

STACE  
GUTHORP

# THE SPARK

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

Edited by ED. DALTON.

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## WAR AND TRUTH

ONE of the evil effects of the alien educational systems of which *we* are the unfortunate victims is that in modern Ireland a great proportion of our people are thankful to be even allowed to *exist*. "We are well off" they say, "because there are now no pitch-capping and hangings such as our fathers endured, and we can build churches and erect belfries, and attend without molestation to our religious duties."

Superficially considered, this is true enough. The British Government places no greater restrictions on our religion than do the Turks or the Russians. We are at full liberty to hold our religious exercises in our churches and even to practice our religion, save and except in whatever respect that practice may menace the interests of the British Government.

The Church teaches that it is unlawful to take part in an unjust war, and that the man who kills another in an unjust war is guilty of a grievous sin. That is to say, before a man participates in a war he must first be satisfied that it is *just* and righteous. Now, I think it will be conceded that the people of Ireland have been given very little opportunity by the British Government of deciding on the merits of the causes of the various belligerents in the present European conflict.

There has been a systematic censorship of news, a vigorous suppression of the Press, and an inspired and subsidised campaign of distortion and misrepresentation calculated to mislead the more untutored of our countrymen, and which leaves the cause

which those measures are employed to foster open, to put it mildly, to the very gravest suspicion.

If this is a just war, what have the Government - to fear from, say, the circulation of the Irish-American papers in Ireland? The people of this country, before they embark on a war, are going to know all about it. They should be treated as an intelligent and Christian people who can be trusted to discern right from wrong, and to do the right thing in accordance with their religious principles. Therefore we want the evidence laid on the table. We want the prohibition against the Irish-American papers withdrawn. We want to read the case for the millions of our co-religionists who are fighting for Germany and Austria. If they have *no* case, if it is simply for them a war of mere aggression, then all the more reason why the evidence should be forthcoming.

But when the side to which we are asked to give our aid deliberately prevents our learning their opponents' case, it behoves us to be careful lest we be induced to participate in a war which posterity may judge to have been a crime against God's laws and a violation of all our principles of decency and honour.

Herein lies proof of a vital restriction on our religious liberty. There must be a question of *right* and *wrong* involved in this war, and we are debarred from deciding on that question in the light of the Church's teaching, because firstly, the ruling authorities have suppressed the evidence, and secondly, because the man, be he layman or cleric,



who expresses doubt as to the justice of the Allies' cause is liable to imprisonment under the Defence of the Realm Act.

But this restriction will defeat the very purpose which it was designed to serve. The prohibition of Irish-American papers is in itself an indication that something is being hidden from Ireland, and while this lasts we shall adopt an attitude of cautious reserve.

Even *conscription* will not absolve us from the necessity of considering the moral righteousness of England's cause, and if we harbour doubts of this, even if no other reason existed—we must resist conscription by every means at our disposal. The only safeguard we possess against the conspirators of the British Government and their military machine, is our armed Irish Volunteers. It is to them we must look for protection if any attempt is made to kidnap Irishmen. Moral and National principle as a motive for resenting conscription shall carry but little weight with the governing authorities. The present is not an age when governments will listen to reason and logic. For the time being these are shelved. The only reason Ireland's enemies will have for refraining from attacking her is fear of the physical consequences. Therefore, every Irishman wishing to defeat conscription should take the first effective step at once by joining the Irish Volunteers.

[ED. DALTON.

### AT TONE'S GRAVE.

"The ruin and the gloom" of Bodinstown Churchyard were equally dispelled on Sunday by the atmosphere which pervaded the annual commemoration of the birth of Wolfe Tone. The gathering was quite the largest that has assembled in recent years, and the work of the Volunteer instructors for the past 12 months was amply vindicated in the disciplined martial bearing of the processionists. A pleasing and noteworthy incident in the day's proceedings was the military salute given to the Irish Volunteers by several companies of the National Volunteers from Newbridge, Rathdangan, Milltown, and Ardclough. If this spirit develops in the National Volunteers the confounding of British party politicians and their satellites is within easy view. May the spirit of Tone live in the breasts of the men of Kildare, and may the truth of Tone's dictum that our connection with England is the never-failing source of all our ills, penetrate their minds and be always before them!

