

WOLFE TONE ANNUAL, 1962

Salute To The Soldiers of



CATHAL BRUGHA

1922

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FOR thirty years the *Wolfe Tone Annual*, founded by Brian O'Uiginn in 1932 and edited by him ever since, has helped in the hard task of making all Ireland "not free merely but Gaelic as well, not Gaelic merely but free as well"; telling sympathetically and truthfully the story of every effort made against British domination and subversion; bringing into the light of day suppressed truths of Irish history and endeavouring to inspire and encourage the youth of our land to follow in the footsteps of all who toiled and fought uncompromisingly throughout the generations for the honour and the independence of the Motherland of the Gael.

Seven years ago the editor of the *Annual*, realising that old age had come upon him, warned his readers that the issue then in their hands might well be the last under his editorship. In response to pleadings from far and near he promised to continue publication as long as possible.

Now he has reached his eightieth year and is obliged to give up the very laborious work of research, writing and editing called for in the production of such a publication as the *Wolfe Tone Annual*. Sadly and reluctantly he must tell his many thousands of readers that this is the last issue he will edit and see through the press and send on its way throughout Ireland and throughout the world.

He is grateful that the opportunity is his once more to salute the noble dead who died for Ireland in 1922 and 1923, and here in the forefront of the *Annual* he proudly and sadly associates with them the dead who have been called upon to give battle and to die in the same holy cause during the past thirty years because of betrayal, treachery, compromise with wrong, make-believe and callous vindictiveness on the part of men who were comrades of the soldiers of 1922 and who have fallen so far from the ideals of their better days that they condemn faithful, self-respecting Irish Republicans to the punishment of imprisonment if they refuse to become informers on those who are linked with them in courageous resistance to British invasion and occupation of Irish territory.

The pride he speaks of is warmth and consolation to an old heart. The sadness mentioned is caused by the hypocrisy of professional politicians in pretending to be what they are not and by the selfish meanness of professional libellers and slanderers of the patriot dead.

God rest the ones who were faithful unto death and who exalted the cause of Ireland indivisible and free by their sacrifice! God bless and strengthen the faithful who strive today and will strive tomorrow to rid the soil of Ireland of the foreign enemy and native slave!

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Wolfe Tone Annual

bÖÖAR NA SAÖIRSE

A n méio aÖainn aÖi beo, ir aÖ eiri ruar, daÖao blian ö föim nö mar rin, ir cuimhin linn föir an rphio bpeä Saolac aÖi aÖ bohra ir aÖ gluaireacÖ tpiö an tiri reo Öire, Öuaö, Öear, Öoir aÖur Öiar.

Ni amain zo ruib Öi rula Öiute Öi faoihre Öi ÖÖire, ac Öi Saolä na Öire aÖ Öul Öi aÖaio Öeim Öi Öeim leir.

Öo Öi an lä Zeal aÖ teacÖ. Connacamar ÖuÖainn Ö aÖur glionÖar Öi Öpöi Zac Öinne öa bÖpi. Öo Öi fönn Öi öÖ ir Öi aÖÖta an uari öo teangä Öi rinnrii ö'fögluim, öo labairt ir öo perioÖü, in ionao teangä na SaÖran, aÖur ba mör an Öeim Öi aÖaio Ö rin.

Öo Öi mear aÖ Öi muinÖiri Öi nöÖanna, Öi ÖraiÖiriün ir Öi ÖultÖiri Öi ÖÖire föim in ionao beic aÖ öéanam aÖÖire Öi an Öreap Öall, fö mar aÖa fö laÖäiri.

Ni faÖamari nöir ÖiÖpna ruam meapam, ö'Öiom an Öiappais na mar a bionar an Öiä öo. Öo Öi Clann na nSaol aÖ teacÖ ÖüÖa föim in Öeire na öála, aÖur lä na öaÖiÖre ir na ÖeläbuioÖta Öar böÖna anonn.

Ruo eile, öo Öi aÖntacÖ ir Öur-le-Öéile ra Öiri, an Öurpöiri uaral öéanna föim Zac Öinne amac.

Annpän, faÖiÖri, öo Öäpna tubairt. Öo Öreis Öream Öiute böÖar na faoihre aÖur le h-imÖeacÖ aimÖire öo Öeim öaÖime eile an ni öéanna aÖur buailim reiaÖ Öi ruii aÖa a Öur öallaÖpüicÖin Öi na mÖte.

Öo Öaradap Öi Öeip ir Öi Öié fö mar a ö'Öiri fö ööiÖ aÖur meall-Öap a lä, ac a buiÖe le Öia, bionn Öream beas ööir ann i ZöÖnai na Zéillean öo plámär na öo baÖairt.

Öpna ruio öo föar an föo zo Öatma ööir daÖao blian ö föim Öi öaÖime mar Öatal ÖpuÖa aÖur Liam ö Maon föra aÖur Seoram Mac Siolla buiÖe aÖur Öatal ö Öälais aÖur Liam ö loimÖis aÖur a lä eile Öus Öreoir ir teagac ö'öÖanai Öireann.

Ni h-aon iona Ö zo Öruil Öpö-meap aÖ Zaeil ööire an lae inniü öpna ruio. Nöir Zéilleadap na nöir Öreigeadap böÖar na faoihre; böÖar ööir zo bÖp aÖur beic meap öpna i Öéipunn zo öeo na nöeoir.

laÖÖari Öi öÖanai an lae inniü beic ööir öo Öuimne aÖur öo Öüir na laöÖra näp Öreis böÖar na faoihre daÖao blian ö föim, i ÖÖreo ir zo ÖÖiöpaio an lä na mbicÖ Öire iomlän paor ö rmaÖ na nSaill. Ni fáÖÖaio aon ni eile ÖpöiÖte Saol zo öeo ac faoihre aÖur SaolacÖar, SaolacÖar aÖur faoihre, aÖntacÖ aÖur neamÖpöacÖar ö ÖlaÖac zo ÖlaÖac aÖur Öeire zo öeo le föim na nSaill i Öéipunn.

"Cüm a'Spianä"

"SÁIRE AN TSARANAIŞ"

Sé bliadhna ó roim oiread do cuiread torad leir an iarracht ir oéideanaisge o'ar deir fir éireann ar b'ioir na nSall do érotao oíob féin. Da minic roimir rin do tusaó pé rna h-eactannais, aet rin a raib oá bárr ašainn toirş rinn a beir deigilte ó'n a céile. Sé bliadhna ó roim ní riabamair so léir ar don aigne aet com beas. Aet an móir-éirear fear a cuir an eirise-amad ar riubal bí a şeroidte 'pan obair; éiredeasair so raib pé de cúram oirra anam na h-éireann do rábáit, ašur b'ionann roim ašur neart airm. An reata beas a cuair amad, éiredeasair so calma aet buadad oirra.

Ní deacair an iarracht folam ám, mar ní faoa 'na oiair nuair o'loimuis şac éinne so raib an ceart aca. Deimead rocmú' ioir na oaoime do b'feari ra tír claoirde le céile ašur peiróm a baint ar şac úirliir şur b'fir peiróm a baint airtí cun deimead do cuir le cumad Şarana in éirinn. Cuireamair rinn féin pé şearaib so leanfaimir de'n t'ioir so oti so mbéad an poblaet cuir ašainn ar riagaltairib an oomáin. Deimniú' ar a feabair ir a bí aš eirise linn ad ead an roir coşair a deimead ioir éirinn ašur Şarana, trí ráite ó roim (i. lú 1921). B'fir ruo náir iarr Seán Duirde oirann leir na ciantaib.

Níorib don ionşad é oá mbéimír mórbálad arainn féin. Aet, parior! níor cuimnişeamair ar cainnt Seán Uí Néill. Mo şreirón eú, a Seán a' Oiomair! Ir tura a eirş eao ba "Şaire an TSARANAIŞ" ann. Oá oirigimír-ne şliocar an TSARANAIŞ in am, an turaş ro, b'féoir ná beimír mar atáimio moiu. Mar tar éir a b'ruit oéanta aš na mílte laod a fuair bárr ar ron na h-éireann ó airmir loricám Naomta Uí Şuatail anuar, tá oaoime ašainn pé látar—ašur ní beas le ráo iao aet an oiréad—atá aš tabairt mar comairle oáim şéillead pé deimead o'ar noeairş-naimio. Ašur ní h-é rin amáin aet iarrtar oirann 'na éannnta ran, Şaranais a oéanam oinn féin. Sin a b'uarimair de bárr a t'roir-coşair, ašur toirş so raib pé de oit-céille ionáim cúşeari oime uaral a cuir anonn cun cainnte le Seán Duirde eall i lúnoun. Ní foláir nó cuiread pé oiraoiréad eall iao.

Aet má deimead amaoáin oíob roim, ní h-ionnann roim ašur a ráo so noéanpar amaoáin de muinntir na h-éireann. Ní oéanpar an faio ir atá fir ašainn annro so b'ruit neart 'na şeupleanaib ašur m'nead 'na şeroidtib. Tá a leiréir ašainn, molaó le Dia, ašur tá rocair aca şan leošaint oo Seán Duirde, ná o'éinne eite, Şaranais a oéanam de Şaeoalair faio mairéann ráo.

Caşal Oiruşa, 1922.

REMEMBER THE EXILES

IF you send name and address of any person abroad (enclosing 1/3 if outside Ireland or Britain) a copy of the 1962 *Annual* will be mailed at once, with a small greeting card bearing your name. Postage on a single copy going to any part of Ireland or to Britain is 2d.

WHO WERE THE REBELS IN 1922?

Proof of the Responsibility for War

IN this issue of *The Wolfe Tone Annual* we are not giving a complete history of everything that happened in 1922 and 1923. To do that we would require five times the space that is at our disposal in this hurriedly-written publication. Our chief concern is the vindication of the men who gave their lives in defence of the living Republic of Ireland, who have been slandered for the past forty years and who are being slandered to-day.

Their story alone would fill the following pages twice over. The simple letters written by them just before they went to their death—those of them who got time to write—would fill at least fifty pages—letters in which there is not a word of bitterness, of desire for revenge on their callous murderers, of regret for the part they had played in the fight for Ireland's honour.

They were (and are to this day) denounced as rebels to lawful authority. They were outlawed and deserted by the Irish Hierarchy and were refused the Sacraments they loved, because they would not acclaim as the truth the lie that the traitors who attacked them with English guns, defamed them, condemned them to death, and slandered them when dead, were the people's lawful representatives and acted with the sanction of the Irish Nation.

We ask our readers to study carefully the following facts before proceeding to read the rest of *The Wolfe Tone Annual*, and we advise such of them as have the time and opportunity to go further and examine for themselves all the available records of the period and find out who were the rebels, and who the true patriots in that terrible time.

The Treaty of Surrender was signed in London at midnight of the 6-7 December, 1921, the signatures of the Irish Delegation being given to it in violation of orders received from and undertakings given to the Government of the Republic at home, particularly with regard to the sovereignty of the Republic, to Partition and allegiance to the British Crown. (For a true account see the 1958 *Annual*).

For five years previous to that time the nation was united on three fundamental principles—the existence of the Republic, the sanctity of our National Independence and Ireland's territorial integrity.

The Treaty violated all three by proposing to destroy the Republic, establishing an Irish Colony and partitioning Ireland.

It was impossible for Republicans to sanction this violation because:—

- (1) The Irish people had never recognised British rule as lawful.
- (2) They had for five years fought a bitter war to maintain the Republic.
- (3) They had taken lives in its defence.
- (4) They had sworn to defend the Republic against all enemies, foreign and domestic.
- (5) The Treaty had been signed behind the backs of the Cabinet

of Dail Eireann and of the Army, and in violation of the signatories' oaths, credentials and terms of reference.

(6) The Treaty was signed under a threat of war—an unworthy surrender for a proud and honourable nation.

Dail Eireann approved the Treaty by 64 votes to 57, but only three members accepted it on its merits, the other 61 declaring they took it as the only alternative to war, or as "a stepping stone to the Republic."

Arthur Griffith when elected President said that Dail Eireann would remain the sovereign authority of the Irish Republic till disestablished by a vote of the people.

Richard Mulcahy, the new Minister for Defence, publicly promised that the Army would be preserved as the Army of the Republic.

On January 14th, 1922, Mr. Griffith called a meeting of the members of Parliament for "Southern Ireland"—a term recognised only by a foreign, and, therefore, spurious authority—and thereat he set up a "Provisional Government" which immediately proceeded to order the Irish people to do and not to do certain things.

Under these circumstances, both sides agreed to the calling of an Army Convention to ensure that Mr. Mulcahy's undertaking would be carried out. The Dail agreed, and Mr. Mulcahy called the Convention for the 20th March.

Mr. Griffith proclaimed the Army Convention on March 17th.

It is to be remembered that the Army was an unpaid volunteer force which was in existence before the Dail, and which, as a condition to coming under its jurisdiction, had insisted on all the members of the Dail taking the oath of allegiance to the Republic. Only one member—Eamon de Valera—refused to take the oath.

The Army Convention was held and an Executive elected. Only the desire to avoid civil war prevented the Army Executive from attacking the Provisional Government.

Mr. Griffith proceeded to arrange for an election. The Republicans contended it would destroy national unity, as the register was out of date, and the threat of war would prevent a free vote.

On February 22nd, the Ard Fheis of Sinn Féin met and in order to stave off defeat at the hands of the National Political organisation, the pro-Treaty Party agreed to a three months' postponement, and undertook to produce the Free State Constitution in the meantime.

This was important, as Michael Collins had secured support in the Army by stating privately he was drafting a Republican Constitution.

In the March Session of Dail Eireann, Mr. Collins stated that as Chairman of the Provisional Government he was not responsible to the Dail. This was an open breach of the undertaking that the Dail was the sovereign authority of the Republic.

The fact that the Provisional Government was secretly obtaining arms from England compelled the Army Executive to occupy the Four Courts and other buildings, as a precautionary measure. The legality of this occupation was never questioned by the Dail. No request was ever made by the Provisional Government or the Free State Chiefs that the Four Courts be evacuated.

The country was on the verge of civil war when on May 20th an

agreement was reached between Messrs. de Valera and Collins for an agreed election and a Coalition Government.

The Dail unanimously ratified this. The Ard Fheis passed it unanimously, and Mr. Collins said the pact was more important than the Treaty. Yet, on the 14th June, on his return from London he broke the pact in Cork by declaring he was not hampered by being on a platform where there were Coalitionists, and made a "straight appeal" to the people to vote for the candidate they thought best of.

The Constitution was published on the morning of the election, too late for the voters to consider it before voting. It showed a complete surrender to the English interpretation of the Treaty, and shamelessly bartered the sovereign independence of Ireland.

At the elections there were returned 4 Trinity College members, 17 labour, 7 Farmers, 6 Independents, and 94 Panel members, 58 being pro-Treaty and 36 Republicans.

The Panel members numbered 73 per cent. of the total. The mandate from the country, therefore, was clearly for a Coalition Government. There was no mandate whatever for war, as the remaining members (with the exception of the 4 from Trinity College) had all asked the people to vote for Peace.

Of the whole House, the Collins-Griffith party were in a minority of 58 to 70.

On June 26th—four days before the day fixed for the meeting of the Third Dail—Mr. Churchill in the English House of Commons demanded an attack on the Four Courts, and Mr. Lloyd George said that while not using the language of menace, he had warned the Provisional Government that the occupation of the Four Courts should be brought to an end. (See quotations from the speeches on another page).

Forty-eight hours later—two days before the Third Dail was to meet—the Provisional Government attacked the Four Courts.

It is to be kept in mind that all the members of this Provisional Government belonged to a party which was a minority of the New Parliament—and that this minority was elected to form a Coalition Government so as to avoid civil war.

The situation that developed, was, therefore, the result of the action of a body calling itself a Provisional Government—really a military Junta set up and armed by England—waging a war of aggression against the forces of the Irish Republic.

The usurpers gave further proof themselves of their responsibility for the war of 1922-23.

So far as the Republicans were concerned that armed conflict ended on 30th April, 1923, when a "Cease Fire" order was issued publicly and loyally obeyed.

Three days later the usurpers officially murdered three soldiers of the Republic in Ennis Jail. They continued to raid houses by day and by night, to hold up and search citizens, and during the two months following the issue of the "Cease Fire" order, they arrested 400 Republican men and women.

They who talked about "the will of the people" carried out an election in 1923 on a defective register, kept 10,000 Republican election

workers in jail while it was being held, tore down Republican election literature, raided Republican election offices, broke up scores of public meetings, surrounded the polling booths with armed soldiers and armoured cars and intimidated the electors in every possible way.

And in spite of all that "fair play" 44 Republican Deputies were returned at the Elections, with a total of 286,161 votes.

That was a fairly eloquent testimony as to whose will had been carried out when over 200 splendid young men were brutally murdered and as to whose shoulders should bear the responsibility for a year and more of war.

THE SOLDIERS OF 1922

IF in the pages that follow justice has not been done to the patriotism, the nobility, the humility, the heroism, and the true Christian charity of the men and boys who gave their lives for the Republic of Ireland in the sad but glorious years of 1922 and 1923, the failing powers of the writer must be accepted as a reason, not any lessening of his veneration for their memory or faith in the purpose that inspired and the cause that called them.

To re-echo the Christlike charity that ennobled and inspired the very humblest of them under spiritual and physical persecution is the dearest wish of him who recounts haltingly and inadequately for you their splendid story, but if a note of bitterness creeps in here and there it will be understood and forgiven by all who know the true history of the land we love.

The men of 1922 and 1923 who were called upon to give their lives for the honour as well as the freedom of Ireland, realised that those fallen and degraded former comrades of theirs who put them to death were but the deluded instruments of an outside enemy, the only persistent enemy of our land and people in the whole world. We too realise that fact, but there is an Irish proverb which says that the truth is often bitter and we ask our readers to believe that the only bitterness in these pages is the bitterness of truth. The words of Mercier the patriot come back to us across the years:—

"As to truth, first. It must stand above everything. Sincerity is the most essential of duties. We cannot, without cowardice, let a lie prevail."

The lie that those who betrayed the Republic of Ireland and slew its unselfish defenders at the command of its deadly enemy were the lawful authority in this land, has been shouted and whispered throughout the world for forty years, is being shouted and whispered today, and it is the duty of all who love truth and justice to show that lie to the youth of Ireland as the evil and harmful thing it is and hold before young minds the inspiration of great, humble, patriotic men who died for truth and justice, for honour and independence, for the virtue of patriotism and the freedom of Ireland.

The beautiful poems in praise of them by a gifted priest, Dr. Patrick Browne, of Maynooth College, the tributes paid to them by Fr. Albert, Fr. Dominic and other saintly men will be met with in the pages that follow. And here we quote the salute given to them all by one of the

best known and best beloved priests in the diocese of Dublin, Very Rev. Canon Downing, of Berkeley Road, who flung wide the doors of his church to the patriot dead when the body of Cathal Brugha had been denied admission to the Pro-Cathedral in Marlborough street:—

"Can I ever forget,—I, whose home lies in sight of the prison walls—can I ever forget how, in the still of the night and in the calm of the dawn, the voices of brave men going to death, and the voices of ten thousand true hearts gathered round, rose combining and commingling—one Rosary, one anthem of pity going up to Heaven. Long shall the tale be told by Irish firesides how the Rosary sanctified and soothed those dark hours.

I have seen the Rosary beads twined through the fingers of them that died, and I thought of brave Dominican martyrs in this land, of whom it is written: 'They kissed their scapulars and died.' And I may say of these dear lads, the purest, the bravest and the best: 'They kissed their Rosary beads and died.'

"'Tis past, 'tis past! The poor fingers that counted the beads, the dear lips that kissed them, are gone to dust and are mouldering now within the prison walls. They are buried there. But there is another place where they are buried—they are buried in the grateful heart of their country. Sleep, brothers! sleep on, in the loving heart of Ireland."

THE CRACK OF THE ENGLISH WHIP

AS has been stated on an earlier page, the Third Dail of the Republic of Ireland was to have assembled on June 30, 1922. Four days earlier speeches were delivered in the British House of Commons by David Lloyd George, Prime Minister of Great Britain, and by Winston Churchill, Colonial Secretary.

