



Edited by ED. DALTON.

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PRICE ONE HALFPENNY

TO HELL OR FLANDERS

COALITIONISM has borne its first fruit in Ireland in the order from Major General Friend to Messrs. Newman, Blythe, McCullogh, and Mellows to leave Ireland within a stated period. At the time of writing no charge has been brought against these men, and I question if any charge *could* be adduced against them which would render Major General Friend's "order" favourable to the vast bulk of the people of this country.

Major General Friend's order if submitted to any international tribunal in the world would be flouted and rejected as an injustice and a tyranny, even as the claim of Ireland to national independence has been upheld and commended at every court in which it has been declared. But notwithstanding these facts, Major General Friend's order will probably be enforced. And why, pray? Simply because Major General Friend and his soldiery will have had the physical power to enforce it. Simply and solely because might is right as well under the British Jack as under the Prussian Eagle. All hail, then, to this first manifestation of the Coalition hand! National propaganda in Ireland shall be all the easier when the English authority throws off the mask openly and stands revealed in its old colours, as the power that doesn't care a damn for small nationalities, the rights of democracy, or for Christian ideals.

Fancy Edward Carson being concerned for these

things, that ghoulish politician who fostered and exploited the bigotry of the unfortunate Orangemen of Ulster, and was even prepared to risk civil war and bloodshed in Ireland, in order to defeat the wishes of the vast majority of the Irish people! This man is now largely the dictator of Government policy in Ireland. He hates and despises this nation, and his way of settling the Irish question will be the *Cromwell way*. "To Hell or Flanders" is the decree of the modern Cromwellian. Whom do you think Edward Carson fears in Ireland? Is it John Redmond and his ponderous speeches? Is it that political calamity John Dillon? Is it any or all of the "four hundred pounders"? Is it the Hibs, the pocket borough of Nugent and his staff, who were bought for an insurance Act? Is it the toothless masqueraders, known as the National Volunteers, who are under the control of broken down barristers and Micawberesque journalists, etc.? No! No! These people merely amuse Carson, if such a sinister politician can be amused. Let them spout and parade, they are not to be feared. The men to be feared are the "cranks" and "sore-heads," the men who declare to their countrymen incessantly that they can count on no concession, they can claim no right, they can maintain no principle save and except they dare to trust in the strength and courage of their own young manhood, watchful and alert in Ireland, prepared for all things.

ED. DALTON.

IRELAND'S HOUR.

"No man can tell when the war may take a turn which may bring Ireland's hour; and I appeal once more to my countrymen to organise and prepare, so that when that hour does come they may be ready, if they trust the Irish Party, to complete the work which had been carried on so near to completion when the war broke out."

—Mr. John Redmond's letter of thanks to the Dublin Corporation for its vote of confidence.

Ireland's hour was at hand just twelve months ago. The Chancellories of Europe were in a state of high excitement. Chiefs of staff of the great Powers were giving a last hasty examination to their mobilization plans. The British fleet were concentrated at Spithead. A word would precipitate war. The combatants were already ranged in opposite camps. The odds were even, and both sides would have paid any price for a nation's help. The shedding of Irish blood on Bachelor's Walk had for a moment united our people. The police and the Irish soldiers in the British army were ready to join the people. The army and naval reservists, many of them in the Volunteers, were determined, as they proved afterwards in Belfast and Derry to refuse to mobilize until Ireland's interests were first secured. It was altogether an ugly situation for the English Government to face with the biggest war in history looming ahead. Moderate politicians, semi-Tories, talked again of Grattan's Parliament, minus its defects, but independent of English interference and with an Irish army to defend it. Then, if ever since some French privateers in 1779 frightened the good people of Belfast into taking up arms for their own defence, Ireland had her opportunity quite constitutionally, without any resort to violence, to secure the largest measure of independence consistent with the connection with England. A freak of fortune placed her destiny in the hands of a foreign-spirited, purblind leader—and Redmond sold Ireland for a worthless scrap of paper! Ireland had a bigger prize than twenty Home Rule bills, and even the miserable measure of Home Rule is now strangled, and all the shouting of our Parliamentary guides that it is not dead, will not awaken it to life.

These are unpleasant reflections for any Irishman to have to make, but they are forced on me by reading the latest message Redmond has sent to the Irish people. "No man can tell," he writes, "When the war may take a turn which may bring

Ireland's hour." What does the man mean? Has he not "barracked" for England since the war broke out? Has he not said its cause was just, and that it was winning and would continue to win? If everything is going well what turn can the war take except a wrong one? And is Ireland "to organise and prepare" so that when that hour comes it may take advantage of it? Are we to return to the traditional interpretation of the dictum that England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity?

