WOLFE TONE ANNUAL, 1959

SALUTE TO

ROGER CASEMENT

68 Pages

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No Advertisements !

This year the *Wolfe Tone Annual* appears without advertisements, a fact that calls for a word of explanation.

In every single one of the 26 predecessors of this issue Irish firms in goodly numbers have appeared in the pages of the *Annual*.

They were welcome and we are grateful to them, but advancing years and the strain of a heavy task have caused us to decide to leave out advertisements and thus lessen our labour.

The task of collecting and dealing with the advertisements was more laborious than all the rest of our work in connection with the *Annual*.

To solicit or accept some and bypass others might cause misunderstanding, so, regretfully and reluctantly, we have had to forgo the pleasure of selling space in this and future issues.

To the scores of Irish firms whose support in the form of advertisements we were proud and glad to have, we say a sincere word of thanks, and ask our readers to buy from them still even though their advertisements no longer appear in the *Wolfe Tone Annual*.

1959 IRIS TEOIN 27th YEAR

Wolfe Tone Annual

RUAIRÍ NA NGAEL

Ruairí Mór MacEarmuinn,
Oidhre laochra Gael,
Tug gean do Chlann na banban
Agus grá do ghráinne Maol.

Ruairí caoin MacEarmuinn,
An rán-laoch uaral groí;
Gan uaibhreas ina aigne,
Gan olcas ina chroí.

Ruairí threin MacEarmuinn
Nach ngéillfeadh ir nár géill.
Threorócaidh ré an Gael go deo
Mar lóchrann inr an rpéir.

Ruairí umal MacEarmuinn
A d'éag ar an rgalán árd:
"Cuaidh ré go flaitheas Dé
An uair do fuair ré bár."

Ruairí geal MacEarmuinn
Nár thréig an bealna baoil,
Go rpreagfa ré an chalmacht
Go deo imeartc na nGael.

Ruairí cóir Mac Earmuinn
An cumadh chóda gradhach;
Go mairidh ré i gcroíthib Gael
A choíche ir go brách!

Brian na Banban

Bí Stuama Dána Gaoḋalaċ

Do ċeapas uair aṁáin im ṡaol go ḃfeicfinn an lá 'na ḃeaḋ Éire Gaoḋalaċ againn arís, aċ ní mar sin a ċítear dom anois é. Táim amrasaċ 'na ṫaoḃ pé'r doṁan é, mar do réir mar imíonn an aimsear seaḋ is aindeise atá ár gcás.

Tá laige éigin ionainn mar náisiúin, is baol liom. Iarsmaí sclábuíoċta fé ndear é sin b'éidir. Táimíd claonta riaṁ riṫ i ndiaiḋ na mbodaċ, agus tá sé ró-ḟuirist ar uairiḃ sinn do ṁeallaḋ ón mbóṫar cruaḋ díreaċ.

Timpal daċad bliain ó ṡoin do ḃí aiṫ-ḃeoċaint agus borraḋ ann. Do ḃí dóċas agus misneaċ againn dá réir. Do ḃí ár ndaoine i ndáiríriḃ agus do ḃíomar ag dul ar aġaiḋ sa treo ceart.

Ṫáinig aṫarú agus d'éirímar pot-ḟuar. Do ṫosnuímar ag sleaṁnú siar arís. Do ċuir luċt politíoċta amú ar fad sinn. Do ġéilleadar, do lúbadar is do ċasadar ar ḋeis agus ar clé do réir mar a d'oir sé dóiḃ. Do ċuireadar an dalla-púicín ar na slóite le gliocas agus le cur i gcéill.

Níor ḟan aċ an fíor—ḃeagán dílis. Céirḃ iad siúd? An méid a ḃí stuama dána Gaoḋalaċ—agus iad-san aṁáin. Níor ḃogadar siúd oiread is órlaċ. Ḃíodar mar a ġcéadna i gcónaí. Níor ċasadar ar ḋeis ná ar clé. Níor ṁeall ór ná airgead,. onóir ná éirí i n-áirde iad.

D'ḟanadar dílis don tsean-ċúis riaṁ; don ċúis a lean Teon is Emmet is Ruairí na nGaoḋal, don ċúis ċéadna is a lean na Fíníní is Laoċra na Cásca. Ní raiḃ eagla orra riaṁ seaḋ nó ní ḟeaḋ a ráḋ nuair a ḃeaḋ gá le freagra díreaċ macánta cóir. ,

Do ċuireadar rómpa an soiscéal agus an cuspóir Gaoḋalaċ go léir, gaċ siolla de. Níor ḟágadar aon ní ar lár—saoirse iomlán is gaċ gné den tsaol Gaoḋalaċ a ġabann léi—teanga, cluiċí, amráin, ceol, caiṫeaṁ aimsire is uile.

,Má teastuíonn uait-se nó uaimse, a léiġṫeoir, a ḃeiṫ ar aon dul leo,. caiṫfimíd aiṫris a ḋéanaṁ orra. Ḃeiḋ sé sin dian ar uairiḃ, b'éidir. Ḃeiḋ an claonaḋ ann i gcónaí imeaċt leis an slua agus leis an sruṫán, aċ an té a ċuireann mar ċuspóir roiṁe a ḃeiṫ stuama dána Gaoḋalaċ ḃeiḋ sé dílis go dtí an deire agus ḃeiḋ meas ag Gaoḋala dílse air go deo.

"Cúm A' Spiara".

CASEMENT

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

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

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

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

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

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

—TERESA BRAYTON.

FIFTY-TWO YEARS

1864—September 1. Roger David Casement, born at Sandycove, Dublin.
1873—On the death of his mother, went to live with an uncle in Co. Antrim.
1881 to 1903—Engaged in commercial and consular activities in various parts of the world. Made his famous investigation of the ill-treatment of the natives of the Congo in Africa.
1904—Withdrew from British Consular Service, on leave without pay, in order to work for the persecuted poor people employed in the rubber plantations of the Congo—and for Ireland.
1906 to 1910—As Consul in Panama and Rio de Janeiro disclosed the ill-treatment of the natives of the Putumayo.
1911—Knighted by the British Government.
1913—Retired from the Consular Service and joined the Provisional Committee which organised the Irish Volunteers.
1914—Helped in the arrangements for the landing of arms at Howth. Went to America.
1914, August 4—Declaration of war between Great Britain and Germany.
1914, October 14—Went to Germany.
1914, November 20—Secured a Declaration of Amity to Ireland from the German Government.
1914, December 28—Negotiated an agreement with the German Government securing a pledge of German aid to free Ireland and providing for the raising of an Irish Brigade among prisoners of war in Germany.
1915, February 1—Resigned all the 'honours' conferred on him by England.
1916, April 12—Left Berlin to return to Ireland.
1916, April 21—Landed near Tralee and arrested.
1916, April 22—Taken to London in custody.
1916, April 24—Rising in Dublin.
1916, June 26-29—Tried in London and sentenced to death.
1916, August 3—Hanged in Pentonville Prison.