The whole tone of the two speeches showed that the British Government dreaded the result of that meeting of Dáil Éireann and were determined, at all hazards, to stampede the men they felt they had in their power to attack by force their own countrymen and comrades and set the fires of war blazing again in Ireland for the benefit of the British Empire.

The undertone of both speeches was a threat that if the unfortunate men they had seduced from their allegiance did not at once carry out England's dirty work in Ireland, the English would come back in full force and resume it themselves, showing no mercy either to their own suborned tools or to the faithful defenders of Irish honour and Irish independence.

This threat can be plainly read between the lines of the following extract from the speech of Churchill reported in No. 84, Volume 155, of the Parliamentary Debates, British House of Commons, columns 1711 and 1712:—

"The presence in Dublin, in violent occupation of the Four Courts, of a band of men styling themselves the Headquarters of the Republican Executive, is a gross breach and defiance of the Treaty.

"From this nest of Anarchy and Treason, not only to the British Crown, but to the Irish people, murderous outrages are stimulated and encouraged, not only in the twenty-six counties, not only in the territory

of the Northern Government but even, it seems most probable here across the Channel, in Great Britain.

"From this centre, at any rate, an organisation is kept in being which has branches in Ulster, in Scotland, and in England, with the declared purpose of wrecking the Treaty by the vilest processes of which human degradation can conceive.

"The time has come when it is not unfair, nor premature, and not impatient for us to make this strengthened Irish Government and new Irish Parliament a request in express terms, that this sort of thing must come to an end.

"If it does not come to an end, either from weakness, from want of courage, or from some other even less creditable reasons, if it is not brought to an end and a speedy end, then it is my duty to say on behalf of His Majesty's Government that we shall regard the Treaty as having been formally violated, and that we shall take no steps to carry out or to legalise its further stages, and that we *shall resume full liberty of action in any direction that may seem proper and to any extent that may be necessary to safeguard the interest and the rights that are entrusted to our care.*"

This was the threat to Ireland as it was uttered in public. One does not need genius to be able to form an opinion as to how much more blunt and brutal it was when spoken in private by callous double dealers and experienced political tricksters to those who had surrendered to them and were not big enough to admit that they had been blinded and deceived.

THE STORY OF CATHAL BRUGHA

WHEN earnest Irishmen remember the unconquered dead of the Republic of Ireland, two names leap into their minds together, as if inseparable—the names of Terence MacSwiney and Cathal Brugha. In years to come the inspiring and unselfish lives of both will be seen with the eyes of understanding, when an erect, awakened, independent Ireland will honour and love them as they deserve, and feel a pride in their vision, their valour, their patriotism, their unselfishness, their true Christianity, that will nerve our people to defend against every physical and spiritual attack the glorious heritage of Irish freedom for which MacSuibhne and Brugha laid down their noble lives. Terence MacSwiney was a flame of purifying fire that burned steadily, strongly, without waver or flicker to the very last. Cathal Brugha was a sword of purest, brightest, truest steel, that gave out sparkling rays of soft and beautiful light when the sun caught its blade, that sang with joy and fierce exultation where the battle for Ireland's freedom was at its height, that met with pride and buoyancy the challenge of the foe, that never was unsheathed in an unjust cause, never carried a stain of cowardice or brutality on its shining blade, and never was sheathed when drawn for the last time, until brute force and treachery left it broken but unbeaten in the dust of the battlefield. The beacon fire and defending sword of the young, beleagured, unblemished, undefeated Republic of Ireland—so should we think at all times of MacSuibhne and Brugha.

So should the young men of to-day and of the future hold them in their hearts, and follow their steady brightness through all the mists and darkness and dangers of the night, until the dawn once more strikes the Irish hill-tops and the land awakens to a realisation of its destiny, and flings aside the shackles of expediency, of compromise, of slavishness and of fear.

ATTEMPTS have been made during the past forty years by mean-minded men to belittle the greatness, to challenge the unselfishness and to besmirch the character of MacSuibhne and Brugha. But the years will pass and the mean-minded slanderers will fade away into the mists of obscurity and be completely and entirely forgotten—they are not big enough even to be remembered with feelings of execration by the Irish people—and exactly as they fade out so shall the memory of the flame of truth that is MacSuibhne and the sword of light that is Brugha burn and flash and glow in the remembering heart of unconquered Ireland, and radiate a blessed brightness that will grow and widen with the passing of the years. They fought with clean hands, they taught with truthful tongues, they loved with pure hearts, they bowed their heads in reverence and humility imploring God's blessing on their work, and so there can be no doubt or fear that the road they pointed out is the straight, hallowed, unmistakable way that must be walked by those who would win for Ireland the full reward of her faith, her hope and her love. There is no other road that can be walked with honour, that can be followed with certainty of success. When that truth has been grasped and thoroughly understood by the young people of Ireland the end of the road will be already in sight, the beautiful dream of MacSuibhne and Brugha and of their countless comrades of all the generations, will begin to unfold itself in its undying splendour to the enraptured gaze of the faithful and the true.

CATHAL BRUGHA, like many more of his generation, was not born into Irish Ireland. He had to search for it, and to struggle towards it with the tenacity and courage that were among his gifts from God. As a boy he was unaware that within the four seas of this country or anywhere on earth, there was an Irish language, a golden key to the mind and heart of Ireland. He came of Fenian stock, but over the days of his boyhood hung the enervating clouds of parliamentarianism and Anglicisation, and he learned nothing at home nor at school about the real Ireland that was later to call him to her defence. Of small stature but sturdily built, he was an outstanding athlete and excelled all his young compeers in every healthy exercise and pastime of the day. He was building up the body of steel that was destined to be riddled one day with English bullets, to be seemingly drained of its every drop of blood, and to survive and recover and stand unflinchingly again in Ireland's *bearna bhaoil*. He was already in the twenties when he discovered by accident that there was an organisation called the Gaelic League, the object of which was the restoration of the Irish language to its rightful place as the spoken tongue of the people of Ireland. Out of sheer curiosity he accompanied a young friend to the classes of the Keating Branch in Dublin, and sat silent and thoughtful throughout the evening's lesson, not understanding a single Irish word that was spoken.

He went home thinking the whole matter out, and for days after nothing else occupied his thoughts. His clear, practical young mind grasped very quickly and very surely the truth that so long as he was culpably ignorant of the language God had given as a gift to the people of Ireland, he was not an Irishman at all, but merely an imitation Englishman. The realisation of that humiliating truth was more than enough for Cathal Brugha. From that moment he became a student and a lover of Irish whose equal has not been known in the history of the Revival. Not alone did he study the language itself; he delved deeply into the story of its suppression by the far-seeing English, aided by the slavish Anglicised Irish, and in the search for light and knowledge he discovered both Ireland and himself, and found they had perfect communion with each other. Day after day he added to his knowledge of the language, until after a couple of years he could teach his teachers and could pass almost anywhere as a native speaker.

A LONG with acquiring fluency of speech and a perfect *blas* he became a polished writer of Irish, and in the second volume of *Leabhar na hEireann*, the *Irish Year Book*, edited by Arthur Griffith and published by the National Council of Sinn Féin in 1909, we find a long article in Irish by Cathal, dealing with the Gaelic League and its objective, and with the possibilities of the Revival Movement. It is plain to be seen by that article that by this time he had become far more than a mere Gaelic Leaguer with an academic interest in the language. He had already become an Irish Separatist, who realised that until this country was clear of all dependence on or connection with the British Empire, it could never work out its own high destiny, or become again as it had been in the golden past, the teacher and exemplar of the world. Cathal Brugha so thoroughly steeped his mind in the *Gaedhilig* of his love that ever afterwards it held the mastery over English in his thoughts and on his tongue. Many a time in the later years when he was in the thick of a heated debate or in the middle of a speech in English on a public platform, it was noticed that if suddenly confronted with a question or an interruption, he would reply at once and quite easily and naturally in Irish, without seeming to notice that he had done so. He had trained his mind to think in Irish and the love that was in his heart for the language and for everything it stood for, kept it for ever uppermost in his thoughts and nearest to his tongue. He had realised one of his ambitions by becoming an Irishman in very truth. And he set himself with all his gifts and energies to the realisation of the still greater ambition that had grown up in his heart and mind, the ambition to see every Irish man, woman and child as Irish as himself, and to see every foot of Irish soil free from the curse of alien rule.

FOR many years the business in which he was engaged took Cathal Brugha to all parts of the country, and in his travels he was a voluntary organiser for the Gaelic League, an apostle who preached by example and precept the gospel of real Irish independence. He had what was almost a gift for finding out the schools in which there were patriotic teachers—the language of Ireland could only be taught outside official school hours in those days—and many a time unannounced and

unknown, did he visit such schools, congratulate both teacher and pupils, and encourage the latter by awarding generous prizes, paid for out of his own modest income. It was long years afterwards in many cases before the teachers so unobtrusively applauded for their voluntary work for Ireland became aware of the identity of their mysterious visitor. Then, as ever afterwards, this great Irish soldier, scholar and statesman shunned publicity and cared not who got the credit or applause so long as Ireland was advanced even one pace on the road to freedom.

IT was when he began to speak to some of his colleagues in the Gaelic League about the necessity for a military movement in Ireland that he discovered the existence of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, the secret organisation that had managed to keep alive somehow during all the years of parliamentarianism, disillusion and dissension, and that was now being reorganised by Tom Clarke, Seán MacDiarmada, Major John MacBride and others. His keen mind saw the dangers and drawbacks in a secret movement and he would prefer to stand out in the open and organise an Irish Army in spite of everything; but he was persuaded of the necessity for secrecy in the then state of the country, and he became a loyal and active Fenian, as his father had been, and only parted company with the I.R.B. after 1916, when he saw that there was no longer any necessity for it in view of the fact the Irish Volunteers were becoming more and more numerous and active everywhere. Terence MacSwiney took the same view and both endeavoured to have the I.R.B. disbanded after the Government of the Republic had been constitutionally established and the I.R.A. had given allegiance to it. For this they were never forgiven by certain men with motives of their own, but after events proved that if the secret organisation had been disbanded in 1919, there would probably have been no acceptance of the Treaty of Surrender in 1921, and none of the bitterness and strife and weakness and compromise that have hung like clouds above us ever since, while Cathal Brugha and hundreds more of our best and truest soldiers sleep in the graves to which they were driven by English cunning and Irish treachery.

IN November, 1913, the Irish Volunteers came, to make history that will live for ever, and Cathal Brugha, calmly and quietly but with a great joy in his heart, fitted into the place for which he and others had been preparing for many years. He soon was elected Vice-Commandant of the 4th Battalion, Dublin Brigade, which had as Commandant a man after his own heart—gentle, courageous, Irish-hearted Eamon Ceannt. The work of those two men from 1913 to 1916 will never be fully known, but an idea of it can be got from the account of the fight made by them and their little group of Volunteers in Easter Week. They had trained so carefully and so constantly that they were all thoroughly disciplined, all good marksmen, all cool under fire, and so when opposed by a force several times larger and better equipped than they, the English officers and their veterans met more than they had bargained for.

With the small force at the disposal of Ceannt and Brugha it was very difficult to man effectively the big, scattered South Dublin Union, but they made the best disposition they could under the circumstances,

and when the action commenced it was fierce and deadly. The Republican garrison was in two sections. Between them were the British. The fight went on from Monday to Thursday, and then Commandant Ceannt decided to break through the enemy position and unite his two forces. He had only gone to take charge of one section when the British launched a determined attack on the position occupied by Cathal Brugha and his men. In the terrible encounter which ensued Cathal was badly wounded, and after some time the officer next in rank decided to fall back. He and the others thought they had left Cathal Brugha either mortally wounded or a prisoner in the enemy's hands. When Commandant Ceannt learned that his friend and brother officer was missing he determined to take him from the enemy, dead or alive. Several men volunteered to go with him in this desperate undertaking. They found Cathal, neither dead nor a prisoner, but with his back propped against a wall, and his gun to his shoulder, while he shouted defiantly to the English to come on and capture the position from one wounded man. The English, evidently thinking it was a ruse, decided not to come on, and Ceannt was able to remove his wounded comrade to a place of safety and to crudely and hurriedly staunch his wounds from which the blood was flowing freely. "Fight on! fight on!" whispered Cathal. "Don't bother about me; I'm done." Coming on to night the enemy were repulsed, and then it was possible to do something for Cathal's wounds. He seemed to be sinking fast, and those men who loved him thought it was only a matter of hours until death came to take him out of pain.

He was removed to the Union Hospital on Friday, April 28, when it was found that there were twenty-five wounds on his body, five of them being dangerous. His left foot, leg and hip were simply a mass of wounds, and he had lost so much blood that the doctors had no hope of being able to save his life. It was a remarkable fact that on the wall, just over the position he had occupied, directly facing the enemy fire, was a framed picture of the Crucifixion. The wall all about it was practically covered with bullet marks, but the picture was untouched. Cathal was taken prisoner in the Union after the surrender, and removed to a British military hospital, where he was held for months. The British then considered him a helpless cripple for life and released him unconditionally as soon as he was able to be moved. Little did they think that he was going to be their most formidable enemy in all Ireland in the years that were to follow. And little did he think that English guns in the hands of renegade Irishmen would end his life in another fight for Irish freedom.

PUBLIC platforms had no attraction for Cathal Brugha, but when duty demanded it he went before the people and spoke out his mind and heart to them, and they always understood him at once and felt that here was a man who said just what he meant, and who meant every word he said, and who could be trusted and followed in every emergency. With quiet confidence and unflagging energy he set about the organisation and consolidation of the national emotion and enthusiasm that were everywhere in evidence when the true meaning and message of Easter Week, 1916, broke through the smoke screen of British lies, and revealed

as true brothers of Tone and Emmet and Mitchel and the Fenians the men who had been slaughtered and flung into quicklime graves, and then slandered as criminals and rioters and reckless fanatics and tools of the European enemies of the just and benign British Empire. A new awakening was at hand and Cathal bent himself to the task of directing this new manifestation of the old faith and hope into ways that would lead to sovereign freedom.

His efforts were crowned with success. In the autumn of 1917, a few months after the release of the Easter Week prisoners from English jails, there was a mighty political organisation in the making, frankly Separatist and Republican, and the Irish Volunteers were on the march again in every corner of the land, the cruel disappointment of 1916 already almost forgotten in the hope and promise of the final conflict with the old enemy that was to come. Behind all that steady, quietly jubilant, intense effort stood Cathal Brugha, directing, inspiring, teaching, restraining and moulding into a perfect fighting machine the finest body of young men and women Ireland had known for generations. The first result of this great, silent work was seen in the Spring of 1918, when England and her agents in Ireland decided to enforce conscription here. The menace was met with such calm determination and such unbroken national discipline that the War Lords of the Empire changed their mind and agreed that the time was not opportune for the breaking up of the Irish Nation that had sprung so miraculously to life again from those quick-lime graves in Arbour Hill. In the swoop on the leaders of Republican Ireland which took place in May, 1918, Cathal Brugha managed to keep out of the clutches of the English, and his work went on with more energy and quiet intensity than ever, so that by the end of that memorable year, Republican Ireland, civilian and military, was organised from end to end, the people who looked with hungry, slavish eyes to Westminster, begging crumbs from John Bull's table swept aside, the demand for freedom growing in volume and earnestness, and the Army of the Republic preparing for the struggle that was drawing nearer with each passing day.

AT the General Election in December, 1918, no fewer than seventy-three Sinn Féin candidates were elected, twenty-six being returned unopposed, and on January 21, 1919, Cathal Brugha called together and presided at the first meeting of Dáil Eireann, at which the Republic of Ireland, proclaimed in arms in Easter Week, 1916, was legally and constitutionally declared and established, and a Declaration of Independence sent out to the nations of the world.

AT that first meeting of Dáil Eireann at which, very much against his will, he occupied the position of President of the Republic, Cathal Brugha made no long speeches and when he spoke it was in Irish. When the Declaration of Independence had been read in Irish, in French and in English he emphasised the significance of it very simply and very clearly. Here is a rough translation:—

"You will understand from this Declaration," he said, "that we have now cut the connection with England. Let that fact go forth to the world, to all whom it concerns. Whatever may be the result of our work here to-day—it may be a fight to the death—the reign of *ráiméis* is ended in Ireland, and not before its time.

"Delegates from most of the nations are gathered at Versailles, and they declare that their chief business there is to make certain the future peace of the world, so that there may no longer be need for war. We say to them now, frankly and boldly, that if they are in earnest as to peace, they must back us up in our breaking of the connection with England. If they fail to do that, there will be no peace in Europe.

"I appeal to you," he continued, "to have trust in one another. The Hand of God is in our work: that is clear from the happenings of the past couple of years. Two years ago last Easter the Republic of Ireland was proclaimed. To-day we have ratified that Proclamation. All we need do now is to stand loyally and steadfastly together. Let us stand together as brothers, let nothing divide us, and we need have no fears for the future."

It was in that spirit of brotherly comradeship he worked for Ireland from the first day he discovered that he had a country until he died in defence of it and of the faith that was in him, and it is but the simple truth to say that he inspired and awakened a similar spirit in every sincere citizen and soldier of the Republic with whom he came in contact during the crowded months and years that followed the fateful first meeting of Dáil Eireann. As soon as his colleagues who were then in English prisons were released and a full meeting of Dáil Eireann could be held, he handed over the leadership with very great relief, and at the same time accepted the position of Minister for Defence in the Cabinet which was then formed. The whole Dáil in session was the Government as well as the Parliament of the Republic, but there had to be a Ministry with Departments for the carrying out of decrees and the transacting of the business of the nation. When salaries for the Ministers were being voted—very modest salaries they were in those days—Cathal Brugha declined to accept any payment for his work. He explained that the salary he earned in business was sufficient for the needs of his household, that he would feel more content without a Government wage, and with characteristic thoughtfulness and unselfishness, recommended that the allowance being voted for his use should be given instead to his Chief of Staff, who had no employment at the time. He made it quite clear that his action in the matter was no reflection on those colleagues of his in the Ministry who were not situated as he was, and who must of necessity accept the salary voted by Dáil Eireann. Cathal promised that although he was not able to give all his time to the business of his Department, he would do at least as much work as any other Minister, and this promise was more than fulfilled. From that day forward the English had constant reason to regret that they did not make sure of the end which they hoped his wounds would bring about in 1916. He harried them night and day for two years, outwitted them, attacked them and met their attacks with success, out-generalled their most famous and most brilliant officers and military advisers, played upon their fears and their nerves to such an extent that they believed the Army controlled and directed by him to be twenty times the size it actually was; and finally made them eat all their own threats and boasts and ask for a truce in which honourable terms of peace could be arranged.

CAOINEAD ÉIREANN AR CATHAL BRÚGA

ronn—"I Know Where I'm Going."

Caoimh bíad na nGaoth,
Caoimh laoc bí calma,
Nár éirís an tEirinn baogail,
Ac o'ead ar ron na tAnban.

Mo shrád tú, a Cathal Brúga!
Ir tú mo rún go daingean!
A laoié nár géill 'ra ngleo,
Ir tú mo rtor, mo taitneamh!

Doibinn tiom do shiom!
Bí rir go tiomta sham
Go oíur fear an rto,
Ac ir tú cur rceón i nGallaid.

Mo shrád tú, a Cathal Brúga!
Ir tú mo rún go daingean!
A laoié nár géill 'ra ngleo,
Ir tú mo rtor, mo taitneamh!

Shrád mo éiride go n'ead
Shac óglac t'rean san eagla;
Ac ir tú an t'reoiride cóir
Ar bótar mór na tAnban!

Mo shrád tú, a Cathal Brúga!
Ir tú mo rún go daingean!
A laoié nár géill 'ra ngleo,
Ir tú mo rtor, mo taitneamh!

