. Besides, how much was it worth after all. I am here now, side by side with you, in spite of the game. You and I know too much.

A.—Very well. All these things must go. What must come ?

B.—The reality.

A.—And what is the reality ?

B.—The others must obey. There must be no disguise, except that, our object being to prevent and defeat any revolution, we must act according to established forms. Otherwise, we might give the model and the sanction for Keir Hardie or Northcliffe.

A.—I follow. So much for method. What about measures ?

B.—Measures on the same principle.

A.—Be a little more explicit, please.

B.—The few must command all.

A.—Commandeer all, you mean.

B.—Have it so.

A.—That means conscription, to begin with.

B.—Exactly—to begin with.

A.—Before you go farther, how are we to handle the off parties ?

B.—You mean Labour and the Irishmen.

A.—Yes, including your own Irishmen.

B.—They must be roped in. We can find room for them.

A.—Can we manage them ?

B.—My dear fellow, our little undertaking is to manage the world, nothing less. If we fail, we fail. There is only one way to succeed.

A.—To tell the truth, you have been speaking my own mind all along.

B.—I knew it. If I had had any doubts on that point, I should have gone instead to . . .

And so it came about. The best laid plans, however, gang aft agley. At the first foregathering of the Few, A. laid down certain principles. He pointed out the tremendous magnitude of the crisis. He showed that the duty imposed on the assembled Few was equally great. He dwelt on the power they now held. Party criticism was no longer to be feared. The Press was well in hand. Recalcitrants could be and must be ignored, if not repressed. The authority now created must be exercised to the full, even, he added significantly, if every citizen was to be assigned to a particular duty. B. followed A., and skilfully reinforced him. Then came the unexpected thing. The Labourite spoke. He declared the fullest and heartiest assent to the principles laid down by A. and B. He could not, he said, exactly describe himself as a Socialist. He was willing, however, to follow the lead of A. and B. in this crisis of tremendous magnitude.

A., B. and the rest of the Few began to look quickly at each other. The Labourite went on.

To assign every citizen to a particular duty was, he said, a Socialistic proposal, but in this crisis of tremendous magnitude, it must be enforced. It meant conscription. Well and good. We must have conscription.

There was no sign of applause, not even a murmur of applause.

We must have conscription, he continued, for the army. We must have conscription for the manufacture of munitions of war. No strikes must henceforth be tolerated. We must have conscription for traffic of every kind. We must have conscription for the food supply. To every citizen his duty. No quarter for the shirker or the slacker.

The Few sat strangely still, a row of statues.



The Labourite spoke on. In this crisis of tremendous magnitude, he said, every man must do his part to bring the war to a successful issue. "That is not all," he said. "It is not enough. Every item of the country's resources must do its part to bring the war to a successful issue. The duty is ours. The power is in our hands." The authority now created, as A had so well said, must be exercised to the full. There were millions of untouched wealth in private hands. The war needed wealth no less than lives, wealth now even more than lives. If, in the exercise of their duty and power, they would tolerate no shirkers from the ranks, no slacker in the workshop, they would likewise tolerate no withholding of private wealth from the work of bringing the war to a successful issue. Was private wealth more sacred than the sweat of the toiler, than the blood of the soldier? No man dare say it. "I know," he continued, that you all agree with me as heartily as I agree with A and B."

The statues neither spoke nor moved.

"And knowing beforehand your thorough agreement with me," the voice went on, "I have already communicated the main points of our agreement to the Press." The cries of newspaper boys were heard from the street. "Your decision," said the same steady voice, "is at this moment being read by London in the evening papers."

Next morning, Mr. Matthew Minch, J.P., the wealthy director of the "Freeman's Journal" Limited, was seen in earnest conversation with Mr. W. M. Murphy, the wealthy proprietor of the "Irish Independent." They spoke in low tones.

Their voices could hardly be distinguished one from the other. The following remark was overheard, but from which of the two is uncertain: "What in God's name are we fighting for?"

## THE "UNREPENTANT FREEMAN."

On Saturday last the evening edition of the "Freeman's Journal" published as from its Limerick correspondent a statement that the Irish Volunteers at Limerick fired "bullets, *some with the conical points cut off*", at the hired mob that attempted to attack them. The statement was an atrocious falsehood to the knowledge of the man who wrote it and the editor who published it. The object was

obvious. Messrs. O'Hegerty and Bolger are set down for trial this week in Dublin under the "Defence of the Realm Act". Mr. O'Hegerty was connected with the Sinn Féin organisation, and the concoction in the miserable "Freeman" paper was intended to prejudice the jury-panel against him. But there is nothing new in "Freeman" tactics. In May, 1798, when Mr. Patrick McCann, of Grafton Street, was arrested as a United Irishman, the "Freeman's Journal" deliberately invented and published a kindred story with the purpose of inflaming the jury before whom McCann was to be tried. In the "Freeman's Journal" of May 31st, 1798, commenting on McCann's arrest, the particular scoundrel who then edited the "Freeman" wrote: "McCann's . . . shop-assistant, when apprehended, acknowledged that he had sold, within a few days, above a thousand ounces of arsenic to various persons who he believes were servants. This very alarming circumstance shows that every precaution is necessary among the heads of families to avoid any danger that any hellish conspiracy might cause." Higgins, the predecessor of the present "Freeman" men, was at the time of the investigation in receipt of a personal secret service pension of £300 and a secret service subsidy of £1,500 per annum for the "Freeman". Dr. Madden, commenting on the extract we quote, stands aghast at "Higgins' audacious mendacity and malignity" as evinced in this fabricated atrocity. If the good doctor were alive to-day he would find that the successors of Higgins equalled his mendacity and malignity in the fabricated atrocity that appeared in the "Evening Telegraph" of Saturday, May 29, 1915.

## Tone for the Times.

The second pamphlet in the "National series" is of unique interest. It is Wolfe Tone's famous, but never before published, essay on "The Spanish War." Nothing could be more appropriate today. It is on sale at 1d. at Clarke's, Whelan's and all the other leading newsagents.

## Number Four.

Correspondents might note our change from No. 3 to 4 Findlater Place. Thanks!

Held over till next week—Poem, "How Does She Stand?" by Uígan na Banban.

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