A WORD OF PREFACE

IN case some of our readers may wonder why we have not written of the events which preceded the Rising of 1916 and the arrest, imprisonment and so-called trial of Roger Casement, we direct the attention of all to his memorable speech from the dock, which is given on other pages under the heading, FROM THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE. *In it there is so much history, so clearly and lucidly and simply recounted, we felt there was no need to go over the same ground in our opening pages. Certain English journalists in 1916 and writers of certain valueless books written since then, tried to make it appear that the speech from the dock was a tiresome, unimpressive affair, which caused most of those who heard it many a yawn of boredom; but their prejudiced criticism has been swept aside more than once by honest and discerning Englishmen of a better type who accorded to it the highest praise and declared that it raised the man who uttered it and his cause high above the littleness of mean and bitter minds.*

SALUTE TO ROGER CASEMENT

ALL who have been readers of the *Wolfe Tone Annual* for the past twenty-seven years (and they are many, in many places throughout the world) know that our Salute to Roger Casement is not a salute to the famous humanitarian, champion of the victims of "man's inhumanity to man" in the Congo or on the Amazon, but to Rory of the Gael, true lover of Ireland, true comrade of the men of Easter Week, 1916, of the Fenians, of Emmet, of Tone, and of all before them who laboured and taught and fought and suffered and died for the honour and freedom of their native land, to them and to all who follow and shall follow in their footsteps until their motherland is free.

He was of Antrim parentage, born at Sandycove near Dublin, baptised a Catholic but reared a Protestant, and from his first years of manhood was engaged in commercial work for a livelihood while he dreamed and wrote of Ireland, studied her history and longed for the day of her deliverance from bondage, for the day when her name would be honoured again as once it had been in all the enlightened places of the world. He was Sir Roger Cosement in the years immediately preceding the founding of the Irish Volunteers. He was employed at the time in the British consular service and had been knighted (against his wishes) for outstanding humanitarian activities abroad. From the time he really discovered his native land, the hidden Ireland, she and her people—especially the poor, forgotten men and women and children of the Irish-speaking districts—had all the love of his heart.

The hard-earned money he poured out constantly to give them some little comfort, the unselfish regard for them that was always in his mind and on his lips, the hope and desire he held that in a free Ireland they

would come into their own ; above all the sacrifice he made so gladly, so humbly, on an English gibbet, proved his unselfish love beyond yea or nay, proved that it was pure, noble, undying, and that he who bestowed it was a knight indeed, not of the British Empire, but of the Gael, a knight in spirit and in practice, a lover, defender and protector of his people.

Before the Irish Volunteers came into being at all, this tall, handsome, affable, lovable man was known all over Ireland. His holidays were spent here and he sought out and encouraged all who had in their hearts the hope of bringing back true freedom and the Irish way of life to this long-persecuted land.

With the coming of the Irish Volunteers he saw the light of liberation draw nearer than ever before. With the outbreak of war between Ireland's enemy and Germany he saw a means by which the light could be made to glow with lasting radiance. Without a single thought for his own future prospects, knowing the risks he ran but heeding them not, he conceived the plan of going to Germany to seek military aid for a Rising here at home and to enlist in an Irish Brigade, if he could, as many as possible of those Irishmen who had enlisted in the British Army and were now prisoners of war in German camps.

He faced the risks and with the approval of Irish Republican leaders in Ireland and friends of Ireland in America, made the hazardous journey, not without attempts by British agents to capture him or end his life on the way. It has never been the best of Ireland's manhood that England has enticed into her armies, but Roger Casement succeeded in getting a number of Irishmen among the prisoners of war in Germany to form the nucleus of a Brigade of Freedom.

At the same time he made a treaty with the German Government, in which it was expressly laid down that " the object of the Irish Brigade shall be to fight solely in the cause of Ireland, and under no circumstances shall it be employed or directed to any German end."

It was further stated that " the Irish Brigade shall be clothed, fed and efficiently equipped with arms and muinitions by the Imperial German Government on the clear understanding that these are furnished as free gifts to aid the cause of Irish independence." The men were unpaid, and it was agreed that as soon as possible Irishmen should be brought from Ireland or America as officers.

Those who prosecuted Roger Casement (the notorious F. E. Smith and the rest of the malignant and vindictive and unscrupulous gang) and who in a London court harped on his " treason " to his country's only enemy because he had sought outside aid to help in achieving Irish independence, had themselves been active organisers of the Orange Volunteers in North-East Ulster, had imported arms from Germany, had threatened to fight under the German Kaiser if ever the wretched thing called Home Rule were granted to Ireland, and had incited regiments of the British Army serving in this country to do likewise, as was told in the 1957 issue of the *Annual*.

"The difference between us," said Roger Casement from the dock, referring to his prosecutors and defamers, "was that the Unionist champions chose a path they felt would lead to the Woolsack" (the traditional title of the seat occupied by the Attorney-General of England) "while I went a road I knew must lead to the dock. And events proved we were both right. The difference between us was that my 'treason' was based on a ruthless sincerity that forced me to attempt, in time and season, to carry out in action what I said in words, whereas their treason lay in verbal incitements that they knew need never be made good in their bodies. And so I am prouder to stand here today in the traitor's dock to answer this impeachment, than if I were to fill the place of my *right honourable* accusers."

The hardships endured by Roger Casement in earlier years when he battled for the bodies and souls of downtrodden men, women and children in the accursed rubber plantations, had undermined his health and he was very ill during most of the time he spent in Germany; but not even for an hour did he cease to work and plan and plead for the Republic of Ireland. He met with many obstacles and much disappointment and misunderstanding; but he never lost hope, and his crystal clear sincerity and patriotism won respect for him and for his cause.

