

# The Wolfe Tone Annual



Published for the Committee of Wolfe Tone Week  
by Brian O'Higgins, 68 Upper O'Connell St. Dublin

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He didn't know the TARA that other  
people know.*

*He didn't know that TARA is Urney's  
towering crest—*

*The conqueror of "just as good," the rival  
of the best.*

*"TARA is food," sings the rhymer of to-day;  
TARA has come to sustain us and to stay;  
TARA'S garb is lovely and TARA'S  
heart is pure;*

*Always mention TARA to be absolutely sure.*

*If you want the best of chocolates take Urney  
every day;*

*If you want the best of Urney, then  
'TARA' sweetly say.*

*TARA'S made by Urney where the bills  
are looking down*

*On all the folks who love them in dear  
old Dublin Town.*





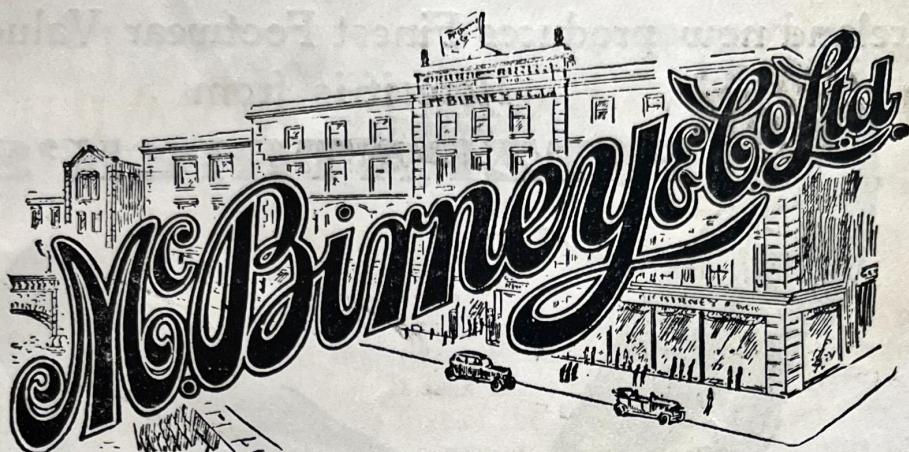
Αη τὰρ ἄν ιρ ἑερη  
ι νέιρην



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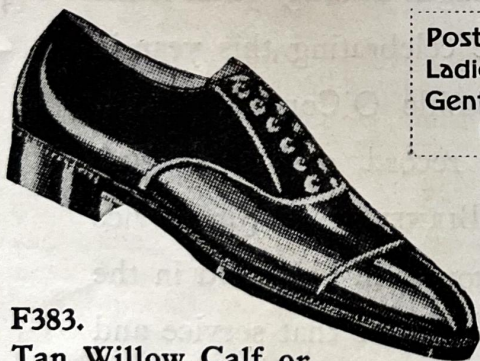
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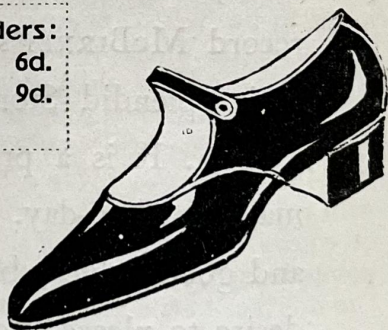


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# The Wolfe Tone Annual

JUNE, 1932

## THE TEACHING OF TONE

THE PURPOSE of *The Wolfe Tone Annual*, is to show the continuity of the Separatist Republican claim and tradition from 1798 to our own day. It was there before '98 of course—had been there since the day the first of the English robbers set foot on Irish soil—but Tone made it articulate for all the generations that were to come after him and take him as their guide. Through the cheering and shouting of the Monster Meetings held by Daniel O'Connell the spirit of '98 lived and throbbed and hoped ; it flashed up into a flame for a little while in 1848, and then was seemingly quenched ; but from its undying spark was lighted the Fenian fire that warmed the heart of Ireland in the 'Sixties and lived on through the strife and selfishness and intrigue of an ugly period when party politics held sway in the land, and it seemed as if the old call was never to be heeded again.

Out of the almost incredible national degradation of the 'Nineties a tiny glow of the old hidden fire showed itself, and there were a few faithful hearts waiting to fan it into a leaping flame again. Thank God for the faithful few to whom it was given to do that golden deed ! May their memory never die in Eirinn, may their story be told with pride and reverence when the day they toiled for and dreamed of comes to the land of their love ! They fanned the flame, they pointed out by the light of it the straight road of truth and honour and sacrifice to the men and women of our day. The world knows how bravely they walked that road, how proudly they went into the shadows to meet Tone and Emmet and Mitchel and Rossa and all the unselfish lovers of the past 130 years.

The lesson of it all is that the powerful and the mighty—the framers of coercive laws, the proprietors of dungeons and gibbets, the employers of spies and firing squads, the ambitious materialists who climb to power over their own youthful dreams and the corpses of their comrades—that they pass into oblivion with the coming and going of the years, while the names and the deeds and the memory of the poor, forsaken, defeated foolish ones whom they crushed and killed and cast into unmarked graves, grow brighter as the years go by until they glow like lamps in the darkness to guide the stumbling footsteps of their race, to give courage to the timid and hope to the despairing, and joy even to those who are called upon to walk the fearsome ways of death.



Great, wealthy, powerful ladies of 130 years ago have been long forgotten—their very names have disappeared from the earth—but the poor, unlettered girl, Anne Devlin, is remembered still with love and pride because of her loyalty to a forlorn hope, a lost cause! Those who stepped up to wealth and power by the stairs of “lawful” treachery, who became “respectable” citizens through the betrayal of their comrades are remembered only to be execrated, while their “felon” victims are enshrined for ever in the affections of the people whom they died to serve.

They perished for an imperishable cause, they died for an undying truth, they were degraded to be exalted for ever, and we can only truly honour them by accepting what they taught as the gospel of Irish Nationality. No class war was theirs, no party strife, no mean intrigue, no degrading compromise, but a God-like struggle for the spiritual and material welfare of their people, the emancipation of the down-trodden, the holy unity of the whole Irish Race for the complete independence of Ireland, the casting out of the tyrant and the robber, the restoration to the Irish people of all that was theirs by the gift of God.

That is why we honour every unselfish Separatist from Tone to Mellows, that is why we lift up their names and their deeds before the eyes of our young people, that is why we ask them to follow the teaching of the deathless dead until they win for this patient, faithful, unyielding land of ours the blessings of peace with freedom, of unity with honour.

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## IF TONE HAD LIVED

If TONE had lived, would he have compromised  
 To win the shadow of fair freedom's crown?  
 Or deigned to hug—well, say, a lighter chain?  
 Bid us, half-conquered, fling our weapons down?

Or gallant Emmet, gay and proud and young,  
 Have bowed his head in sorrow and in shame?  
 Would hope have failed the dear, dark Northern hills  
 Tho' part of his loved land was free—in name?

If Pearse had lived—? But why go down the years  
 Since Mother Ireland's heart is reft in two? . . .  
 But Tone and Emmet, Hope and Pearse are dead  
 And, Gaels, to-day, the answer lies with you!

*Nora Ni Chathain.*



## THE HOLIEST PLACE IN IRELAND

[*Padraic Pearse at Wolfe Tone's Grave, Sunday, 22nd June, 1913.*]

WE HAVE COME to the holiest place in Ireland—holier to us even than the sacred spot where Patrick sleeps in Down. Patrick brought us life, but this man died for us. And though many before him, and some since him, have died in testimony of the truth of Ireland's claim to nationhood, Wolfe Tone was the greatest of all that have made that testimony, the greatest of all that have died for Ireland, whether in old time or in new. He was the greatest of Irish Nationalists; I believe he was the greatest of Irish men. And if I am right in this I am right in saying that we stand in the holiest place in Ireland, for surely the holiest spot of a nation's soil is the spot where the greatest of her dead lies buried.

I feel it difficult to speak to you to-day—difficult to speak in this place. It is as if one had to speak by the graveside of some dear friend, a brother in blood or a well-tried comrade in arms, and to say aloud the things one would rather keep to oneself. But I am helped by the fact that you who listen to me partake in my emotion: we are none of us strangers, being all in a sense own brothers of Tone, sharing in his faith, sharing in his hope still unrealised, sharing in his great love. I have then only to find expression for the thoughts and emotions common to us all, and you will understand even if the expression be a halting one.

We have come here not merely to salute his noble dust and to pay our homage to the noble spirit of Tone. We have come to renew our adhesion to the faith of Tone; to express once more our full acceptance of the gospel of Irish Nationalism which he was the first to formulate in worthy terms, giving clear definition and plenary meaning to all that had been taught and thought before him by Irish-speaking or by English-speaking men: uttered half articulately by a Shane O'Neill in some defiance flung at the Englishry, expressed under some passionate metaphor by a Geoffrey Keating, hinted at by a Swift in some biting gibe, but clearly and greatly stated by Wolfe Tone, and not needing now ever to be stated anew for any new generation. He has spoken for all time, and his voice resounds throughout Ireland, calling on us from this grave when we wander astray following other voices that ring less true. This then is the first part of Wolfe Tone's achievement—he made articulate the dumb voices of the centuries, he gave Ireland a clear and precise and worthy concept of Nationality. But he did more than this. Not only did he define Irish Nationalism, but he armed his generation in defence of it. Thinker and doer, dreamer of the immortal dream and doer of the immortal deed, we owe to this dead man more than



we can ever repay him by making pilgrimages to his grave or by rearing to him the stateliest monument in the streets of his city. To his teaching we owe it that there is such a thing as Irish Nationalism, and to the memory of the deed he nerved his generation to do, to the memory of '98, we owe it that there is any manhood left in Ireland.

I have called him the greatest of our dead. In mind he was great above all the men of his time or of the after time; and he was greater still in spirit. It was to that nobly-dowered mind of his that Kickham, himself the most nobly-dowered of a later generation, paid reverence when he said:

“ Oh! knowledge is a wondrous power,  
And stronger than the wind;

And would to the kind heaven  
That Wolfe Tone were here to-day. ”

But greater than that full-orbed intelligence, that wide, gracious, richly-stored mind, was the mighty spirit of Tone. This man's soul was a burning flame—a flame so ardent, so generous, so pure, that to come into communion with it is to come unto a new baptism, unto a new regeneration and cleansing. If we who stand by this graveside could make ourselves at one with the heroic spirit that once breathed in this clay, could in some way come into loving contact with it, possessing ourselves of something of its ardour, its valour, its purity, its tenderness, its gaiety, how good a thing it would be for us, how good a thing for Ireland; with what joyousness and strength should we set our faces towards the path that lies before us, bringing with us fresh life from this place of death, a new resurrection of patriotic grace in our souls! Try to get near the spirit of Tone, the gallant soldier spirit, the spirit that dared and soared, the spirit that loved and served, the spirit that laughed and sang with the gladness of a boy. I do not ask you to venerate him as a saint; I ask you to love him as a man. For myself, I would rather have known this man than any man of whom I have ever heard or ever read. I have not read or heard of any who had more of heroic stuff in him than he; any that went so gaily and so gallantly about so great a deed; any who loved so well and who was so beloved. To have been this man's friend—what a privilege that would have been! I have always loved the very name of Thomas Russell because Tone so loved him. I do not think there has ever been a more true and loyal friend than Tone. He had for his friends an immense tenderness and charity; and now and then there breaks into what he is writing or saying a gust of passionate love for his wife, for his children. “ O my little babies! ” he exclaims. Ah yes, this man could love well; and it was from such love as this that he exiled himself, with such love as this crushed in his faithful heart that he became a weary but indomitable ambassador to courts and camps, with the memory of such love as this, with the little hands of his children



plucking at his heart-strings, that he lay down to die in that cell at Newgate. Such is the high and sorrowful destiny of the heroes—to turn their backs to the pleasant paths and their faces to the hard paths, to blind their eyes to the fair things of life, to stifle all sweet music in the heart, the low voices of women and the laughter of little children, and to follow only the far faint call that leads them into the battle or to the harder death at the foot of a gibbet.

Think of Tone. Think of his boyhood and young manhood in Dublin and Kildare, his adventurous spirit and plans, his early love and marriage, his glorious failure at the Bar, his healthy contempt for what he called “a foolish wig” and gown, and then—the call of Ireland. Think of how he put virility into the Catholic movement, how this “heretic” toiled to make freemen of Catholic helots; how, as he worked among them, he grew to know



and to love the real, the historic, Irish people, and the great clear sane conception came to him that in Ireland there must be not two nations or three nations, but one nation—that Protestant and Dissenter must be brought into amity with Catholic, and that Catholic, Protestant, and Dissenter must unite to achieve freedom for all. Then came the United Irishmen, and those journeys through Ireland—to Ulster and to Connacht—which, as described by him, read like epics infused with a kindly human humour. Soon the Government realises that this is the most dangerous man in Ireland—this man who preaches peace among brother Irishmen. It does not suit the Government that peace and goodwill between Catholic and Protestant should be preached in Ireland. So Tone goes into exile, having first pledged himself to the cause of Irish freedom on the Cave Hill above Belfast. From America to France—one of the great implacable exiles of Irish history, a second and a greater Fitzmaurice, one might say of him as the poet said of Sarsfield :

“*‘A’s roéanam do gearáin leis na ríochtib  
‘S gur fás tú Éire is faeóil boct’ claoiríte, oc, ocón!’*”

But it was no “complaint” that Tone made to foreign rulers and foreign senates, but wise and bold counsel that he gave them—wise



because bold. A French fleet ploughs the waves and enters Bantry Bay, Tone on board. We know the sequel—how the fleet tossed about for days on the broad bosom of the Bay, how the craven in command refused to make a landing because his Commander-in-Chief had not come up, how Tone's heart was torn with impatience and yearning ; he saw his beloved Ireland—could see the houses and the people on shore ; how the fleet set sail, that deed undone that would have freed Ireland. It is the supreme tribute to the greatness of this man that after that cruel disappointment he set to work again, unconquerable. Two more expeditions, a French and a Dutch, were fitted out for Ireland, but never reached Ireland. Then at last Tone came himself. He had said he would come, if need be, with only a corporal's guard. He came with very little more. Three small ships enter Lough Swilly ; the English meet them ; Tone's vessel fights, Tone commanding one of the guns. For six hours she stood alone against the whole English fleet. What a glorious six hours for Tone ! A battered hulk, the vessel strikes. Tone, betrayed by a friend, is dragged to Dublin, and condemned to a traitor's death. Then the last scene in Newgate, and Tone lies dead, the greatest of the men of '98. To this spot they bore him, and here he awaits the judgment ; and we stand at his graveside and remember that his work is still unaccomplished after more than a hundred years.