Orman na tAnban

WHEN he carried the war into England, when men with the courage of Cathal Brugha himself and made braver still by the confidence he reposed in them, took their lives in their hands day by day in the country of the enemy and carried out activity after activity that set the English Government frantic, they put their whole murder gang, their spies and their human bloodhounds on the track of the man who was hitting them so hard and making a laughing-stock of their Generals before the world. They even brought real bloodhounds on one of their many savage raids on his house and took them to the room he used to occupy when at home, in the hope that they would by this means track him down. But they never caught him. And while all their frenzied hunting was at its height, Cathal Brugha could be seen and consulted by officers of the I.R.A. or by Deputies of Dáil Eireann any day of the week, and neither his private business nor the work of his Department was ever neglected or allowed to fall into arrears. He might work well into the night, but early next morning after Mass, which he never missed,

he was at his task again with the same quiet enthusiasm which sent men on their way after an interview with him, feeling strong and invincible enough to take on single-handed a whole platoon of Crown Forces. He had no ambition for leadership, and yet the best men in Ireland, men of outstanding ability in more than one sphere, accepted him unquestioningly as the natural leader of Ireland's Patriot Army.

IN a book written about that period by an outsider, it is stated that Cathal Brugha was "ferocious." Never was a word more wantonly misused. In actual warfare he was ruthless because he knew that he must be or suffer defeat. But inhumanity and brutality and ferocity were vices unknown to him. No more gentle-hearted man has ever lived, nor one more richly endowed with the Christian virtue of charity. He would countenance no cowardly or cruel act, even against the meanest and bitterest opponent of Ireland, and the manly pity of his great Irish heart was extended without reserve to those on whom an ordinary man would look only with contempt. His childlike love of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament to Whom he paid a visit every day, no matter how insistent worldly duties called or how closely his enemies surrounded him, and his abiding trust in the Mother of God kept him free from the slightest taint of anything in the nature of brutality or cowardice or ferocity, and those who, drawing their information about him from mean enemy sources, write him down as "ferocious," by that very act prove that they have no more understanding of the cause he served and the holy ideal for which he died, than they have true knowledge of the mind and heart and character of Cathal Brugha.

IF he had one fault it was that he trusted others too much. He could not believe any person in the Republican ranks less honest or less earnest or less sincere than himself. He opposed the sending of a delegation to London after the Truce in 1921, to discuss peace, not because he thought any single one of them would fail and weaken and betray the Republic, but because his knowledge of Irish history had taught him to distrust the hellish cunning of the English, and he feared that they would impose on Irish honesty and Irish generosity. Even when the Treaty of Surrender had been signed under threat of "immediate and terrible war," his blame was all for the English, and he clung to the hope that the other four signatories to that document of shame would follow the brave example of Robert Barton, acknowledge that they had done wrong under duress, welcome the repudiation of the Articles of Agreement by their colleagues in Dáil Eireann, and with them and the Army and the civilian population, stand up again for honour and freedom and truth, as they had done before, to the worst the English could do. Those who recall the terrible days and nights of the debate on the so-called Treaty in Dáil Eireann, will remember with what horror and amazement and heart-break Cathal Brugha came slowly to realise that there were soldiers of the I.R.A. and deputies of Dáil Eireann who were prepared to break their lawful oath to the Republic of Ireland, and take an unlawful oath to the King and the Government of England, for the bribe of a partition subordinate parliament to be brought into being, not by the will of the Irish people, but by an Act of

the British Legislature at Westminster. And even when the worst had happened, and Ireland's proud sovereignty had been torn down and trampled upon and jeered at by her own faithless, misguided sons, Cathal Brugha refused to lose hope, and cheered more despondent comrades with the assurance that all was not yet lost, that the Republic in whose defence so many noble sacrifices had been made would come into its own again.

AND here let it be said that never at any time for a single moment did Cathal Brugha give consent or approval to compromise or acceptance of English authority here. So clearly was this known and understood that in 1926, when compromise was proposed by some of those who had fought for five years against it the man who suggested and led the secession from the straight road of the Republic admitted that Cathal Brugha would never have agreed to such a step.

Cathal Brugha was prepared to go a long way to secure internal and external peace but for nothing on this earth would he surrender the sovereignty of the Republic of Ireland. His view was that we could agree to almost anything that would lead to peace even with our arch-enemy, England, so long as the Government of the Republic remained the sole and sovereign authority in the Thirty-two Counties of this country.

AFTER falsehood, threats and corruption had succeeded in getting a majority of seven votes in Dáil Eireann in favour of England's alternative to Irish independence, it was no trouble to those who had already committed perjury to give a solemn public undertaking that they would maintain the Republic, when in their hearts they had already decided to subvert it. It was no trouble to them to go on deceiving sincere but unthinking men with the promise of "a Republican Constitution under the Treaty" (as if such a thing were possible) in defence of which, they said with many a fierce oath, they would fight England and all her armies. It was no trouble to them to sit down, Judas-like, with the officers of the Republican Army, and draw up plans for concerted action against the English garrison in the Six Counties; and then a couple of days later, on receipt of orders from London, accept guns from the English and attack the men with whom they had been in council as brothers. It was no trouble to them to act as the tools and puppets of the English in preventing the coming together of the country's elected representatives in Dáil Eireann, because it was feared that meeting would bring internal peace in Ireland and thwart the plans of unscrupulous English politicians. It was no trouble to those unfortunate Irish renegades to assist England in resuming her war of aggression against the Republic of Ireland, and to shoot down at her command the men whose only crime was that they had remained steadfast and true when the renegades themselves had surrendered to the enemy.

And so in just a little over six years after his heroic fight in 1916, Cathal Brugha, no longer the glad soldier who joked and laughed with his comrades in the South Dublin Union, but one whose heart was filled with sorrow and disappointment, found himself facing English guns again, only this time they were manned by men in the stolen uniform

of the Irish Volunteers and over them flew the stolen flag of the Republic of Ireland.

WHEN the rebellion against the Republic was launched on 28th June, 1922, the wounded hero of 1916, the man who had tried harder than anyone else to secure peace and unity among Irishmen, joined the Patriot Army of the Republic of Ireland as a private, but very soon those who were so proud to have him in their midst insisted on his acceptance of the rank of Commandant. Then as always he became the heart and soul and inspiration of the desperate fight that was made against unscrupulous forces of renegade Irishmen urged on by the imperative orders and backed by the guns of Imperial England. His post was in O'Connell Street at the old Hammam Hotel, and when this and adjoining houses were set on fire by the "Free State" forces, and the position could no longer be held, Cathal Brugha refused to surrender, although he was solicitous for the safety of every non-combatant in the vicinity, and repeatedly shouted to ambulance men and others to keep clear of the burning buildings. When it was no longer possible to remain in the house that was now in flames, Brugha rushed out, gun in hand—one brave soldier of freedom against an army of misguided mercenaries—and to our eternal shame be it told, the man whom the English failed to kill in 1916, the man who made them fear the very name of the I.R.A. in the five great years that followed, the man most fearless and chivalrous among all the soldiers of the Gael, was shot down on a Dublin street by men who had once been his comrades against the common enemy, and were now that enemy's despised but useful instruments in putting an end to one of the finest and noblest lives in the long history of Ireland's fight for freedom.

ON the very day of his glorious sacrifice for the cause that has claimed so many martyrs, one who was to follow him on the road to immortality a few months later—gentle, unwavering Erskine Childers—wrote of him these words in the daily issue of *Poblacht na hEireann*:—"Cathal Brugha is dead. None among his friends will be so forgetful of the child-like gentleness of this man, of his lionhearted 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 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, fought on until consciousness left him again. His work as Minister for Defence for the whole 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."

THE bitterness against which Erskine Childers pleaded did not come from the mourning comrades, the proud comrades of Cathal Brugha. It came from a quarter in which one would expect all charity and kindness and brotherliness in the awful hour of death, in which one would expect benediction for Christian valour, respect for upright courage and praise for unselfish patriotism. This man who loved God's House and its Occupant with a passionate love not excelled in the heart of any man in Ireland, lay or cleric, was denied the shelter of it when he lay still in death. On some petty, frivolous pretext, the door of the Pro-Cathedral was closed against him; but a gentle and saintly priest, one famed for zeal and holiness throughout the whole Diocese of Dublin, opened wide the door of his church to the patriot martyr's body and linked his own honoured name with the name of Cathal Brugha through all the future years. He was a priest who took no part in politics, or in public affairs of any kind, but God had given to him a generous share of charity as well as of patriotism, and his noble heart rose up to meet this true brother of his who was knocking at the door of God's House, asking for a blessing and a night's shelter on his journey to the grave. Let the name of Daniel Canon Downing, of St. Joseph's, Berkeley Road, Dublin, be remembered and honoured wherever the story of Cathal Brugha is told, and let his unforgettable tribute to the fallen soldier of freedom be repeated in the homes of Ireland through all the coming generations. When an offering was sent to him after the funeral, he courteously returned it with these words:

"I heartily thank you for the most generous offering for our services here over the Requiem of dear Cathal Brugha. I did everything that lay in my power to give token of religious sympathy on the occasion. It will always be a comforting memory that it was given to me to honour so noble a character, so devout a Catholic, and so superlatively brave a man as Cathal Brugha. I will ask you to allow me to consider my service as an act of Irish religious love—alone. So I return with grateful heart your generous offering."

GOD knows there was cause for bitterness on the part of Irish Republicans during that terrible time of unjust outlawry and uncharitableness and blind partisanship, but the words and deeds of such true Irish priests as Canon Downing and of the hundred other priests who walked in the funeral of Cathal Brugha and prayed beside his grave, as well as the appeal of Erskine Childers, and above all the memory of the man who was gone, kept even bitter thoughts far away, and gave pride and joy as well as consolation to those who had to walk the hard road of persecution and injustice because, like Cathal Brugha, they would not sell their birthright and surrender to the bribes and threats of the English. It cannot be said too often that although there have been brave men and women in every fight for Ireland's indepen-

dence, the men and women of 1922 were the bravest of them all, because the cross they had to bear with patience for Ireland's honour was the heaviest that has ever been laid upon the shoulders of her lovers and defenders, in all the 750 years of our struggle for freedom. Their fortitude, their courage, their faith are beyond all praise. The bitterness was all against them and was shown in a thousand mean and paltry ways, but the spirit of Brugha and Childers and Mellows and of all the brave lads who died with God's Name and Ireland's name blended on their lips and in their hearts, lifted them above the pettiness of a campaign of slander and venom and injustice for which there is hardly a parallel in the history of any land on earth. Their persecutors and slanderers will be forgotten; the men and women who stood for the Republic of Ireland in 1922 will be remembered for ever. Brute force and treachery beat them down and then libelled them without shame or scruple or justification, persecuted them by day and night in a thousand mean ways that could only be invented by mean minds, robbed them of their liberty, their health, their possessions and their livelihood, and deprived them of something that was dearer to them and more precious than all the wealth of the world. And yet in the darkest hour of their sufferings, they were happier a thousand times than their persecutors and slanderers, wealthier than those who had sold their birthright for the bribe of the enemy, prouder than those who had climbed to power over the murdered bodies of their former comrades. And why? Because they were the friends and brothers and sisters of Cathal Brugha, of Liam Mellows, of Traolach MacSuihbne, of Kevin Barry, of Pádraig Pearse, and of every soldier of freedom who had fought the good fight and borne the cross of suffering and slander for Ireland's honour and Ireland's liberty through seven centuries of blood and tears. They were, indeed, the "soldiers of the Legion of the Rearguard," who at the most crucial period in all her history, saved Ireland from complete annihilation at the hands of foreign enemy and native slave. That will be their story and their glory until time is no more.

"THERE has been a body of opinion in this country," said Cathal Brugha when he pleaded in Dáil Éireann for the rejection of the Treaty of Surrender, "there has been a body of opinion in this country that has always repudiated English authority in Ireland. Each generation had that body of opinion in it, and whenever they found themselves strong enough they went out in insurrection against England and English authority here. The last insurrection, as you know, was in 1916, when we proclaimed our Republic. It was ratified in January, 1919, and we have carried on our functions with a *de jure* and *de facto* Government since; and here, when we are in so strong a position and we so strong and England so weak and with so many enemies as she has now, we are asked to do such a thing as this. Why, if instead of being so strong, our last cartridge had been fired, our last shilling had been spent, and our last man were lying on the ground and his enemies howling round him and their bayonets raised, ready to plunge them into his body, that man should say—true to the traditions handed down to us—if they said to him: 'Now, will you come into our Empire?'—he should say, and he would say: 'No, I will not!' That is the spirit that has lasted all

through the centuries, and the British Government and the British Empire will have gone down in ruin before that spirit dies out in Ireland."

IN their plea for *neart anama*, for courage of the spirit, Brugha and MacSuihbne speak with one voice to the youth of Ireland, and until their plea falls on eager and attentive ears there will be no advance on the road towards real and sovereign freedom, the true freedom desired and sought for by them and by all our valiant, unselfish, martyred ones who gave their lives that Ireland might come to an understanding of their holy ideal. In our own day we have heard men, lured by disappointment and a temporary repulse into cynicism, we have heard them jibe at the soldiers of freedom who were proudly faithful to God as well as to Ireland, we have heard them say that the mercenary vicious soldiers of the big Empires went out to fight and win, while our spiritually-minded Volunteers went out to lose and die, and we have heard them attempt to draw the conclusion that because this has been so, our need is for a typical worldly army, even a vicious army, to fare forth unmindful of things eternal, and wage a brutal war for material victory. It was pitiable teaching, and the fact that some heed was given to it has weakened and retarded the struggle for independence and has made a quick return to the teaching of Brugha and MacSuihbne imperative, if young Ireland is not to wander away into the bogs and morasses of materialism and expediency and surrender and compromise that have been made so pleasant-looking in these latter years, and abandon the straight, hard road that has been walked in every generation by the unyielding and undefeated soldiers of the Gael. That road is really hard only in its firmness underfoot. It is not dreary or lonely or dark. The happy laughter and uplifting song and inspiring words of the great, buoyant, childlike warriors who walked it so gladly in the past, ring out their greeting of proud comradeship, and the light of their glorious sacrifice shines with undying radiance on every inch of it, to guide and encourage all who will follow in their hallowed footsteps, winning courage and exaltation of spirit as they go forward and upward to the Goal that may be reached even in this generation, if men will only hearken to the teaching of MacSuihbne and of Brugha.

THEY teach us that British Imperialism, in whatever guise it may appear, is "a thing of evil incarnate"; that compromise with wrong is a sin punishable with national damnation; that surrender to the threats or bribes of the enemy brings in its train treachery, falsehood, perjury, weakness, hypocrisy, cowardice, brutality, selfishness and a thousand lesser ills, spreading out like an evil mist all over the land, stifling every generous impulse, every unselfish desire, every brave resolve and high ideal. They teach us that "no material victory can compensate for spiritual surrender," and that those who would win freedom for Ireland must be worthy to enjoy that freedom when it comes; that to be a Separatist by profession and a Seoinín in practice, or a Gaedhilgeoir in speech and a West Briton in thought is to be little less than a hypocrite; and that to proclaim oneself an Irish Republican while complacently accepting the English enemy's alternative to the free Republic of Ireland,

is to be a self-confessed liar who is more of a menace to the cause of true independence than all the guns of the British Empire.

IN all their teaching there is reason and truth. They set us no task that is impossible of achievement; they point us no road that is impassable; and to make all easy and comprehensible, they have lived and died before our eyes, as fearless soldiers with the faith of children, as unyielding warriors with the gentleness of saints, as immortal heroes whose humility did not allow them to see anything heroic in their actions—even when for very love of us they walked with heads erect into the shadows of death. We may never be called upon to make the sacrifice they made—one in the gloom of a prison cell, the other on the field of battle—but there will be no real advance towards freedom until, on the road that leads ever upward, we fall faithfully and earnestly and humbly into line behind two brothers in thought and deed, two comrades in purpose and achievement, two deathless lovers of God and Ireland—Traolach MacSuibhne agus Cathal Brugha.

mná na héireann

NUAIR a bíonn cogad nó troid ar bít ar tuáil i-n don tír, pé taobh go mbíonn na mná ag cabrú leis, bíonn an ceart ag an taobh rian agus éirísean leis, tuat nó mall. Iní an troid atá fáa cur riar ag rairíoirí na Poblaéta pé láeair, tá na mná ir fearr agus ir oítre i n-éirínn páirteac agus dá b'í rín éiríseac léi.

Ní féidir an Poblaéct oo cur pé coir faoi ir atá mná oítre na tíre, roir ós ir críonna ag cabrú léi. Sin coir lár na ríunne agus ba coir go dtuisead na Saill Nuada an ríeal, nó ríunóir oíob. Muna mbead na mná oo cabrúis leo tríd bead mórán aca ag tabairt 'n féir anoir, agus b'féidir suad amlaio a b'fearrí oon tír iao a beir mar rín. Na mná oo cabrúis leo nuair bí na Dub-Críonais fáa loir tário i b'píorúin anoir mar fáall ar an oítreac céadna beir 'n-a gcoiróirí rór oo bí ionta an uair rín.

Ní dtuisean mná na Poblaécta cao ir eagla ann, agus má ceapann na Saill Nuada ríoon oo cur iní na mnáib le ríeacáib ir le bagairt ir le buaio ríeac, tá b'ieall oíra. Ceapadair eagla oo cur ar na fearaib nuair cuiread a gcomráioiré cun báir, ac ir amlaio b'éiríseadair níor dána ná ríam. Sin mar a beir an ríeal ag na mnáib ríeirín. Beir ríao níor m'neamla ná ríam, agus níor dána agus níor oítre, agus ní beir an Poblaéct pé coir ag Saill na h-aimpíre seo go oí go mbeir an bea deiríonac atá oíir curá cun báir aca.

Ar na mnáib tá fearaib na tíre agus ní baogal go oíeiríó ríao ar éirínn. Cuiríó ríao cogair na oítreacáa ríeac i gcluaráib na n-ós, cuiríó ríao ríolur an éirí agus ríolur na ríunne ar laro go zeal 'n-a gcoiróirí, 'neoríó ríao oon clann ós cao ar a fon ríair Catál b'rua agus lram ó Maoi íora báir, agus íaríarí ríao oíra loir na laoeira oo leanaíamnt agus an báir céadna 'fáaí má' fáa é oo ríair ríao ríuo pul a géillíó ríao oo Séasán Duirde agus oon g'ampaire atá ag cabrú leis annro cun tír na héireann oo cimeáo i mb'raoannar go beo. Suia raod buan mná na héireann ir go raib beannaéc Dé oíra agus ar a gcoir oíre i gcoiríóiré!

Duan Ohtlíginn, 1923.

HOW THE WAR WAS WON

THE war waged by the British against the Republic of Ireland was resumed on June 28, 1922, with the aid of deluded Irishmen, driven without mercy by those to whom they had surrendered. During the next three months the fight (fought with no fierceness by the Republican forces who hated to be obliged to fire on brother Irishmen) was inclined to go against the tools of England and on September 30, 1922, a leading article in the *Irish Times* (always the mouthpiece of "the English interest in Ireland") sounded a note of alarm and in most kindly and discreet terms conveyed to all whom it might concern the British order that ex-members of the Imperial Army would have to be recruited if the "Irregulars" were to be defeated. Here is how the *Irish Times* summed up the military position:—

1. The Colonial army is unable to crush the I.R.A.
2. The I.R.A. has redoubled its efficiency since July.
3. The civilian population were becoming more friendly with the Republicans, and little information was reaching Free State Divisional H.Q.'s.
4. The I.R.A. was trained and tried in guerilla warfare, the Free State Army was not.
5. Free State "drives" and "sweeps" had failed definitely and were becoming too costly.
6. One chance of speedy success remained. The Free State must have "an indefinitely greater number of troops . . . better officers and unlimited transport."
7. Even the insufficient troops of the Free State are neither trained nor properly led.
8. The I.R.A., better led, have "skilfully seized their chance of attack, and have succeeded in putting to their credit the capture of certain garrisons."
9. The war will go on indefinitely unless the Free State can recruit enormous numbers of "trained men" and "experienced (i.e., ex-British) officers."

THE hint given by the Garrison organ was taken. The Colonial or "Free State" forces had received from England guns and ammunition in plenty from the beginning; now they commenced to recruit in large numbers ex-British Army men and all others who would pull down the Republic of Ireland for a day's pay and plenty of free drink. They commenced at the same time their "authorised" and "unauthorised" murder of prisoners of war, and filled the jails of the country and the concentration camps with thousands of men and women, boys and girls. The Army of the Republic never murdered nor even ill-treated a prisoner of war. They were reluctant from the beginning to fire on former comrades, even in battle, and so the military struggle went against them, and a "Cease Fire" order was issued to all ranks at the end of April, 1923. They had fought a brave, clean fight for the independence and honour of Ireland, but they had not the military and financial backing of an Empire and so for the time being opposition in arms to English aggression had to cease. The extremes to which the Irish tools of English masters were driven in the six or eight months that followed is told on other pages.