Captain Robert Monteith of the Irish Volunteers, who came with him to Ireland in a submarine at Easter, 1916, has written with first-hand knowledge of the help expected by the Military Council of the I.R.A. here at home:—

"For the proposed Rising . . . the German Government had been asked by the Irish Republican Brotherhood to help by sending a shipload of munitions, field guns, together with officers and gun crews, machine guns, rifles, etc., etc. It was requested that the boat be accompanied by a submarine escort, and that she should reach Fenit, Co. Kerry, *on Easter Sunday night.*

"It was also suggested that the German Fleet make a demonstration in the North Sea at the same time, and that a submarine be detailed to Dublin Bay to hamper reinforcements sent from England. *Sir Roger was asked to remain in Germany in his capacity as Irish Ambassador.*"

Why the latter instruction or request was not carried out by the brave, unselfish, patient man is explained by Captain Monteith:—

"When the news of the proposed Rising reached Berlin, Sir Roger was seriously ill in a sanatorium at Munich in Bavaria. I reached his bedside within 36 hours.

"We committed to paper a proposal, which I submitted to the Admiralty, that since the proposed programme for the landing of the arms had not been elaborated beyond that they should have the ship at Fenit on Easter Sunday night, we recommended that Sir Roger and a sergeant of the Brigade should be sent to Ireland at once with a detailed plan for the landing of the arms. If necessary, the sergeant would return in the submarine with any further plans our people might suggest. . . .

Neither our friends in New York nor the heads of the I.R.B. had any information of the coming of Casement."

Both arms ship and submarine arrived two days before the landing was expected and as a result (and also due to the fact that his comrades were unaware of his coming) Roger Casement fell into the hands of his enemies. It was said and believed by many at the time that he came to endeavour to stop the Rising, feeling that it would be a disastrous failure if it had to depend on the amount of help Germany could then afford to send; but there is undeniable proof in existence that he came with no such intent, that although he was never a soldier he came to stand with his comrades in the gap of danger and determination.

On April 20, 1916, he wrote and handed to the officer in charge of the German submarine, in which he was travelling to death and immortality, a letter for delivery to the proper quarters in Germany, and in that letter he made it quite clear that he and the friends and comrades he was to meet in Tralee next morning (Good Friday, April 21) were resolved to set the Rising on foot in the South-West, to capture and hold Limerick City and to keep the Kerry coast open for further landings of arms, which he suggested should be sent by submarine. From that letter emerges a definite and clear denial of the statement set in motion somewhere by someone that he came home to endeavour to prevent the Rising.

Later still, when he was in an English prison and when it might help him to have the impression created that he was against the Rising, he set down on paper his whole-hearted approval of it and his regret that it was not his happy fate to stand and fall in battle with the immortal dead.

He wrote that he wanted to make it plain that he approved of the whole noble and gallant effort even though as a man of experience in many lands he might, like The O'Rahilly, have spoken and voted against the "folly" of it in the circumstances, had he been among his comrades in Dublin during Holy Week.

He wrote:—"In any case, the blood shed was shed in a great cause, as those who died fighting saw it. They went out, a handful, against an Empire . . . I glory in the courage, the devotion, the willingness to die for Ireland and an ideal, that those gallant men and lads have shown. They have not beaten England, but they *have* redeemed Ireland's cause. . . . My fate, my dreadful fate, is to be reserved only for a doom of shame—*not to have been given the chance I longed for, to be with them and to stand and fall with them.*"

The man was so humble it never occurred to him that the battle he had to face on two fronts—the spiritual and the temporal—was more intense and terrible and called for greater courage even than was demanded of the great men who died in the heat of the fray or before firing squads in the bright May dawn of those glorious days when the heart of Ireland throbbed with a new pride in the heroic few who had given their clean and splendid lives that their land might live and look forward to freedom.

The humility shown by Roger Casement was characteristic of them all. They had pride in their cause and in the unselfish patriotism of the comrades who gathered about them to fight an unequal battle; but not a single one of them was arrogant or proud or vain or moved by selfish ambition. Their lives had been dedicated to a great and holy purpose and that dedication gave them humility as well as courage in the presence of danger and of death.

ONE STORY OUT OF MANY

HERE is a true story which tells more eloquently than could a score of books how great and generous, how knightly and how noble was that man who suffered and died for us in the black heart of London forty-three years ago and on whom was inflicted the 'second death' of the callous English defamers and their contemptible satellites here in Ireland.

The story is told by one for whom the incident had a poignant personal interest. She and her mother and the other children, poorest of the poor in a certain Gaeltacht, were going with heavy hearts to the town to sell their only milk provider, a little goat, so that they might pay the rent of the house that sheltered them.

And then God sent to meet them one of the finest men He ever made. Let her who prayed for him then in her heart and wept bitter tears later when she learned who he was and that the English had killed him for loving Ireland and its poor, unfree people; let her tell the story:—

"It was a weary way and a dreary day. And then as we went we saw a man coming towards us. He was very tall and he walked with a long stride. His hair was black with a curl in it and he had a short black beard. He was dressed in some sort of light homespun and he carried his hat in his hand.

"When he got up to us he stopped and my mother stopped too and said:

"*Go mbeannuí Dia dhuit.*"

"*Dia's Muire dhuit,*" he replied, and then asked in English:

"Why are the children all crying, the poor wee souls?"

"Well, indeed, it's because of the goat, sir."

"What is wrong with the goat?"

"Nothing at all, sir. She's a good goat, the very best. We're taking her to the fair."

"Are you going to sell her?"

"I am, sir, if I can get her price?

"At that little Sarah set up a louder wail. The tall, dark stranger put a hand gently on her rough red curls.

"What is it?" he said. Sarah looked up into the kind grey eyes looking down at her. "We don't want her sold," she sobbed.

"Then why sell her?" he asked my mother.

"Well, where will the money for the rent come from if I don't sell her?" asked my mother sadly.

"Now, it's an odd thing," said the gentle stranger, "that I should be wanting a goat. What do you want for her?"

"I want to give the goat to a friend of mine," he added, and again he laid his hand on Sarah's head as she looked up, her eyes swimming in tears.

"I thought maybe I'd get fifteen shillings for her," said my mother.

"The tall stranger took out his pocket case and from it took two pound notes.

"She's a good goat," he said. "She's worth more than fifteen shillings. Here you are."

"My mother was speechless. The gentleman took the rope that was round the goat's neck out of her hand and put it in Sarah's.