When men come to a graveside they pray ; and each of us prays here in his heart. But we do not pray for Tone. Men who die that their people may be free have no need for prayer. We pray for Ireland that she may be free, and for ourselves that we may live to free her. O my brothers, were it not an unspeakable privilege if to our generation it should be granted to accomplish that which Tone's generation, so much worthier than ours, failed to accomplish ! And let us make no mistake as to what Tone sought to do, what it remains for us to do. We need not re-state our programme. Tone has stated it for us : " To break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denomination of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—these were my means." I find here all the philosophy of Irish Nationalism—all the teaching of the Gaelic League and the later prophets. To that programme we declare our adhesion anew, pledging ourselves as Tone pledged himself—and in this sacred place, by this graveside, let us not pledge ourselves unless we mean to keep our pledge. We pledge ourselves to follow in the steps of Tone, never to rest either by day or by night until his work be accomplished, deeming it the proudest of all privileges to fight for freedom, fighting not in despondency but in great joy, hoping for the victory in our day, but fighting on whether victory seem near or far, never lowering our ideal, never bartering one jot or tittle of our birthright, holding faith to the memory



and the inspiration of Tone, and accounting ourselves base as long as we endure the evil thing against which he testified with his blood.

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## IRELAND SPEAKS

**I** HAVE known the joy of Springtime :  
Ecstasy  
Of passion-dreams astir, wild hopes returning,  
Life sprung from death upon a wine-clear morning  
From winter free.

I have known the Summer's splendour :  
Known its bloom,  
Seen the mellow harvest ripening for the reaping—  
Eager hopes that held no thought of blight or weeping,  
Or hov'ring gloom.

And I know the grief of Autumn  
And its pain,  
The crimson trees, as if with blood bespattered,  
The rustling, drifted leaves, hopes faded, scattered,  
The tearful rain.

Draws near another Winter—  
I had hoped  
Never to know again his chilling fingers,  
His freezing kiss, the blighting frost that lingers  
Where he has stopped.

And yet I know  
That I shall live—that Spring again shall waken  
Each leaf-stripped tree, and all the land forsaken,  
And Summer flame for e'er in blazing glory,  
Ending my sorrow's oft-repeated story :  
God wills it so!

EIBHLIN DE PAOR.

**B**EAUTIFUL CLOTH BADGES, with Silhouette of  
TONE, may be had at 2/- per doz. from  
WOLFE TONE WEEK COMMITTEE, 16 Parnell  
Square, Dublin.



## DÓCAS JAEOEAL.

“Tír boct, buaiðearcta is uaigneac céasta ;  
tír san comctrom do boctaið le déanam,” a scríob  
an file fadó, agus d’aoinne ná tuigeanann go dtágtann  
an lá i gcomnuirde taréis na hoirde d’imteact,  
tá Éire com las traoceta inoiu is mar a bí sí an  
uair sin. Ac níl ; tá dream in Éirinn fós go  
bpuil an dócas a mair sa Jaedéal tré sac anaite  
na scroirde aca ; tá gasraí as obair annso agus  
annsó ar fuio na héireann cun misneac banban  
do mūscailt arís. Tá siad ad’ iarraio croirde  
agus spioraio agus meanma Jaedéal do tógaint  
arís agus do cur ar an mbótar díreac cun  
laeteanta geala na saoirse do tabairt tar n-ais  
cuḡainn. Tá a fíos againn ná fuil indorcadas na  
linne seo ac an oirde taréis an lae ḡil, lá geal  
na saoirse nuair a bí Éire go léir as troio i  
gcoinnib na namad iasaceta. Ac sar a raib an  
saoirse san slán againn do loit an mí-foirne sinn,  
agus dein cuio againn iarract ar í sroisint trío  
an aic-ḡiorra, ac is amlaio a cuaðmar amuða.  
Ac éireocairo spioraio na saoirse arís agus má’s  
fiú sinn é, beio Éire slán ó baogal sar a n-iompócaiio  
aoinne dá clainn ar cambótar na lúbaireaceta agus  
an fill.

Tá spioraio na saoirse in Éirinn fé látair, ac  
tá sé mar a beao síol fé’n scré, tá sé as fuireac  
leis an earrac agus an samrao cun éirige agus  
fás. Bimis ullam nuair a tiocpairo an t-earrac  
arís, nuair imteocairo doracadas an saoirse atá  
ar Éirinn fé látair agus nuair a beio caoi againn  
an fírinne do cur ’na luige ar Jaedéalaib, agus  
an bréas mór atá a ndallaio fé látair do noctaio.  
Agus cao é an deimín atá againn go n-éireocairo  
an spioraio san arís, cao as a tagann an dócas  
atá againn fé látair, le linn Éireann beic go las,  
céasta, leac-marb ? Uairo seo a tagann an dócas  
láioir atá ’nár scroiróciob. An fuil a doortaio agus  
na mairtíris a cuireao cun báis ar crann na



CROÍCE, AR PÁIRC AN ÉATA, AGUS I SCOINNIÚ AN FÁLLA  
 I GCLÓS PRIOSÚN. UATA SO A ÉAGANN AN DÓCAS  
 LÁIDIR. CUIMNIGMIÚ AR GAC AON TRÁT SO RAIB ÉIRE  
 LAS TRAOCÉTA ROIMIS SEO, AGUS CIONNUS MAR PRÉAMUIG  
 SÍOL NA SAOIRSE ARÍS AS FUIL NA MAIRTÍREAC. NUAIR  
 A INNSTEAR DÚINN I DTAOB NA NAOMH A CUIREAD CÚN  
 BÁIS AR SON AN ÉREIDIM DÍADÁ, CUIMNIGMIÚ AR NA  
 GAEDIL A CUIREAD CÚN BÁIS AR SON CREIDIM NÁISIÚNTA  
 GAEDÉAL, AGUS IS MÓ AN BORRAD A CUIREANN SÉ 'NÁR  
 GCRÓIDÉIB MAR BÍ AITHE AGAINN FÉIN AR NA MAIRTÍRIS  
 SEO, IS MINIC A BÍOMAR AG CAINNTE LEO, AGUS IS  
 MINIC A BÍMIÚ AG CAINNTE LEO, CÉ SO BPUIL A GCRÓP  
 FÉ'N GCRÉ.

MAR SIN BÍMIS LÁIDIR, SEASAMAC, AGUS DÓCASAC,  
 MAR TÁ FUIL NAOMHTA AR MAIRTÍREAC AG CABRÚ LINN,  
 CONGNAM NÁR TEIP AR AON CUIS ARIAM.

BÍOD SO BPUIL BRISEAD AGUS BRISEAD EILE FÓS  
 RÓMAINN, CAITFEAR AGAIR DÓ ÉADAIRT AR AN GCAÉ ARÍS  
 AGUS ARÍS EILE. NÓ SO MBRISTEAR SA DEIREAD AR  
 GALLAIB BEIR GÁBÁD LE BUIDIN GAEDÉAL LE DUL SA  
 MBERNAIN BAOGAIL.—PÁDRAIG MAC PIARAIS.

P. H. PEARSE.



BORN in Dublin, 1880. At an early age  
 the call of Eire came to him, and he set  
 himself to learn the language of his Mother-  
 land. Those who still draw inspiration from  
 his beautiful books know how well he  
 accomplished his task. In Easter Week his  
 pupils of St. Enda's School, The Hermitage,  
 Rathfarnham, insisted on following him into  
 the fight. He was Commandant-General  
 of the Irish Republican Army and first  
 President of the Republic. His noble life  
 was given for Ireland on 3rd May, 1916.  
 "It is idle to try to praise Pádraic Mac  
 Piarais. His greatness is unknown to us yet.  
 The years will praise him and show to all

men the nobility of his life and the magnificence of his deed."



# WHY SEEK INDEPENDENCE

BY W. F. P. STOCKLEY

“If Irishmen were only more like other people.” (A saying of England’s Poet Laureate, the late Dr. Bridges.)

**T**WO CHARGES are made against normal Irishmen who claim independence for their country. One charge is, that Irishmen trouble about the passing politics of this world, and forget that they are but part of

“the rabid, blind.

And fleeting generations of mankind.”

The other charge is, that Irishmen stand for a fighting world, and are a hindrance to world peace.

No mad charges, these ; if made against all the children of Adam, at many moments, under many circumstances, during the stress of their strivings for the needful, and in the hour of their death.

“That we shall die, we know ; ’tis but the time and drawing days out that men stand upon.”

And it will be all the same in a hundred years. It will ; and it won’t. For they shall be judged by the deeds done in the body. Still, in a hundred years, this generation shall, indeed, have fled by Time. And what is the conclusion ? That mortal Peoples should not care whether they are to be independent, or to be under Russia or Germany ? Not at all. That Belgium, being a small nation, should not be so presuming as to claim independence ? Oh, no. Nor that Italy should not be united in itself. Nor that Germany and France should not fear mutual destructive invadings. None of these total indifferences to mundane affairs are the conclusions Irishmen are to draw, when men forget not their mortality. The conclusion, by the preachers and teachers of a dependent, exploited, partitioned Ireland is, that there is one exception to any country’s seeking to be itself in this world, and to develop the distinctive life of its sons and daughters, during their passage through this vale of tears and joy ; and that exception, of course, is the land God gave to Irishmen ; if He may be said to have given lands to any of the peoples of the earth. Certainly, men and Irishmen do not need to be recalled to this world ; and so *consurrexistis cum Christo, quae sursum sunt quaerite, ubi Christus est in dextera Dei sedens ; quae sursum sunt rapite, non quae super terram*. Common sense joins with common Christianity in scorning a life of feasts and games ; and no one need wonder that saints, scorning delights, have left, altogether, the things of the world ; nor that Catholic missionaries may be indifferent to national questions, or may put those questions in a place below questions of a soul’s salvation. Who can wonder at the self-immolating, and the mystically-spiritual ; when he sees how this world goes, and when



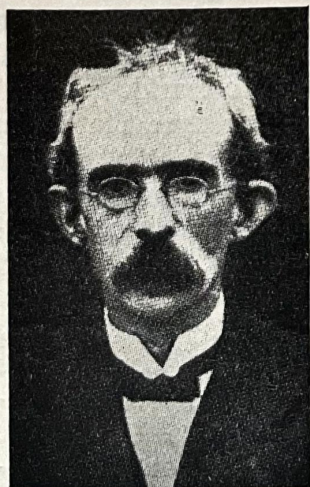
he sees, at all, into the life of things? Perhaps as many in Ireland as anywhere else, hear the call to be "perfect." "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor; and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." But Irish saints, ascetics, hermits, or mystics, neither do, nor did, judge their neighbours, and say that Irishmen in the world must neglect and ignore their country's worldly affairs. The judgment passed on the world in Ireland, is the judgment to be passed on the world at large. Our Lord wept over His Jerusalem, in love for it; though His mourning were for the folly of its sin, rather than for its slavery under any State. His Doctor Thomas, who spoke so well of Him, places love of country as among the good endowments of a human being. He would include, as such, an Irishman.

That is all we say. A truce to this hypocrisy; or to this cowardice; or to this dull indifference; or to this thoughtless simpering, or else to this malicious cruelty; which tells an Irishman only, that to have his spiritual senses he must shrug his mortal shoulders at making much of his native land. His true Irish instinct is, to feel no clashing between that Fatherland and his Faith. In wondrous ways we ourselves have seen, down to our own day, the true hearted and the brave, yet the simple in mind, and the unskilled in logic and speech, give up their youth, and lay down their life, for things that seemed to them in no wise opposed—God and Ireland.

Yet, I have heard stupid sermons by clever men, scoffing at young Irishmen's enthusiasm for Ireland, this spot in a vanishing sphere. It is. So is every other land. Wherefore, that is all very fine (to repeat); if—"much virtue in 'If'"—if you said the same to men of other

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### THOMAS J. CLARKE.



BORN in Dungannon. Joined the Fenian Movement when a boy, and spent sixteen years in an English prison after his arrest in England in 1881. As he has told in his Prison Memoirs, he and his companions (some of whom were killed, others driven insane), were in constant warfare with their unscrupulous jailers during all that time. When released, Tom Clarke simply resumed his activities, and only ceased to strive for Ireland's freedom when he was shot at dawn on 3rd May, 1916. In heart and soul and mind he was a Fenian, who never for a moment bent the knee to Ireland's enemy, or despaired of Ireland's ultimate victory.



nations. But priests did not so speak to Belgians, anxious to get rid of Germans, in their day and hour ; though those particular Germans and those particular Belgians are fast disappearing now into eternity. Priests have even fought for present-day France, and gloried in the compulsion. And pious priests, at that. What wild, but gallant, heroism in the Spanish priests, a century since, who led their guerilla bands against the French conquerors and oppressors of Spain. There were Irish priests, in Ninety-Eight anyway, who

“ rose in dark and evil days  
To right their native land.”

Let the same measure be meted to them as is meted to all, We all, truly—but ours just as another—need to be reminded, that things that are not seen are eternal.