ROLL OF REMEMBRANCE

MARTYRS OF THE REPUBLIC

1.—“UNAUTHORISED MURDERS”

(The following list of 113 murders does not include the name of any soldier killed in action, nor that of any prisoner murdered in jail or who died as a result of prison ill-treatment.)

1. COMDT. H. BOLAND, T.D.—Shot in hotel in Skerries, Co. Dublin, and died of wounds on August 1, 1922.
2. VOL. JOSEPH HUDSON—Murdered on August 10, 1922, (Glas-thule, Co. Dublin).
3. VOL. H. BRAZIER, Limerick—Murdered on August 25, 1922, after arrest.
- 4-5 VICE-BRIG. ALFRED COLLEY and COMDT. SEAN COLE, Dublin Fianna Eireann—Murdered after arrest on August 26, 1922, in Co. Dublin.
6. LIEUT. BERNARD DALY, I.R.A.—Murdered after arrest on August 26, 1922, in Co. Dublin.
7. VOL. MORIARTY—Dragged from bed and murdered at Tralee, August 26, 1922.
8. CAPT. M. DANEFORD, Limerick—Murdered after arrest on August 29, 1922.
- 9-10. VOL. LEO MURRAY and VOL. RODNEY MURPHY—Murdered in house in Co. Dublin on September 1, 1922.
11. JEREMIAH CASEY—Found shot dead near village of Beaufort.
12. THOMAS GOUGH (Beltra).
13. THOMAS PRENDIVILLE (Castleisland).
14. VOL. FLYNN (Curraheen, Co. Kerry).
15. VOL. J. J. STEPHENS—Taken from home and mortally wounded on September 3, 1922 (Co. Dublin).
16. CAPT. T. KENEFICK—Murdered after arrest at Macroom on September 8, 1922.
17. VOL. SEAN M'EVOY—Murdered after arrest in streets of Dublin on September 12, 1922.
18. COMDT. PATRICK MANNION—Murdered after arrest in streets of Dublin on September 16, 1922.
19. VOL. HANLY—Murdered at Ballinard, Co. Tipperary, on September 18, 1922. He was wounded in action and captured.
- 20-25. BRIG-GEN. SEAMUS DEVINS, T.D.; COL.-COMDT. BRIAN MacNEILL, CAPT. J. BANKS, CAPT. CARROLL, CAPT. H. BENSON, VOL. THOMAS LANGAN—Murdered in Co. Sligo on September 20, 1922, after surrender.
26. VOL. JOHN GALVIN—Murdered at Killorglin, September 20, 1922.
27. VOL. MICHAEL NEVILLE—Taken from work and murdered at Killester, Dublin, on September 23, 1922.
28. VOL. JOHN LOHAN—Murdered on September 24, 1922, in Co. Galway, during raid on house.
29. VOL. HERBERT MURPHY—Murdered in Co. Kerry on September 27, 1922.

30. COMDT. SEAN O'DONOGHUE—Murdered in Cork on September 28, 1922.
- 31-33. EDWIN * HUGHES, BRENDAN HOLOHAN, JOSEPH ROGERS (members of Dublin Fianna Eireann)—Murdered after arrest at Dublin on October 7, 1922.
34. VOL. BERNARD BRANNIGAN—Murdered on October 8, 1922.
- 35-37. VOL. PATRICK PEARSE, VOL. D. O'SULLIVAN, VOL. HAYES—Murdered at Upton, Co. Cork, on October 5, 1922.
38. VOL. PATRICK MULCHRONE—Murdered at Broghagh, Co. Mayo, on November 1, 1922.
39. COMDT. MICHAEL SADLEIR, Marlhill, Co. Tipperary, November 3, 1922.
40. LIEUT. JAMES SPAIN—Murdered after arrest in Dublin on November 5. He was wounded in action, pursued and killed.
41. VICE-COMDT. CHRISTOPHER McKEON—Murdered in Moate, Co. Westmeath, on November 5, 1922.
42. HUGH GALLAGHER, I.R.A.—Murdered on November 11, 1922.
43. HUGH O'DONNELL, I.R.A.—Murdered at Kilfinane, in December, 1922.
44. WILLIAM HARRINGTON, I.R.A.—Murdered in Tralee, Co. Kerry, on December 8, 1922.
45. VOL. CASEY—Murdered after action at Clondroghid, near Macroom, Co. Cork, on December 4, 1922.
46. VOL. FRANK LAWLOR—Taken from home in Dublin and murdered on December 29, 1922.
47. COMDT. THOMAS FLANNERY—Mortally wounded at Bal-laghadereen, Co. Mayo, on January 2, 1923.
48. VOL. EUGENE FITZGERALD—Murdered while a prisoner at Ardfer, Co. Kerry, on January 16, 1923.
49. SEC.-COM. W. GRAHAM—Murdered in Leeson Street, Dublin, November 25, 1922.
50. VOL. HUGH O'DONNELL, Dundalk, December 28, 1922.
51. VOL. MURPHY, Knocknagoshel.
52. VOL. HEALY, Co. Kerry.
53. COMDT. GEN. RICHARD BIRTLES, Ballymore, Co. Westmeath, January 23, 1923.
54. VOL. DANIEL DALY, engine driver, Tralee, January 23, 1923.
- 55-56 VOL. THOMAS WALSHE and VOL. MICHAEL MALONEY—Shot by "Free State" soldiers at Poleberry on February 9, 1923.
57. VICE-BRIG. H. BREHENY, Co. Sligo, February 16, 1923.
58. VOL. MICHAEL SYNOTT, Tralee, February, 1923.
59. VOL. JAMES O'CONNOR, Tralee, February, 1923.
60. VOL. JEREMIAH O'DONOGHUE, Killarney, March 6-7, 1923.
61. VOL. DANIEL DONOGHUE, Killarney, March 6-7, 1923.
62. VOL. STEPHEN BUCKLEY, Killarney, March 6-7, 1923.
63. VOL. TIM MURPHY, Killarney, March 6-7, 1923.
64. VOL. JOHN DALY, Ballyseedy, March 6-7, 1923.
65. VOL. PATRICK BUCKLEY, Ballyseedy, March 6-7, 1923.
66. VOL. PATRICK HARTNET, Ballyseedy, March 6-7, 1923.
67. VOL. JAMES WALSH, Ballyseedy—March 6-7, 1923.

68. VOL. GEORGE SHEA, Ballyseedy, March 6-7, 1923.
69. VOL. T. TWOMEY, Ballyseedy, March 6-7, 1923.
70. VOL. T. O'CONNOR, Ballyseedy, March 6-7, 1923.
71. VOL. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Ballyseedy, March 6-7, 1923.
72. VOL. JAMES TAYLOR—Murdered at Ballyseedy, March 8, 1923.
- 73-80. VOL. EUGENE DWYER, VOL. TOM O'SULLIVAN, VOL. WILLIAM REARDON, VOL. MICHAEL COURNEANE, VOL. NAGLE, VOL. DANIEL O'SHEA, VOL. MCCARTHY—Murdered in Co. Kerry, March, 1923; JOHN SUGRUE—Murdered at Killarney, March, 1923.
81. CAPT. FRANK O'GRADY—Murdered after arrest by "Free State" officer at Killarney, March 11, 1923.
82. VOL. STETSON, Charlestown, Co. Mayo, March 15.
83. JOHN KEVINS, Brigade Police Officer—Murdered at Beauford by "Free State" officer, March 15, 1923.
84. JOHN MURPHY, Tullywood, Athlone, March 19.
85. CAPT. THOMAS O'LEARY, Rathmines, March 23, 1923.
86. CAPT. NICHOLAS CORCORAN, Ballina, March 24, 1923.
87. COMDT. ROBERT BONFIELD—Murdered after arrest by C.I.D. at Clondalkin, March 29, 1923.
88. CHRISTOPHER BRESLIN and JOSEPH KIERNAN—Murdered after arrest at Cabra, April 3, 1923.
89. VOL. CONWAY, Tralee Workhouse.
90. VOL. SAVAGE, Castleisland.
91. JEROME LYONS, Clonmel, April 4, 1923.
92. MISS MARGARET DUGGAN—Shot by "Free State" Officer at Adrigole on April 8, 1923.
93. VOL. MARTIN MOLONEY, Inagh, Co. Clare, April 9, 1923.
94. VOL. MACKEY, at Tullow, May 25, 1923.
95. VOL. JAMES TIERNEY, Dublin—Shot by C.I.D., 1923.
96. VOL. MAGRATH, Slievenamon, April 27, 1923.
97. JAMES WALSH, Corrow—An unarmed hostage taken by "Free State" men; murdered in a field at Mountgalney, April 27, 1923.
98. CAPT. MARTIN HOGAN—Murdered after arrest in Drumcondra, April 29, 1923.
99. VOL. JEREMIAH O'LEARY—Murdered after arrest at Castleisland, May 29, 1923.
100. VOL. JOHN KINNANE, Trieneragh, Listowel, May, 1923.
101. JOE GORMAN—Shot by "Free State" Brigadier at Clonaheen while going to Mass on May 8, 1923.
102. CAPT. MICHAEL RADFORD, in Co. Wexford, June 22.
103. STAFF CAPTAIN JOE HEALY—Murdered by "Free State" soldiers at Ballina, June 5, 1923.
104. JOHN CLOONROWE—Killed by volley fired through window by "Free State" soldiers at Kilkelly.
105. MISS O'FLAHERTY—Shot by "Free State" soldiers at Spiddal, July 26, 1923.
106. HENRY McENTEE—Murdered at Finglas, Dublin, August 3, 1923.
107. JAMES MORRISSEY—Murdered in Kilkenny Jail, June 11, 1923.

108. CAPTAIN NOEL LEMASS—Seized in Dublin, tortured, mutilated and murdered, and his dead body hidden in the Dublin Mountains, where it lay for months until it was discovered on 12th Oct., 1923.
109. CAPTAIN DENIS HAYES—Murdered near Nenagh, May 18, 1923.
110. MICHAEL GREERY, Mullingar, March 13, 1923.
111. LUKE BURKE, Mullingar, March 13, 1923.
112. JOHN FLEMING, Tralee, March 23, 1923.
113. JOHN EDWARDS, murdered in Kilkenny Jail, June, 1923.

II.—AUTHORISED MURDERS "

1922

1. JAMES FISHER, Kilmainham, November 17.
2. PETER CASSIDY, Kilmainham, November 17.
3. RICHARD TWOHIG, Kilmainham, November 17.
4. JOHN GAFFNEY, Kilmainham, November 17.
5. ERSKINE CHILDERS, Beggar's Bush, November 24.
6. JOSEPH SPOONER, Dublin, November 30.
7. PATRICK FARRELLY, Dublin, November 30.
8. JOHN MURPHY, Dublin, November 30.
9. RORY O'CONNOR, Mountjoy, December 8.
10. LIAM MELLOWS, Mountjoy, December 8.
11. JOSEPH McKELVEY, Mountjoy, December 8.
12. RICHARD BARRETT, Mountjoy, December 8.
13. STEPHEN WHITE, Dublin, December 19.
14. JOSEPH JOHNSTON, Dublin, December 19.
15. PATRICK MANGAN, Dublin, December 19.
16. PATRICK NOLAN, Dublin, December 19.
17. BRIAN MOORE, Dublin, December 19.
18. JAMES O'CONNOR, Dublin, December 19.
19. PATRICK BAGNEL, Dublin, December 19.
20. JOHN PHELAN, Kilkenny, December 29.
21. JOHN MURPHY, Kilkenny, December 29.

1923

22. LEO DOWLING, Portobello, January 8.
23. SYLVESTER HEANEY, Portobello, January 8.
24. LAURENCE SHEEHY, Portobello, January 8.
25. ANTHONY O'REILLY, Portobello, January 8.
26. TERENCE BRADY, Portobello, January 8.
27. THOMAS McKEOWN, Dundalk, January 13.
28. JOHN McNULTY, Dundalk, January 13.
29. THOMAS MURRAY, Dundalk, January 13.
30. FREDERICK BURKE, Roscrea, January 15.
31. PATRICK RUSSELL, Roscrea, January 15.
32. MARTIN O'SHEA, Roscrea, January 15.
33. PATRICK McNAMARA, Roscrea, January 15.
34. JAMES LILLIS, Carlow, January 15.
35. JAMES DALY, Tralee, January 20.
36. JOHN CLIFFORD, Tralee, January 20.
37. MICHAEL BROSNAN, Tralee, January 20.

38. JAMES HANLON, Tralee, January 20.
39. CORNELIUS McMAHON, Limerick, January 20.
40. PATRICK HENNESSY, Limerick, January 20.
41. THOMAS HUGHES, Athlone, January 20.
42. MICHAEL WALSH, Athlone, January 20.
43. HERBERT COLLINS, Athlone, January 20.
44. STEPHEN JOYCE, Athlone, January 20.
45. MARTIN BOURKE, Athlone, January 20.
46. JAMES MELIA, Dundalk, January 22.
47. THOMAS LENNON, Dundalk, January 22.
48. JOSEPH FERGUSON, Dundalk, January 22.
49. MICHAEL FITZGERALD, Waterford, January 25.
50. PATRICK O'REILLY, Waterford, January 25.
51. PATRICK CUNNINGHAM, Birr, Offaly, January 26.
52. WILLIAM CONROY, Birr, Offaly, January 26.
53. COLUM KELLY, Birr, Offaly, January 26.
54. PATRICK GERAGHTY, Portlaoighise, January 27.
55. JOSEPH BYRNE, Portlaoighise, January 27.
56. THOMAS GIBSON, Portlaoighise, February 26.
57. JAMES O'ROURKE, Dublin, March 13.
58. WILLIAM HEALY, Cork, March 13.
59. JAMES PARLE, Wexford, March 13.
60. PATRICK HOGAN, Wexford, March 13.
61. JOHN CREANE, Wexford, March 13.
62. SEAN LARKIN, Drumboe, Donegal, March 14.
63. TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN, Drumboe, March 14.
64. DANIEL ENRIGHT, Drumboe, March 14.
65. CHARLES DALY, Drumboe, March 14.
66. JAMES O'MALLEY, Tuam, April 11.
67. FRANCIS CUNNANE, Tuam, April 11.
68. MICHAEL MONAGHAN, Tuam, April 11.
69. JOHN NEWELL, Tuam, April 11.
70. JOHN McGUIRE, Tuam, April 11.
71. MARTIN MOYLAN, Tuam, April 11.
72. RICHARD HATHEWAY, Tralee, April 25.
73. JAMES McENERY, Tralee, April 25.
74. JAMES CREANEY, Tralee, April 25.
75. PATRICK MAHONEY, Ennis, April 26.
76. CHRISTOPHER QUINN, Ennis, May 2.
77. WILLIAM SHAUGHNESSY, Ennis, May 2.

III.—KILLED IN JAIL OR DIED OF ILL-TREATMENT

1. JOSEPH MacDONAGH, T.D.
2. DR. FRANK FERRAN, T.D., Curragh Camp, June 10, 1923.
3. COMDT. PEADAR BRESLIN, Dublin—Shot dead in Mountjoy Jail, October, 1922. A splendid soldier.
4. LT. MICHAEL MEADE, Dublin, Brigade, died of prison ill-treatment, October 12, 1922.
5. DENIS BARRY, Cork—Died during hunger-strike, Curragh Camp, November, 1923.

6. ANDY O'SULLIVAN, Cork—Died during hunger-strike, Curragh Camp, November, 1923.
7. COMDT. OWEN O'BRIEN, Holy Cross, Kilmallock, died of ill-treatment on the Curragh, Good Friday, 1923.
8. OWEN O'BOYLE, Donegal—Died as a result of prison ill-treatment, June 28, 1923.
9. JOE LEACY, Wexford—Died after hunger-strike, Curragh Camp, December, 1923.
10. DICK HUMES, Wexford—Killed by ill-treatment, Curragh Camp, November, 1923.

IV.—KILLED IN ACTION

GENERAL LIAM LYNCH, Chief of Staff, I.R.A., at Knockmealdown, on the night of April 9, 1923.

COMDT. NEILL BOYLE (known as Plunkett), with 12 men of his column, was surrounded by Crown Forces in a house at Valley-mount, Co. Wicklow, in May, 1923. There were women and children in the house and Comdt. Boyle spoke from a window to the enemy officer in charge and asked that the non-combatants be allowed out before the fight commenced, as he had no intention of surrendering. The answer was a fusillade of bullets and he fell dead. A native of Donegal, he had fought with distinction through the earlier war. He had escaped with 170 others from Newbridge Camp.

BRIGADIER DENIS LACEY, killed in action in the Glen of Aherlow, in the Spring of 1923, was one of the finest men and bravest soldiers in Ireland. A close friend of Seán Treacey, who was killed by the British. Educated, refined, well versed in Irish history, he had been from his school days an inspiration to all his young companions.

COMDT. JOSEPH MANGAN, killed at Tullymoyle, Nenagh, in a fierce fight with a big force of "Free State" mercenaries.

COMDT. JERRY KIELY, also of Tipperary, killed in action, April, 1923. Had been through the War for Independence; emigrated to U.S.A.; heard of attack on the Four Courts and returned immediately to take his place in the Army of the Republic. While his body was being waked in his mother's house armed Crown Forces raided the place and insulted all present.

COMDT. SEAN QUINN, a native of Newry, and a splendid soldier. Had a hundred hair-breadth escapes from the British but lived to be shot down by his own renegade countrymen. Died May 21, 1923, of wounds received in action.

COMDT. PEADAR O'LOUGHLIN, of Kilfenora, Clare, one of the truest of all the lovers of Ireland. Added glory to the record of Clare during the Black-and-Tan fight, and took up arms again when the Republic was attacked by the new method in 1922. He fell ill on active service and passed away on August 1 of that memorable year, a true soldier of the Republic to the last.

CAPT. B. RADFORD and VOL. MCCARTHY, killed in action at Sledagh, Co. Wexford, January 9, 1923. Seven men resting in a farmhouse were surrounded by 86 "Staters" with two machine guns. They fought their way out and five got clear away, but Radford and McCarthy were riddled with bullets. Both were buried in the same grave.

CAPT. JAMES CONNOLLY, of Kinlough in Donegal, killed in action at Finner Camp, June 30, 1922.

CAPT. MICHAEL NEARY, shot dead while a prisoner, by a "Free State" officer at Glenageary, Co. Dublin, March 22, 1923.

VOL. MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN, murdered at Knockanes, Kerry, after being taken prisoner, November 2, 1922.

STAFF-CAPT. W. J. WALSH, died from wounds received in an ambush at Drumcondra, Dublin, March 23, 1923.

CHARLES O'MALLEY was killed defending his post in O'Connell Street, Dublin, June 30, 1922.

"THE SECOND DEATH"

IN her fine book, *The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing*, a work which should be read many times over by all who desire to know the real and true story of Ireland's long battle against the English enemy. Alice Stopford Green, the well-known historian, wrote of those faithful sons of our Motherland who were slaughtered by the enemy and then subjected to the calumny which has always been used against us by an unscrupulous foe:—

"To them has been meted out the second death—the lot feared beyond all else by men of honour. They have been buried by the false hands of strangers in the deep pit of contempt, reproach and forgetfulness, an unmerited grave of silence and of shame."

The "second death" was inflicted on the soldiers of 1922 at the hands of the English enemy working this time through the unfortunate Irishmen they seduced from their allegiance to the Republic of Ireland and forced to attack and kill and calumniate those who had been their comrades and brothers in the fight for freedom.