### HARD LABOUR.

Michael was a drunkard. He beat his wife and starved his children. When he worked, he spent his wages on himself. His wife applied for relief for herself and her little ones to the Poor-Law authorities. They made inquiries and caused Michael to be prosecuted. The magistrate before whom he was arraigned looked at Michael and said:

"You are an unmitigated blackguard. You must go to prison for two months."

Henry was a thief. He stole because he preferred stealing to working. He was caught and brought before the magistrate. The magistrate frowned on him and said:

"You are a danger, and a canker on the community. You must go to prison for three months."

William was a pest. He insulted girls in the street. He was brought before the magistrate and the magistrate said:

"Such fellows as you should not be at large. You must go to prison for six weeks."

George was a swindler. He used false scales and cheated the poor who bought in his shop. He was brought before the magistrate and the magistrate said:

"The poor must be protected. You pay a fine of £5 or go to prison for a month." George paid and took it out of the poor in three days.

James was a fraud. He scooped in £50 by a fraud on two women. He was brought before the magistrate and the magistrate said:

"I am inclined to send you to hard labour, but I will give you a chance. Two months in the second division."

Sean was an Irishman. He made a speech. He was brought before the magistrate and the magistrate said:

"You are an intelligent man. You are an honourable man. But your policy is wrong. You must go to prison for three months with hard labour."

Michael and Henry and William and James, passing the happy hours away, saw Sean at hard labour.

Said Henry:

"He looks a bad lot."

Said William:

"He must have done something real wrong or he couldn't have got hard labour."

Said James:



"Fellows of that class oughtn't to be allowed near us."

Said the Jailor :

"Less talking there. He's in for committing Policy."

Said George, as he weighed out twelve ounces of margarine as a pound of butter for the poor :

"I'm glad to see the Government is putting them fellows down. Hard labour is too good for them."

Said the Imperial Press :

"The manner in which the Germans have treated 39 of our officers by putting them in prison is the limit in inhumanity. To treat men who are prisoners of war—political prisoners—as ordinary prisoners, is against all law human and Divine."

Said Cant to Hypocrisy :

"Aren't we having the time of our lives ?"

## ADVERTISING SCANDAL.

It is hardly necessary for me to reiterate my sympathy with the object of the Vigilance Committee. I cannot see how any healthy-minded man or woman could advocate the unrestricted publication of those peculiar features of the English Sunday papers, which so largely account for their popularity amongst the pro-English element here. I confess, however, that I cannot understand why struggling newsagents are pilloried and harrassed for selling those papers in response to the demand, whilst the "Freeman's Journal" and "Evening Telegraph" are permitted by publishing their announcements to create and foster that demand, without even one voice of censure being raised against them. Surely, the "Freeman" papers are arch-offenders in this matter, and it savours of partizanship that no action is taken against them, whilst all the machinery of the Vigilance Committee is put in motion against the unfortunate newsagents. It is a time for plain speaking, and the Dublin Vigilance Committee should set the example by denouncing the action of the "Freeman's Journal" in publishing advertisements and puffs of the English Sunday papers, as inimical to the interests of Christian morality. For too long has this corrupt and ill-reputed organ been allowed to pose as an orthodox organ of Catholicism and Nationalism. The time is ripe to declare that it is neither Catholic nor Nationalist, but meanly opportunist and materialistic.

## RUAIDHRI OF THE GAEL !

(A Song for one who is far away)

Air—"The Boys of Wexford."

From out the heart of Ireland  
There goes across the wave  
A blessing and a prayer for you,  
Her son so true and brave,  
Who flung the English baubles down,  
And foiled the hireling crew  
That sought in death to lay you low,  
Like Shane and Eoghan and Hugh !

Chorus :

May God be with you, Ruaidhri,  
And send you o'er the sea,  
With fighting men to strike again  
For Ireland's liberty !

We'll shine your name within our hearts,  
We'll praise it in our songs,  
With all the gallant men who strove  
To right our country's wrongs ;  
We'll bless you every day that dawns,  
And pray that soon you'll sail,  
With shining swords in Irish hands  
To fight for Grainne Mhaol !