The reading of the letter naturally brings such questions before a thinking Irishman. They insistently demand an answer. Redmond must be made explain. In the meantime we shall continue to regard him as what he has proved himself to be—a lathe painted to look like iron.

One word in conclusion. The advocates of strenuous government are again in power in England. They may again attempt to "strenuously govern" Ireland, but this time they will find their path a difficult one. If our country is again to experience another '98, let it be remembered the blame will rest on the man who, when he had an opportunity to lead his people into a position of comparative safety while Europe was being convulsed, succumbed to the cajolery of a wily Minister and left them to their own resources for their protection. The extent to which they have organized themselves in the interval will be the measure of safety in the days that are upon us.

War Methods.

There is at present a movement on foot to rename those roses which have heretofore borne appellations of German or Austrian origin. One of these is a white scentless rose known as the "Frau Karal Druschi," and it is proposed in some quarters that this should be called in future the "Michael O'Leary." Similarly it is suggested that one of the most beautiful of the crimson roses, hailing originally from Austria and known as the "Griss an Teplitz" should be renamed "Michael O'Leary's Mother."—"Freeman's Journal, July 15th.

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A novel offer to its readers is being made by "Newnes' Illustrated," our new popular contemporary. One thousand of the new War Loan Vouchers, each value five shillings, are being given away absolutely free. Last week 250 of these prizes were offered for naming the five best-looking British generals, and the week previously for naming the five ugliest German generals.—"Tit Bits," July 12th.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

B.—You were saying you wanted to talk to me about the Volunteers.

A.—I do. You see our side don't believe in physical force. They believe in constitutional agitation. There was more got that way than your way.

B.—You refer to . . . ?

A.—I refer to the Land League. Everything that was got for the farmers was got by public meetings and agitations. There was no physical force, and yet a great deal was gained.

B.—Pardon me for saying so, but, politically speaking, you are only an infant. The Land League on paper may have been a constitutional body designed to keep within the law. But the real success of the League was gained by the shooting of landlords and agents and the boycotting of grabbers.

A.—But that wasn't marching in a body and trying to capture a police barrack, for example.

B.—Quite right; but, my friend, there are various forms of warfare which do not involve an actual stand-up fight. I don't advocate, at present at least, the use of force in the military sense. What I do say is that constitutional agitation has never achieved anything except when the physical force threat lay behind.

A.—Then you mean that even if the Volunteers never fight they can do good.

B.—Exactly. If Redmond hadn't smashed the Volunteers—

A.—He didn't really smash them.

B.—He tried to. Just you read Rahilly's "Secret History of the Irish Volunteers". Only a penny.

A.—Well let that pass.

B.—If Redmond had let the Volunteers alone, they could have gone their way and he his. And when the English threw over Redmond after using him for their own purposes for years, Ireland had a second line of defence—the Irish Volunteers.

A.—I begin to see.

B.—Instead of that he has left us now in a way that we must accept any act they like to pass and apply to Ireland.

A.—Will your Volunteers resist Conscription?

B.—They will. No Irish Volunteer will be forced into the British army. They are pledged to stand or fall by that.

A.—But will the National Volunteers resist? I'm not one myself on account of Gaynor and Nugent being at the head of them.

B.—I'm glad you put that question to me. Months and months ago they had a County Convention in Kilkenny, and unanimously agreed to resist Conscription. I know they have very few real guns and practically no ammunition, but our fellows would stand by them.

A.—Do you mean that? Then that fellow Judge must be all wrong. He says both bodies are ready to fly at one another's throats.

B.—That lie is like the lies the Government circulated last year, that there were raids and constant fighting up North between our fellows and Carson's. As a matter of fact, Carson's dupes and our men were beginning to get friendly, and the Government began to get a little alarmed. Now, at the present time the rank and file of the Volunteers of all sections are quite friendly.

A.—I'm glad to hear that.

B.—To prove what I say, several companies of Redmond's Volunteers attended at Bodinstown and were hand-in-glove with our people. Up in Tyrone Eoin Mac Neill has just addressed a Volunteer meeting organised by the Hibernians—Nugent's men. And after the public meeting he held a private meeting in the Hibernian Hall in Pomeroy.