"There, little one with the curls," he said. "You are the friend I wanted to give a present to."

A hundred incidents of a similar kind could be told of Roger Casement, of him who loved not merely the hills and glens and lakes of Ireland, but all her people, and especially the patient poor, who were his dearest friends and who understood him better than even those among whom he worked for the liberation of Ireland.

The English knew his high qualities of head and heart, his influence, his strength, his patriotism, his love of justice, his nobility of character, his detestation of imperialism, of tyranny, of cruelty—and so they killed him and buried his comely body in quicklime among the most degraded of their criminals, and enlisted the help of still more degraded Englishmen and Irishmen to blacken his character and besmirch his name. They have failed and they will fail.

REQUIESCAT

"When they have done with me, do not leave
my body in this dreadful place. Take me back
to Murlough and let my bones lie there."

—ROGER CASEMENT.

HERE in majestic Murlough let him lie
Beneath the Antrim earth, the Irish sky,
Among his kindred lay his ashes deep
That he may rest again, that he may sleep
Far from the high grim walls where he was slain,
The cold and alien earth where he hath lain,
And gently lay him where he longed to be
In his own green hills, by his own grey sea.

—JOHN IRVINE.

CASEMENT'S "SECOND DEATH"

IN another issue of the *Wolfe Tone Annual* (1955) we have dealt at some length with the English Lie as a weapon against all who have done battle with Britain for their own possessions, their honour and their freedom.

"There is no more pious duty to all of Irish birth,' wrote Alice Stopford Green, the well-known historian, in her great book, *The Making of Ireland and its Undoing*, "than to help in recovering from centuries of obloquy the memory of noble men, Irish and Anglo-Irish, who built up the civilisation that once adorned their country.

"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."

It was decided by those who were about to put Roger Casement to death in 1916 to mete out to him the "second death" they had inflicted on so many splendid Irishmen before him. He was so good, so knightly, so pure in mind and heart, so clean and honourable in all his ways, they fixed upon immoral conduct as the form of "second death" to be associated forever with his name. The fact that he was about to become a Catholic lent added malevolence to their ruffianly design and caused them to spur on their official forgers to the effective blackening of his shining name.

So much has been written of late about this diabolical conspiracy against the character and memory of Roger Casement—a conspiracy in which all official England, from the King to the meanest policeman, took part—we need not go into the unsavoury business at any length. The main outline of it is given briefly and clearly by a fair-minded Englishman, Geoffrey de C. Parmiter, in his book entitled *Roger Casement*, from which we quote.

After describing the trial and conviction he wrote: "While the appeal was pending there began to appear rumours which have persisted to the present day. These rumours took the form of imputations against Casement's moral character, although for a long time they were never openly made. They made their way through the smoking rooms of clubs into ordinary conversation, and have latterly (1936) found their way into print.

"The story that was put about was that Casement for many years led a life of gross moral perversion, and it was said that there was in existence a diary, in the possession of Scotland Yard, which was nothing more than a record of indecencies committed in London, Paris and

Putumayo. Eventually there appeared photographic copies of pages of his diary which emanated, unofficially, from Scotland Yard.

"Those of Casement's friends who saw these reproductions had no doubt but that the diary was in Casement's handwriting. These photographic copies had a considerable circulation and even found their way to America. This propaganda to blacken Casement's moral character had considerable effect and alienated a large amount of sympathy from him.

"It appears to be fairly clear that this document existed at one time, and it may be presumed that it still exists. But the nature of the document remains a mystery. It is possible that it formed part of the evidence which Casement collected during his enquiry on the Putumayo, and was carefully copied by Casement but never published owing to its indecent character. At the time of the Putumayo investigation, Casement mentioned to several friends, who are still living, that among the documents he was sending to the Foreign Office, together with his report, was an indecent diary.

"This document, which was of a very indecent character, was the diary of one of the worst of the Putumayo criminals and was written in Spanish. Casement translated it and sent it to the Foreign Office, together with the other evidence. A great part of this evidence, because of its indecent nature, was never published.

"It is possible that this indecent diary was the one which was said to be a record of Casement's own experiences. It may be that a rough copy was seized by Scotland Yard officers in their London raid (on Casement's lodgings). It may be added that several people were shown this diary, but that not one of these had ever known Casement at all well. Some years afterwards the papers which Casement had sent to the Foreign Office were returned to one of his relatives, but the indecent diary was missing from these."

The book from which we have quoted was published in 1936. Since then it has been fairly well established that expert forgers in the employment of the British Government, "treated" the indecent diary of a Putumayo criminal and scoundrel, conveniently submitted with his official report, by Roger Casement (in his own handwriting) in such a clever way as to make it appear that the inormities set forth by the criminal were committed by Roger Casement himself!

The cleverly treated diaries, or photographic copies of certain pages of them, were shown in great secrecy to all who would be inclined to say a good word for or protest against the intended execution of Roger Casement, and the result was very pleasing to the eminent defamers and forgers in England. Even their king, George V, so far forgot the dignity of his position as to hawk the filthy thing around and show it to bishops and others who were concerned and troubled about the coming execution of a man who had done so much good in the world.

In this summer of 1958 and for many months past the crime of the doctored diaries is being and has been discussed from many angles, and numerous people have been amazed—they could not allow their minds to entertain the idea!—that the king and princes and dukes and lords and baronets and knights and other types and classes of *gentlemen* who make up the ruling gang in England, could stoop so low as to aid and abet and pay for forgery and trickery and traffic in filth and blackguardism for the sole purpose of besmirching the name and fame of a man whose ideals and whose purpose and whose unselfish devotion they could not even begin to try to understand.

In England, in America, here in Ireland and wherever there were generous hearts filled with concern at the thought that one of the world's finest men was about to be hanged like any low criminal because, unselfishly and unfearingly, he had endeavoured to liberate his native land from the bondage of seven hundred years, the lying tale of his moral degeneracy was told and portions of the diaries that had received expert forger treatment shown furtively and to the accompaniment of horror-charged whispers to prove that the intended victim of English hate was a vile character to whom hanging and a quicklime grave showed almost too much mercy.

The whole campaign against the character of Roger Casement was but a repetition of the "second death" inflicted on hundreds of innocent men and women since first was begun the building up of the infamous British Empire that is falling to pieces today and that will one day be but a hateful and a shameful memory. The "second death" was its usual secret weapon with which it sought to kill the name and fame and character of some fine and noble and blameless adversary it had already deprived of life.