Chorus :

When comes the Day of all our dreams,  
The Day of all our Days,  
When high o'er Ireland's fighting lines  
Her flag we'll proudly raise,  
A million manly men shall throng  
To welcome and to hail,  
As Chieftain of the Irish Land,  
Brave Ruaidhri of the Gael !

Chorus :

Urian na Banban.

## Press Munitions.

"Nationality" (12 D'Olier Street) and "Hibernian" (28 North Frederick Street) have made their appearance as weekly organs of Irish Nationalism. The "Hibernian" is the official mouthpiece of the Irish-American Alliance Hibernians.



## A POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

A.—If we only had unity Ireland would be free long ago.

B.—What do you mean by "unity" and what do you mean by "free"?

A.—I mean for every man to follow John Redmond, and then we'll get Home Rule.

B.—To follow John Redmond in everything?

A.—Yes. I don't see why you Sinn Feiners or Separatists, or whatever you like to call yourselves, should be always on Redmond's track.

B.—Now, if I could show you that Redmond was wrong about the Budget of 1909 and the Councils' Bill and many other things, you'd disagree with him, I suppose?

A.—Certainly. But you fellows are always down on him.

B.—If we are, as you put it, "down on him", it's because we know he was wrong with his policy on these questions. We are not "on his track". We simply know that his whole line of political conduct is wrong and rotten; so we refuse to follow him.

A.—Of course you may be right, but the majority of your party only want to stab John Redmond in the back.

B.—Now, that's only the "Freeman's" way of talking you've picked up. If we criticise Redmond we're factionists, pro-Germans, and what not. Why, the "Freeman" says Home Rule is safe.

A.—Well, I know that's a lie anyhow. Everyone knows Home Rule is as dead as a door nail.

E.—I perceive that in some matters you use your own intelligence, whereas in others you do not.

A.—I can see as far through a stone wall as a Sinn Feiner any day in the week.

B.—Now you are getting on. Use your own brains constantly and you'll be a Sinn Feiner in no time.

A.—Will you tell me what is a Sinn Feiner?

B.—It would be too long to explain. But a Sinn Feiner at least maintains that increasing prosperity is not an infallible sign of a man's nationality.

A.—Put that plainer, please?

B.—Willingly. If you see a man getting job after job under the British Government. If you see him blossoming into a J.P. ship and a motor car; hobnobbing with lawyers and Castlehacks, do you believe that man can be a Nationalist? No, the signs of a Nationalist as long as the English rule Ireland will be to have himself watched by the

police; injured in his business; fined for having his cattle on the road; watched to see will he take a few drinks extra; boycotted in his shop; spied on if he's a publican. As long as a man is known to be a real Nationalist you'll find him pursued, harassed, injured in every way.

A.—There's a lot in what you say.

B.—It's the truth, my friend. If you are content to be led by men who hobnob with magistrates and police, and who enjoy the fat of the land, believe you me you're not being led by Nationalists, and your party is only a party of Whigs and placemen. A Nationalist must be prepared for hard knocks and bitter disappointments.

A.—I don't want to give in to you too quick, but certainly Redmond has the country in a nice mess at present. I must have a chat with you about the Volunteers next week. Good bye, slan leat, I mean!

## PRINCE'S STREET PROSPERS.

The "Freeman's Journal" has now at its disposal a fleet of motor-cars for dispatching the papers to the railways. The fact reminds me of an incident in the life of "Mick McQuaid the Pervert" Mick was addressing a proselytizing meeting one night and had occasion to mop his brow with his pocket handkerchief. In withdrawing this latter from his pocket he disturbed fourpence halfpenny which he had twisted in the corner. The coppers rolled across the platform in full gaze of the audience, whereat a man shouted "I say, Mick, is that the price of your ould father's sowl?" The "Freeman" motor-cars are doubtless a reward for services attempted? A generation hence, or, perhaps, earlier, the truth will out, and men and women will wonder how any considerable section of our people could be deluded for so long by the Castle-kept Press of Prince's St.

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