In 1921 a book entitled *A Short History of the Irish People*, by Mary Hayden and George Moonan, was published in Dublin, for use in schools and colleges. In 1927 a second edition was issued in which portion of new matter added to the original text was entitled *The Irregulars*—the disparaging epithet applied by "Free State" propagandists to the Irish Republicans of 1922. Dealing with the slaughter without trial of scores of brave men whose only crime was true patriotism, the authors of this precious "history" intended for the receptive minds of Irish boys and girls, wrote, after condemning the "Irregulars" as murderers, robbers and incendiaries:—

"That some of those who suffered the death penalty were young, ignorant men, quite unimportant in the Irregular movement, and who had merely obeyed, and probably quite honestly considered it their duty to obey, the orders given to them by those whom they considered to be their superior officers, was certainly most regrettable. The executions of several of the leaders, of whom Rory O'Connor, Erskine Childers and Liam Mellows were the most notable, seem to belong to a different category. These men were amongst the few whose activities had caused the split after the signing of the Treaty. *Their lives were justly forfeit.*"

It was not stated that two of those mentioned by the truthful historians were taken out of prison where they had been held for over five months, and put to death without charge or trial. The "trial" of Erskine Childers is described on another page.

But it is to something else connected with this bit of alleged history that attention is being drawn. That cruel defamation of the martyred dead was published in 1927. For five years under the regime of the first "Free Staters" it had freedom to do its vile work among the youth of the 26 Counties. In 1932 began the regime of the second "Free Staters," who called themselves Fianna Fail and who had been "Irregulars" themselves ten years earlier and comrades of the men defamed. Although attention was repeatedly called to the defamation in the press and on public platforms, and resolutions regarding it passed even by Fianna Fáil branches, the poisonous lie was allowed to be taught for five more years in the schools and colleges controlled by the reformed "Irregulars"—and in some classrooms it is probably taught to this day. The chapter entitled *The Irregulars* was removed from the book in question in 1937, after ten years of "the second death" had been inflicted by it on faithful lovers of Ireland; but schools and colleges which had possessed their copies of it before then are very likely telling Irish boys and girls still that men who died for them were murderers, robbers and incendiaries whose lives "were justly forfeit."

A TRUE AND INSPIRING STORY

THOUSANDS who have read the 1961 issue of the *Wolfe Tone Annual* know that its well-filled pages told the inspiring story of the endurance, the fortitude, the heroism and the fidelity of the Irish people when a determined and what was meant to be a final effort to exterminate them and their faith, their language and everything that linked them with Ireland's past, was made by the English enemy in the period known as the Penal Days of the 18th century, from the time that Sarsfield sailed away in 1691 until Wolfe Tone came to the aid of our persecuted forefathers in 1791. It is a story to be proud of, because if those who suffered so much for God and for Ireland then had given in, there would be no Ireland today. It is a true story and every lover of our land, at home and abroad, should know it. There are a few hundred copies still to be had of the 1961 *Annual*, at 1/- each. They can be sent for to Brian O'Higgins, 56 Parnell Square, Dublin.

Persecution and Principle

IT is with reluctance we refer to the part played by the Irish Hierarchy in the tragic happenings of 1922-23, but history is history and the truth, however bitter, must be told. We wish with all our heart that the story could have been otherwise, that we could tell with pride of spiritual guides who were at one with the most loyal and devoted of their flock in their desire and their efforts for freedom, as Cardinal Mercier and the Bishops and priests of Belgium were with their people when the horrors of invasion and war swept down on them in 1914. Instead of hailing the invader as the legitimate ruler of Belgium and his native tools as patriots, Cardinal Mercier encouraged his people to the utmost resistance they could give and lashed with words of fire those slavish Belgians who yielded to the invader, co-operated with him in any way or recognised him as having the slightest authority or right in Belgium, then or in the future. The noble words with which he inspired his own countrymen gave inspiration to the men of 1916, of 1920 and of 1922 here in Ireland, when they stood up against the arrogant attacks of England and of England's Irish tools and gave their clean lives for the God-given freedom and honour of Ireland.

"I was asked lately by a staff officer," said Cardinal Mercier, "whether a soldier falling in a righteous cause—and our cause is such a demonstration—is not veritably a martyr. Well, he is not a martyr in the rigorous theological meaning of the word, inasmuch as he dies in arms, whereas the martyr delivers himself, undefended and unarmed, into the hands of the executioner. But if I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honour, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply, without any doubt whatever, Christ crowns his military valour, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. 'Greater love than this no man hath,' said Our Saviour, 'that a man lay down his life for his friends.' And the soldier who dies to save his brothers and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of Charity."

When the soldiers of the Republic of Ireland were fighting 'to defend the hearths and altars of their country' against England's Black-and-Tans they were excommunicated by at least one Irish Bishop and denounced by several others. When 93 per cent. of the people declared by their votes that Dail Eireann and the I.R.A. were the lawful Government and Army of Ireland—the most unanimous vote that has ever been given in the face of armed intimidation in any country on earth—the Irish Hierarchy were respectfully asked to crown their people's choice by giving their allegiance to Dail Eireann and so strengthen the hands of those who were trying to make real and lasting peace with England. They refused, and by their refusal forfeited their right to take part in the political affairs of this country in the future. But when the Treaty of Surrender was signed and its terms prematurely published by the English and their Irish allies, and before the elected representatives of the people had time to meet and discuss what had been done without

authority, some of the Bishops rushed into print to urge its acceptance and commenced privately to urge deputies of Dail Eireann to vote for it. They went further. They entered into the strangest alliance that has ever been known in Ireland. The Fenians, or Irish Republican Brotherhood, a great and splendid military organisation, founded in 1858, became such a menace to British Imperialism that a clever and subtle campaign of English lying and misrepresentation succeeded in having it condemned by Rome as a secret society on the lines of the Freemasons or the Oddfellows—which it was not. From the Sixties down to our own day the I.R.B. was condemned year by year in Lenten Pastorals and the young men warned against it. The I.R.B., re-organised and made a very compact, effective organisation by Clarke, MacDiarmada, Pearse and MacBride was the spark that lit the Easter Fire of 1916. Afterwards, when the I.R.A. gave allegiance to Dail Eireann, an effort was made by Cathal Brugha and others to have the I.R.B. disbanded, as there was no further necessity for and a great deal of danger in a secret organisation; but Michael Collins and his friends kept it in being and, after the truce, tried to get into it every member of the I.R.A., the reason given being "to safeguard the Republic as there was danger of the politicians letting it down." It was the I.R.B. prostituted to political ends, that undermined the loyalty of high Army officers and soldier deputies of Dail Eireann in December, 1921, and it was an alliance or combination of the Irish Hierarchy and the I.R.B. that carried the Treaty of Surrender. There is no doubt whatever about that.

WHEN the Provisional Government was set up by men who had publicly stated that they would be loyal to their solemn oath and would keep intact the Republic of Ireland, the Bishops smiled on it and frowned on its opponents. In October, 1922, after war had been started by the usurpers, under orders from England, after the Pact of Peace had been broken by them, and after they had already murdered Republicans, the Bishops issued what they called a "Joint Pastoral" in which they gave their whole-hearted support to those who had betrayed their trust and murdered their kin, and they forbade their priests to give Absolution to the defenders of the Republic or to any of their supporters, all of whom were denounced in most intemperate language. There was condemnation in the "Joint Pastoral" of what were called "unauthorised murders," but when the implication of those ill-chosen words was seen, they were repudiated by their authors. But it was too late. Such thoroughly British organs as *The Freeman's Journal*, and *The Tablet* (London) had already published the version containing the extraordinary words, and their copies of the Pastoral had been handed to them by the Secretary to the Hierarchy, himself a Bishop. After that, no penitent known to be a Republican who had not turned traitor to Ireland, was given Absolution unless he answered in the affirmative the question: "Do you accept the Joint Pastoral?" Prisoners were in a terrible position. There were over 10,000

men and women, boys and girls, in the British jails and internment camps of the 26 Counties. They had been arrested and held without charge of any kind—simply because they were Republicans—and the bare fact that they were prisoners put upon them the ban of the Bishops. The chaplains could not give them the Sacraments unless they accepted the Pastoral, they could not accept the Pastoral without accepting as truth the falsehood that the Provisional Government of usurpers and rebels was a Government elected by the votes of the people, without accepting treachery and murder as virtues and fidelity and sacrifice as crimes, and so men and women the most devoted and loyal to their Faith in Ireland were left without the strength and consolation of Confession and Holy Communion.

Superiors of Religious Orders were reprimanded by individual Bishops for sending confessors to Columns of Republican soldiers in the hills. Republican priests or nuns could not express their opinions, even in the privacy of communities, while those who supported the "Free State" could say what they liked in condemnation of their opponents, in the pulpit, on public platforms, in the press—and where they liked. It was openly said that for a "Free State" soldier to shoot a Republican was a legitimate act of war, but that for a Republican soldier to shoot a "Free Stater," even in battle, was murder. The I.R.B. was honoured; those who had tried to have that secret society disbanded and to have only open organisations were treated as men accursed. Michael Collins was the leading man in the I.R.B. When he was killed in battle, he was given honours scarcely less than would have been given to a Cardinal. There was no protest when a prominent I.R.B. man stood up in the midst of Bishops and priests and likened Michael Collins to Our Lord walking on the waters of the Lake of Galilee. And only a little while before the dead body of Cathal Brugha—one of the most exemplary Catholics in Ireland—was refused admission to a Dublin Church. It was said at the time that the slaughter of the Four Martyrs on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1922 was delayed for over an hour in the hope that they would accept the "Joint Pastoral" as just, and the Government of traitors as the lawful authority. *For that official murder of innocent men no word of condemnation came from the Bishops.* Over two hundred "authorised" and "unauthorised murders" were committed by the renegades in power, but they were hailed by the Bishops as the saviours of their country, while their clean-hearted victims who died the death of martyrs were denounced as robbers, looters and hooligans who were not worthy of Christian burial. Priests who came out into the open as Republicans were victimised. Some were driven into exile, like Father Albert, Father Dominic, Father Joseph and Father Ciaran, while others who could not stand by and see the injustice of it all and the danger to the Faith which it threatened, had to express themselves anonymously and do good by stealth. Their candid opinions of the "Joint Pastoral" and the attitude it represented could be quoted here, but they would be of little use because no names could be appended to them. Fortunately there was one man who could not be put down as "an ignorant layman" or punished as "a hot-headed curate", who spoke out what he thought and showed to the whole Catholic world that deplorable action of the Irish Bishops as the thing it was—a humiliating exhibition of partisanship. That man was the Very Reverend Peter Yorke,

D.D., of San Francisco, renowned as a fearless and capable exponent of Catholic teaching, not alone in America, but all over the world. We quote his opinion, which has never been challenged or answered:—

"A 'JOINT Pastoral' to the ordinary mind, supposes corporate action on the part of the Bishops. One Bishop can issue a pastoral to his own diocese, and it is valid by his pastoral authority for his flock. Another Bishop may issue the same pastoral and it is valid for his flock. The fact that two Bishops put their names to it does not give it the slightest additional authority.

"Now, this 'Joint Pastoral' was not a corporate act of the Irish Hierarchy. To perform a corporate act the Irish Bishops must be incorporated. The only way they can be incorporated is by an act of the Holy See, as when, for instance, the Bishops of a nation are called together in a national Council. In this case the *Irish Bishops had no such authorisation.* It would be unjust to assume from the title 'Joint Pastoral' that they claim conciliar authority. *That would be downright heresy of the Gallican variety.*

"It does not require any great knowledge of law or history to follow this reasoning. The canons are plain. 'The ordinaries of several ecclesiastical provinces can meet in a plenary council. They must, however, get the permission of the Pope, who designates a legate to represent him in calling the council and presiding at the same.' Again: 'All the acts and decrees of a plenary council are to be transmitted to the Holy See, and must not be published before the committee known as the Congregation of the Council has reviewed and approved them.'

"The so-called 'Joint Pastoral' does not fulfil any of these conditions. We want to say again that we do not accuse the Irish Bishops of desiring to create a false impression that they were acting as the 'Hierarchy of Ireland.' *But that impression has gone abroad among the laity, and they have not corrected it as they are bound to do.* Moreover, we do not know that in the case of the censures proclaimed by the 'Joint Pastoral' the Bishops did recognise that they *took upon themselves an authority that would not stand five minutes in a court.* They first promulgated these censures in a conciliar manner, and a few days afterwards they were compelled publicly to reverse themselves.

"Now we do not wish to be taken as maintaining that a law set up by an individual Bishop in his own territory is any less binding than a law passed by a council or even enacted by the Pope. But what we do insist on is that this 'Joint Council' formula leads people to believe that *it has an authority little less than the infallibility of the Pope.* The Bishops proclaim themselves collectively as being set 'to preach Our Lord's doctrine and safeguard His sacred rule of faith and morals at any cost.' They are not. Each preaches and safeguards for himself. Surely the Irish Bishops would be the last to decree the inerrancy of Lord Dunboyne or a more modern exemplification of faith and morals in the same country.

"Americans who have been reading our own papers about our own Welfare Council will see that this is not mere quibbling. In the Roman instructions concerning the meetings of our Bishops in Washington emphasis was laid on the fact that the use of the term 'council' might lead to misunderstanding. The Bishops met as individuals, and were quite free in legislating for their individual dioceses, but the title 'council' might lead

the unthinking or uninstructed to believe that they were acting with conciliar authority and had erected themselves into a kind of Holy Synod. This did not seem a slight or unimportant thing to Rome, and the Pope, at the risk of much misunderstanding, took rather serious measures to abate what might easily have become an ecclesiastical nuisance.

"Indeed *this is not the first time that these Episcopal meetings in the British Islands assumed to themselves Papal Prerogatives and caused a good deal of mischief.* The meetings were rendered necessary in the first instances by the Penal Laws and the consistent refusal of the English Government to maintain a representative in Rome. England would not deal with the Catholic Church. Just as our Bishops during the war had to come down to the level of the Y.M.C.A. to get proper treatment for Catholic soldiers, so the Irish and the English Bishops had to lower themselves to the level of the Anglican prelates to get some relaxation of the Penal Laws. This is what Newman meant when he told Gladstone that 'no pledge from Catholics was of any value to which Rome was not a party.'

"The reason is simple. Mankind lives in society. The highest temporal society is the State. The highest religious society is the Church. There are many states but only one Church. All states are equal between themselves, whether they are great or small. The Church, being one, must deal as one with each state if she is to deal with a state at all. The Bishops of Ireland have no authority to deal with the Government of Ireland and speak in the name of the Church, no more than Archbishop Troy of Dublin had in 1793, when the English Government took his declaration that the infallibility of the Pope was not a doctrine of the Church as a pledge that it would never be defined. You might as well expect the State of California to bind the United States by an act of its legislature to a course of foreign policy as to expect the Irish Bishops' letter to bind the Catholic Church to their peculiar ideas regarding the Irish State.

"This is the reason for the so-called 'major causes' of Canon Law. These 'major causes' arise either from positive legislation or from their own nature. These causes are excluded even from the Rota, which is the High Court of the Catholic Church. They are reserved to the Pope himself. Any other judge or tribunal that attempts to deal with them is absolutely incompetent in the case. The Bishops speak in their 'Joint Pastoral' of the right of the Irish Republicans to appeal to Rome. There is no such right. You can't appeal except from a judgment, and you can have no judgment where the judges are *absolutely incompetent*, meaning thereby not that they may not know law, or that they may not be in legitimate possession of a judicial office, but that they have no more jurisdictional competency than Judge Graham, for instance, would have to march over to Washington and try his reconciliatory processes on the litigants before the Supreme Court of the United States.

"But is the question of the legitimacy of the Irish Republic such a case? Even without going into the merits of the controversy we are convinced that it is, and that of its very nature. What do the Irish Bishops undertake to say in their Joint Pastoral? The Irish Bishops undertake to say that the 'Free State' and its Provisional Government are the true legitimate and only civil authorities in Ireland. This is at the bottom of their condemnation of the Republicans as plunderers, raiders, looters, wasters,

murderers, rebels and pursuers of other unladylike avocations. 'Our country that was but yesterday,' they say, 'so glorious, is now a byword before the nations for a domestic strife as disgraceful as it is criminal and suicidal. A section of the community refusing to acknowledge the government set up by the nation, have chosen to attack their own country as if she were a foreign power.' The charitable editor of the *Ave Maria* writes: 'It must of course be supposed that before issuing their 'Joint Pastoral' to the priests and people of Ireland, the Irish Bishops took pains to inform themselves thoroughly as to the actual state of the country, and were careful to weigh well the words in which they were going to express themselves.' Our charity would be quite as broad if it were not limited by justice and right.

"What are the plain facts about Ireland? The facts are plain. A government known as the 'Free State' claims to be the legitimate government. A government known as the Republic claims to be the legitimate government. It does not make a bit of difference to the argument which is right and which is wrong, as it does not make a bit of difference to a judge who is right and who is wrong when suitors appear in his jurisdiction. How is the question to be settled? . . . There is a higher and a more perfect way, namely, by the moral law. It is before this law the Irish Bishops claimed to have called the case, and it is by this law they claimed to have judged between the rival sections, declaring that the 'Free Staters' are the legitimate Government of Ireland and the Republicans, rebels. Now, we contend that in doing this they have been guilty of grievous rebellion against the Pope, and that it is they and not the Republicans, that are to be cast out of the Church while living, and to be deprived of Christian burial when they die. The first of the major causes is that which concerns the supreme rulers of a State. Cosgrave is the supreme ruler of the 'Free State.' De Valera is the supreme ruler of the Republic. They stand at no tribunal save and except the tribunal of the Pope himself. It makes no difference that the Pope has not summoned them. As long as they can be judged only in that tribunal, every inferior council, body, synod, meeting, joint pastorality or whatever you may want to call the *Bishops*, which dares to summon them before itself and judge them is *violating the rights of the Roman Pontiff and violating the oath they swore the day they were consecrated.* This is not mediaevalism or any papal claim to temporal power; it is simply the commonsense of the thing that if any political litigants wish to come into the court of the moral law as organised by the authority of the Catholic Church they will have to come in under the forms and follow the proceedings by that Church prescribed."

THE POPE ACTS

APART altogether from the sending of Monsignor Luzio to Ireland as a Papal Legate, to investigate and report on a grave situation, His Holiness the Pope indirectly made a significant commentary on the attitude of the Bishops. Dr. Conn Murphy and Mr. Arthur Clery (of Dáil Eireann High Court) were sent to Rome to present a Petition to the Pope and to give him the facts of the extraordinary situation here, on behalf of the Government of the Republic. On his return, Dr. Murphy was arrested and thrown into prison. When this news reached the Holy Father, as it did, and also the news that Dr. Murphy was on hunger strike, not only

did he write to the Cardinal Primate to use all his influence to have him released, he also sent the Papal Blessing to the prisoner himself. It was a magnificent gesture and showed that the Pope was not as ignorant of the true state of affairs in Ireland as some people had supposed. At some time or other he must have heard of the glorious faith of those who endured all that terrible persecution without once flinching in their devotion to the Church of Christ, who could not be accused of having at any time insulted one of God's anointed in spite of all the provocation they received, and who without any doubt in the world preserved the Faith in Ireland by their unselfish clean lives and holy death when it was endangered by the misguided, partisan action and inaction of those who should have been its first defenders.

ANOTHER COMMENT

FROM another authoritative quarter came further criticism of the Irish Hierarchy for their partisan attitude in the terrible days of 1922. The *Catholic Encyclopaedia* could not be called anti-clerical or Communist or diehard, but it viewed with surprise the condemnation of the Rising of 1916 by certain of the Bishops whom it named, as well as their refusal to recognise Ireland's independence or the legitimacy of Dáil Eireann (the Parliament of All Ireland) even after an overwhelming majority of the people had voted in face of armed opposition for the Republican candidates. It could not understand why the Bishops rushed in to support an alleged Treaty (which was but a Treaty of Surrender imposed under a threat of war) which meant the humiliation and partition of their country.

Said the *Catholic Encyclopaedia* in its 1922 issue:—"By the acceptance of partition, which Archbishop Walsh and the Hierarchy had opposed so vigorously in 1917, the Catholics in North East Ulster, without being consulted or given any guarantee of civil or religious liberty, have been handed over to the mercy of fanatical Orangemen, over 20,000 of whom in Belfast alone have been armed to crush Catholicism."