Each day that passes brings some proof of the vileness of that State-sponsored and fiendish campaign against the good name of Roger Casement. As time goes on more and more of the truth regarding it will be revealed; but already it has failed and some of the very people who allowed themselves in 1916 to be carriers of the disease of British calumny and defamation are today eager to expose it for the dreadful, unchristian thing it was.

We may refrain from revolting the minds of our readers by going more deeply into a description of that vile campaign in which a King and a Cardinal, many *gentlemen*, many *ladies*, many clergymen of all denominations took an active and a shameful part. It was the very lowest kind of warfare that depraved minds and hearts could conceive and it has defeated only itself and its mean sponsors. Because of it and in spite of it the name of Roger Casement will be more of an inspiration to the generous and leal as the years and generations go by.

PETITIONS TO THE ENEMY

SOME of our younger readers may find it hard to believe that when Roger Casement was so bravely and so unselfishly fighting the battle of Ireland Irish and free, in the strongest stronghold of its enemy in 1916, a group of Gaelic Leaguers, or at least of people who had identified themselves with the Gaelic League, addressed two slavish petitions to his and Ireland's enemies—one to the British Government, the other to the British Prime Minister—belittling the reputation and influence of Rory of the Gael and begging of them to refrain from injuring the British Empire in its relations with Ireland by putting him to death ! We regret to have to record that the story of this un-Irish, slavish gesture is true.

At a time when the slayers of the body and the reputation of Roger Casement were themselves suggesting to his friends and defenders in London a plea of insanity (because it would have fitted in nicely with their vile story of moral degeneracy) the petitioning group in Dublin suggested that it was because his mind was unhinged he took his place beside Pearse and Clarke and Connolly and their devoted comrades who were spoken of by the begging Irishmen and Irishwomen of the Gaelic League and other organisations with undisguised contempt.

Let those who hesitate to believe this read carefully the following craven petitions to Englishmen sent from Dublin over the signatures of Dr. Douglas Hyde (afterwards President of the 26 Counties), Professor Agnes O'Farrelly, Colonel Maurice Moore, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Arthur Ryan of Tipperary, Rev. Matthew Maguire of Tir Eoghain, Mr. Fred Allen (ex-Fenian), Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. O'Nolan, Miss Young and Mr. Lorcan Sherlock (who had been one of the first to shout " German gold " at the Irish Volunteers).

Note the anxiety and solicitude for the interests of the Empire, the repudiation of all connection with or sympathy for the " irreconcilables " and wild, disloyal " Fenians " whose bodies were then being burned into dust in the quicklime graves at Arbour Hill. Note the craven, contemptible desire to render Roger Casement as " harmless " (to the Empire, of course) as Arthur Lynch, who fought against England in the Boer War and was afterwards pardoned. Note the appeal to mighty England not to " consecrate " this guilty rebel, Casement, with the crown of martyrdom, because " on a British scaffold he will do endless mischief."

Compare the contemptible, cringing, West British tone of these petitions with Roger Casement's noble speech from the dock, with his letters written in prison, with his fearless, unbending attitude all through his terrible ordeal, and gauge the measure of their insult to that worthy comrade of MacMuiris, Tone and Emmet, of Orr and Russell, of the Manchester Martyrs and of his friends and brothers of Easter Week who had gone before him into immortality.

Gauge from that, too, the outlook, the spirit, the character of the

Irish slaves who wrote the two petitions and who insultingly designated as ignorant, uneducated and dense the soldiers of 1916, as when they told the callous Englishman, Asquith, that Roger Casement's political projects, "*being those of an educated diplomatist, were too technical to be understood by such groups as the Republican Brotherhood and the irreconcilable section of Sinn Féin.*" "Such groups," be it borne in mind, included Pádraic Pearse, Thomas MacDonagh, Joseph Plunkett, Cathal Brugha, Eamonn Ceannt and Terence MacSwiney.

PETITION I

(ADDRESSED TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT)

"The humble petition of the undersigned showeth:—

"1. The signers of this petition have no sympathy with the actions of Roger Casement in Germany, but they hope the Government will deeply consider not alone the legal aspect of the case and the anger caused by acts hostile to the Empire in time of war, but also the larger and deeper considerations of policy which may result from the carrying out of the full measure of punishment which the legal tribunal has exacted. *The relations of the Irish people to the Empire are of more importance than the personality of the man who has been arraigned for treason.*

"2. The capital city of Ireland has suffered severely as the result of the late disturbances. Large areas of the city have been laid in ruins and the material damage has produced widespread unemployment and distress. This distress has roused public feeling to a state of tense excitement, and a general feeling of unrest has spread to classes not previously affected.

"In addition to the sufferings caused by the destruction of property in Dublin, a great number of people have been arrested both in Dublin and the Provinces and deported to England. Their relatives and friends are uncertain as to their treatment, and in many cases their families have no means of support, so that the effects of the Rebellion, which was confined to Dublin and two small districts, have been spread into every corner of Ireland.

"4. The actual leaders of the Rebellion in Ireland were executed immediately after its suppression, and a general feeling pervaded this country and abroad that enough blood had been shed. It is true that the special circumstances of Roger Casement's case make it impossible to differentiate in his favour; but time has elapsed since the acts of rebellion, and this, though not considered in law, makes a great human difference. The reaction in public sentiment, which was undoubtedly caused by the punishment inflicted, ought to be allowed to settle. Your petitioners feel that another execution so long after will arouse popular feeling and prevent the quiet acceptance of the new measure for the government of Ireland. Whatever gratitude this measure might evoke will be countered by another act of severity, and the new Government will have new difficulties to face for which it is in no way responsible.

"5. Inexcusable as Roger Casement's actions in this matter may be,

it must be remembered that he has performed great services to the Empire and humanity by his work in the Congo and Putumayo. His life has been spent *serving the country* in fever-stricken regions in West Africa and Brazil, where his health was permanently impaired. Returning to Ireland, sick and broken with disease after long years of exile, he found a state of affairs existing two or three years ago *which might easily distract his mind and upset his judgment.*

"6. Your petitioners do not wish to draw any comparisons which might seem invidious, but they venture to express the belief that if clemency were shown it could be justified by abundant precedent.

"7. Your petitioners therefore humbly pray that the extreme penalty of death may not be inflicted upon Roger Casement."