And now, if normal-feeling Irish, priests or people, are freed from this charge of worldliness ; (as if other-worldliness, in all its exclusiveness, was to be the only state of mind and life of which the Irish should not be ashamed) ; yet there remains this second charge, that these normal Irish, seeking independence, as other nations seek it, are keeping up a war spirit, and are a menace to the world's peace. But it will not do, this attempt to force Irishmen to be the one exception in the world, that justice and that acknowledgement of universal rights—if, for anyone, there be any right except might—by which acknowledgement only, any real world peace can be assured. The very mouths that preach this hushing up to the Irish national conscience, called out loud for Irishmen to go and die in war for Belgium, a small nation, an invaded nation ; yet a new nation, and a nation prospering materially under the invaders. That same Belgium celebrated two years ago its hundredth birthday of freedom. It has to ask for no confirmation of its parliament's acts from the head of the German State, or of the French. Its law courts' decisions have no appeal against them in Berlin or in Paris. It has no Governor, in the name of any foreign Prince. No bit of Belgium sends out representatives to other countries, to be there received, only on condition that they be commissioned by some other Kingdom, Empire, or Republic. Belgium's flag flies all over the world. Belgium is free. The flag of a bit of Ireland, England's Irish Free State, can fly nowhere ; the English flag must fly from every boat of it ; no more can the “ State's ” representatives be received, except as emissaries of the English King. The whole thing, for Acts of Parliament, for laws, for flags and officials, for forced partition in peace, and holding of ports by the enemy, and fortifying great bases for the enemy's troops on land ; and for obligation to hand over everything in its territory in time of war ; have no more to do with independence and freedom. as understood by all mankind, than has the chain-clanking of a house-dog with the roaming of his mountain-free cousin ; or the prancing of a whipped circus horse with the thundering of the hoofs of wild horses on the plains.

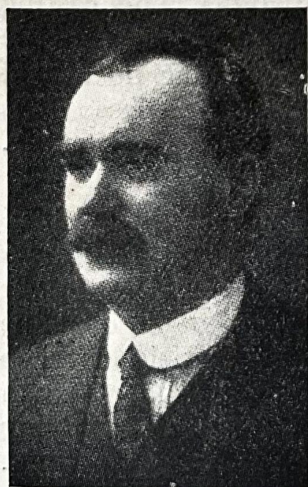


Not to be like such an Ireland, or any bit of such an Ireland, Belgium fought. And almost under the leadership of a cardinal ; whom men speak of as a saint, devoted, but devout and full of charity. But when Ireland, too, rose, in 1916, the late Bishop of Ross preached in his cathedral to his people, who, he felt, should not dare to make a Belgic fight, seeing that Irishmen should have nothing to do with such great matters as freedom. Only Irishmen, they are ; and they must bear everlastingly, the mark of slaves. But fat slaves, they could make themselves. Grow better crops, said their practical pastor ; work harder, said that their wise guide ; measure the seasons, watch the heavens for the weather-signs ; but look not to be free ; though you should, of course, be holy. And this good bishop himself—so I was told, by a priest intimate, who had given up spending his holidays in Bishop Kelly's house, out of such nation-crushing as came thence—used to lead a life of seminary-like religious regularity ; rising at five, meditating, saying his Mass, occupying himself with much more than the carrots and corn, on which the world judged his mind to be set. No wonder, if it so judged ; for Erin go bread-and-cheese seemed the text of so much of this bishop's discoursing.

Exception for Ireland. What would Cardinal Mercier have said to anyone who advised him that his bishoply duty was to tell his Belgians not to raise their eyes from their spade and hoe, nor at all care to note that any German soldier was passing by ? Ireland an exception. Irishmen, pariahs in their Ireland. Then fleeing from it—many do so flee—because they are thereby shamed and discouraged ; if they are not indignant in their human fury, and thereafter often burning out into cynics and egotists. The memory of young men, of this sort, of young men, that such shaming has crushed or has cast out of

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### JAMES CONNOLLY.



BORN in County Monaghan in 1876. After many years spent abroad he came home to organise Irish labour, and succeeded to such an extent that he was able to lead a Citizen Army into the Rising of Easter Week. He was the greatest leader of Labour Ireland has ever known, and was intensely National in thought and outlook. He was still suffering from the wound received in action when he was carried out and shot at dawn on 12th May, 1916. " I will say a prayer for all brave men who do their duty," were his last words when asked by a doctor to pray for him. No braver, truer man has ever lived.



Ireland, would bring hardest hearts to weep, and bow most thoughtless minds to wonder, if not to pray.

Another Irish bishop preached in his cathedral, that "You are not a nation." Presumably, the opposing England was a nation; though, as the Englishman, Belloc, reminds men, in 1930 (*Melbourne Advocate*, March 13) "twelve hundred years ago there was no such nation as England; though there was such a nation as Ireland." (Yet Belloc, too, sets down deluded if not deluthering stuff about Ireland having now got independence.) "You cannot make yourself a nation by calling yourself a nation," said this disinherited bishop, forgetful of his nation's past, and having within him the mere inheritance of the beating of his people, and the acceptance of its final defeat, nay of its nothingness. (Even certain mere colonies in America once called themselves a nation, and fought to be so.) But fancy, if such a word were said in a cathedral of a hundred-year-old Belgium! Of a Poland! Of a Holland, about as big as Belgium; that is, as Munster! Or of a newer nation; of an England, of a Germany! There is only one explanation of how such things can be pulpited in Ireland, and that explanation, said a brave priest to me (whose freedom-fighting brother the English murdered), is this: Ireland has not been a free nation. Many of her sons, therefore, have not been suckled free—even in thought and desire.

Peace. Yes. But Justice. Belgium fights. She is right. Poland, too. And other little peoples, unheard of for ages. William Tell made an ambush, and killed the Austrian governor of his Switzerland. He is a world hero; and England gives books on his heroism to inflame English youths for the freedom of small nations not under England. A chapel is built to Tell's honour; he is nearer canonized than excommunicate. William Wallace, as Burns sings, cried, that subjection of Scotland to England, were "chains and slavery"; "let us do or die." And Wallace, that Catholic martyr, is a glory, even to Scotland, a province. But so is Emmet—and more so—to fighting Ireland. So is Owen Roe O'Neill. So is Tone. So is Pearse. So is McSwiney. So is Liam Mellows, So is Cathal Brugha. This casting out of Ireland, because she fights and would fight, as others are praised and gloried in for their fighting, is an act showing no love of just peace, but is mere slave-mindedness, or thoughtlessness; it is injustice, and is therefore blind; it is unbelief, and is therefore folly.

### MICHAEL MALLIN.

MICHAEL MALLIN was a Commandant in the Citizen Army and was in charge in the St. Stephen's Green area. He fought as a true patriot should ever fight, clean and unflinchingly, and when the end came he went to his death in the spirit of a Christian and an Irishman. His last message to his wife and young family is one of the most human and poignant documents ever bequeathed to the world by a dying man. Just before the fatal volley was fired he was heard to exclaim: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."



IN OLD FRESCATI

[THE HOME OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD]

IN OLD FRESCATI I have often dreamt,  
In the purple glow of the evening's hour,  
Of one who lingered in that garden fair  
And planned his deeds of magnitude and pow'r.  
Him, can I see where honey-suckle trails  
Its fragrant blossoms on the rustic arch,  
And think of how, while tending bud and flower,  
Within his soul he heard a nation's march.

In old Frescati fled the silver years,  
Like music of bird and the hum of bee,  
The loveliest days Frescati knew—  
For it whispered its secrets deep to me—  
Till the parting came, and a happy pair  
To that sweet, old place had to say good-bye ;  
To seek a nest 'mid the Wicklow trees,  
A nest that was crushed in the by and by.

In the quietude of this olden place,  
His gentle Pamela ever by his side,  
And tender, little children laughing free,  
He dwelt with beauty in life's summer-tide—  
O, sweetness of the ties of home and love,  
O, vision that has stirred men to the heart—  
From pleasures such as these he must go forth,  
His country calls : he glories in his part.

From his happy home went that gallant soul  
Out on his keeping to await the fight—  
The vipers and the bloodhounds on his track—  
In Newgate prison in his pride and might  
He died for Ireland on a Junetide day,  
The greatest man of all his noble line.  
Within our country's heart forever more  
Is shrined the mem'ry of that Geraldine!

*Lilian M. Nally.*

*VISITORS TO DUBLIN are cordially  
invited to visit Sinn Fein Headquarters,  
16 Parnell Square*



# WOMEN OF THE REPUBLIC

BY CAIT NI DHUIBHIR

NOT one short article but many volumes would be needed to tell the proud story of all the women, great and humble, gifted and unlettered, who have enshrined the cause of Ireland's freedom within the recesses of their loyal hearts, and borne for it anguish and loss, sorrow and misery and torture untold. Their names are not blazoned forth, because in their humility and unselfishness they shrank from the light of publicity, and thousands of them will never be heard of in this world, but in the eternal records of the virtues of patriotism and devotion to duty surely the story of their lives are written in letters of gold.

One of the finest chapters in Terence MacSwiney's *Principles of Freedom* is that one on "Womanhood," in which he holds up as a model for the women of Ireland the heroic wife of Wolfe Tone. When we think of her loyalty not alone to Tone himself, but to the immortal things for which he lived and died we are, says MacSwiney, "proud of our land and her people; our nerves are firm and set; our hearts cry out for action; we are not weeping, but burning for the Cause. How little we know of this heroic woman. We are in some ways familiar with Tone, his high character, his genial open nature, his daring, his patience, his farsightedness, his judgment—in spirit tireless and indomitable; a man peerless among his fellows. But he had yet one compeer: there was one nature that matched his to depth and height of its greatness—that nature was a woman's, and the woman was Wolfe Tone's wife."

High praise that from one who was so searching, so critical, so candid, so honest in giving his opinion; but it was all deserved, and scores, hundreds of other valiant women of the Republic deserved it as fully. Who can think of Anne Devlin, the servant and friend and confidante of Robert Emmet, baynoted, half-hanged, tempted by bribes, flung into a foul dungeon by demons in human form in a vain attempt to make her reveal the things she knew about Emmet, who can think of her without feeling an almost overwhelming throb of pride in his heart, and a fierce glow of exultation run through all his being as the conviction leaps up that the Cause which commanded such devotion can never be killed!

How many a mother there was in 1798 and in the years that followed who, like the mother of Willie Neilson had to live after she had looked upon the murdered body of her boy as it swung to and fro in the mocking sunlight outside her cottage door! How many a one there was—thank God for it—like her of whom "Eva" of



*The Nation* tells us—the mother who was tempted to urge her son to save his own life through betrayal of his comrades. Standing beside the gallows she beats down the yearning for him that is in her heart and speaks :

“ I have no one but you in the whole world wide,  
Yet false to your pledge you'd ne'er stand by my side ;  
If a traitor you lived, you'd be further away  
From my heart than, if true, you were wrapped in the clay.

Oh ! deeper and darker the mourning would be  
For your falsehood so base, than your death proud and free ;  
Dearer, far dearer, than ever to me,  
My darling, you'll be on the brave gallows tree ! ”

There were scores of such incidents in '98, and all the generations since then have seen the same brave sacrifice made by the mothers and sisters and wives and sweethearts of soldiers who were called upon to die for the honour and the freedom of Ireland. In our own day we have seen them—those sacrifices that can never be measured by the human mind—and at thought of them our hearts fill high with pride and hope and joy, for such brave and willing sacrifices are the unpolluted sources from which a Nation renews its youth, and a cause gathers strength and inspiration for the morrow.

Give honour unstinted to the women who cheered on the soldiers of freedom in every generation—to “ Eva ” and “ Mary ” and “ Speranza ” of *The Nation* ; to Ellen O'Leary and Fanny Parnell ; to Ethna Carbery and Alice Milligan, who sent out the old undying

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SEAN McDERMOTT.



THE most lovable and most beloved of the gallant band of martyrs who gave their lives for Ireland in glorious '16. Born in Co. Leitrim. From his earliest years all his actions were directed towards the attainment of her freedom. “ The cause for which I die has been rebaptised during the past week in the blood of as good men as ever trod God's earth, and should not I feel justly proud to be numbered amongst them ? ” he wrote on the eve of his execution, which took place on 12th May, 1916. “ The memory of such a man as Sean McDermott can never die.”



message through the lips of *The Shan Van Vochth* in the dark days of the 'Nineties ; and to Dora Sigerson who sang of the men of Easter Week, 1916, and whose heart broke in exile with the weight of sorrow which came upon it after 1921. And there are many others, lesser known, who lighted lamps of faith and courage and hope for the men of Ireland in the dark night when their hearts would falter and despair. In the brave struggle made at Easter, 1916, no man was braver than the women and girls—"the soldiers of Cumann na mBan"—who were not content to cheer the men on from a distance, but went into the fight with them, braving all the dangers and hardships of that glorious time and the rigours of the years of strife and torture and imprisonment which followed it, right down to our own day. What sacrifices they have made the world will never know ; but the future has been safeguarded, and the old ideal preserved, and the old hope kept glowing and undimmed by the unselfishness, the comradeship, the valour and the courage of the women of the Republic of Ireland!

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### CASEMENT

BY TERESA BRAYTON

THEY took the title from his name,  
 That paltry gift of Britain's hand,  
 Nor saw a laurel wreath aflame  
 For him to-day in every land ;  
 They stood him on a gallows tree  
 With eyes blindfolded from the light,  
 Nor saw, down all the years to be,  
 His soul a sword for truth and right.

They hanged him high in Pentonville,  
 Uncoffined there his ashes lie,  
 A mound of dust that may not thrill  
 To sun or shade, to sea or sky.  
 But somewhere, far beyond our ken,  
 O'er awful vistas yet unrolled,  
 That dust shall spring to fighting men  
 As sprang the dragon's teeth of old.

A Galahad of stainless name,  
 A knight unstained midst wrong and strife,  
 Their lies could not besmirch his fame,  
 Their rope could never end his life.  
 Their gallows was a pedestal  
 Lifting him up for all to see  
 How Irishmen yet fight and fall  
 And die for Ireland's liberty.

[Continued on page 28.]



# THE MIND OF EMMET

BY PADRAIC PEARSE.

EMMET HAS BEEN accepted as the type of youthful enthusiasm. Rather he should be accepted as the type of virile thought. He has been remembered for a splendid gesture, for a splendid word. Rather he should be remembered for a large and statesmanlike national programme. He has been commemorated as the perfect hero, the man who turned his back on all sweetness and graciousness of life in order to die ; and it is right that he should be so commemorated, for he did this heroic thing. But he should also be commemorated as a deep and far-seeing revolutionary, the man who deliberately adopted not only revolutionary aims but also revolutionary means to their attainment, in contradistinction to others who have sought to achieve revolution by the ordinary political means of the platform and the Press. Emmet sought what the Young Irelanders sought, but he sought it in a more direct and adequate manner. He failed in his immediate object, but not so disastrously as the Young Irelanders failed.