A.—I don't deny I'm glad.

B.—The Volunteers stand for the real unity of Ireland against the real enemies of Ireland. Their existence is a proof that Irishmen are beginning to realise that in the long run force rules the world. My advice to you is: get a gun and be a Volunteer. The choice may be up to you any day of fighting for your life or remaining an English slave for ever.

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"CROPPIES LIE DOWN."
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"THE 'TWELFTH' AT THE FRONT.

"Private George Kirkwood, Canadian Army Service Corps, formerly of Belfast, in a letter to his mother, describes an interesting celebration of the 'Twelfth' of July at the front. He says that the Canadians from the east and western parts of Canada gathered together, with a good many Ulstermen, true to their cause, to celebrate the anniversary. The procession started from 'Shrapnel Square', and, decorated with orange and purple ribbons, was headed by a scout on a white horse.

Next came the fife and drums, which were decorated with orange lilies, and the flag bore the motto, 'No Surrender'. We all marched along to 'Jack Johnson' Avenue, where we halted. I was delighted, as an Ulster Unionist, to think that this was the first Orange procession ever held in France, and on the battlefield. We finished up by singing 'Rule Britannia' and 'God Save the King.'—"Irish Times," July 7th, 1915,

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

I have just read a short comedy, entitled "The Prodigal Daughter," written by Mr. Sheehy Skeffington. I must here compliment Mr. Skeffington on the great courage and endurance he displayed in his recent severe ordeal in the courts and in Mounjoey. I trust his health is rapidly mending.

"The Prodigal Daughter" is reminiscent of Shaw's "Fanny's First Play", and is probably a reasonable picture of country town attitude towards the militant suffragette movement. Mr. Skeffington doesn't usually write merely for his own or his reader's amusement, and some serious motive underlay the writing of this comedy. What was that motive? If the thing was designed for propagandist purposes, it is a failure. The scene of the comedy is Malmoy. There is one Suffragette in the play, and she has just returned from Dublin, where she had been imprisoned for smashing windows. Naturally we expect to hear from her the very essence of Suffragette idealism, but unfortunately the only remarkable thing she said, which impressed itself on my mind, was "*You know well, father, that week-day Mass is just an excuse for idleness with the most of us.*" If that statement is true I am terribly sorry for Malmoy and for Lil Considine; if it isn't true I'm sorry for Mr. Skeffington. I believe it to be untrue. I have never been to Malmoy certainly, but I have been through a good many Irish towns, and noticed the anxiety and enthusiasm, particularly of the women-folk, for attendance at daily Mass, and the man who would say that this was practised from idle motives is lamentably lacking in his appreciation of the mind of the Irish Catholic woman. That is all I am going to say about this comedy. It irritates me to hear people declaring that one cannot be a good, practical, orthodox Catholic and be at the same time a worker in the most advanced social and political movements. Mr. Skeffington's heroine lends colour to the contention. In any case he expects too much from her; she is not as versatile,

perhaps, as himself. A lady may be a good window-smasher and be as a speech-maker quite silly and indiscreet. Maybe that is all that's wrong with "The Prodigal Daughter". The book is well printed, has a good photo of Mr. Skeffington on the cover, and sells for one penny.

ROSSA FUNERAL.

The remains of O'Donovan Rossa will be laid to rest in Glasnevin on Sunday, August 1st. The date should be left a closed one by all Nationalists, so that nothing should militate against fitting tribute being paid to the dead Fenian.

Irish Volunteers F Company IV. Battalion.

Draw for Suit Length Postponed till August 9th, 1915.

Holders of Blocks and Cash please return same as soon as possible.

Leanam Lons na Laoineparde.

Cumann Gaedhealach an Cric
(Croke Gaelic Club).

AERTIDEACT 7 CAMOS match,
NORTH v. SOUTH (DUBLIN),

At CROKE PARK,
Sunday, July 25th,

Commencing at 3.30.

St. James's Brass and Reed Band.

Admission - - - 4d

THE OIREACHTAS.

The above fixture comes off on Sunday next at Dundalk, and all Irish Irelanders who can possibly attend should muster in the bright little Louth town for the occasion. There are ample travelling facilities to enable everybody to reach the venue, and particularly the Gaels of the Metropolis. The Irish language has, or ought to have, a stronger claim upon the sympathy of the country now than at any other period since the revival movement was inaugurated, and that sympathy can only be fittingly displayed in a monster gathering at this year's Oireachtas,

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