"TRAGEDIES OF KERRY"

SUFFERING and sacrifice were borne by young and old in every part of Ireland in 1922 and 1923, but the worst atrocities of the unfortunate slaves who had sold themselves to England were carried out in Kerry; they were so savage as to be almost incredible. That we know anything at all of the terror that was let loose in the homes and on the roads of Kerry forty years ago we must thank a gifted and distinguished writer, the late Miss Dorothy Macardle, who travelled from house to house in almost the entire county in 1924, while the terrible happenings were fresh in the minds of the sorrowing people who had lost their best and bravest only a short time before. That true story of Kerry's crucifixion was published just after the writing down of it by Miss Macardle. It went into several editions, but was out of print for years until Joseph Clarke, of the Irish Book Bureau, 68 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin, published a new edition a few months ago. The truth of the terrible story told in "Tragedies of Kerry" has never been challenged. It should be read again and again by all who want to know about those years when fidelity and treachery were locked in combat. "Tragedies of Kerry" can be had for 1/6; post 3d.

THE FOUR MARTYRS

THE heart of Ireland has stirred to the story of the wounded and bleeding Cuchulain slain by his enemies at the Ford; to the story of young Red Hugh O'Donnell cut down in the glory of his early manhood by the hand of an assassin; to the story of golden-haired Willie Nelson hanged in the sunlight of a summer morning at his mother's door in 1798; to the story of young William Philip Allen murdered by British Imperialism on a dark November day in 1867; to the story of Con Colbert and Seán Heuston facing the guns of an English firing squad for love of Ireland in 1916; to the story of gallant young Kevin Barry walking bravely into eternity from a prison cell in 1920, and winning the love and admiration even of his executioners by the magnificence of his courage. But nothing has ever so deeply wounded, and at the same time exalted the heart of this unconquered nation as the story of how four of the truest and bravest and most loyal of all her young lovers of any generation were taken from their prison cells in the dark of a December morning forty years ago, without charge, without trial, almost without warning, and slaughtered by their own former comrades to gratify the enemies of their common country.

It would be a story too shameful, too humiliating to be told by Irish men only that in the lives and in the death of Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellows, Richard Barrett and Joseph McKelvey there is so much of inspiration, of beauty, of nobility, that the terrible treachery and cowardice and brutality of their degenerate slayers are swept away like evil shadows by the glorious light that shines and will shine forever around the deathless young martyrs themselves. Those shadows must be remembered as a warning against faithlessness to Ireland, against abject surrender to her only enemy on earth, but it is on the glowing light around our martyrs we must fix our eyes and our thoughts as we go forward on the road to Freedom, that it may keep us from the pitfalls of expediency, of compromise and of fear.

WHAT was the crime in expiation of which the lives of the Four Martyrs were so callously and suddenly ended? They had fought like brave and faithful soldiers all through the war for Independence; they had dedicated their lives to the service of Ireland when they were only boys and had been loyal in every emergency to their vow. When England discovered after years of intensive warfare that she was being beaten by a small army of Irish Volunteers, she asked for a truce, so that she could try her old game of guile where force had failed. She succeeded by using a combination of both. With blandishments and a threat of ruthless warfare she stampeded some of our people into acceptance of a Treaty of Surrender. Caught in the meshes of English diplomacy, and too proud with the wrong sort of pride to admit that they had done wrong, they were forced into the position of deceiving their own people and of playing England's game. They made war with English guns on the Republic they had been pretending to maintain, and the "crime" of Rory O'Connor, of Liam Mellows, of Richard Barrett and of Joseph McKelvey was that they had remained faithful to the Republic of Ireland and to their solemn oath of allegiance when the dupes of England had proved false to both. They had defended the

Republic in arms when the dupes of England rose in rebellion against it, but the position they occupied had not been able to hold out against the shells from the cannon given to their degraded tools by the English, and they were obliged to surrender after a splendid and fearless fight. From the beginning of July, 1922, all through the Summer and Autumn and early Winter, they were held as prisoners of war in Mountjoy Jail, never charged with any crime even against the mongrel "Free State" set up, not by the Irish people but by force and by an Act of the English Parliament at Westminster, never tried by any court, civil or military; and then in the small hours of December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, their jailors entered the cells where they slept, awakened them and told them to dress and get their belongings together, as if they were about to be removed to another prison or to be released. When they were thus taken away from the company of their comrades, they were told that as a reprisal for something that had happened outside in the City of Dublin, a mile away from the prison, they were to be shot dead in a few hours time. And while their unsuspecting comrades assembled for Mass that morning, the volleys rang out which told that the Four Martyrs had joined the company of Ireland's deathless dead.

It was a time of terror and of gloom in Ireland. British cunning was in the ascendant. It had driven its degraded Irish tools from one desperate step to another, and the orgy of slaughter had begun. In Kilmainham Jail on the 17th November, 1922, four young Dublin boys—James Fisher, Peter Cassidy, Richard Twohig and John Gaffney—were shot to death for a vile and cruel purpose. The English had demanded the blood of Erskine Childers and the "Free State" junta had decided to kill him. His ostensible crime was that he had had a revolver in his possession when arrested, but his real offence was that he had tried to keep the Irish Delegation from breaking their oath to the Republic of Ireland a year previously in London when they were being fooled into committing treachery against their own Government and their own people. To single out Childers from all the Republican prisoners and kill him would show that it was an act of cold-blooded vengeance. So to give an air of even-handed justice and impartiality to the whole terrible holocaust which continued for over six months, the slaves of England took out those four young boys and killed them, and exactly one week later they ended the brave and noble life of Erskine Childers. In yet another week three more young soldiers of the Republic—Joseph Spooner, Patrick Farrelly and John Murphy—were slaughtered in Dublin, but all these, it seems, had been given some semblance or pretence of a trial. The Four Martyrs who were avowedly killed as a deliberate act of revenge and to terrify the people, had got no trial of any kind. On the Feast of Mary Immaculate, of all days in the year, they were taken out by a group of their own countrymen, all of whom, except one, were Catholics, and were murdered in the yard of Mountjoy Jail. They were all young, all clean-hearted, high-minded and unselfish, all brave soldiers of whom any free country or any country struggling to be free would be proud, but to the panic-stricken cowards who had sold themselves body and soul to the British Empire, they were the most dangerous and depraved of criminals who had to be slain like wild beasts, who had to be hurried into eternity without having the chance of seeing even the mothers who bore them,

to say a last farewell. Seventy-three or four others were put to death in the same way from November, 1922, to May, 1923, but to all of them except the Four Martyrs was given the mockery of a trial. In addition to these so-called "executions" there were more than one hundred "unauthorised murders", when men and boys were dragged from their homes or taken out of prison at dead of night, and after torture and mutilation were killed on lonely roadsides in every part of Ireland.

AND who were the Four Martyrs who are represented to the future men and women of Ireland as lawless criminals? RORY O'CONNOR, who held the rank of Commandant-General in the Army of the Republic and who was first in command at the Four Courts, had seen long and active and constant service in the cause of independence. He was reserved, thoughtful and gentle, but his face could light with merriment and his eyes could flash with anger, and those who knew him best loved him for his manly qualities, his unwavering sincerity and transparent truth. He was a close personal friend of Joseph Plunkett who was executed after Easter Week, 1916, and with him devoted long days and many sleepless nights to the task of preparing for the Rising. He was an engineer, with gifts and talents far above the average, and these were devoted without reserve to the cause of Irish Independence. He was on the Headquarters Staff in the G.P.O. in 1916, was wounded while engaged in some activity outside, was brought to a city hospital, and escaped out of it before a search was made by the British for wounded Republicans. In the years that followed his activities increased and he was one of Cathal Brugha's right-hand men. Because of the position he held he was privileged to attend the secret meetings of Dáil Eireann during the Black-and-Tan campaign and had the confidence of all the Army chiefs and Ministers. In 1920 he was arrested by the British force known as Auxiliaries, taken to Dublin Castle and savagely tortured. Afterwards he was sent as a prisoner to the Curragh but escaped and resumed with more energy than ever the work which only ended in Mountjoy Jail on 8th December, 1922. At 9 a.m. on Wednesday, 28th June, 1922, he sent this message out from the Four Courts. It was published the same day in a Stop Press edition of *Poblacht na hEireann*:—

"At 4.40 this morning we received a note from Tom Ennis demanding on behalf of 'the Government' our surrender at 4 a.m., when he would attack.

He opened attack at 4.7 in the name of his 'Government', with rifle, machine and field pieces.

The boys are glorious, and will fight for the Republic to the end. How long will our misguided former comrades outside attack those who stand for Ireland alone?

Three casualties so far, all slight. Father Albert and Father Dominic with us here.

Our love to all comrades outside, and the brave boys especially of the Dublin Brigade.—(Signed)

RORY O'CONNOR,

Major General, I.R.A."

In a letter written from Mountjoy Jail a couple of months later Rory

O'Connor revealed the fact that the Republican forces were never asked to evacuate the Four Courts until 25 minutes before it was attacked with cannon begged from the British. Only a few days previously the head of the "Free State" Army sat in friendly council with Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellows and Liam Lynch and discussed with them a plan for concerted action against the British garrison in North East Ulster. The man who then sat in friendly council with them as comrades and brothers-in-arms, a few days later ordered an attack on their position when he himself and his colleagues had received orders from the British Government to attack the Republic of Ireland by armed force or to clear out. They took their orders from London and commenced their rebellion against the Republic they had sworn to defend, and the campaign of slaughter of brave and innocent men that will be a cause of shame to Ireland for evermore.

Rory O'Connor died like a true soldier of Ireland and a true Christian on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and one hour before he was hurled into eternity, he wrote these remarkable words in a letter to his sister: "Were you aware that the devotion of my life has been to the Blessed Virgin? This day I have just finished a Novena in honour of the Immaculate Conception, the anniversary of my First Communion."

Can we doubt for a moment that Mary Immaculate, who was remembered so faithfully by this loyal lover of hers for nine days before her Feast and his death, flung wide the Gate of Heaven in answer to his Novena and welcomed him home even before the report of the volley that killed him had ceased to echo through the prison of Mountjoy?

RICHARD BARRETT was a school teacher, an Irish Irelander, an athlete and a student, a soldier who did the work of twenty during the Five Great Years, a Gael to the core of his heart, a splendid man whose clean young life made death easy and acceptable when it came. To his I.R.A. comrades in County Cork—he was a native of Ballineen—he was a tower of strength and inspiration during the strenuous years when England by savage methods of warfare strove to break the spirit and morale of the Irish people. He was a man of great physical strength and, like his county-man, O'Donovan Rossa, no torture or ill-usage inflicted by his jailors could subdue him. He escaped from Spike Island (one of England's penal prisons in Ireland) on a stormy night in November, 1921, and in company with six others commandeered a boat belonging to a British launch and battling with the elements for hours eventually landed near Cobh before it became known that they had left the prison.

When the Treaty of surrender split the I.R.A. he remained true to the old ideal and was one of the gallant band of soldiers who garrisoned the Republican Headquarters at the Four Courts when it was attacked in 1922. Then after the surrender, five months of imprisonment and at the end of it a few hours notice of death, a firing squad and release for ever. He died as he had lived, bravely and splendidly, thanking God that he had been chosen to lay down his life for Ireland. To his parents and his brothers and sisters he wrote from Mountjoy a couple of hours before the end:—"I want you now not to cry or mourn over my loss. Be proud that I have not died in disgrace. Pray for me. . . . Remember all the brave lads that have been killed in this fight, and try and take it as your lot that you are called upon to give one member of your family to this holy cause."

One who knew Dick Barrett well wrote of him after his martyrdom "Richard Barrett, teacher, patriot and martyr; with tall, stately form, rapid stride, merry eyes, dark hair, a fine head, and a heart of courage, the soul of truth and honour. With a ready tongue and a hearty laugh, with an energetic intellect, but never an evil thought. To God and Ireland true. Faithful, merry-hearted friend, beloved by little children. Gentle in peace, brave and fearless in war, he will never be forgotten. He is with the dead he loved, and his name is another bulwark to the Republic. Not in sorrow but in triumph his friends may cry out: 'The blood of men fighting for freedom is never shed in vain.'"

JOSEPH McKELVEY, Lieut-General in the I.R.A., was the ideal type of Irish soldier. He was not a mere militarist but one who while striving to learn everything that was to be learned about warfare and weapons, at the same time steeped his mind in the history of Ireland, studied her language, played her games, sang her songs, and became an Irishman of whom Ireland might well be proud. In the years after 1916 he placed Fianna Eireann on a firm footing in Belfast, and imbued the boys who came in touch with him with a deep love for all the things he loved himself. He rose rapidly in the I.R.A. until finally he found himself in command of the Third Northern Division, at a time when the conflict with England was at its height. The British paid tribute to his worth as an active enemy of theirs by raiding for him almost every day, and on one occasion it is said they tortured his patriot mother in a vain attempt to get information of his whereabouts. He was loved by all who served along with him, and the fine example he gave to his young comrades—he was a total abstainer, a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, clean of tongue and clean of mind—that to this day they speak his name with emotion that cannot be restrained.

After the Treaty of Surrender he was appointed Assistant Chief of Staff of the I.R.A. and was with Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellows and Dick Barrett in the Four Courts when it was attacked, and afterwards he was with them until they all passed together from the crime-laden atmosphere of Mountjoy into the eternal peace of Heaven. With the true humility of courage and heroism he wrote on the morning of his death:

"I never thought myself a brave man, but I can tell you honestly that this has left me almost unmoved. As a matter of fact I feel much calmer than some of my guards appear to be.

"The way to freedom is a hard and bloody one. I can only hope and pray that my death will be a contributing factor towards the great end for which so much suffering has been endured—our independence.

"I wonder what my former comrades will think of this. I am going to pray for them that they may yet see the light.

"I hope when I face the firing squad I shall do so like a man, and that you may never be ashamed to have known me. I feel that God in His infinite love and mercy has given me grace to do this, and that He will not desert me when the supreme moment comes."

God did indeed give him the grace to die like a true soldier of Ireland, whose bearing like that of his comrades was in striking contrast with the panic and secrecy of the traitors who killed them to gratify the blood-lust of Imperial England. In the day of Ireland's freedom no name on the

long roll of Ulster's unconquered soldiers will shine more brightly than the honoured name of Joe McKelvey.

THEY were all great men and brave men and true men but LIAM MELLOWS was the greatest of them all. To tell his story alone would take hours, and then it would be only partially told, because his humility and modesty rise up like barriers between us and a full knowledge of all his work for the freedom and happiness of the Irish people. When the English guns did their foul work on the 8th December, 1922, one of Ireland's most unselfish lovers and clearest thinkers and bravest soldiers was taken from her side, and one of the British Empire's most formidable and unflinching enemies was swept out of its path. The truth of that statement will be realised more fully and clearly in years to come.

Liam Mellows was only a boy, fresh from school and just commencing to earn a livelihood, when *Irish Freedom* was first published—the paper managed by Sean MacDiarmada and in which *Principles of Freedom* by Terence MacSwiney, saw the light of day. Liam was always very shy, like his comrade and friend, Con Colbert, and both used to go down to the little shop in which Tom Clarke sold newspapers and tobacco, and used hover about the door evening after evening when their day's work was done, trying to pluck up courage to go in and offer their help in *Irish Freedom* office. At last one evening they went in, were kindly received by Tom Clarke, who summed them up with one glance of his piercing eyes, and from that day forward Liam Mellows was the happiest boy in Dublin.

FIANNA EIREANN had been established as an organisation in 1909. They were almost unnoticed and made very little progress until *Irish Freedom* was published in November 1910. Fianna had a medium then through which to tell of their activities, their hopes, their ideals, their purpose, which was: "to re-establish the independence of Ireland," and from that time they went ahead, although their progress was uphill all the way.

It would be almost impossible to give an idea of the apathy and ignorance that prevailed in Ireland in those days with regard to separation from the British Empire. The Gaelic League, the Gaelic Athletic Association and Sinn Féin were battling against Anglicisation in some of its forms. The shattered threads of Fenianism were being slowly drawn together by Tom Clarke, Sean MacDiarmada, John McBride and others; but the great mass of the people looked in almost hopeless helplessness towards Westminster, where the Parliamentary Party led by John Redmond were playing the part of pawns in the old imperial game of "beggar my next door neighbour." The Irish Volunteers were still four years away and national consciousness was at a very low ebb.

Even four years later when, in April, 1913, Liam Mellows started out as the first organiser of Fianna Eireann there was heedlessness almost everywhere, although before that year was ended the roads of Ireland were destined to ring with the music of marching feet, and the heart of Ireland was to stir again with the old hope that tyranny had never been able to utterly destroy. Fifty-seven short years—a moment only in the life of a nation—and what a golden store of inspiration has been garnered by the hands and hearts and minds of martyrs for the boys and

girls of to-day, and for the men and women and children of Ireland through all the years and generations to come!

WORKING with Liam O Maol Iosa in those first years of Fianna Eireann were Con Colbert and Seán Heuston, whose names flashed out across the land after 1916 and changed many a thoughtless boy into an eager, alert, unyielding soldier of Freedom. When something like a miracle brought the Irish Volunteers into existence in 1913, the senior boys of Fianna Eireann were ready and competent to train them in discipline and the use of arms, to change them in a short time from raw recruits into effective soldiers, and to imbue them with love of service in the cause of Irish independence.

During all the crowded years that have come and gone since then the record of Fianna Eireann has been proud, inspiring and unsullied. A very high standard has been set for the boys of to-day and to-morrow, but they can live up to it if they will model their lives on those fearless young comrades of theirs who accepted death in the service of the Republic as a fitting finish to their day's work, and who went to the gallows or before the firing squad with joy in their hearts that they had stood the test, that they had been found worthy to take their place in the ranks of Ireland's immortal dead.

The land that has given birth to them, the cause that has been sanctified by the blood of their noble young hearts, can never suffer defeat. To think or fear otherwise would be to doubt the existence of God Who inspired them, as He inspired all their comrades through countless ages and in every land to stand up in opposition to tyranny and falsehood, in defence of truth and justice, to walk in His own footsteps through the valley of death, and to save a selfish world from decay and putrefaction by the sweetness and the loveliness of unselfish service and sacrifice.

THERE are cynical people who say that the dead are dead, that they can be no longer of any assistance to us, and that joining together, to honour their memory, is only waste of time. Thank God, there are some at least who do not think so. Were it not for the memory of the dead who were faithful to the last moment of their lives, there would be no thought of freedom in this land of ours to-day. The lover of liberty who gives his life for the land that bore him and for the happiness of his people, can never die. He lives in the thoughts and in the love of those who come after him, and the very mention of his name inspires the young, the generous-hearted of his race to follow the trail he blazed for them, not caring what may await them on the way.

On the long roll of true men who have gladly laid down their lives on the altar of Ireland's hope there is not one more true, more inspiring, more worthy of honour and love than the four martyrs in whose memory we can find hope for the future. In their boyhood the call of Ireland unfree came to them, entered their hearts and became part of their lives. From the moment it reached them they never wavered, never ceased to teach and strive and battle for the realisation of their dream, never turned aside from the hard, straight road on which they had set their feet, never despaired for a moment, even when they were summoned before a firing squad by recreant former comrades, who were killing them to please the enslavers of their common country.

"I have no regrets," said Liam Mellows, a few hours before his death. "I have no regrets, for the future of Ireland is assured." And again he said: "We die for Ireland, for the Republic, for that glorious cause that has been sanctified by the blood of countless martyrs throughout the ages—the cause of human liberty. The Republic stands for truth and honour, for all that is best and noblest in our race. By truth and honour, by principle and sacrifice alone will Ireland be free. That this is so, that this is immutable, I am prepared to stake all my hopes of the hereafter."

"Ireland," he said, "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, Emmet, Mitchel, the Fenians, Tom Clarke, Pearse, Connolly, Kevin Barry, McSwiney, Cathal Brugha and Erskine Childers are the guides."

On that dark but holy morning in December, 1922, a few hours after those words were written, four new names were added to that brave company of whom Liam Mellows was thinking in his last hours of life. His own name and the names of Rory O'Connor, Dick Barrett, and Joe McKelvey were written forever in the loving, loyal heart of Ireland, when a mongrel institution, set up for an evil purpose in this country by our one enemy among all the nations of the earth, led them out without charge or trial, nearly six months after they had been taken prisoners of war, placed them against a wall and shot them down in a moment of fear and fury; ended four of the finest, cleanest lives God ever gave to this nation, rich as it is in memories of great and gallant men.