It is because Emmet was a secret revolutionary, working by secret revolutionary methods, that we have no worthy expression of him. Like the Fenians, he remains silent, or almost silent, in political literature. The Meaghers and the Duffys have said much more than he. In his speech from the dock we get a glimpse, but only a glimpse, of his soul ; in the Proclamation and draft Decrees of his Provisional Government we get a more satisfying glimpse of his mind. The Proclamation and the Decrees are documents of primary importance in the history of political ideas. With Tone's Autobiography they remain the chief texts which Irish revolutionaries have to study. Their thought is mature ; the polity that they develop is sound ; their plans are practicable and adequate.

Emmet's mind was, in fact, the most powerful mind that has been in Irish revolutionary politics since Tone's. Like Tone, he had true vision ; and, like Tone and all other true visionaries, he had essential sanity. He was not blinded by the glory of the vision he saw ; the great realities were very real to him. He saw clearly that one must march to freedom through bloodshed ; that national freedom connotes personal freedom ; that the people are the nation ; that " property " has no rights as against the people ; that all " right," politically speaking, springs from the people's will.

As to Emmet's ability in execution we are not in a position to judge. His plans crumbled. How far that crumbling was due to some defect in his leadership and how far to the irony of circumstances, who shall say ? His Deed failed of its immediate object ; his Thought remains. And if his Deed did not accomplish the greatest thing, it accomplished the second greatest : it redeemed Ireland from acquiescence in her own perpetual dethronement. Had she not been so redeemed then, it would be difficult for us even to think of re-establishing her now.



EAMON CEANNT.



BORN in Galway in 1882. Educated in Dublin, he threw himself wholeheartedly into the language fight, and became a well-known figure at all Gaelic League gatherings. Always calm, cool, self-possessed, gentle and kind, he was so at the last moment when, after a brave fight, he stood before the firing squad on the morning of 8th May, 1916. Never did a man more intensely sincere stand in the *bearna baoghail* of Ireland's hopes and fears, and his memory shall be an inspiration to true patriots for all time.

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IRELAND OVER ALL

BY COMMANDANT EAMON CEANNT

**I**RELAND, Ireland 'fore the wide world,  
Ireland, Ireland over all!  
When we fight we'll fight for Ireland,  
Answer only Ireland's call ;  
Plain and mountain, rock and ocean,  
From the Shannon to the sea.  
Ireland, Ireland 'fore the wide world,  
Ireland one and Ireland free!

Ireland's land and Ireland's Nation,  
Ireland's faith and hope and song,  
Irishmen will yet redeem them  
From the foreign tyrant throng ;  
Ireland's homes and Ireland's hillsides  
Shall be freed from slavery ;  
Ireland, Ireland 'fore the wide world,  
Ireland one and Ireland free!

Unity and right and freedom  
For our Irish Fatherland,  
Strive we all we may secure them,  
Strive we all with heart and hand.  
Be our aim, then, God defending,  
Right, eternal liberty ;  
Ireland, Ireland 'fore the wide world,  
Ireland one and Ireland free.



## Wolfe tone.

**T**íobóir Wolfe Tone an fear do b'fearr de Šaeóealaib ná de Šall-Šaeóealaib dár ſeineadó riam i nÉirinn. Do bí baramla as Wolfe Tone nac bpuil asainne. Níorb' ionann creideam do-san agus dúinne. Is minic adeirtear guró' ainríostairde Wolfe Tone. Níorb' eadó. Do creio sé i nDia agus níor labair riam focal, go bpuos dúinne, ná níor scríob riam focal as a dtuigfidhe nac Críostairde é. Is iontuigte as šac ar scríob sé, go mór-mór as an méir do scríob sé ós íseal le hašair a mná féin gur creio go dionšmálta i nDia agus i n-íosa Críost a Mac. Is píor nár lean sé do'n creideam dá leanann furmór Šaeóeal. Is píor go raib droc-muinigin aige as cléir na hÉireann, roir Šaeóil agus Šall, le n-a linn féin, agus b'féidir nár milleán air é sin. Is dóca gur píor nár milleán air é sin. Is dóca gur píor nár muinigin leis clíar o'don tsasas. Ní tšimíó leis san mí-muinigin sin. Ní tšimíó leis i roinn eile dá tšairimib. Aét cromaimíó ár ſceann agus feacaimíó ar nglún ina fíadónuise, agus ſoirimíó é tšar ar síolruigeadó de deaš-pearraib annso ó dealbadó Éire, ar mórdaét a anma, ar doimneáct a inntleácta, ar méir a fíoirítine do clannaib Šaeóeal. Ní beadó Éire ann indiu muna mbeadó an fear sin. A cúinne sin agus a tšasasc sin do coingbíg beo go nuige seo i.

Ní raib de tšaoiseac ná de tšreorairde as Šaeóealaib riam ó tšaét do na Normánačairde fear do b'iončurta le Wolfe Tone aét doó Ó Néill. Aét ba mó o'fear Wolfe Tone ioná. doó Ó Néill. Do b'fírinniſe o'fear é. Ba glaine o'fear é. Ba neartmaire o'fear é. Neart, glaine, agus fírinne trí buadó an tsár-laoic. "Neart in ár lámairde, fírinne in ár oteangtaib, agus glaine in ár ſcroiódairde." Agus do b'uachtmar i doimneáct inntleácta Wolfe Tone agus do b'ionſantac i ſéire a intinne. Do tšis sé dála Šaeóeal agus cúrsaí Šall go hiomlán. Do b'é an céadó duine do tšis ina ſceart iadó. Is é tšis léargus agus solus ar an ſcúis sin dá o'táinig ina d'airde.

—An Píarsac.



# MAYNOOTH AT BODENSTOWN

BY FATHER EUGENE O'GROWNEY

THE FOLLOWING is an extract from an article describing a visit of Maynooth Students to Wolfe Tone's grave, from the pen of Father O'Growney, the great pioneer in the struggle for the revival of the Irish language. It was written when he was a student at Maynooth, and appeared in the *United Irishman*, November 26, 1901 :

"The graveyard would remind one a good deal of Drumsnat. On the north side a low wall separates it from the road. Round the other sides there is a thick old hedge of hawthorns. Like Drumsnat, the place enclosed has become a little mountain of human clay. Near its centre stands the ivy-covered ruin of a church. For centuries no vested priest has prayed there; no *sagart* has taught his flock within its walls. Yet many a proud cathedral avenue shall be grass-grown before a blade is seen upon the rugged pathway of sheltered masonry that leads to the ruined church of Bodenstown. The path stops not at the doorway of the ruin, but guides you round the outside to its southern side. The grave is close along the wall, and parallel to it, stretching from east to west. In death as in life Tone's face is towards the foe and towards the morning sunburst. The overhanging ivy from the wall spreads out in dark luxuriance to canopy the hero's dust.

"How I love that old ivy, the mantle which God wraps in pity round the ruins that chronicle the weakness of the works of man! Its proud dark solemn green is Nature's grandest, tenderest garland for the brow of majesty that lives no more. Thou art indeed all beauty and all tenderness, O Lord ! I thank Thee for that ivy which clothes our ruined churches and the dwellings of our dead. Compared with it, all human monuments of grief but grate upon the senses as harsh and showy and unreal. Truly, there is a proudness and tenderness and majesty of deep and silent eloquence in this dark evergreen that hangs above the dust of Wolfe Tone which fits him better, and speaks a nobler story to those who gaze upon it than stone or marble can ever tell. So, even in the day when "Ireland a Nation shall build him a tomb" stately and beautiful enough to show the greatness of the man and the gratitude of the people whom he served, even then I would leave that ivied ruin to shade his grave.

"The spot is guarded round and overhead by a plain iron railing. A rude stone, standing upright, marks the head of the grave, which is covered by a slab. . . . When I saw the grave my first impulse was to kneel and pray. But others followed close behind me. Alone, I would have prayed and wept ; as it was, I hesitated ; in a moment many others were beside me, and then I hadn't courage to do my wish. Nobody knelt. 'Does no one pray for him?' I asked the Dean,

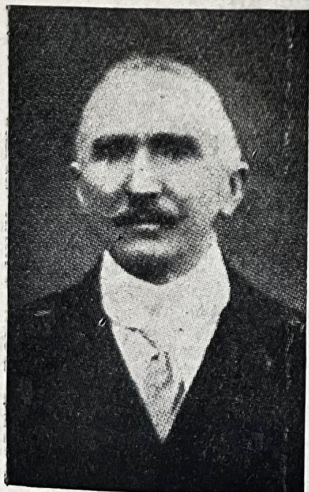


as he stood beside me. He blushed, and said nothing for a time, but when he spoke it was of something else. It was, indeed, a mean thing for all of us to be ashamed to kneel in one another's presence. But, you ask, didn't he die a Protestant? It would take too long to give you a lecture on theology here, so it will be enough to say that if a Protestant dies (1) with perfect contrition for all his mortal sins; (2) without knowing that he is outside the true Church, and (3) so disposed that he would be willing to become a Catholic if he knew that such was the Will of God—such a Protestant, if these three things are true, will most assuredly be saved.

When the body of the students had come up, and taken a while to draw their breath and look round the place, the leader of the College choir sang *God Save Ireland*; after this we had *The Memory of the Dead* from Clare O'Brien, the son of an old veteran, now in the Irish Parliamentary Party (J. F. X. O'Brien) who in his young days was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered for leading a detachment of insurgents in a Fenian Rising. Then came the anthem proper to the scene, *In Bodinstown Churchyard there is a Green Grave*. Everyone took part in the singing, including some who, literally, never sang before. It may not have been musical; but there was in it a depth and tenderness of tone which thrilled through heart and brain, and went swelling through the wooded hillside as if the air vibrated with a living breath. Of the appearance of the students during the singing I can give no description. I never saw anything like it: perhaps never will again. In the paintings of the great Italian

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### MAJOR JOHN McBRIDE.



JOHN McBRIDE was born in Westport, Co. Mayo, in 1865. In early manhood he went to South Africa, became a citizen of the Transvaal, and when the War of Independence broke out, he fought with the Irish Brigade against England, receiving his commission as Major. He did one man's part in organising and training the Irish Volunteers, and was jubilant when the chance came on Easter Monday to strike a blow for Ireland. His last request before his execution on 5th May, 1916, was that the Rosary Beads he held in his hands might be given to his mother. Even the English soldiers who fired the fatal volley admired the calm courage of the man who stood so erect in front of them.



masters I have seen faces which express a union of many feelings, each intense, yet each brought out distinctly ; but except in these I have never seen an expression of such blended feelings as in the faces of the Maynooth students as they sang over Wolfe Tone's grave. Each looked as if his nature had grown heroic by standing on the spot. It seemed as if the soul of Wolfe Tone—his love and hope and energy and courage—flashed in every eye, sat on every lip, heightened every figure."

[Since that memorable day of which Eugene O'Growney wrote, many great lovers of Ireland have gone to that lonely grave for courage and inspiration. The men of Easter Week have been there, and Brughra and Mellows and Stack and they have followed in the footsteps of fearless, peerless Tone. Does Maynooth still go to Bodenstown ?].

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CASEMENT—*Continued from page 22*

Fall as a wind-tossed billow falls  
To give new tides behind it place,  
When the uprisen ocean calls  
Its waters in a stormy race ;  
Fall as the martyrs of the world  
Shall fall forever—fearlessly—  
Till the last wrong to hell is hurled  
And man, in God's high Name, is free.

They murdered him in Pentonville  
While howling mobs profaned the air,  
Like wolves who only dare to kill  
When the full pack is gathered there ;  
But others, of his countrymen,  
Knelt in the dust for him who cried :  
" I give my life for Ireland," then—  
" God take my soul,"—before he died.

God took his soul, God heard his cry,  
God gauged his reckoning, yea, and set  
Above the farthest reach of sky,  
Casement's immortal coronet ;  
God ranged his coin of sacrifice—  
His life, 'twas all he had to give—  
With theirs whose blood has paid our price,  
And died that Ireland's soul shall live.



# HOLDING THE BREACH

BY TERENCE MACSWINEY. [In *Principles of Freedom.*]

WHEN PRINCIPLES have been proved and objections answered, there are still some last words to say for some who stand apart—the men who held the breach. For, they do stand apart, not in error but in constancy ; not in doubt of the truth but its incarnation ; not average men of the multitude for whom human laws are made, who must have moral certainty of success, who must have the immediate allegiance of the people. For it is the distinguishing glory of our prophets and our soldiers of the forlorn hope, that the defeats of common men were for them but incentives to further battle, and when they held out against the prejudices of their time, they were not standing in some new conceit, but most often by prophetic insight fighting for a forgotten truth of yesterday, catching in their souls to light them forward, the hidden glory of to-morrow.

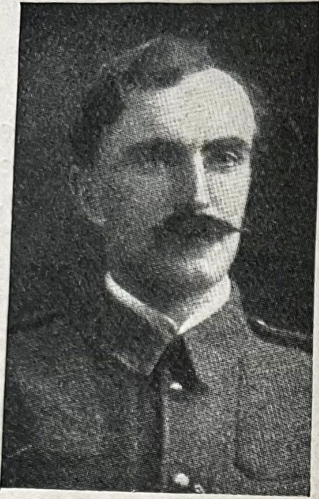
They knew to be theirs by anticipation the general allegiance without which much lesser men cannot proceed. They knew they stood for the Truth, against which nothing can prevail, and if they had to endure struggle, suffering and pain, they had the finer knowledge born of these things, a knowledge to which the best of men ever win—that if it is a good thing to live, it is a good thing also to die. Not that they despised life or lightly threw it away ; for none more than they knew its grandeur, none more than they gloried in its beauty, none were so happily full as they of its music ; but they knew, too, the value of this deep truth, with the final loss of which Earth must perish ; the man who is afraid to die is not fit to live. And the knowledge for them stamped out Earth's oldest fear, winning for life its highest ecstasy.