PETITION II

(TO MR. ASQUITH, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND)

"We, the undersigned, beg leave to place before you certain considerations affecting the case of Roger Casement, now under sentence of death for high treason. Our object is to show reason why the sentence of the court should not be executed.

"We will not occupy your time with matters as well known to you as to ourselves, and on which your judgment cannot be challenged, such, for example, as the conspicuous public services of the condemned man, and so forth. We address ourselves solely to points on which you may desire information as to the state of public opinion.

"We assume that the penalty for high treason is peculiar in criminal law inasmuch as it depends for its sanction not on the general principle of the sacredness of law, but of its effect on the public peace. The conclusion is arrived at in every case by balancing the deterrent effect of carrying out the sentence against the conciliatory effect of remitting it. Recent events in South Africa have accustomed the public to this view. We therefore need trouble you with no apology for treating the decision as one of expediency only.

"In our opinion, Casement had not, up to the time of his trial, any serious hold on the Irish people. His Nationalist writings were circulated in America, not in Ireland. His political projects, *being those of an educated diplomatist, were too technical to be understood by such groups as the Republican Brotherhood and the irreconcilable section of Sinn Féin.* We are confident that, if during your recent visit to Ireland you inquired what Casement was driving at, you did not receive a single well-informed reply. You certainly did not find him a national hero; and we venture to assume that you do not wish him to become a national hero.

"There is, however, one infallible way in which that can be done; and that way is to hang him. His trial and sentence have already raised his status in Nationalist Ireland; but it lacks the final consecration of death. *We urge you very strongly not to effect that consecration.* In the position of Mr. Arthur Lynch and General de Wet, *Casement will be harmless, disabled by his own failure.* On a British scaffold *he will do*

endless mischief. The contrast between ruthless severity in his case, and conspicuous leniency—not to mention impunity—in others, will provide an overwhelming argument and illustration *to the propagandists of hatred and revenge,* whilst the halo which surrounds the national martyr will make a national faith of his beliefs and a gospel of his writings.

"As against this nothing can be claimed except that other rebels may be intimidated. But the likelihood is all the other way. The Irish movement is not a solid phalanx of irreconcilables. The Casementites and Fenians were a negligible minority of it until the Rebellion. If, though still a minority, they are no longer negligible, it is precisely because of the policy of intimidation, of "giving Ireland a lesson" attempted by General Maxwell.

"The swing of the pendulum, not only in Ireland but in the neutral countries which are interested in Ireland, was immediate and unmistakeable. But it has not been decisive. The Nationalist movement is still reasonable, and a friendly settlement is easy, provided no more executions take place. Even the crude notion that England owes Ireland a life for Mr. Skeffington's had better be respected.

"You will observe that in thus putting the case before you, we have deprived ourselves of the support of those who see in the specific proposals of Casement a real hope for Irish independence, and who must, therefore, within the limits imposed by common humanity, desire the strenuous impulse which would be given to his authority and influence by his death in an English prison as an Irish patriot.

"But you will hardly attach the less weight on that account to our urgent representation, which is prompted by a sincere desire for an unembittered settlement of the question which has occupied so large a share of the labours of your administration."

We are sure it has been noted by the intelligent readers of the *Annual* that those who cringed to the British Government and the British Prime Minister in these two petitions (it has been said that both were written for them by George Bernard Shaw) spoke in the tones of a group of West Britons living in Ireland and showed not the slightest sign that Irish spirit or Irish dignity or Irish pride in patriotism and manliness and courage and determination had a place in their minds or hearts.

If they knew how beloved and how respected *Ruairí na nGael* was in the Gaeltacht (in which most of them should have been particularly interested) when they stated over their names that he had no hold on Ireland up to the time of his trial, they told a brazen lie. If they were unaware of his popularity, of the hope that his going to Germany raised in the hearts of all who looked forward to the freedom of Ireland, then they were not in communion with the spirit of Ireland at all, for all their pretensions and all their professions of patriotism.

Sometimes a simple song will mark or emphasise a fact of history more clearly and indelibly than the most formidable document. From the time in 1915 it became known that Roger Casement had gone to Germany to seek help for Ireland against a mutual enemy, a song

written by Brian na Banban and entitled *Ruairí of the Gael* was sung by Gerard Crofts and other popular singers on a hundred platforms. It was a time when Irish Ireland concerts in winter and *aeridheachtanna* in summer were held all over the country. It was sung to the air of *The Boys of Wexford* and ran as follows:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

Roger Casement had a secure hold on the imagination, the mind and the heart of Ireland long before the Rising of 1916 and the love given to him because of his patriotism, his chivalry, his unselfish devotion to Ireland's cause and his affection for Ireland's poor, was deep and true and indestructible. The slaves who pretended to plead with the callous rulers of England in the name of an Ireland loyal to the British Crown were either hypocrites who thought they were being clever or else very stupid people who had let resurgent Ireland march past them without realising that one of its most beloved leaders was the man they insulted grievously by pleading with English tyrants for his life, lest his death should injure the interests of the British Empire in Ireland !

AN GRÁ DO ḂÍ AR RUAIRÍ

Tugaḋ an tainm ceana, "Ruairí na nGaeḋeal" ar Ruairí dílis Mac Earmuinn aḃfad roiṁ 1916. Ba ṁór an grá ḃí air ag Gaelaiḃ dílse, go mór-ṁór ag muintir na Gaeltaċta, tuaiḋ, ṫiar agus ṫeas. Ó aimsir Uí Ġraṁna féin ní raiḃ aoinne riaṁ do ċuir an oiread suime i muintir boċta cneasta na Gaeltaċta is do ċuir Ruairí Mac Earmuinn—agus ba ṁó an grá san air ná do ḃí aca ar aon ḟear eile a ṫéigfeaḋ 'na measg.

Roint bliain ó ṡoin scríoḃ Colm Ó Gaora,. grásta Dé dá anam, leaḃar taiṫneaṁaċ in a raiḃ deiṁniú ar an méid atá ráiḋte agam. Ag cur síos ar tús Óglaiġ na hÉireann do scríoḃ Colm: "Ċuir an tosaċ seo dóċas is díocas i sean agus i n-óg ar fud na tíre. Ní i ḃfad téis ċruinniġṫe Ḃaile Áṫa Cliaṫ go ndearnamar-ne aiṫris orra i nGaillim. Ḃí cruinniú againn i Halla na Caṫraċ agus laḃair Pádraic Mac Piarais agus Ruairí MacEarmuinn ag an gcruinniú an oiḋċe úḋan.