THE dead are dead and they can no longer be of any assistance to us!" How foolish, how despairing must be the mind that could hold such a thought even for a moment! The slaves and materialists of 159 years ago called Robert Emmet a foolish idealist, an impractical enthusiast. How many practical men, how many great captains of industry, how many social reformers, how many successful lawyers and prominent politicians have passed into oblivion since the foolish defeated idealist was killed by England in a Dublin street? And the name of Robert Emmet is loved and honoured still by all who stand for the noblest things in life. In another hundred years the names of Robert Emmet and William Philip Allen, of Con Colbert and Seán Heuston and Kevin Barry, of Liam Mellows and Rory O'Connor and Dick Barrett and Joe McKelvey will glow as brightly as they glow to-day, because they gave all with which God had endowed them—intellect, strength, love and life—to the cause of justice and freedom and truth, to the Motherland who had nothing to offer them in return only hardship and poverty and suffering and death—and the holy love of her heart through all the years of time.

And side by side with their names "shall shine like stars to lead us to the dawning of the day," the names of all their comrades, humble and great, who never flinched, never compromised with wrong, never lowered the flag of freedom, but handed it on unsullied to their brothers in the fight.

What is the lesson of their lives and of their death? What call do they send to us from their hallowed graves? What thoughts are stirred in our minds at the very mention of their names? Like Robert Emmet

they teach us.

"The secret of manhood, the watchword of those who aspire, That men must follow freedom though it lead through blood and fire."

LIAM MELLOWS and his comrades followed freedom through fire and blood, through poverty and strife and slander, followed it through the gates of death, gladly, proudly, uncomplainingly. Their call to us is a call of hope and courage. They bid us remember that so long as there are even a few, be they weak or strong, who will not yield in their hearts to the English enemy, who will have no traffic with English trickery, who will keep the light of faith and love and service blazing on the straight road they walked, so that others may see it and follow where they led, there is hope for Ireland still, and all the force and intrigue and treachery in the world cannot crush her down in defeat.

They bid us be strong in our faith, unyielding in our course, courageous and clean in our actions, loyal to the very last as they were and content to do our share of the uncompleted task, not caring to whom will go the honour and glory.

BY truth and honour, by principle and sacrifice alone will Ireland be free," were the prophetic words written by Liam Mellows a couple of hours before he went to his death. By truth and honour and principle and love he had been guided through all the years from those far-off days when he had given up his means of livelihood to travel the high roads and the low roads of Ireland as an organiser of Fianna Eireann. Truth and honour and principle and love he had preached with all the earnestness of his glowing heart to the boys he gathered about him here, there and everywhere in the years that followed. They were the virtues that called him back from his enforced exile to lead the men of Galway in the Rising of 1916. They sustained and inspired him through many black and bitter days spent working for the Republic of Ireland in America. They drew him back again into the thick of the fight at home and gave him a bodyguard of selflessness, of ceaseless energy, of burning earnestness, of glad merriment, of boyish enthusiasm and of true humility to bear him unstained by brutality or meanness or unworthy ambition through every step of the fight, until he stood gallantly and unafraid and undespairing before the British guns that ended his loyal and beautiful life. In that awful hour, with eternity opening before him, with the Judgment Seat of God but a few moments away, no man and above all no man like Liam Mellows would speak or write down words that he did not believe in his heart and soul to be the truth. And so when he says to us "by truth and honour, by principle and sacrifice alone will Ireland be free," let the young people of the Republic cling closely to his words and never part with them for a single moment, that they may be worthy to meet Liam Mellows on a future happy day. When he says "the future of Ireland is assured," let us look beyond and above the selfishness and meanness and apathy and make-believe of to-day, and strive with all our energies towards the better and nobler and more worthy Ireland that will come to-morrow, when the nightmare of expediency passes and the dawn of truth and justice, of honour and principle breaks over this unconquered country again, and makes its people worthy of the sacrifices that have been made for them and worthy of the freedom that must come to us at last.

TWO PATRIOT PRIESTS

ASSOCIATED for all time with the men of 1922 are Father Albert Bibby, O.S.F.C., and Father Dominic O'Connor, O.S.F.C., whose names will be loved and honoured in Ireland and far beyond its shores when the names of their persecutors will be forgotten. They had both gone through the hardships of the earlier war and the iron hand of Christian England, which poses as the champion of religion throughout the world, had fallen on them in vain. Father Albert was tortured by the Black-and-Tans in Dublin Castle. Father Dominic, it will be remembered, was Chaplain to Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, and remained by him throughout the ten-and-a-half weeks of his agony in Brixton Prison. An attempt was made on the devoted priest's life some time later, and when that failed he was arrested, charged with being in possession of a treasonable document (a dying message to the Irish people from Terence MacSwiney) and was sentenced to ten years penal servitude. During his time in prison he was treated as a common convict, except that after some time the Bishop of Southwark succeeded in obtaining for him permission to say Mass. He, with other Irish prisoners, was released after the signing of the Treaty of Surrender. Father Dominic and Father Albert brought spiritual aid to the soldiers of the Republic who occupied the Four Courts in 1922. They were guilty of no unpriestly conduct, but the faculties of both were withdrawn by those who had refused the Sacraments to loyal Republicans who were also loyal Catholics, and both priests, who loved Ireland passionately, were obliged to go into exile. Father Albert died in Los Angeles in February, 1925, and Father Dominic died ten years later at Bend, Oregon, U.S.A. Both carried their national convictions and principles with them to the grave in spite of the shameful fact that professional politicians have exploited their names and their remains for selfish ends.

"I have been thirty years on the Mission, and I can solemnly say that never during all that time did I receive a fraction of the religious inspiration I received in the Four Courts with Rory and the boys." This was a declaration made quietly and convincingly by Father Albert in the summer of 1922. He repeated it on his death-bed two and a half years later and said his only regret was that he could not be buried in Glasnevin beside the Four Martyrs he loved so well. In that last hour he said also: "In the movement for the independence of Ireland I have always endeavoured to remember that I was an Irish Capuchin priest, and I have at all times made that the standard of my thoughts as well as of my words and deeds. I have never been a politician. But as an Irish priest, I have considered that, like Cardinal Mercier, my place was with my people to administer to them, especially to those who, like Saint Joan of Arc, were engaged in the sacred work of driving those English invaders from our native soil. In my heart, mind or soul, I have no ill-will to anyone, but only love all in the Heart of the Saviour, Who died to redeem us all. And as I hope for forgiveness from Him, so do I forgive all who may in any way have done me an injury. And if I have unwittingly offended anyone, I with humble heart, beg for-

giveness. I die in peace with all. Would that I had died in the holy land of my love! But God's Will be done. All my life long I have loved justice and hated iniquity. I have loved and desired justice for my native land and hated the cruel iniquity of England's oppression. And I feel that I can say with St. Gregory: 'I have loved justice and hated iniquity'; and therefore, I am dying in exile."

Dear, gentle, saint-like, earnest and humorous Father Albert! kind, boyish, loving, happy-hearted Father Dominic! God give you a high place among the Irish Saints in Heaven! No cause to which you gave your love, your allegiance and your blessing could be an unworthy or a base one, though all the rest of the world were against it. Political expediency, compromise with wrong, hypocrisy, deception were hateful evils in your eyes as they were in the eyes of Brugha and Mellows and the other noble ones among whom you battled and toiled and suffered. No mean exploitation of your hallowed dust can dim the memory of you in the minds and hearts of those who still suffer and fight for freedom!

RÍOIRE NA SAOIRSE

(ERSKINE CHILDERS)

"Cé hé rin oo-cím
 "Aa maorúa ašur mín,
 "Sa élor lom ar maiuin glar Samna?"
 "In mé an mac oíl
 "A eus ró-gean o'a éir
 "Ašur o'fuiting zac anró 'na éabairí oí."

"Ašur cao é an buidean
 "Le glar-éire ir sunnaí
 "Ao' feolaó mar éime 'na oteannta?
 "Siao mo éairíoe oo díol
 "Mé le ruac zan ruim,
 "Mar a leanann an geimpeao oo'n t-rampao."

"Ó! Ir truaš uom oo éar,
 "A éroide oítre ašur gíáda
 "Ooo' éeapao le náire mar mheirleao,"
 "Coir palla oíur áiro
 "Zan cara le págar,
 "Ooo' lámae ra breac-rolur it' donar."

"Ná caointear mo báp,
 "Ašur oume zo brát
 "Ar ron mo éuro pola ná oaoitear
 "Ac an teime reo im lár
 "Ní beró ruan ar mo énáma
 "Mura n-aóantear a rrpéic ar ruio éireann."

plámaiz oe bhuin

(Sašaric)

SLAUGHTER AND EXTERMINATION

ONE of the first acts of the "Provisional Government of Southern Ireland" was the signing of an agreement on January 23, 1922, between itself and the Orange Government of "Northern Ireland." The "Free Staters" (Michael Collins signed for them) undertook to raise the boycott of Belfast goods in the "Free State" (the only thing that had brought the Orange exterminators to their knees) and in return Sir James Craig (later Lord Craigavon) promised vaguely "to facilitate in every possible way the return of Catholic workers to the ship-yards as and when trade revival enables the firms concerned to absorb the present unemployed." It was something for nothing, the substance given in exchange for the shadow, and openly did the Orangemen exult over it. One of their leaders wrote in the *Morning Post* of January 24, 1922: "The Prime Minister has accomplished a real stroke of statesmanship for Ulster. To begin with, he has obtained the definite and formal recognition by Mr. Collins of the status of Ulster as a separate Government. . . . Certainly I see nothing in the agreement pointing towards political unity between North and South. Quite the contrary. It entrenches Ulster in her own position. It is an acknowledgment of Partition by Mr. Collins."

The commercial travellers of Belfast swarmed over the 26 Counties saying soft nothings and booking orders as fast as they could write, but no Catholic workers went back to the ship-yards. Hundreds of Republican prisoners continued to be retained on the *Argenta* prison ship and in Larne Workhouse, and the extermination of all Irish-minded people out of the Six Counties was being planned by Sir Henry Wilson, General Solly Flood, and their underlings. They made no secret of their plans. General Solly Flood, the British General in command of all the Specials in the Six Counties, in a circular impressed upon them the fact that "the main duty of constabulary is to kill the enemy, for it is only by overcoming and evicting him from the Six Counties that peace can be restored. There must be no half measures." And there were none. Flood and his Specials working out the plans which Wilson the Pogromist made for the Six Counties Government, set out to do their work thoroughly. In some cases whole families were wiped out. Five members of the McMahon family in Belfast were butchered in a raid on their home and a sixth died in a few days of wounds received in the same raid. Night after night homes were raided, men and boys were dragged out of their beds, tortured savagely and then murdered. It was part of Sir Henry Wilson's plan for the permanent partition of Ireland and it had the secret approval of the British Government.

On June 22, 1922, Sir Henry Wilson, an Irishman who hated Ireland and the Irish people, was shot dead in a London street. Two Irishmen, Reginald Dunn and Joseph O'Sullivan, ex-members of the British Army, were arrested and charged with having killed Wilson. They were found guilty and were hanged. They bore themselves throughout the trial with great calmness and composure and made no plea for mercy. The judge proved himself a partisan of the Norbury type. He referred to the two fearless, dignified men in contemptuous and insulting terms,

and refused permission to Reginald Dunn to read the following statement:

"Who was Sir Henry Wilson, what was his policy, and what did he stand for? You have all read in the newspapers lately and been told that he was a great British Field Marshal, but his activities in other fields are unknown to the bulk of the British public. The nation to which we have the honour to belong, the Irish nation, knew him, not so much as the great British Field Marshal, but as the man behind what is known in Ireland as the Orange Terror. He was at the time of his death the Military Adviser to what is colloquially called the Ulster Government, and as Military Adviser he raised and organised a body of men known as the Ulster Special Constables who were the principal agents in his campaign of terrorism.

"I do not propose to go into details of the horrible outrages committed on men and women and children of my race in Belfast and other places in the jurisdiction of the Ulster Government. Among Irishmen it is well known that about 500 men, women and children have been killed within the past few months, nearly 2,000 wounded, and not one offender brought to justice. More than 9,000 persons have been expelled from their employment and 23,000 men, women and children driven from their homes. All the big cities of this country, and even those of Northern France, are now receiving these refugees. Sir Henry Wilson was the representative figure and the organiser of the system that made these things possible.

"At his suggestion and advice the Ulster Parliament passed an Act authorising the flogging of political opponents, and this power is now exercised and enforced by the Courts in Ulster.

"There is and can be no political liberty in a country where one political party outrages, oppresses and intimidates not only its political opponents, but persons whose religious opinions differ from those of the party in power. The same principle for which we fought on the battlefields of Europe led us to commit the act we are charged with.

"You can condemn us to death today, but you cannot deprive us of the belief that what we have done was necessary to preserve the lives, the homes and the happiness of our countrymen in Ireland. You may by your verdict find us guilty, but we will go to the scaffold justified by the verdict of our consciences."

"I AM PROUD TO DIE"

WHEN Joseph O'Sullivan was asked whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed on him, his reply was clear and brief:—"All I have done I have done for Ireland, and for Ireland I am proud to die."

There was a strange sequel to the trial. At the time Wilson was shot every Irish man and woman in London was shadowed by police and the meeting places of all Irish societies were kept under observation. Some time later a swoop was carried out and scores of men and women were arrested and deported to Ireland, where the "Free State" tools of England obligingly held them under lock and key. They were eventually released and several brought actions in the courts against the police

authorities in London for illegal arrest and detention, and claims for compensation were made.

During the hearing of her claim the Honorary Secretary of the Roger Casement Sinn Féin Cumann, London, Miss Killeen, was asked: "Who gave orders for the shooting of Sir Henry Wilson?" The purpose of the question being to link up Sinn Féin with the attack on the tyrant. Miss Killeen replied in a tone of surprise: "I thought it was generally known that those who did it acted under orders from Michael Collins." There was no comment, not another question was asked, and the claims for compensation were allowed.

A DEED OF HORROR

WE record here the death of Joe Bergin, of the "Free State" Military Police, because we and others experienced kindness at his hands during the Hunger Strike of 1923, when he was stationed at Tintown 3 on the Curragh of Kildare. We record it also because it illustrates the savage methods employed by men who allowed themselves to fall into the power of the English and then struck wildly at all but their captors. We have said elsewhere that the combined influence of the Catholic Hierarchy and the I.R.B. carried the Treaty of Surrender. That is quite true. The I.R.B. was made use of later when the "unauthorised murders" came to be committed. It is even to be feared that there were two sections or cliques of the I.R.B. within the "Free State" Army. Joe Bergin believed there were. He belonged to one of them and fell under suspicion because he was kind and helpful to Republican prisoners and carried messages from them to their friends in Dublin. He was watched and followed. He was seen to enter the house of a Republican in Dublin City. Certain men from the Intelligence Department of the "Free State" Army were sent down by car to Kildare to intercept and "interrogate" him on his way back to Camp. They met him, questioned him, tortured him, mutilated him, then tied ropes round his body, which was still alive, and dragged him along the road for miles, the car travelling at top speed. Then they riddled the poor body with bullets and threw it into the canal. That was on December 13, 1923. A man named Murray, attached to the "Free State" Intelligence Department, was found guilty of the murder and condemned to death in 1925. The sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. A witness at the trial volunteered the information that Murray "knew something" about the murder of Noel Lemass. So did "some person or persons unknown" higher up than Murray, who was but a scapegoat. It was a similar type of murder. Murray was out of the country for two years after this deed of horror had taken place, but his pay was given weekly to his wife during all that time. And these murderers were the "Christian Soldiers" of a "lawful Government." There was no condemnation of this terrible deed, which showed to what depths of degradation Irishmen can fall when they abandon the straight path and follow in the footsteps of Ireland's enemy to whom they have sold themselves body and soul.

THE VALIANT WOMEN

THE story of 1922 would be incomplete without a special tribute to the women who fought and endured and came through that time of terror unconquered and undismayed. They proved themselves worthy of the best traditions of Irish womanhood and worthy of the cause they served. Many of them had already gone through unforgettable trials during the Five Great Years before 1922. They had been raided in their homes and insulted, held up and searched in the streets, had been arrested and subjected to terms of imprisonment, and many a time at the risk of their own lives had they saved the lives of some of the renegades who now considered insult and torture and brutality too good for them. Some again were little more than children, girls of sixteen and seventeen years of age who with their brothers had sprung to the defence of the Republic of Ireland in the summer of 1922, and who were now paying for their loyalty with days of hunger and nights of cold, of terror and of insult at the hands of men whom treachery had brutalised. There were hundreds of them, those valiant women of the Republic, and not once during all the months of persecution inflicted on them by men posing as Irish Christians did they lower the flag they had raised in the midst of the enemy, never once did they cower or shrink when armed bullies attacked and beat and tortured them, until even the hardened British wardresses wept tears of pity; never once by word or sign did they give the slightest acceptance to the claim of the usurpers who imprisoned them to be the lawful Government of Ireland.

Some of them went through the agony of no fewer than five hunger strikes, and even when weak and sick and worn out with fasting and privation they still held their heads high, and made their captors feel that even were they to murder or imprison all the men of the Republic, the unconquerable women would still make it impossible for them to say that all was over, that the war of 750 years was at an end and that the British Empire had finally and for ever subdued this unyielding race. The traitors who claimed for their worst excesses the blessing of bishops and priests and who talked of it with very little respect, acted worse than savages in their dealings with women prisoners. They seemed like men who never had mothers or sisters or wives, who had never heard of decency or manliness or modesty. There was no hour of day or night when the women prisoners had any privacy, no hour when their ears were not filled with the obscene songs and jests of their half-drunken guards, who in stepping into the footsteps of the British garrisons in Ireland seemed to have inherited their peculiar and by no means pleasant topics of conversation. Not even during the Rosary time each evening could they put restraint on their filthy tongues. It seemed as if they had received orders to annoy and insult those "wild women" in every way they could think of, and to make their imprisonment not only uncomfortable and harsh but as unbearable as it possibly could be.

Thank God, they failed. The day came when the jail gates had to be opened and the valiant women of the Republic marched out bravely with their flag unlowered, though some were broken in health and fated

never to recover from the effects of degraded man's inhumanity. But they were unbeaten and because of their faith and their valour the cause of the Republic was living still.

THE SOLDIERS OF '22

Air: "The Foggy Dew"

*I SING no song of the long ago,
Of the warriors staunch and bold
Who bore their spears on the Irish hills
In the golden days of old;
But I raise a rann for our own dear lads—
The loyal, the brave and true,
Who flung their lives in the bearna bhaoil—
The Soldiers of '22.*

*When they heard the call of a cause laid low
They sprang to their guns again,
And the pride of all was the first to fall,
The glory of our fighting men.
In the days to come when with pipe and drum
You follow in the ways they knew,
When their praise you sing, let the echoes ring
With the memory of Cathal Brugha.*

*Brave Liam Lynch on the mountainside
Fell a victim to the foe,
And Dinny Lacey for Ireland died
In the Glen of Aherlow.
Neil Boyle and Quinn from the North came down
To stand with the faithful few,
And we'll sing their praise in the Freedom days
'Mong the heroes of '22.*

*Some fell in the proud red rush of war,
And some by a treacherous blow,
Like the Martyrs Four in Dublin Town
And their comrades at Dromboe;
And a hundred more in the barrack squares,
And by lonely roadsides, too—
Without fear they died, and we speak with pride
Of the Martyrs of '22.*

*They were true to the Right, they fought the fight,
And they rest in the peace of God.
Lift up your hearts, O, brave young men,
And march in the ways they trod!
The cause still calls that called to them,
And the task will be only through
When freedom comes to the land that was loved
By the Soldiers of '22!*

Brian na Banban.