Yes, and when one or more of them had to stand in the darkest generation and endure all penalties to the extreme penalty, they knew for all that, they had had the best of life and did not count it a terrible thing if called by a little to anticipate death. They had still the finest appreciation of the finer attributes of comradeship and love ; but it is part of the mystery of their happiness and success, that they were ready to go on to the end, not looking for the suffrage of the living nor the monuments of the dead. Yes, and when finally the re-awakened people by their better instincts, their discipline, patriotism and fervour, will have massed into armies, and marched to freedom, they will know in the greatest hour of triumph that the success of their conquering arms was made possible by those who held the breach.





## THE O'RAHILLY.



THE O'RAHILLY, a native of Kerry, will be remembered as one of the most fearless of the men who fought and fell in 1916. From the very beginning of the Volunteer Movement he worked with tireless energy to bring its hopes to fruition, and gave proof of the faith that was in him by leading an advance guard from the G.P.O. when that building was in the grip of the flames and had to be evacuated. He was killed in action a little while later, and his dead body with others of his comrades, was found riddled with bullets in Moore Street.

### THOU ART NOT CONQUERED YET

BY THE O'RAHILLY

**T**HOU art not conquered yet, dear land,  
 Thy spirit still is free,  
 Though long the Saxon's ruthless hand  
 Has triumphed over thee.  
 Though oft obscured by clouds of woe,  
 Thy sun has never set ;  
 'Twill blaze again, in golden glow—  
 Thou art not conquered yet!

#### CHORUS :

Thou art not conquered yet, dear land,  
 Thy sons must not forget  
 The day shall be, when all will see  
 Thou art not conquered yet!

Though knaves may scheme and slaves may crawl,  
 To win their master's smile,  
 And though thy best and bravest fall,  
 Undone by Saxon guile ;  
 Yet some there be, still true to thee,  
 Who never shall forget  
 That though in chains and slavery  
 Thou art not conquered yet!

Through ages long of war and strife  
 Of rapine and of woe,



We fought the bitter fight of life  
 Against the Saxon foe ;  
 Our fairest hopes to burst thy chains  
 Have died in vain regret,  
 But still the glorious truth remains,  
 Thou art not conquered yet!

## AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE TO TONE

[FROM THE "INDIANA CATHOLIC."]

THE MEMORY of Wolfe Tone will be for ever green among his countrymen and all lovers of liberty. Sentenced to be hanged when he was captured by the British on a French man-of-war after a battle off the North coast of Ireland in 1798, Wolfe Tone pleaded for the death of a soldier. It was denied him by his captors, and he was found dying in his prison cell with a wound in his throat. His captors and political enemies at the time told the world that Tone died a suicide. But the archives of Dublin Castle have in late years yielded up sufficient documentary evidence to brand the story of his suicide as false. The English Lord Chief Justice had issued an order that his execution be delayed—that his trial be re-opened—and that he be tried as a prisoner of war and treated as an officer of France, whose uniform he wore, and not as a felon. The rage of his jailers and enemies was unbounded when this order came through, and Tone, his friends asserted, was strangled in his cell by his cowardly captors. This is now the accepted version of Wolfe Tone's death.

The following passage from his speech from the dock when sentenced to death is worth reproducing :

"I have laboured to create a free people in Ireland by raising three millions of my countrymen to the rank of citizens. I have laboured to abolish the infernal spirit of religious persecution, by uniting in common cause the Catholics and Dissenters. To the former I owe more than ever can be repaid. The services I was so fortunate as to render them they rewarded munificently ; but they did more. When the public cry was raised against me, when the friends of my youth swarmed off and left me alone, the Catholics did not desert me ; they had the virtue to sacrifice even their own interests to a rigid principle of honour. They refused to disgrace one who, whatever his conduct towards an alien government might have been, faithfully and conscientiously discharged his duty towards them ; and in so doing, though it was in my own case, I will say the Catholics showed an instance of public virtue of which I know not whether there exists another example."

It is most fitting that a Catholic people like the Irish should revere the memory of this brave and devoted champion—a Protestant who was first among the organisers of the movement for Catholic emancipation. Tone began his work in their cause when the iron chains of the penal laws still clanked at the heels of every Irish Catholic.



# THE FENIANS

BY OGLACH EIREANN

OF THE great Fenian Movement which brought such hope into the heart of Ireland in the early 'Sixties, one could keep writing for a week. Just as the Young Irelanders took their inspiration from Tone, so did the Fenians follow in the footsteps of the men of '48. Fenianism came into being as an organisation in 1858, and reached the height of its strength and power seven years later. It is safe to say that its membership was close on a quarter of a million, and had its chiefs been all of one mind as to the wisdom of rising in arms then the history of Ireland since would not be the sad series of disillusionments that we have to record. There were great men in the Fenian Movement as there have been in every movement that has called to the best of our people, and the keynote of all its teaching was unselfish sacrifice. "Self-restraint, self-discipline, self-sacrifice—all formed part of the creed of the Fenians; and after many years of work amongst them, I say boldly that I never knew a man holding to our principles who did not live a better life for his connection with the Fenian organisation." So wrote an old member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood a few years ago, and all who have come in contact with those splendid men—who held on to the Fenian faith down to the last moment of their lives—can have no hesitation in accepting his estimate of brave and patriotic men who were persecuted and maligned in their day and misunderstood even by those whom they sought to serve. After the failure of the attempted Rising in March, 1867, there was, naturally, a damping of the quiet intense enthusiasm that had been the driving force of the organisation; but there was no appreciable falling off in membership, and the great movement could have been held intact had those at the head of it healed their differences, and gone patiently ahead with their task. From the military and national standpoint it was a fatal mistake to allow the politicians—no matter how earnest or high-minded they were—to merge the Fenian Movement in their own. Had it been kept distinct and apart, as a purely military and national organisation, and its aims pushed ahead, the constitutional movement could have been helped by it, and Ireland would have been saved the national *debacle* which occurred at the time of the Parnell Split and the hopelessness, the apathy, the slavishness which had to be washed out in blood by the still faithful Fenians and the young men of our own times. History has a cruel knack of repeating itself. May the men of to-day and to-morrow keep ever before their minds all the lessons that are to be learned from the rise and decline of Fenianism!



## MÓRTAS ŠAEĐEAL.

Šaeđeal mise ! Nac uasal san ? Šaeđeal im croidē, Šaeđeal im meōm, Šaeđeal ōm' šeact sinnsear Šaeđeal. Šaeđeal mise, agus mise 'a maorđeam. A slán fá'n domhan uile, cinead Šaeđeal do sárú.

Do b'uasal mo sean agus mo sinnsear. Ba maic a bpoġlum ileabrait̃ agus i sġolait̃. Ba cruinn a ġciall i ġcomairle. Ba luat̃ a lám̃a, agus ba calma a ġcroidēte i ġcatait̃. Ba tais iad le laġait̃, ba dāna le náim̃oit̃. Ba lútmar a léim aġ fiađac na ġcnoc fá taičneam ġréme ġile.

Is uat̃a a t̃ánaġ, ġlún ar ġlún. Is fuil dā bfuil mé, cnám dā ġcnám mé, smior dā smior mé. Is mé a n-oisġre—oisġre a mór-croidē agus a mór-meōm, agus a mór-ġníom̃. Uasal an oisġreac̃t san. Is uasal tar dāom̃it̃ an domhan mo sinnsear-sa. Nior cuir Dia a sárú riam ar talam̃. Šaeđeal mise ! Agus im Šaeđeal dom, ġo d̃t̃eġit̃o na seact sluaisde de cr̃e caisle ōs mo cionn.

'Si Éire mo t̃ir. T̃ir doibinn ar uet̃ árd na d̃tonn. Is liom-sa i dem' ceart f̃eim ōm' sinnsear. Éire maor̃da na maileann mbán. Éire na nġeal-srut̃ ceōil, is na nġleannta f̃raoisġ. Is trom an torad̃ 'na ġortaib̃ branair. Is milis a f̃ear ar b̃ántait̃. Is árd a crainn i ġcoillit̃. Is cúmra a bl̃at̃a ar torait̃. Is binn a h-éim ar ġéaġait̃. ġrád mo croidē tú, a mátair̃ Éire. Is mé do leanb̃ ; deo' cr̃e mo corp, m'fuil, mo croidē. Is leat̃ d̃ut̃rac̃t mo croidē d̃od' ġrád̃ad̃. Is leat̃ torad̃ mo meabrac̃ cinn id' cōmairle. Is leat̃ ġliocas mo lám̃ id' ġnó. Is leat̃ lút mo ġéaġ san mbearnaim, aġ ruġairt̃ is aġ cosġairt̃ do nám̃ad̃. Ba tú riam ba t̃ir do Šaeđealait̃, agus dar an Dia dā n-d̃oraim, is tú is t̃ir d̃oit̃ ġo deire an domhan.

'Si mo teanga an Šaeđilġ binn—teanga na m̃ilte f̃ad̃a bliad̃aim. An cainnt̃ borb̃ t̃réan ; an cainnt̃ ciúm̃ ceōil. An cainnt̃ ġearr ġunta ; an cainnt̃ l̃ionmar luat̃-foclać. An tsrut̃-cainnt̃ ġráda, an borb̃-cainnt̃ cata, an deas-cainnt̃ f̃ile, f̃áir̃, agus f̃ir-l̃eġinn. 'Si mo roġa i, tar teangaćait̃ an domhan m̃oir, mar is Šaeđeal do ceap i, agus is Šaeđeal do cas i, agus is Šaeđeal do lúb. A teanga uasal mo sinnsear, ní cloisfear ōm' b̃eal ġo br̃at̃ ac̃ tú.

Doibinn an ceōl, ceōl Šaeđeal. Duad̃ an b̃innis 'na mb̃ealait̃, agus i mbarr̃aí a méar. Is binn b̃ur seim̃, a mac', agus a inġeanaća Šaeđeal. Is suairc̃ foġar na cl̃airsiġe binne, agus is mer̃oreac̃ cl̃agar-ceōl na cruite, agus is f̃ioćmar f̃eao na pibe mire, aġ ġr̃iosuġad̃ Šaeđeal cun cata.

Šaeđeal mise ! Cá bfuil sa domhan cáil ñios uaiste. Šaeđeal mise, agus ní maic̃pinn trois̃ do neac̃ dar ruġad̃. Šaeđeal mise, is cá bfuil a sárú san ? Šaeđeal mise—ñior cúm̃ Dia riam f̃ear do b̃fearr ná Šaeđeal.



# THE SEPARATIST TEACHING OF 'FORTY-EIGHT

BY GRAINNE UI MHAILLE

IT HAS BEEN claimed for the Young Ireland Movement that it "brought a new soul" into the country. It did not, for the soul was there all the time. It had been partially smothered by the shouting and cheering and band-playing of the O'Connell campaign, but it had never passed out. Indeed, it is but the truth to say that the driving force of the Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal Movements was the spirit of independence, the desire for full freedom awakened in the hearts of the Irish people by the teaching and sacrifices of Tone and Emmet and Lord Edward and Russell and their equally brave and unselfish comrades who flung away their lives in 1798 and in 1803 for the freedom of their enslaved people. When Davis and Mitchel and Lalor and Reilly and Mangan and others wrote and spoke in the years before 1847 they were but passing on the message of Tone and Emmet to the people, they were but making articulate again the desire of the Gael for complete separation from the British Empire. Although they wrote differently, put the writings of Davis, Mitchel and Lalor side by side, compare them with Tone's gospel, with the few glimpses we have of Emmet's mind, and you will have to agree that although expressed in somewhat different fashion the message to the people is the same—this country and everything in it belongs under God to you. It has been robbed from you, its mind suppressed, its body beaten and trampled upon, its mouth gagged, its feet and arms manacled, its wealth confiscated. To win back your own, to assert your manhood and your nationhood, to cut your bonds, to clear your mind, to speak with your own tongue, to use your own wealth for your comfort in this world, to be free as God meant you to be, is not alone your right, but a duty which if ignored or shirked brands you before all the world as a willing slave.

"And now, Englishmen, listen to us" said Davis. "Though you were to-morrow to give us the best tenures on earth; though you were to equalise Presbyterian, Catholic and Episcopalian; though you were to give us the amplest representation in your Senate; though you were to disencumber us of your debt and redress every one of our fiscal wrongs; and though in addition to all this, you plundered the treasures of the world to lay gold at our feet, and exhausted the resources of your genius to do us honour, still we tell you, we tell you in the names of liberty and country, we tell you in the name of enthusiastic hearts, thoughtful souls and fearless spirits, we tell you by the past, the present and the future—we would spurn your gifts, if the conditions were that Ireland should remain a province. We tell you and all whom it may concern, come what may—bribery or deceit, justice, policy or war—we tell you in the name of Ireland, that Ireland shall be a Nation!"



I have quoted Davis because he would be considered the most moderate of the three I have named. It is not necessary to give written proof of the fact that Mitchel and Lalor were Separatists. Their words are written in letters of fire across the sky of Ireland's hope, and will be quoted and remembered while there are undefeated men and women in this country. And here is an apparently strange thing. O'Connell spoke to the millions; his speeches were cheered and repeated from end to end of the land; he had newspapers to record every single word he said; he was the Liberator, the great man of his day. How much of his teaching is remembered and quoted and treasured now? Not a word of it. But the "factionists" and "irreconcilables," the fools and dreamers of his day who tried to speak to the people the message of the defeated fanatics of '98, why, every word of theirs is prized as if it were inspired music, their teaching lives on in the hearts and minds of the Irish people, and will be still remembered when the great orators and tribunes and statesmen of their day are long forgotten. And the reason is that Davis and Mitchel and Lalor, like Tone and Emmet forty years before, like O'Leary and Kickham and Rossa and O'Mahony and Stephens forty years later, like Rooney and Pearse and MacSwiney and Connolly and Brugha and Mellows in our own day, expressed the very thoughts that were in the minds of the common people of Ireland—not alone the people of their own day, but of all the generations before them since first it became a right and a virtue for the people of Ireland to win back the possessions that had been snatched from them by violence and craft, by all the means and devices of the plunderer and the thief. The wish to be free, the desire to possess again the gifts God gave them, the longing for self-reliance and self-respect, the passionate yearning for unfettered Nationhood—the spokesmen and writers of Young Ireland gave expression to these things, and so their place is secure for all time in the hearts of the Irish people.