"Ó i ḃfad roiṁe seo ḃí baint ag Ruairí MacEarmuinn le Conamara. Ní raiḃ léiġeaḋ ar an gcion a ḃí aige ar ṁuinntir na háite ná leis an tsuim a ċuireaḋ sé i mboċta na n-oileán sin.

"Ċeannuiġeaḋ sé biaḋ agus annlann dóiḃ seo a ḃíoḋ ina ċall go minic. Ċuireaḋ sé éadaċ ar sgoláirí na sgol bliain i ndiaiḋ bliana. Nuair a ḃíoḋ a mbíoḋ aige féin caiṫte orṫa ḃailiġeaḋ sé díol a ḃfreastal dóiḃ. Go deiṁin ba ṁór an ċailleaṁaint i gConamara a ḃás trí bliana ina ḋiaiḋ sin."

D'é an scéal céadna é ar fud na Gaeltaċta ar fad. Ḃí grá mór ag Ruairí na nGael ar leanḃaí boċta na Gaeltaċta óir ṫuig sé gur orra a ḃeaḋ seasaṁ na hÉireann sanam ḃí le teaċt. Agus ḃí grá aca go léir ar an gcuraḋ caoin uasal nár staon agus nár ísliġ a ċeann nuair ṫáinig am an anaċna agus nuair ḃí bás náireaċ na croiċe mar luaċ saoṫair aige—é sin agus grá Gael Éireann go deo na ndeor.

FÍRINNE

FROM THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE

IF only to bring the last noble utterance of a splendid man, a true lover of Ireland and an unyielding Irish Republican, to the notice and into the possession of thousands of young people who have never seen it before, this issue of the *Wolfe Tone Annual* would be more than justified.

It is the speech delivered by Roger Casement in the hostile enemy atmosphere and environment of a London Court on the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, June 29, 1916, after he had been found guilty of loyalty to his native land and of "treason" to Ireland's enemy. It was made in reply to the callous question as to whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. In a clear, calm, steady voice the last of the sixteen who were put to death by English hate in 1916, said:

"I may say at once that I protest against the jurisdiction of this court in my case on this charge, and the argument that I am now going to read is addressed not to this court, but to my own countrymen. There is an objection, possibly not good in law, but surely good on moral grounds, against the application to one here of this old English Statute, 565 years old, that seeks to deprive an Irishman today of life and honour, not for 'adhering to the king's enemies,' but for adhering to his own people. When this Statute was passed in 1351, what was the state of men's minds on the question of a far higher allegiance—that of a man to God and His kingdom? The law of that day did not permit a man to forsake his Church, or deny his God, save with his life. The 'heretic' then had the same doom as the 'traitor.' Today, a man may forswear God and His heavenly kingdom without fear of penalty—all earlier statutes having gone the way of Nero's edicts against the Christians; but that constitutional phantom, 'the king,' can still dig up from the dungeons and torture-chambers of the Dark Ages a law that takes a man's life and limb for an exercise of conscience.

"If true religion rests on love, it is equally true that loyalty rests on love. The law I am charged under has no parentage in love, and claims the allegiance of today on the ignorance and blindness of the past. I am being tried, in truth, not by my peers of the live present, but by the fears of the dead past; not by the civilisation of the twentieth century, but by the brutality of the fourteenth; not even by a statute framed in the language of the land that tries me, but framed in the language of an enemy land—so antiquated is the law that must be sought today to slay an Irishman, whose offence is that he puts Ireland first! Loyalty is a sentiment, not a law. It rests on love, not

on restraint. The government of Ireland by England rests on restraint, and not on law; and, since it demands no love, it can evoke no loyalty.

"But this statute is more absurd even than it is antiquated; and if it be potent to hang even one Irishman, it is still more potent to gibbet all Englishmen. Edward III was king, not only of the realm of England, but also of the realm of France, and he *was not* king of Ireland. Yet his dead body today may pull the noose around the Irishman's neck, whose sovereign he was not, but it can strain no strand around the Frenchman's throat, whose sovereign he was.

"For centuries the successors of Edward III claimed to be kings of France, and quartered the arms of France on their royal shield down to the Union with Ireland on January 1st, 1801. Throughout these hundreds of years, these 'Kings of France' were constantly at war with their realm of France and their French subjects, who should have gone from birth to death with an obvious fear of treason before their eyes. But did they? Did the 'Kings of France,' resident here at Windsor or in the Tower of London, hang, draw and quarter as a traitor every Frenchman for four hundred years who fell into their power with arms in his hands? On the contrary, they received embassies of these traitors, presents from these traitors, even knighthood itself at the hands of these traitors, feasted with them, tilted with them, fought with them—but did not assassinate them by law.

"Judicial assassination today is reserved only for one race of the king's subjects—for Irishmen, for those who cannot forget their allegiance to the realm of Ireland. The kings of England as such had no rights in Ireland up to the time of Henry VIII, save such as rested on compact and mutual obligation entered into between them and certain princes, chiefs and lords of Ireland.

"This form of legal right, such as it was, gave no king of England lawful power to impeach an Irishman for high treason under this statute of King Edward III of England until an Irish Act known as Poynings' Law, the tenth of Henry VII was passed in 1494 at Drogheda, by the Parliament of the Pale in Ireland, and enacted as law in *that part of Ireland*.

"But if by Poynings' Law an Irishman of the Pale could be indicted for high treason under this Act, he could be indicted only in one way and before one tribunal—by the law of the realm of Ireland, and in Ireland. The very law of Poynings, which, I believe, applies this statute of Edward III to Ireland, enacted also for the Irishman's defence 'all those laws by which England claims her liberty.'

"And what is the fundamental charter of an Englishman's liberty? That he shall be tried by his peers. With all respect, I assert this court is to me, an Irishman, not a jury of my peers to try me in this vital issue; for it is patent to every man of conscience that I have an

indefeasible right, if tried at all under this statute of high treason, to be tried in Ireland, before an Irish Court and by an Irish jury. This court, this jury, the public opinion of this country, England, cannot but be prejudiced in varying degrees against me, most of all in time of war. I did not land in England. I landed in Ireland. It was to Ireland I came; to Ireland I wanted to come; and the last place I desired to land in was England.