ERSKINE CHILDERS

True Lover of Ireland

AFTER they had made use of him for years, leaned on his gifts and his fidelity and asked Irish voters to elect him as their representative in Dáil Eireann, they called him "a damned Englishman" because he warned them against English cunning, against "the smile of the Sasanach," and tried to save them from the pitfalls of English diplomacy. Then, because the English who hated and feared him desired his death, those renegade comrades of his pursued him relentlessly from place to place where he fought and taught under the still undefeated flag of the Republic, until finally they seized him, manufactured charges against him, arraigned him before a so-called "military court," condemned him to death, and in order to camouflage the fear and hatred which rode them, put four young Dublin boys to death a week before the day appointed for the slaughter of this gentle, unselfish, unfearing, faithful Irishman. At his "trial" on November 17, 1922, he made the following simple straightforward statement, characteristic of the man who loved every lover of Ireland, who served her with the unselfish humility of greatness:—

I WISH to make this statement in view of the mass of prejudice which has gathered about me owing to false statements and calumnies and innuendoes which have been made about me in the press and elsewhere for a year past, and to most of which I have been unable to reply. I am making no appeal—let that be clear. Whatever befalls I shall suffer gladly and happily, but I think it due to me, and above all to the cause I represent which has been traduced and slandered through the agency of attacks on me, to make some refutation of these attacks."

"I have constantly been called an Englishman who having betrayed his own country came to Ireland to betray and destroy Ireland, a double traitor. Alternatively, I have suffered the vile charge or innuendo that instead of betraying England I have been acting as a spy or agent provocateur of Englishmen seeking to destroy Ireland in England's interest. Not a single particle of proof has ever been brought forward for those charges. They depend solely on prejudice fostered by a pitilessly bitter propaganda and intended more, I think, to damage the Republican party through me than me myself."

"These are the facts of my life briefly.

"According to the rules laid down by your own Government—and some such rules would have to be laid down by any Government—I am by birth, domicile, and deliberate choice of citizenship an Irishman. My father was English, born in England, my mother was Irish, born in Ireland, Anna, the daughter of Thomas J. Barton, of Glendalough House, Annamoe, County Wicklow. The place became my own home and domicile from 1883 onwards until I married in 1904, for both my parents having died when I was young, from the age of 13 I was brought up at Glendalough House by my uncle and aunt, Charles and Agnes Barton, along with their own children."

"I was educated in England, travelling to and fro to school and college,

and in 1895 entered the British Civil Service as a Committee clerk in the House of Commons, remaining there till 1910, when I threw up my profession and prospects in order to be free for political work and writing as a Liberal and especially in the cause of Irish Freedom. As a young man I had been a Unionist and Imperialist, but experience of the South African War, in which I served for ten months as a Volunteer, afterwards writing a history of the guerilla phase, changed the whole current of my life and made me a Liberal and a Nationalist. I wrote and spoke much for Irish Home Rule in the years 1910-1914, and in 1911, published the "Framework of Home Rule" advocating and elaborating a Dominion Settlement and stressing the vital importance of fiscal autonomy—practically the same scheme as that of the present "Treaty." But I set no limit to the national march. The keynote of the book was that Ireland should have what the Irish people wanted. As there was no Republican movement at the time and Sinn Fein was very weak, I naturally worked on Home Rule lines, though of the widest scope.

'The book, of course, was of no avail at the time, even the petty Liberal Bill of 1912 was shipwrecked owing to the surrender of Asquith to Carson. In warm sympathy with the Irish Volunteers, I joined a small committee formed in May, 1914, to supply them with arms, and myself with my wife and one or two friends, ran a cargo of guns into Howth in July.'

'**T**HEN came the European war. Like thousands of Irish Nationalists I was misled by the idea of a "war for small nations" and joined the British Naval Air Service, afterwards amalgamated with the Royal Air Force, leaving it at the end of the war with the rank of Major. The bulk of my work consisted of active service flying in sea-planes as an observer and intelligence officer—that is using camera, wireless, and machine-gun, in the North Sea, Dardanelles, Egypt, and Belgian Coast. I was also for an interval of a year navigating officer and intelligence officer in a Squadron of small 40 foot torpedo-carrying-hydroplanes (coastal motor boats) on the Belgian Coast, active service of the most arduous kind.'

'On this substratum of fact has been built the abominable legend that I was a secret service spy and intelligence officer in that sense, and that it was in some such capacity that I have done my political work in Ireland.'

'I should add that for some months in 1917-1918, I was employed on the Secretariat of the Irish Convention, working specially for the group advocating a Dominion scheme, that being then the last faint chance of effecting a constitutional settlement. The collapse of the whole convention and the attempt to enforce conscription convinced me that Home Rule was dead and that a revolution was inevitable and necessary, and I only waited till the end of the war when I should have faithfully fulfilled my contract with the British, to join in the movement myself.'

'**W**ITH the formal establishment of the Republic in 1919, it became necessary for people like myself, of mixed birth, to choose our citizenship once and for all. I chose that of the Irish Republic, like

hundreds of other ex-soldiers, on my release from the British Army (all connection with it being severed). I threw myself into the work for the Republican movement, and at the end of a year took up permanent residence with my wife and family in Dublin. My first definite mission was to visit our Paris envoys, S. T. O'Ceallaigh and Gavan Duffy in the summer of 1919 in order to help them with press and other work, bearing with me the written authorization of Arthur Griffith the acting-President. My next important job was to act, on the nomination of Michael Collins, Finance Minister, as one of the five original Directors of the National Land Bank founded by Robert Barton, Minister of Agriculture in January, 1920, with Capital secretly supplied from Republican funds, and involving many delicate responsibilities. Later in the same year I was appointed Chairman of the Republican Justices of Rathmines and Pembroke. In these and in a host of other confidential matters I was met from the first with a generous trust and confidence which I shall never forget. My achievement was small and my sacrifice nothing compared with the achievements and sacrifices of those who made the Republic and upheld it in arms against the British, but I can at least say that I was faithful to all of the many trusts reposed in me, nor has any suggestion ever been made to the contrary.'

'Much of my work was connected with Propaganda and in February, 1921, when Desmond Fitzgerald was arrested I was appointed in his place by the President. In May I was elected a Deputy for Wicklow and Kildare. After the Truce I went to London with the party which accompanied the President in his first interviews with Lloyd George. I attended most of the subsequent Cabinet meetings on the Peace question and in September I was appointed by the Cabinet and Dáil as principal Secretary of the Delegation to London for the Peace negotiations of October-December and as the responsible adviser on Defence questions.'

'I took a strong line from the first against the British Dominion scheme and in so doing came for the first time in 3 years into conflict with Republican colleagues and comrades. Until then not a shadow of a cloud had disturbed the absolute harmony of our relationship. For myself I had passed through the Dominion phase years before, discarded it, and sworn allegiance to the established Republic.'

'**T**HE slow growth of moral and intellectual convictions had brought me to where I stood and it was and is impossible and unthinkable to go back. I was bound by honour, conscience and principle to oppose the Treaty by speech, writing and action both in peace, and when it came to the disastrous point, in war. For we hold that a Nation has no right to surrender its declared and established Independence and that even a minority has a right to resist that surrender in arms.

'I take the fullest responsibility for any influence I may have had on my fellow countrymen. That influence has been grossly and ridiculously exaggerated by our enemies in order to discredit our cause through me, but such as it has been I am proud of it.

'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."

ONE favour only he asked before his death of the cravens who were about to kill him at the bidding of England—he asked to be allowed to see Father Albert, his friend and comrade in the cause of the Republic. He was a Protestant, and he asked that one dying request of professing Catholics who prided themselves then and who have prided themselves since on being Christians, and he gave his word of honour that the interview would be about spiritual matters only. The request was refused. And so on the 24th day of November, 1922, with the Rosary beads given to him months before by Father Albert twined through the fingers that had toiled so hard for Irish freedom, gentle, great-hearted Erskine Childers, true lover of God and of Ireland, walked bravely and calmly to his death. For their own sake may his cowardly slayers be forgotten. He will be remembered for ever, in spite of the shameful fact that for the past forty years (and during most of that time under an administration of his own intimate friends and colleagues), the young people attending many Secondary Schools and University Colleges of the 26 Counties have been taught that he was a criminal who got only his just deserts when English guns in the hands of Irish mercenaries ended his noble and splendid life.

IN MEMORIAM

The beautiful Requiem sung by a priest for the Four Martyrs on the very day of their martyrdom, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December, 8, 1922.

RORY and Liam are dead and gone
(Star of the Morning, Mary, come!)
Slain on the Eighth of December's dawn
(Mary Immaculate, guide them home!)

Rory and Liam and Dick and Joe
(Star of the Morning, Mary, come!)
Red is their hearts' blood, their souls like snow
(Mary Immaculate, guide them home!)

Their slayers have rung no passing bell
(Star of the Morning, Mary, come!)
But the rifle's crack is their funeral knell
(Mary Immaculate, guide them home!)

Their eyes are steady in face of death
(Star of the Morning, Mary, come!)
For their minds are rapt by the vision of faith
(Mary Immaculate, guide them home!)

*For Winter will pass and the Spring be born
(Star of the Morning, Mary, come!)
And Freedom will waken the land at morn
(Mary Immaculate, guide them home!)*

*And what is death but an envoy sped
(Star of the Morning, Mary, come!)
With a call from the Heaven of Ireland's Dead!
(Mary Immaculate, guide them home!)*

*Why reckon the pangs that have sufficed
(Star of the Morning, Mary, come!)
To bring free souls to their Captain, Christ?
(Mary Immaculate, guide them home!)*

*Rory and Liam are dead and gone
(Star of the Morning, Mary, come!)
They have found the lights that go out at dawn
(Mary Immaculate, guide them home!)*

*Rory and Liam and Dick and Joe
(Star of the Morning, Mary, come!)
Our starlight fades, but the road they know
(Mary Immaculate, guide them home!)*

Pádraig De Brún.

LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS

HERE is another of the lovely poetic tributes paid to the dead Irish Republican Soldiers of 1922 by a gifted priest of Maynooth College, Rev. Patrick Browne, D.D. There is reference in it to men who were at first deceived by hypocritical professions and promises and joined the "Free State" Army. Later when they realised that they were being made tools of by the English enemies of Ireland they returned to their true allegiance and took their place in the midst of their Republican comrades.

Lord, for the grace we pray
Of dying as they have died,
To whom death was sweet as a bride
On an April wedding day;
For the ardour that does not fail
In the wintry rains and snows,
And sees the black wall and the pit of the jail
In blossom with Heaven's rose.

No chill in the blood did they feel,
And clear were the eyes they raised
To meet those eyes that gazed
Along the barrels of steel;
And no sign of anger was there,
Or glimmer of useless hate,
Or weak complaint or suppliant prayer
To avert the decrees of fate.

By the mighty streams that pour
 With the Irish seas to join—
 By Shannon and Liffey and Boyne,
 Lee, Slaney, Suir, Barrow and Nore—
 Their generous blood was shed,
 And the famous Three Waves of Song
 Cried out, yet not to lament the dead,
 But to greet the souls of the strong.

They have flown from earthly scenes,
 And the arduous toil of time,
 Grave men of thought sublime,
 And lads not out of their teens;
 And they laugh at the mazes of doubt
 That the worldly-wise have spun,
 At the tyrants and slaves whose task is mapped out
 From the rise to the set of sun.

Let us raise a verse for the few
 Whom the Spirit's unerring lamp
 Led forth from the enemy's camp
 To take their place with the true.
 Though traitrous tongues upbraid
 And bandy the taunts of shame,
 With the Lord of the Vineyard their reckoning is made
 And their wages allotted the same.

They rose on deathless wing
 In the storm and gloom of the year—
 Now the fields are stirring here
 With the pulse of resurgent Spring;
 And you who believe their desire
 Can be chained by an earthen band,
 You shall know the truth when the new-born fire
 Flames forth from the heart of the land!

SEVENTY-SEVEN (1923)

SEVENTY-SEVEN of mine, said Ireland,
 Walking the dismal road of death,
 Avowed their faith in a tortured sireland,
 Called my name with their latest breath;
 Lifted their hearts to God above them—
 Hearts as pure as the mountain snow—
 Prayed for the faithful ones who love them,
 But never quailed at the tyrant's blow.

Killed in my name! My best, my dearest!
 In the lonely fields, in the barrack squares.
 Surely, O God of Love, thou hearest
 An outraged Sireland's heart-wrung prayers!

Surely for their sake Thou wilt send me
 A host of soldiers to set me free!
 O God of Battles, do thou befriend me,
 For I have been loyal and true to thee!

Seventy-seven of mine are sleeping
 Under the sod for love of me.
 I have placed them all in God's good keeping
 As my pledge for the glorious day to be
 When men shall spring from the down-trod masses
 And march with a manly stride once more,
 To fight in the streets and the hillside passes
 Till the night of thralldom and shame is o'er.

Mellows, McKelvey, Barrett, O'Connor,
 Childers, Brugha and my martyrs all,
 Shall gather my soldiers for Ireland's honour,
 Shall send through the land my olden call.
 My sons shall answer the brave reveille,
 And heedless of sorrow and strife and pain,
 Bring freedom and peace to hill and valley—
 The true revenge for my soldiers slain!

Brian na Banban...

THE FIRES OF FREEDOM

KEEP the fires of freedom burning!
 Though craven sons betray,
 Though slaves defame their Mother
 And turn from her away;
 Her heart will hold forever
 The memory of the leal,
 When every dastard's name is crushed
 Beneath oblivion's heel.

Keep the fires of freedom burning!
 Though long the cheerless night,
 Some hour shall flash in glory
 The holy morning light;
 Some hour shall gleam before you
 The fair, unclouded Goal—
 Keep the fires of freedom burning
 To warm her waiting soul.

Brian na Banban.

"Nothing is ever settled until it is settled right."

THE END IS NOT YET !

WE have come to the end of our story, not for lack of material, but for lack of space. It has not been easy to avoid the bitterness that comes with the memory of surrender, of slavishness, of injustice, of brutality and torture and death inflicted on our own to meet the callous demands of an arrogant invader who was sure of his hold on those he had fooled and demoralised and driven step by step into a state of hopeless and savage panic.

It was only by constant remembrance of the brave and true and noble who gave their lives for the betrayed Republic of Ireland in 1922 and 1923 that we were enabled to hold natural bitterness in check and say only as little as the truthful telling of history demanded of the terrible deeds done in the name of Ireland by those who had allowed themselves to become the tools of the English enemy forty years ago.

The last utterances of those who died for us then—"grave men of thought sublime and lads not out of their teens"—would fill a volume twice the size of this issue of the *Wolfe Tone Annual*, and there is not a single word of hatred, not a single call for vengeance, not an uncharitable line in any one of them. They reflect the sublimity and the nobility of the sacrifice made so willingly by men inspired by the virtue of patriotism, men who loved life but proudly, willingly gave it up for the honour of the cause that called them and the land that bore them.

They were all our comrades, whether soldiers or civilians, and we should not think of them as dead, because those who give their lives in the cause of Right and Truth and Justice never die. They march for ever with those who remain true to that cause, their very names an inspiration, their memory a torch in the darkness, and the story of their courage and devotion a sparkling spring from which the weary soldier of freedom may always draw new hope and faith and courage to carry him through the fight.

In the pride we feel that men have lived and died so nobly there is a tinge of shame. Many of them were killed by former comrades, by men of their own blood and race, who had been bought by England for the purpose. There is shame in that thought, but we must endure it and live it down and trust to the future to efface it in so far as it can ever be effaced. We have no hate in our hearts for those misguided tools of an unscrupulous enemy. We have pity for them. But for the evil beast behind their action, for the slimy serpent that tempted and bought them—the serpent of British Imperialism—we have a hate that is holy and undying, and it will live for ever in our hearts side by side with our love for the victims of its horrible greed. And every day of our lives, every hour, every moment almost, we can fight that beast of British Imperialism, fight it in a hundred ways that will suggest themselves to every patriotic mind. It is our solemn duty to fight to destroy it in our day if we can, and that duty we owe to Ireland and to all the dead who have died for Ireland.

On the first page of the first issue of the *Annual*, published thirty years ago after announcing that our purpose was the bringing into the light of day the suppressed or distorted truths of Irish history (especially of the struggle for independence since the days of Wolfe Tone) we wrote:—

"The lesson of it all is that the powerful and 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.

..... 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."

These words were written thirty years ago when the first compromisers with wrong of our day, the first successors to the unfortunate slaves who surrendered to the English invader in 1922 and at his command committed the terrible crimes against patriotism and humanity that are chronicled in these pages, were still in power.

They were succeeded by men who had been the active comrades of the gallant men of 1922 and the proof that the so called "Free State" established by the cunning and the brute force of British politicians forty years ago was and is a thing accursed lies in the fact, the historical fact, that since 1932 over forty faithful comrades of the soldiers of 1922 have been called upon to give their lives for the honour and independence of Ireland (one of them here at home at the hands of the British hangman) and in the fact that for twenty years there has been in operation here in this 26 Counties area of mutilated Ireland a perpetual Coercion Act more infamous than any law ever brought into force by the British invaders against those fighting unselfishly for Irish freedom.

It is being operated constantly and vindictively by the second successors to the renegades of 1922 and under one of its provisions a man who refuses to become an informer against his comrade or his neighbour condemns himself to imprisonment and every kind of petty persecution.

People deplore the cynicism that is rife in the "sovereign" 26

Counties of Ireland in this year 1962, forty years after the heroic sacrifice of Cathal Brugha and his comrades. Cynicism is born of disillusionment and disillusionment follows make-believe and hypocrisy and pretence and all the evils propagated by professional politicians posing as patriots. If we were speaking with our last breath to the young people of Ireland we would say to them in all sincerity:

Follow in the footsteps of the men of 1922, who followed faithfully in the footsteps of the men of 1920, of 1916, of 1867, of 1848, of 1803, of 1798, and of all the generations and centuries of the long, unceasing battle for the honour and the independence of Ireland.

Learn to be like them unselfish, courageous, faithful, unyielding, to be lovers of Ireland in deed as well as in word.

Learn her language, learn her story, learn to know her and to love her.

Learn to be soldiers, but scorn to be mercenaries or degenerates, or renegades to God or to Ireland.

Remember that those who do not at least try to retain and deserve God's friendship, or who deliberately reject it, are not worthy to be the comrades of Ireland's noble martyrs.

Think of them constantly, of their unswerving allegiance to the truth, of their chivalry, their unselfish patriotism, their faith, their courage, their clean, joyous, manly lives and their glorious death.

Keep close to them on the road they walked without flinching, the road whose signposts, as Liam Mellows said, are unmistakable, the road of truth and honour and earnestness and courage, the road of no wavering, of no compromise with wrong, of no surrender—the only road that leads to the freedom and happiness of the indivisible Republic of Ireland.

The lesson of 1922, of all the years before it and all the years since is that when you seek help from an enemy invader against your own, you become his contemptible slave. He will degrade you and drive you to do deeds that your people will remember with shame for all the years to be.

The second part of the lesson is that make-believe "freedom" in a land where there are armed enemy invaders is a lie. To maintain that lie and give it the semblance of truth, coercion, imprisonment, the firing squad and the invader's hangman must be used against the faithful, the spirited, the unbought and the brave.

In our case there can be no real friendship with honour and self-respect between us and our neighbours in England until the humiliating connection is broken, until every sod of Irish soil is part of one, united, independent land, free of British occupation and having not even a hair's breadth of any kind of enforced or slavish link with the British Crown.

Until that perfectly reasonable, sensible, understandable state of affairs comes about there will always be war, there will always be coercion and suppression and tyranny, there will always be suffering and martyrdom, because "you cannot turn back the current of tradition," and all the brute force in the world cannot fight to final victory against the inspiration and leadership of the patriot dead.

Back Numbers of the "Wolfe Tone Annual"

Since 1932, twenty-nine issues of the *Wolfe Tone Annual* have been published. Copies of only eleven issues are available now. Here is a list of the back numbers that are still in stock:

1948

Wolfe Tone and his Comrades. The full story of 1798 in Wexford, Dublin, Wicklow, Antrim, Down, Mayo, Meath, Westmeath and other places. All the bitter charges against Tone are given in this issue.

Price by post, 1/8.

1949

At the request of some exiles Brian O'Higgins told in the 1949 *Annual* the story behind every one of his national songs and ballads and incidentally touched on much Irish history. The songs and ballads mentioned are quoted in full.

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The confused, intricate story of the Cromwellian period and of the Rising of 1641 and the Confederation of Kilkenny (which outlawed Owen Roe O'Neill) is made clear and plain.

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Above can be had from Brian O'Higgins, 56 Parnell Square, Dublin, or from Fitzpatrick's Book Shop, 12 Cathedral Street, Dublin.