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### THOMAS McDONAGH.



BORN in Cloughjordan, Co. Tipperary. He was a man of great intellectual gifts, a poet, historian and teacher, and a comrade in whose company everybody felt happy and at ease. He worked with Pearse in Sgoil Eanna, Rathfarnham, and devoted every moment he could spare to the task of preparing the Volunteers for the defence of their country. He was in command at Jacob's Factory, and it was only after long persuasion he was induced to surrender, his belief being that it should be a fight to a finish. He was executed on 3rd May, 1916.



# NATIONALITY AND SONG

BY AOIFE NIC CHUARTA

“**L**ET me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes her laws.” That was a wise saying and a true one. Song is the torch that lights the flame of patriotism. Song is the blood that keeps the flinching pulse of the nation from failing when death threatens ; song is the flower golden-scented and memory-laden as is the wild blossom of the gorse on the windy hill. When the national ballads are forgotten nationality dies, in the country, the home, or the individual, but they shall never die for history is enshrined in them.

The seventeenth-century ballads are about “ruthless Cromwell,” and the massacres of 1649. When Limerick surrendered and the Wild Geese fled to France, many of the old soldiers of the Boyne, Aughrim and Limerick remained behind, driven to the hills, protected by the peasantry—

“O, never fear for Ireland, for she has soldiers still  
For Rory’s boys are in the wood, and Remy’s on the hill ;  
And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these !  
May God be good and kind to them,  
The faithful Rapparees !  
The fearless Rapparees.

The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!” We have many fine laments for Sarsfield and the Wild Geese. The Jacobite ballads, too, are splendid. Who that once heard them can ever forget *The Blackbird*, *The Flower of Finae*, *Savourneen Deelish*—all laments for those who left Ireland to wear the *Fleur de Lis* ! My favourite is *I Wish I Were on Yonder Hill*, with its dramatic line of climax :

“I’ll sell my rock ; I’ll sell my reel  
When my flax is spun I’ll sell my wheel  
To buy my love a sword of steel . . . ”

I have heard that song sung so that it would bring tears—the words and music are so wedded in harmony, in mood of tragic sorrow that no one with human feeling could hear them unmoved.

Then come the stirring, well-known songs of ’98. There is *The Rising of the Moon*, by “Leo” Casey ; the fine ballad of Michael Dwyer’s escape and McAllister’s Sacrifice, by T. D. Sullivan ; *The Men of the West*, by William Rooney ; *Who Fears to Speak of ’Ninety-Eight*, by Ingram ; *The Boy from Killann* and others of McCall’s magnificent songs ; and scores of ballads and songs by unknown writers—songs that live on because they tell of heroic deeds.

The North, too, has her songs : “proud, passionate and free.” Betsy Gray who fought on the Hill of Ednavady has a song dedicated



to her in the Wolfe Tone Song Sheet. James Orr of Antrim wrote *The Irishman*. The North fought then to free Ireland from the Saxon, and her singers have seen to it that the desire for freedom will never die in the hearts of her children. Davis, Mangan, William Doherty and others of the Young Irelanders gave us songs that will live for ever, and what Irish heart does not thrill with pride and love at mention of "Speranza," "Mary," and "Eva" of *The Nation*?

To give even a list of all the songs that have been written about the bloodless war of "Black '47" when two millions of our people were wiped out without the firing of a shot, would take several pages, and the splendid failure of '67 has inspired as many songs as if it had been a glorious success. Sad and tragic memories, sighs and tears these songs may bring to us; but always there is an undercurrent of pride that something was done, something borne valiantly to prove to the world that Ireland was a race distinct from her oppressor and her only enemy. And in our own day deeds have been done and sacrifices made that have called forth the homage of our hearts in song.

There are many other beautiful songs that rise to the memory—songs of the country and the sea, of the market and the dance, wedding songs and funeral *caoine*, lullabies and fairy songs. We may be poor in worldly possessions but we are rich in song.

And one thing I would emphasise here: Do not be misled into thinking that these Irish airs are simple unpolished airs that anyone might compose. They are not. Only the other day I heard a story of a foreign visitor to our shores who knew much about music. He was taken to hear a native singer. When the songs were finished he said: "Beethoven would be proud to have written these wonderful themes, and they are classical, they are tremendous." There is a haunting power, a wonder and a glory clinging to many of them that is magical. What more melodious cadence ever fell on the ear of man

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### JOSEPH PLUNKETT.



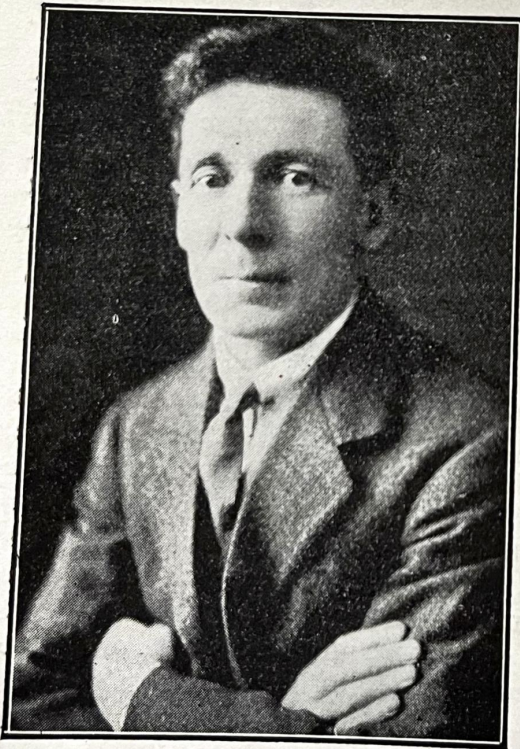
JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT, the young mystic and patriot who came from a sick-bed into the heart of the fight, was one of the most remarkable men in the Irish Volunteer Movement. He was one of the Signatories to the Proclamation of the Republic, and went through the fight to the very end with the calmness and resolve that only one who loved greatly and believed firmly could feel. To the priest who attended him in his last moments he said: "I am very happy, Father: I am dying for the glory of God and the honour of Ireland." He was executed at Kilmainham, 4th May, 1916.



than the wild sweetness of *My Dark Rosaleen*? I shall never forget a Feis I attended at which *Una Bhan* was sung. Hushed silence was succeeded by a storm of applause. The singer was good, but many better than he had sung and not produced such electrical effect. It was the song that mattered. Its lovely, unusual air, its dramatic climax, its grief, its poetry—rang through the hall with strange beauty. It was as if one pent in darkened cell has seen a blue sky shine over a windy hill, it was the sound of the sea, the lark's song in the morning, it was sweetness that ravished the mind from thoughts of anything but its own beauty. And my heart sang with gladness. An Irish song had come after Russian, German, Italian songs, all finely sung, and had beaten them all! Let no one say that Ireland has not classical music—for she has. And let the children of Ireland learn her songs till love of song becomes merged into love of country and they can say with pride—

“Ireland first and Ireland last  
And Ireland over all.”

### AUSTIN STACK



AUSTIN STACK came of Fenian stock and the faithful, uncompromising upholding of the Fenian tradition was with him a passion and the purpose of his life. He was a soldier of the Republic of Ireland, and acted as Deputy Chief of Staff, I.R.A., from 1919 to 1921; was Minister for Home Affairs in Dáil Éireann; and was Honorary Secretary of Sinn Féin from 1917 until the day of his death in April, 1929. “We cannot be beaten,” he declared a little while before he died, “for the cause we serve enshrines the soul of Ireland.” It was in that faith he lived and strove and suffered, and it was in that faith he endeavoured to bring with him into the struggle for in-

dependence all that was best in Ireland. His memory will be an inspiration through all the future days.



# TONE'S FRIEND

BY MARY O'DONNELL

IT IS ALMOST impossible to think or speak of Wolfe Tone, or hear his name spoken, without remembering his dearest friend, Thomas Russell. In the most intimate parts of Tone's *Autobiography* mention is constantly made of this comrade whom Tone loved—a love that was returned in overflowing measure. Russell was a native of Cork. At the age of fifteen years he went off and enlisted in the British Army. He was five years in India, came home, and began to study for the religious life. He abandoned this after some time, and again donned the uniform of the Power that was eventually to kill him because of his love for Ireland. He turned his back on military life as a profession, and settled down in Belfast, where he made the acquaintance of the leading Republicans, and became a contributor to the *Northern Star*, which was edited by Samuel Neilson until it was suppressed for the publication of "sedition." In 1796 he was arrested and flung into Newgate Prison, Dublin, without trial of any kind. He was still in jail when the gallant effort was made in 1798, and it must have been a heart-break to him that he could not stand beside Tone or McCracken when they went to meet Ireland's enemies. He was liberated in 1802, went to Paris, met Robert Emmet and immediately joined him in his plans for the overthrow of British domination at home.

By some strange trick of fate he was not to be by Emmet's side when the time came to strike. He had been sent North to organise the men of Antrim and Down, where no rising took place. When he learned of Emmet's arrest he hastened back to Dublin in the hope that he might be able to rescue his comrade and leader; but it was too late. Instead, he was himself arrested and brought to Downpatrick for trial. Just a month after Emmet's execution Thomas Russell was led forth to die the death of a felon outside Downpatrick Jail. When he ascended the platform he turned to the people and said in a clear voice: "I forgive my persecutors. I die in peace with all mankind, and I hope for mercy, through the merits of my Redeemer, Jesus Christ." He was buried at Downpatrick, and his neglected tomb bears this simple inscription: "The Grave of Russell." He is the hero of that fine ballad, *The Man from God Knows Where*, by Florence Wilson. It will tell his story and keep his memory green so long as there are loving, loyal hearts in Ireland—and that will be for ever.

You will require at least two copies of THE WOLFE TONE ANNUAL—one to keep and one to give away.



## THE SEPARATIST TRADITION

*The following is portion of an essay written at Christmas, 1915, by Padraic Pearse. A few months later he demonstrated to the world that the desire for complete separation from the British Empire was still glowing in Ireland's heart.*

IT WILL BE conceded to me that the Irish who opposed the landing of the English in 1169 were Separatists. Else why oppose those who came to annex? It will be conceded that the twelve generations of the Irish nation, the "mere Irish" of the English State Papers, who maintained a winning fight against English domination in Ireland from 1169 to 1509 (roughly speaking), were Separatist generations. The Irish princes who brought over Edward Bruce and made him King of Ireland were plainly Separatists. The Mac Murrough, who hammered the English for fifty years, and twice out-generaled and out-fought an English King, was obviously a Separatist. The turbulence of Shane O'Neill becomes understandable when it is realised that he was a Separatist: Separatists are apt, from of old, to be cranky and sore-headed. The Fitzmaurice, who brought the Spaniards to Smerwick Harbour was a mere Separatist: he was one of the pro-Spaniards of those days—Separatists are always pro-something which the English disapprove. That proud, dissembling O'Neill and that fiery O'Donnell, who banded the Irish and the Anglo-Irish against the English, who brought the Spaniards to Kinsale, who fought the war that, but for a guide losing his way, would have been known as the Irish War of Separation, were, it will be granted, Separatists. Rory O'More was uncommonly like a Separatist. Owen Roe O'Neill was admittedly a Separatist, the leader of the Separatist Party in the Confederation of Kilkenny. When O'Neill sent his veterans into the battle-gap at Benburb with the words, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, charge for Ireland!" the word Ireland had for him a very definite meaning. If Sarsfield fought technically for an English King, the popular literature of the day leaves no doubt that in the people's mind he stood for Separation, and that it was not an English faction but the Irish nation that rallied behind the walls of Limerick. So, up to 1691, Ireland was Separatist.

During the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century a miracle wrought itself. So does the germ of Separation inhere in the soil of Ireland that the very Cromwellians and Williamites were infected with it. The palesmen began to realise themselves as part of the Irish nation, and in the fulness of time they declared themselves Separatists. While this process was slowly accomplishing itself, the authentic voice of Ireland is to be sought in her literature. And that literature is a Separatist literature. The "secret songs" of the dispossessed Irish are the most fiercely Separatist utterances in any



literature. Not until Mitchel did Anglo-Irish literature catch up that Irish vehemence. The poet of the "Roman Vision" sang of the Ireland that was to be :

"No man shall be bound unto England  
Nor hold friendship with dour Scotsmen,  
There shall be no place in Ireland for outlanders,  
Nor any recognition for the English speech."

The prophetic voice of Mitchel seems to ring in this :

"The world hath conquered, the wind hath scattered the dust,  
Alexander, Caesar, and all that shared their sway;  
Tara is grass, and behold how Troy lieth low—  
And even the English, perchance their hour will come!"

An unknown poet, seeing the corpse of an Englishman hanging on a tree, sings :

"Good is thy fruit, O tree!  
The luck of thy fruit on every bough!  
Would that the trees of Inisfail  
Were full of thy fruit every day!"

**L**IAM MELLOWS would have been one of Ireland's greatest soldiers and statesmen. He was born to lead men, and his comrades loved him. He was gifted with intellect far above the



ordinary, and possessed in a marked degree many of the traits of character which distinguished Wolfe Tone from his compeers. Like Tone he had an abiding faith in the destiny of Ireland, and an all-consuming, unselfish love for her people. With three comrades—Rory O'Connor, Joseph McKelvey, and Richard Barrett—he was, without trial and while being held as a prisoner of war, taken out and shot on 8th December, 1922. That morning he wrote :  
"Ireland must tread the path  
Our Redeemer trod. She may shrink . . . but her faltering feet will find the road again.  
. . . For that road is plain and broad and straight ; its signposts are unmistakable. It is the road on which Tone and Emmet, Mitchel, the Fenians, Tom Clarke, Pearse,

Connolly, Kevin Barry, McSwiney and Childers were the guides."



The poet of the "Druimfhionn Donn Dilis" cries :

"The English I'd rend as I'd rend an old brogue,  
And that's how I'd win me the Druimfhionn Donn Og!"

I do not defend this blood-thirstiness any more than I apologise for it. I simply point it out as the note of a literature.

