



Edited by ED. DALTON.

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THE BRITISH LEOPARD

We know on the authority of Tennyson, the English poet, that English freedom—the highest and noblest kind of freedom the world knows—has

———“Slowly broadened out
From precedent to precedent.”

As people of all classes and politics in Ireland are muttering against the British Government because it has ordered four Irishmen, whose political opinions it dislikes, to banish themselves, and, as they allege there is “no precedent” for such a proceeding, we are induced to correct this popular delusion.

It is true that since the English first landed in Ireland to assist the spiritual ancestor of Mr. John Redmond to regain his possessions and incidentally to Civilise and Christianise the Natives, there has been no actual case of a Native being ordered to banish himself, without any charge or allegation being brought against him. It is not, however, to the letter, but to the spirit of Precedent we must look. Remember again that in English—which is Civilisation’s—development “*Freedom slowly broadens out from precedent to precedent.*” The original precedent for the present treatment of the Native is found in the statute enacted by England nearly six hundred years ago, under which it was declared to be a lawful and laudable action for a Christian, being an Englishman or the son of an Englishman, to kill any Irishman whatsoever. Unfortunately, this statute, which would have delivered England from much anxiety and concern upon our account if it had been properly and vigorously enforced, was so much obstructed by the pro-Germans, Sinn Feiners, Factionists and Cranks of 600 years ago—

who even went the length on one occasion of illegally killing the Englishmen and the sons of Englishmen who attempted to legally kill them—that it became, as it were, a dead letter, and is now embalmed with the Home Rule Act in the Statute Book.

Skipping some centuries of obstinate and bloody resistance by the Irish to the efforts to teach them Civilisation, Christianity, Respect for Treaties, and the Rights of Small Nationalities, we find the spirit of the unhappily inoperative Act for the slaying of the Natives preceded out into the Ordinance that bade them choose between Hell and Connacht as an abiding place. Despite the most strenuous efforts to enforce this admirable Act the bulk of the natives managed to evade it and to cling on to their aboriginal provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Munster. No orders were issued by Major General Cromwell to them to banish themselves from Ireland, but he permitted the seizure of as many of them as could be safely seized, and the sale of their bodies to the English planters in the West Indies. In all some 80,000 of the Irish were thus dealt with by Captain John Vernon, Roger Boyle, and Messrs. David Sellick, Robert Yeomans, Joseph Lawrence, and Oliver Leader—all gentlemen of high English character and approved piety, appointed in the name of God as Commissioners and buyers for that purpose. They were persons of a prudent as well as a pious turn for they began their operations by seizing and selling the widows of Irishmen slain or the wives of Irishmen who were fighting in Flanders and the little children of these said widows and wives. Captain Vernon, whose kinsmen had been given the Manor of Hollybrook and the district of Clontarf, outside Dublin, confiscated from

an Irishman who treasonably fought for his country against England in 1641, waxed fat on the sale of Irish slaves to the Plantations. In one transaction alone he disposed of 300 Irishmen between the age of 12 and 45," whom he hunted down in the district between Wexford and Youghal—a transaction which at an average of £10 per Irish body—that is £20 for a man between 20 and 40, and £25 for a girl between 15 and 25—with sums ranging from £3 to £15 for children and adults outside these ages amounted to £5,500 for the honest Colonel, or £5,000 net profit, which with other similar transactions of profitable nature enabled him to return to England, set up the motto "Let Vernon Flourish" and found a branch of a family illustrious in British history for its piety, benevolence, and anxiety to convert the heathen no matter in what remote island he dwells in darkness, ignorant of the True British God.

Let it not be imagined that any stain of illegality rests upon the escutcheon of Colonel Vernon. He had received and duly paid for a licence to seize and sell Irishmen and "Irish wenches," and in amassing by his honest industry a fortune which enabled him to rear one of the stately homes of England, he never once transgressed the law. If some shadow of suspicion that his worthy friend Sir John Clotworthy, who paid for a licence to seize and sell 11,500 native Irishmen "did defraud the Government of one-half its due, by seizing and selling (without paying the stamp duty) 500 Irish women at the same time, no suspicion of the kind attaches to Colonel Vernon. It is admitted even by the Irish themselves that he never seized or sold a single Irishman, woman, or girl without allowing the Government its due proportion of profit. His upright character is proof against calumny. He died as he lived an honest man and a true English patriot, much lamented by his countrymen, and properly commemorated by them in later ages as the model of what a perfect English Christian should be.

It may be objected that the facts we have recited do not constitute a precedent, inasmuch as the Irish got the choice of remaining in Connacht. To this we may reply in part that even when the Irish did go to Connacht they were not immune from being seized and sold there for shipment from the port of Galway. We again repeat we do not claim that an actual precedent exists;—but we insist—and the impartial reader will admit our argument—that the spirit of precedent for the Banishment Orders of 1915 are to be found in the treatment of the Irish

in 1655. Moreover, we have found a case reported which we feel confident the present Government of Ireland had before it when it directed Major-General Friend to order Irishmen to banish themselves, and to admit themselves to be Aliens in Ireland.