The student of Irish affairs who does not know Irish literature *is ignorant of the awful intensity of the Irish desire for Separation as he is ignorant of one of the chief forces which make Separation inevitable.*

The first man who spoke, or seemed to speak, for Ireland, and who was not a Separatist, was Henry Grattan. And it was against Henry Grattan's Constitution that Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen rose. Thus the Pale made common cause with the Gael and declared itself Separatist. It will be conceded that Wolfe Tone was a Separatist : he is *the* Separatist. O'Connell was not a Separatist ; but, as the United Irishmen revolted against Grattan, Young Ireland revolted against O'Connell. And Young Ireland, in its final development, was Separatist. To young Ireland belong three of the great Separatist voices. After Young Ireland the Fenians ; and it will be admitted that the Fenians were Separatists. They guarded themselves against future misrepresentation by calling themselves the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

The claim of the Separatist tradition has never once snapped during the centuries. Veterans of Kinsale were in the '41 ; veterans of Benburb followed Sarsfield. The poets kept the fires of the nation burning from Limerick to Dungannon. Napper Tandy of the Volunteers was Napper Tandy of the United Irishmen. The Russell of 1803 was the Russell of 1798. The Robert Holmes of '98 and 1803 lived to be a Young Irelander. Three Young Irelanders were the founders of Fenianism. The veterans of Feniansim stand to-day with the Irish Volunteers. So the end of the Separatist tradition is not yet.

## THE BATTLE OF MOUNT STREET BRIDGE

ONE of the bravest fights of Easter, 1916, was made at Mount Street Bridge, where a handful of Irish Volunteers, poorly equipped, held at bay big forces of the British marching from Dun Laoghaire to Dublin City. Seven soldiers of the Republic were killed there, and a Committee has been formed for the purpose of erecting a simple but fitting Monument in memory of them near the scene of their last stand for freedom. It is confidently hoped that all who revere the memory of our dead comrades will contribute something, no matter how small, to the cost of the Mount Street Bridge Memorial. Subscriptions may be sent to the

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## BRUGHA AND CHILDERS

BY COLM O'CONNOR

WRITING IN *Poblacht na hEireann*, July 7, 1922, Erskine Childers paid this sincere tribute to the great soldier and patriot, Cathal Brugha, who had just given his life for Ireland : "Cathal Brugha is dead. None among his friends will be so forgetful of the childlike gentleness of this man, of his lion-hearted chivalry, to speak even one bitter word of those at whose hands he has fallen. Moved by the spirit which called to Pearse and called to Emmet and to Tone, he went out to his death bravely, buoyantly, knowing that this was asked of him for his nation's liberty, and gladly making answer. For more than twenty years he had laboured for the liberation of Ireland, preparing for the rising as a priest for ordination. When it came (in 1916) it found him, a man of forty, fighting as a Volunteer in the heart of the battle. He was terribly wounded by machine-gun fire, but recovering consciousness after half an hour, he asked to be placed on a table near a window, and fought on until consciousness left him again. His work as Minister of Defence for the entire period of the war, his wisdom and his vision, strengthened the whole structure of the Republic. When he saw all that he had striven to preserve betrayed and threatened with destruction, he went again as a Volunteer into the thick of the battle, and died gloriously for the independence of Ireland. For so wonderful a life and death there can be no sorrow. It was all as simple and inevitable as the sun rising. This was Cathal Brugha's holy mission, and he has fulfilled it. By so great an example the nation will gain even more than it has lost, for he has given his body as a hostage to freedom, but his spirit—his mighty indomitable spirit—he has given into the keeping of his comrades in arms. And, in the name of Cathal Brugha, they will be faithful to the charge."

A little over four months later Erskine Childers was preparing to join Cathal Brugha in the *Tír na nOg* of God. On the flimsy charge of having carried arms in defence of the Irish Republic, he





was brought before a "military court" on November 17, 1922, and was later sentenced to be shot. At the close of a statement made to those who tried him he said :

" I have fought and worked for a sacred principle, the loyalty of the Nation to its declared independence and repudiation of any voluntary surrender to conquest and inclusion in the British Empire. That is the faith of my comrades, my leaders and myself. Some day we shall be justified when the Nation forgets its weakness and reverts to the ancient and holy tradition which we are preserving in our struggle, and may God hasten the day of reunion amongst us all under the honoured flag of the Republic."

Seven days later Erskine Childers died the death of a soldier, died as only a brave and clean-hearted man can die. A beautiful Elegy for him was written by Rev. Dr. Browne of Maynooth College. Here are the closing lines :

And now the tongues of calumny are stilled  
That clamoured round you like the beagle's cry,  
Mindless, insatiate, till their prey was killed,  
Not knowing that obscuréd majesty  
Must clear with death, and dazzle every eye  
With light of splendid destiny fulfilled.

I think for them your latest prayer was said.  
When the rude agents battered on the door  
Of life : the last thoughts rallied at the core  
A moment, before soul from body fled,  
Besought your blood their old faith might restore,  
And that its guilt might fall upon no head.  
Your soul has sealed the ramparts that surround  
The keep of mortal days; the Giant's spell  
Yet holds us captive in the citadel,  
And groping through the alleys where resound  
Life's clamour and confusion—but you dwell  
In calm and stainless air, where the Dark Rose is crowned

You scorned to wait for ripeness and the fall  
When Ireland's cause showed Death in gallant trim,  
So gay, in spite of pain and mangled limb  
That you could smile on spectres that appal  
Blind fools, who still keep hoarding to the brim  
When squandering nobly were the best of all.

And they who watched you leave the tragic play  
Now link your name with Emmet's and with Tone's,  
And your pale face an Irish Empire owns  
Securer than the Roman Eagle's sway ;  
No arch of triumph on a sacred way  
You'll need, nor cairn of monumental stones.



# A Letter from Limerick

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DEAR READER OF *The Wolfe Tone Annual*:

ON THE FINEST SITE in the City—the famous Sarsfield Bridge—we are about to raise a noble and enduring Memorial to four of the heroes of Easter Week, 1916, who were associated with Limerick, and whose dust lies in quicklime graves at Arbour Hill.

They are THOMAS J. CLARKE, EDWARD DALY, CON. COLBERT, and SEAN HEUSTON, who worthily represent the fearless Fenian veterans, the gallant Volunteers and the brave boys of Na Fianna Eireann who went to their death that Ireland might live.

You revere their memory, you are proud of their deathless deed, you desire to honour them and through them all the dead of Ireland, and so we confidently look to you for help in this project we have taken in hands. It is a big task, and it will cost a good deal of money. May we ask you to share the burden with us?

In the olden days a mighty Cairn of stones was the monument raised to the heroes. Each person who passed by the way placed a stone upon the cairn until it grew with time into a worthy memorial, and thousands had a share in the building of it. Let your contribution—big or small—to our Memorial Fund be the stone you will place upon the splendid cairn we are about to raise to the memory of four of Ireland's noblest dead.

Your subscription will be thankfully received and acknowledged, and an official receipt sent to you.

For the Limerick 1916 Memorial Committee:

*President*—SEAN F. MALONE, 31 High Street, Limerick.

*Vice-President*—THOMAS O'DONOGHUE, 7 Lock Quay, Limerick.

*Hon. Sec. and Joint Treasurer*—EAMONN T. DORE, 26 William Street, Limerick.

*Joint Treasurer*—DAVID DUNDON, 28 High Street, Limerick.



# NATIVE GAMES & NATIONAL IDEALS

BY P. J. DEVLIN

**W**HEN the Gaelic Athletic Association was founded its aim was wedded to the cause of Irish nationality, and that communion of spirit must remain inviolate if the games it was established to foster are to fulfil their purpose and maintain their traditions.

The link has ever since been preserved ; but I am not prepared to say that the ideals which consecrated it have always been predominant in Gaelic Athletic ranks and policies.

There are occasions when the higher mission of a movement for the promotion of a distinctive national objective and racial culture must assert itself, and then the question arises whether that mission is being served to the fullest extent by those who profess devotion to it. At such times unpleasant misgivings became persistent and disturbing.

When native games were commended to the practice and support of the Irish people, the originators of the movement knew that it must fail unless it was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of militant nationality ; for militantism is the essence of physical vitality.

Launched in that hope, it had immediate success ; and, despite temporary aberrations and set-backs, the goal of a free and self-reliant Ireland has been the great objective of the mass of the Gaelic Athletic Association. This has been proved within living memory.

It inherited the Fenian tradition from men who had struggled and suffered on the rugged path of uncompromising nationalism, and it would be disastrous to its immediate and paramount aims alike should Irish manhood ever recant the doctrine which is the basis of their union and the glamour of their rivalry.

This is not the place nor the occasion to review the vicissitudes or examine the digressions which have marked the history of Gaelic Athletics during the past five-and-forty years. Even if it were, there would be little profit or wisdom to be gleaned in the process.

Three full generations have come and gone since Croke and Cusack and Davin—names ever to be recalled with veneration—collaborated for the spiritual, cultural and corporeal well-being of the young manhood of Ireland. During that period circumstances, manners and outlooks have altered, and with them the methods and the immediate aims that dictated policies. But one unchanging goal was ever in view, lighted by the sacrificial lamp of travail and suffering, "the beacon light of charity that shineth bright as ever," to quote O'Donovan of Ross, prince of militant Gaels.

Games divorced from, or foreign to, the innate spirit of a people are as barren in the end, long delayed as it may be, as the adopted culture and social frippancies of an exotic civilization. They may flourish in the vicarious support of a decadent population ; but, lacking root in the soil, they will decay and topple like a rotting tree—and bring moral and manly destruction in their downfall.



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The native games which were restored to old-time significance and vigour in the last quarter of the previous century, were rooted like the Irish oak on the mountain side. Their decay had only been in outer semblance ; their defects were in borrowed abuses ; their neglect was caused by alien influences. Their roots, as deep-sunk and sound as native vigour, still drew sustenance from the breast of Eire as naturally and as copiously as in the regal time of " Cathal Mór of the Wine-red hand."

Therein they were kindly in our blood, age-old as our island story, congenial to the heart and playtime of our people. They draw from these qualities the claims which they have upon our allegiance and practice ; and we, preserving them, subscribe to and proclaim a distinct, imperishable racial existence.

Did they mean anything less than a link with a cherished past, or create anything less than a determination to assert and maintain all that our and their history enshrines, then they could well be relegated to the category of nondescript pursuits, played and patronised to fill an idle, if not a vicious, hour.

This doctrine is stranger to the present generation of Gaels than it was to the past. I hope it is none the less acceptable to the mind and heart of perpetuative Gaelicism.

I dismiss the intrusive fear as treason to the vitality of native spirit and ambition ; but I am constrained to confess I would wish to see a more persistent recognition of racial origin and duties amongst the mass of the younger Gaels of to-day.

In too many cases and causes patriotism (a proud but misunderstood term nowadays) is more negative than positive, more passive than active, more defensive than aggressive. As a national stimulus it flags too frequently. Most Irishmen will resent disparagement and resist oppression, and give liberty and life if need be for a cause. That is heroic ; but it has been too spasmodic to be sufficient. We are all readily conscious of the flush which a blow brings to the cheek and will not endure it ; but we are all too indifferent to the flush



### WILLIE PEARSE.

WILLIAM PEARSE, like his brother, was a man of rare talent and unblemished character. He was a sculptor, but forsook his great art to assist his brother in the management of Sgoil Eanna. He was passionately devoted to Pádraic ; they had been inseparable all their lives and were not divided in death, save for a day. On 4th May, 1916, just one day after his brother had given his life for the land he loved so well, William Pearse was executed at Kilmainham Jail.



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with which shame should so often cover our countenances for deeds of omission and complaisance.

We accept adroitly implanted customs with a tolerance that betokens supineness of spirit or ignorance of their purpose. We tacitly permit subversive doctrines and corrosive intercourse in our midst ; and while paying lip-service to native traditions and inheritances, we promptly acquit ourselves of treason to the one and outrage to the other.

In short, unless the aegis of nationality is cast over the congenial activities of a people and unless an aura of conscious nationalism surrounds all its popular movements, they will be as barren of good as the mechanical prayer of the pagan devotee who turns a tedious wheel amidst the derision of his duties.

Nationality is the big mortal game of life, the spirit of which must permeate all national pursuits ; and lesser games, devoid of it, are an affront and a disavowal of this paramount impulse.

The true Gael at heart responds in every vital function to the claims of this Over-Soul of all self-conscious races. To him it has transmitted a name and a heritage of spiritual and physical endowments he cannot disown without disowning his blood and birthright. Nor can he compromise in the matter. The patrimony of the Gael is entailed. It has been prescribed and preserved by immemorial laws. No less specific are the responsibilities and duties that ennoble it.

The Gaelic Athletic movement restored like a stigmata on the breast of Young Ireland, the sacred seal of origin and destiny ; and, bidding it go play the games beloved when that sign was the oriflamme of a free and fearless nation, also bade it go out on the road that would lead it back thro' fearlessness to freedom.

Do Gaels to-day accept this mission, adopt this principle, and adhere to them unwaveringly ? Nor one nor a thousand could answer that question convincingly. The state and status of Ireland another half century hence may give an unmistakable reply. And you, the unit in the ranks, can you answer for your contribution to that living or dead consummation of an age-old destiny ?




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### CON COLBERT.

CON COLBERT was a native of County Limerick, and one of the youngest done to death that the English blood-lust might be sated after the Rising. For many years he had worked with amazing energy in the ranks of *Na Fianna Eireann*, and he and his young brother officers had a large part in the training of the Irish Volunteers. His heart was long given to Ireland, and so death found him waiting gladly and proudly to make the last great sacrifice. He was executed 8th May, 1916.



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## IRELAND IN PAWN

*This thoughtful and challenging article has been written by Henry T. Gallagher, Urney House, Tallaght, Co. Dublin. In the body of the article the writer invites correspondence from thinking people who may be interested in the further discussion of the subject.*

**M**ANY people have a confused idea that if industrialists and farmers worked harder and groused less there would be greater national prosperity.

Harder work and greater efficiency mean more production, and more production means greater competition, and a still greater glut in a market already hopelessly glutted, and the object of this article is to indicate that no individual or personal effort can do more than raise the individual a little out of the welter, but only by driving some one less fortunate deep into the mud.

We seem to take it for granted that under existing circumstances it is possible for every citizen to prosper, and that it is possible to abolish unemployment. These are fallacies and part of the general propaganda of the financial system. A little reflection ought to enable us to see that businesses of all sorts are in deadly competition with each other, and that we are engaged in a brutal game of beggar my neighbour, and that those who have the readiest access to Bank credit and the most skilful method of cutting costs will eventually survive. Beginning with a war of "Big Business" against small men, the fight will eventually be one between the giants who still remain when all the merely human beings have been made bankrupt, and sent to join the great army of casual labour. As for unemployment, every labour-saving device and every machine must increase our leisure, and as we insist in the partial starvation of the redundant, this in turn cuts down effective demand, and so intensifies competition, always with dire results for the smaller manufacturer or trader.

This murderous, inhuman, anti-Christian system puts employer and employed at each other's throats like two cats tied by their tails round a beam. Every cut in wages leads to a reduction of purchasing power until eventually the worker has to try every possible expedient to eke out a miserable existence, and so we see a multiplicity of shops spring up, run by the wives and families of working men, and we have a paradox of an ever increasing margin between wholesale and retail prices without any individual being one penny the better off.

If we could only realise that the present system puts us all into competition with each other no matter what trade or occupation





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# Mind Your Feet

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we follow, we would be able to trace the real cause of our troubles much more easily.

The fact is that all our incomes, no matter how paid, are a charge on some product, and as such must be recovered in costs through sales, and even if we spent the entire amount of all our incomes there would still be an enormous gap between purchasing power and costs. This gap, together with all we withhold through savings, whether through extensions in our business, life insurance or Post Office Savings, must be bridged if production is to be sold, and the more we consider how it can be done the more we realise the hopelessness of the task under the present financial system.

In a material economic system, designed to give citizens the maximum of freedom and the greatest possible happiness, governments should leave no stone unturned in their efforts to locate the flaw in the accountancy system, and having traced it to the mal-administration of the money system, steps should be taken without delay, to bring the money system into consonance with the public need. We can have little doubt that one of such steps would be the distribution to the citizens of sufficient purchasing power to buy all the goods we produce, and care to use, together with such goods as we export for diversity of consumption. Unfortunately, no government has done this, but on the contrary our entire money system has been handed over to Banks, so that they may play with it, and with us to their entire satisfaction and our utter ruin. I do not forget that we in Ireland have a State Currency of Seven Million Pounds, but this is only about 3 per cent. of all the money now in use, and less than 1 per cent. of the money required. Bear in mind that the annual Bank clearances amount to about sixty times the State Currency, and you will have some idea of the grip of the Banks and the betrayal of the people by those elected to govern. When we consider that every penny invested in Ireland and all Bank Loans are charged up in the prices we must eventually pay, we are faced

### NED DALY.



EDWARD DALY, Commandant in the Irish Republican Army and one of its most popular officers, was born in Limerick in the year 1891. He was nephew of John Daly, the Fenian, friend and comrade of Thomas J. Clarke. Gentle and sincere as he was brave and fearless, Ned Daly was loved by all his men, and few would have hesitated to face any danger with him as their leader. Ireland has never had in all her brave company of defenders a better man or a more fearless soldier. He was executed 4th May, 1916.



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with a problem which makes the task of Sisyphus seem like spinning a top. Boiled down to figures the people of these Twenty-six Counties have to pay a debt of about One Thousand Million Pounds, and have seven Million Pounds provided by a beneficent Government, to enable them to do so. Why the yearly interest alone amounts to about One Hundred Millions! Yet, we struggle on year after year working our miserable lives out trying to do this. Let us put it in another way. Suppose you owed a man a hundred horses, and had only seven horses, and the creditor had all the horses in Ireland under his charge and the sole right of breeding more horses. How could you repay the debt? The answer is by working for the creditor on such terms as he would dictate. You would be his slave body and soul unless you decided to smash your bonds. Naturally, enough your creditor would relax his terms according to your determination and ability to stand up to him. The Banks own us all body and soul to-day, and every year pile up interest and interest against us, and every year we try to escape by selling goods to each other on private credit or on hire purchase, and every boat that leaves our shores carries goods which we can ill spare, but which the demands of finance compel us to export in a vain attempt to get relief from the awful scourge of debt.

Governments, Presidents and Kings are but puppets in the hands of the Banks, who keep them there to act as buffers against the anger of a nation when financial policy goads the people too far. On these occasions there is a crisis followed by a general election or maybe a revolution; but the real seat of the trouble has not been unmasked, and except for a change of head slaves, by defeat of a government, or the removal of a few kings, nothing is achieved. Election promises cannot be fulfilled because the Banks hold the purse and governments borrow instead of exercising the sovereign right of creating money.

*Continued on page 58.*



### MICHEAL O hANNRACHAIN.

BORN in Wexford, but educated in Carlow, Micheál O hAnnracháin was one of the pioneer workers in the Irish Revival Movement, with which he was associated from an early age. Unassuming and unambitious, he was content to work early and late, with little recognition and, like his teacher, William Rooney, cared little who got the credit as long as the work was done. He wrote a powerful and thrilling story entitled *A Swordsman of the Brigade* as well as other books and pamphlets. He was executed at Kilmainham 4th May, 1916.



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It is not difficult for us to see the madness and the futility of the present situation if we reflect on the abundance of material wealth, the enforced leisure of so many able-bodied persons, the utter destitution of the multitude, and to think that all that is required, to bring this wealth to the hungry and to put all at work, is the writing of a few figures in a Bank book by someone authorised to do so.

Some will say : " Oh, all this will be rectified when we break the Imperial connection." Will it? It is a long time since the Boston Tea Party and America has been " free " for 100 years, yet that wealthy continent has few free men. Had the Bankers been thrown into the sea and the tea kept for drinking the Statue of Liberty might have been a reality.

Some again will say that it is the ownership of the means of production that is at fault. This is not so. Producers want to produce in abundance, and consumers want more produce. Here we have complete agreement. Employers want a big output, and workers want continuous work ; again absolute agreement.

There is unanimity of purpose in the ranks of capital and labour, and it is only when we come to the question of money we find disagreement, and here we shall never have peace until an Irish Government takes absolute control, for money is chronically short, and if all profits were distributed as purchasing power there would still be a shortage of the withdrawal and cancellation of credit by the Banks.

The outstanding feature about our economic slavery is the fact that we can remedy it without any upheaval either social or otherwise, without confiscation and without interfering in any way with the rights of private property. There is a very simple technique for

---

### ROGER CASEMENT.



ASSOCIATED for all time with our struggle for freedom must be the loved name of Roger Casement, who, after heroic work in Germany seeking to enlist aid for the Irish Republic, was arrested on the Kerry coast, where he landed on Good Friday, 1916. He was lodged as a prisoner in the Tower of London, and later charged with High Treason. He was, of course, found guilty, and sentenced to death by hanging. The sentence was carried out on 3rd August, 1916. Always a true Gael and a lover of Ireland, he turned to the Catholic Faith for consolation in his last hour, receiving Holy Communion for the first time on the morning of his death.



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doing so, and the operation could be carried out practically overnight, and the only thing the average citizen would know about it would be that his money would go ever so much farther and his income keep on increasing so long as the nation desired production to increase. There is no necessity to have recourse either to deflation or inflation; it is not even necessary to nationalise the Banks. All we need do is to retain in the State the sovereign right of creating money and to decree that such money shall be used to facilitate consumption. We must use adequate safeguards as to prices and some control of the volume of exports and imports is required. The average man need not worry much about the details of the necessary machinery any more than we worry about the technique of the trams that we use daily; but serious students, with a flair for social study should communicate with the writer, if they wish to pursue the subject.

Many will dismiss this all too incomplete article by saying "Oh, another credit crank," but what is before us if we do not tackle the question, debts piling upon debts, bankruptcy upon failure, the disappearance of every native factory and the replacement of our shopkeepers by foreign chain shops? Already our farmers who produce nearly all the wealth of the country cry out "loans—loans, or we can't go on," and it is only because our land has not timber enough to shelter deer that our country has failed to become a shooting lodge for English money lenders as has Scotland.

The cry for freedom has been heard in every age, but always the people have failed to find under which thimble the key of their chains lies concealed. Many times and in many lands a key has been found which appears to fit, but it has been illusory. The people of Russia are forging a mighty hammer to smash all the thimbles, but the blow is destroying many things too precious to be needlessly destroyed. Shall we seek the scientific solution? Has our youth enough courage to face the necessary study to equip themselves to distinguish between the form and the reality of freedom?



### SEÁN HEUSTON.

LIKE Con Colbert, Seán Heuston was an officer of *Na Fianna Eireann* who gave his time and energy to the training of the Irish Republican Army. He was only a boy, but no soldier in all the world's history has ever fought a better fight or died a braver death. "Whatever I have done," he said during his last hours on earth, "I have no vain regrets." He was executed at Kilmainham 8th May, 1916.



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# THE FOUNDER OF SINN FEIN

BY BRIAN O HUIGINN

**A**LTHOUGH SINN FEIN did not come into being as an organisation until four years after his death, and although in its earlier years it countenanced things of which he would not approve, William Rooney may justly be claimed as its real founder. He is not often spoken of or quoted to-day; but his teaching, his example, his sacrifices had more to do than most people seem to know, with the building-up of the great, self-reliant movement out of which grew the Irish Volunteers, the Insurrection of 1916 and the years of high endeavour which followed it.

William Rooney died in 1901 at the age of twenty-seven. He began to write and teach and organise when he was seventeen. Into those ten years he crowded an almost incredible amount of work for Ireland. He learned Irish, he taught it, spoke it in public and in private, taught Irish history which he knew more thoroughly and intimately than any man of his time or ours, for he learned the true lessons of all our failures and triumphs. He lectured, week after week, helped to edit a weekly paper and wrote most of it, he taught Irish songs, made young people enthusiastic about Irish games and dances and music, and through it all and above it all he held the clear, unflinching lamp of Tone's teaching, viz., that Ireland will never be free, contented, prosperous or happy so long as one link remains of the chains which bind her to the British Empire.

He began his work when the separatist idea was almost completely obscured by the make-believe, the intrigue, the slavishness resultant upon contact with British parliamentarianism. He carried it on with feverish energy through and after the heart-breaking period of the Parnell Split. There was nothing to encourage him except the conviction that he was doing right, and the knowledge that at other periods of Ireland's history there had been apathy and slavishness and despair, when the courage and faith of individual torch-bearers had saved the old cause from destruction, had kept a few unfaltering hearts on the lonely upward path, to hold each *bearna baoghail* of it until the awakening of the hosts of Ireland's soldiers would crowd it again and make it ring with the music of marching feet. In that hope he held on, studying, teaching, fighting, his eyes ever turned towards the dawn he did not live to see. I think it is that gap, small though it was, between his death and the revival of National thought and spirit which came some years later, that is responsible for the fact that William Rooney has been neglected and almost forgotten in a land for which he gave his life as surely as did the men who fell in the fray or went before the firing squads or to the gallows in our own day.

He worked a ten-hour day in a city office. Very often he went straight from it to the Celtic Literary Society's rooms in Abbey



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Street, where he lectured or taught Irish and history and songs—he had an almost boundless knowledge of Irish songs and ballads—or edited *An Seanchaidhe*, the MS. Journal of the Society. Along with editing it he frequently had to write most of the contents when those who had undertaken to contribute to it forgot their lightly-given promises. Very often after an evening's work of this kind he had to tackle the writing of an article or a lecture, and it was no unusual thing for the dawn to find this lonely pioneer at work to which no one else seemed to give a thought. Then on Saturday he would travel to the West, speak at meetings on Sunday, return by the Night Mail reaching Dublin in the small hours of the morning, to start again the daily grind that was destined to wear out his life. When the *United Irishman* came into being in 1899 one of William Rooney's dearest dreams was realised. He had now a voice to call out to the widely scattered men and women throughout the country who still held the old National faith in their hearts, but had no means of communicating with one another or even of finding out whether there were any people at all who shared their hopes and ideas.

Through the columns of the *United Irishman* Rooney was able to speak to them all, and right constantly and clearly he did it. He was the life and soul of the paper, though Arthur Griffith was associated with him in the promotion of it, and is sometimes erroneously referred to as its founder. The front page was given up to All-Ireland notes, and these were written by Rooney every week until the weary hand could hold the pen no more and the hope-filled, eager heart was at peace for ever. In addition to these notes he wrote articles and poems over a dozen different pen-names (*Fear na Muinntire* was the best known) sometimes having as many as four contributions in a single issue. In these articles and poems he boldly proclaimed his faith for all the world to hear, and he was always sure of his ground. He was a Separatist, a Republican, a follower of Wolfe Tone; but he had little use for a politically independent, Anglicised Ireland. He wanted everything that belonged to us of old—our native culture, our native traditions, our native music, our native games, industries, customs, laws and songs, everything that was part of the Irish Nation—and with them he wanted complete and absolute separation from England. His teaching is as true to-day as it was thirty-five years ago. If the young people of Ireland turn to it—his writings are in book form—they will find therein the light that will lead them to the goal of all our dreams.

**K**EVIN BARRY was only eighteen years of age when he was hanged in Mountjoy Jail, on All Saints' Day, 1920, for his loyalty to the Republic of Ireland. He was taken in action, tortured brutally in a vain effort to force from him information about his comrades, and was court-martialled and then sentenced to death. Instead of flinching or pleading for mercy he sent a last message to his comrades asking them to continue the fight for the independence of Ireland.





# PATRIOTISM

---

I LOVE the glens of Ireland, I love her glorious mountain-sides,  
I love each lake and river from the centre to the sea ;  
Though some may pine for foreign climes, my heart is here  
in Ireland,  
Her beauty and her kindliness are good enough for me.

I'm learning Ireland's language and I speak it every time  
I can,  
I sing her songs and lilt her tunes and dance her dances,  
too ;  
I read her books, I play her games, I eat the food she grows  
for me.  
Now amn't I her lover ? Yet, there's something else I do.

When I've tramped the hills of Ireland, her valleys and her  
city streets,  
When I've played upon her playing fields and bathed in  
her seas ;  
When I've worked for her and planned for her and sung for  
her and danced for her,  
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