In 1657 Mr. Donal O'Connery, a gentleman of position in Clare, was arrested by the ancestors of the R.I.C. on a charge of feloniously hiding a priest in his house. Mr. O'Connery was brought before the ancestor of a Police Magistrate, who, acting in accordance with his instructions, committed him, whereupon an order was made for his banishment from Ireland. After his banishment some worthy Englishmen gradually entered into possession of his property, and compelled his wife to die of starvation. She had three daughters, famed for beauty, whom the Government relieved of all apprehension for their future by selling to planters in the Barbadoes.

Except that an actual charge was laid against Mr. O'Connery of Clare in 1657, this is a practically complete precedent for the action taken by the British Government of 1915 against Mr. Blythe of Lisburn, Mr. Pim and Mr. McCullough of Belfast, and Mr. Mellows of Dublin. Besides two of these gentlemen have no wives who can be starved, and none of them have daughters of an age to be sold to any British planter in East Africa. Thus, instead of condemning the English Government for its action, it should be freely admitted that it has not gone so far as it might have gone if all the four Alien Irishmen had been like the Alien Donal O'Connery of 1657, married men with saleable daughters.



"FRIENDLY" GOVERNMENT.

"What do ye think o' the times?" asked Terry.

"I think a lot," replied Patsy, "but iv I'm to sleep another night in me own settle-bed I'll keep on thinkin', I won't make me mind into a sign-board or a poster unless I'm ready to quit me own country for some selected retreat for aliens, or strong enough to stan' the inside iv wan iv Mister Max Green's hotels. I don't think ye understand we're under a 'Friendly' governmint. I don't think ye realise we're run be a wan ass show. Ye're ignorant iv the freedom dawned fact that a man be the name o' Friend can give ye a sae trip to wan iv our newly won colonies in northern or southern Africa, or maybe a bit o' Persia if Russia agrees to let us float our own Union Jack there instead of the Blue Cross—it's a question o' which is best to save

ROSSA'S LAST DAYS.

a small nationality. What do I think o' the times? Be the grey goat from Kerry, I tell ye, Terry me son, we're livin' in grand times. We're the wan bright spot in the Empire, Ireland is the wan shinin' jewel in the crown iv King George iv England, an' iverything we're givin' to England to win this war is the free gift iv a free people. That's the story I'm readin' on the daily papers. They're texts, I hear, from gentlemen like Major Turbit an' Curnel Spalding. I think Tommy Kettle, who got a match from from me wan night outside The Arch, says the same, an' Jimmy Gallagher, who I heerd arguin' wance over the beauty iv the Imperial Tobacco Combine window shows, id say the same iv he was tould to say it. There are scores iv men like Major Turbit an' Tommy Kettle, hundreds of min like Curnel Spalding an' Jimmy Gallagher, an' all the time ye have thousands iv Irishmen who won't b'lieve that Ireland is a bright spot or that she is free to give even a side peep at her mind."

"Sure ye can't open yer mouth," interrupted Terry.

"Ye can't," replied Patsy, "unless ye open it to let out a lie. Be the Three Molly Byrnes, but it's a rare time. It's a time to sarch min's sowls, an' don't ye forget, me son, it's a time whin min in Ireland are provin' they have sowls. Why, man, Ginerall Friend is the man to make Ireland. He's the boy to stiffen the indiarubber-backed. He's the lad to open the eyes o' the boys over whose eyelids Mister Dillon laid his hands. Ireland is awakenin'."

"Dillon med a fool iv himself at Limerick," said Terry.

"Musha, I think he was wan afore he wint there," replied Patsy. "But Limerick isn't quite the place to go talkin' o' British promises at. O' course no wan minds Mister Dillon. As Micky Darcy says, ye'd as soon believe Ould Moore's Almanack. It's a good thing tho', that no matter how the war goes Mister Dillon is sure iv a job in some picture house as a wet blanket. All the same, he's a rare man over a cup o' tay, an' Sir Matt Nathan id be first to say so."

"What's Ireland comin' to at all?" asked Terry.

"Wait an see," replied Patsy, "or ask General Friend."

PATSY PATRICK.

The first Sunday in August is generally the day for the annual excursion of the Ard Chraobh to Galway. Owing, however, to the Rossa funeral the excursion will this year be held on Sunday, 15th August. I trust the event will not suffer in consequence of the postponement.

[Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough Street, on Wednesday, after which the body of O'Donovan Rossa was removed to the City Hall, where it lay in state until to-day. The funeral will start at 2 p.m., and will proceed via Dame Street and Westmoreland Street to Glasnevin. Nothing would be more distressing than a quarrel over the corpse of the dead Fenian, but as the falsehood that Rossa changed his political views in his latter years has been industriously circulated, the following interview with his widow will prove an effective answer to such charge.—Ed. SPARK]

When I called on Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa at her hotel the other day I was specially anxious to find out if there was any truth in the English "Daily Telegraph's" statement that Rossa became reconciled to England in his last hour and hoped that Ireland would assist in crushing "the common enemy of civilization." I therefore introduced the matter into the conversation as soon as possible. Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa indignantly denied that her husband had ever wavered in his opinions. She had been married to him for fifty years, she said, and during all that time he had consistently maintained that absolute separation from England was Ireland's only hope, and that this could be obtained only by fighting. Moreover, she added, Rossa spent the last two years of his life in a semi-comatose condition, and was incapable of forming a new impression during that time. He could hardly be made to understand that the Irish Volunteers had been formed, and only dimly realised that a European war was raging. The news that the Home Rule Bill was on the Statute Book merely elicited the exclamation, "Humph!"

During his last days Rossa became, if possible, more purely Irish than before. His wife and daughter addressing him in English could get no answer; but if anyone spoke to him in Irish his face would lighten up and he would keep up the conversation in that language till he was exhausted.

"Once," said Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, "a young student came to visit him. The young man was on the point of going away in great disappointment when I suggested he should try to speak to him in Irish. Rossa at once appeared to wake up and they talked together in Irish for half an hour."

She went on to tell me that during his last years Rossa was possessed of a ceaseless longing to return

to Ireland. "Take me home," was his continued moan. They then took him away from hospital to his house. But he still continued to implore them to take him "home." Then they knew that it was Ireland he meant, but it would have been impossible for him to travel such a distance.

"What did Rossa think of Home Rule," I asked.

"He always said that England would never give Ireland Home Rule, but, supposing that by some chance she did, Ireland should only take it as a step to complete separation. 'But,' he said, 'England will never give it, or if she gives it she'll make it useless. I have always preached this to the people, but they wouldn't listen to me.'"

Thus O'Donovan Rossa died as he had lived.

E. O'DUFFY.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SOREHEADS AND THEIR TREATMENT. By "Dr." Lorcan Sherlock, author of "Nulla Bona, or The Writ of Fi-Fa." In this treatise the learned author deals with a widespread complaint in the Irish body politic. By a species of argument which he has found effective in the purloins of the Mountjoy Ward of Dublin City, he demonstrates how soreheads can be exterminated. The formula he prescribes is the swallowing of one's political opinions three times a day, and quotes the classic instance of his quondam opponent but now sworn friend, Murty O'Beirne, T.C., to show how complete the cure can be.

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH.—By the Rt. Hon. Jas. M. Gallagher, Lord Mayor of Dublin. This erudite study of our noble allies is the result of a three days' pilgrimage to Paris as the guest of MM. Viviani and Clemenceau. This may be described as Mr. Gallagher's first big literary effort, but our author gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. John A. Ronayne, who in undertaking the correction of the proofs and the supply of ideas, undertook also the correction of all errors in grammar and spelling and the re-writing of many passages which displayed the crudities of style of the neophyte and who brought to bear on his work a superior Intelligence and a higher Education than could be reasonably acquired in the weighing of half-ounces and the vending of Woodbines. In a chapter headed, "Putting out the Lights," there is drawn an interesting parallel between the methods of the Grand Orient and those of the Electric Light Committee of the Dublin Corporation. The author, who was accompanied on the pilgrimage by Mrs. Gallagher, regrets that he was unable to join his

friends, Messrs. Devlin and O'Connor, in their exploration of the underworld of Paris, and thus an instructive chapter has had perforce to be omitted.

DILLONIANA; OR, AN IRISH POLITICIAN'S PLAINT.—By John Dillon, M.P., author of "Nathanial Nights," "The Gombeen Man," "Colorado as a Health Resort," "The Crank in The Political Machine," "The No Far Distant Date," etc., etc. The present volume consists largely of reprints from Mr. Dillon's early work, "Melancholy and Humbug," which gained notoriety for the author among the Irish race at home and abroad, with selections from his more recent utterances to demonstrate the political value of inconsistency. In a notable pronouncement on Criticism the author pleads eloquently for favourable comment, and denounces vigorously in a trenchant passage those enemies of the Irish cause who would expect an Irish Parliamentarian to keep his word or to say the same thing twice on the same subject. Woodcuts of the heads of various Parliamentarian leaders, past, present, and to come, are appropriately included, adding some value to the book, while on the frontispiece is a photograph of Mr. Dillon posing as "The Optimistic Pessimist."

"THE MAN IN THE GAP."

This is No. 26 of the SPARK, and, consequently, our first volume is completed. The SPARK has endeavoured to hold the pass and to maintain the right of Irish Nationalism to print and publish a paper in Dublin. When the Nationalist papers were struck down the SPARK stood in the gap, and preserved the continuity of that right. I have a limited quantity of Vol. I. containing all 26 numbers, stitched, in special tinted covers, and copies will be sent, post free, for 1s. 6d. These volumes are very limited in number, so that early application is necessary from those who wish to have them.

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