"But for the Attorney-General there is only England; there is no Ireland. There is only the law of England, no right of Ireland. The liberty of Ireland and of Irishmen is to be judged by the power of England. Yet for me, the Irish outlaw, there is a land of Ireland, a right of Ireland. The liberty of Ireland and of Irishmen is to be judged by the power of England. Yet for me, the Irish outlaw, there is a land of Ireland, a right of Ireland, and a charter for all Irishmen to appeal to, in the last resort, a charter that the very statutes of England itself cannot deprive us of—nay more, a charter that Englishmen themselves assert as the fundamental bond of law that connects the two kingdoms.

"This charge of high treason involves a moral responsibility, as the very terms of the indictment against myself recite, inasmuch as I committed the acts I am charged with to 'the evil example of others in the like case.' What was the evil example I set to others in the like case, and who were these others? The 'evil example' charged is that I asserted the right of my own country, and 'the others' to whom I appealed to aid my endeavour were my own countrymen.

"The example was given not to Englishmen but to Irishmen, and 'the like case' can never arise in England, but only in Ireland. To Englishmen I set no evil example, for I made no appeal to them. I asked no Englishman to help me. I asked Irishmen to fight for their rights. The 'evil example' was only to other Irishmen who might come after me and in "like case" seek to do as I did.

"How, then, since neither my example nor my appeal was addressed to Englishmen, can I be rightly tried by them?

"If I did wrong in making that appeal to Irishmen to join with me in an effort to fight for Ireland, it is by Irishmen, and by them alone, I can be rightfully judged. From this court and its jurisdiction I appeal to those I am alleged to have wronged and injured by my 'evil example,' and claim that they alone are competent to decide my guilt or innocence. If they find me guilty, the statute may affix the penalty; but the statute does not override or annul my right to seek judgment at their hands.

"This is so fundamental a right, so natural, so obvious, that it is clear the Crown were aware of it when they brought me by force and by stealth from Ireland to this country. It was not I who landed in England, but the Crown that dragged me here, away from my own country, to which I had returned with a price upon my head; away from my own countrymen, whose loyalty is not in doubt, and safe from the judgment of my peers, whose judgment I do not shrink from. I

admit no other judgment but theirs. I accept no verdict save at their hands.

"I assert from this dock that I am being tried here, not because it is just, but because it is unjust.Place me before a jury of my countrymen, be it Protestant or Catholic, Unionist or Nationalist, Sinn Féineach or Orange, and I shall accept the verdict and bow to the statute and all its penalties. But I shall accept no meaner finding against me than that of those whose loyalty I endangered by my example and to whom alone I made appeal. If they adjudge me guilty, then guilty I am. It is not I who am afraid of their verdict—it is the Crown. If this is not so, why fear the test? I fear it not. I demand it as my right.

"This is the condemnation of English rule, of English-made law, of English government in Ireland, that it dare not rest on the will of the Irish people, but exists in defiance of their will; that it is a rule derived not from right, but.. from conquest. But conquest gives no title; and if it exists over the body, it fails over the mind. It can exert no empire over men's reason and judgment and affections, and it is from this law of conquest that I appeal. . . .

"Let me pass from myself and my own fate to a more pressing, as it is a far more urgent theme—not the fate of the individual Irishman who may have tried and failed, but the claims and the fate of the country that has not failed. Ireland has not failed. Ireland has outlived the failure of all her hopes—and she still hopes. Ireland has seen her sons—aye, and her daughters, too!—suffer from generation to generation, always for the same cause, meeting always the same fate, and always at the hands of the same power.

"Still, always a fresh generation has passed on to withstand the same oppression. For if English authority be omnipotent—a power, as Mr. Gladstone phrased it, that reaches to the very ends of the earth—Irish hope exceeds the dimensions of that power, excels its authority, and renews with each generation the claims of the last. The cause that begets this indomitable persistency; the faculty of preserving through centuries of misery the remembrance of lost liberty—this surely is the noblest cause ever man strove for, ever lived for, ever died for. If this be the cause I stand here today indicted for and convicted of sustaining, then I stand in a goodly company and a right noble succession.

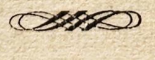
"My counsel has referred to the Ulster Volunteer movement, and I will not touch at length upon that ground, save only to say this: that neither I nor any of the leaders of the Irish Volunteers, who were founded in Dublin in November, 1913, had any quarrel with the Ulster Volunteers as such, who were born a year earlier. Our movement was not directed against them, but against the men who misused and misdirected the courage, the sincerity and the local patriotism of the men of the North of Ireland. On the contrary, we welcomed the coming

of the Ulster Volunteers, even while we deprecated the aims and intentions of those Englishmen who sought to pervert to an English party use—to the mean purposes of their own bid for place and power in England—the armed activity of simple Irishmen.

"We aimed at winning the Ulster Volunteers to the cause of a United Ireland. We aimed at uniting all Irishmen in a natural and national bond of cohesion based on mutual self-respect. Our hope was a natural one and, were we left to ourselves, not hard to accomplish. If external influences of disintegration would but leave us alone, we were sure that nature itself must bring us together. It was not we, the Irish Volunteers, who broke the law, but a British party. The Government had permitted the Ulster Volunteers to be armed by Englishmen, to threaten not merely an English party in its hold on office, but to threaten that party through the lives and blood of Irishmen.

"The battle was to be fought in Ireland in order that the political 'outs' of today should be the 'ins' of tomorrow in Great Britain. A law designed for the benefit of Ireland was to be met, not on the floor of Parliament, where the fight had indeed been won, but on the field of battle much nearer home, where the armies would be composed of Irishmen slaying each other for some English party gain; and the British Navy would be the chartered 'transports' that were to bring to our shores a numerous assemblage of military and ex-military experts in the congenial and profitable business of holding down subject populations abroad.

"Our choice lay in submitting to foreign lawlessness or resisting it and we did not hesitate to choose. But while the law-breakers had armed their would-be agents openly, and had been permitted to arm them openly, we were met within a few days of the founding of our movement—that aimed at a United Ireland from within—by Government action from without, directed against our obtaining any arms at all.



"The manifesto of the Irish Volunteers, promulgated at a public meeting in Dublin, November 25, 1913, stated with certainty the aims of the organisation, as I have outlined them. If the aims set out in that manifesto were a threat to the unity of the British Empire, then so much the worse for the Empire. An Empire that can only be held together by one section of its governing population perpetually holding down and sowing dissension among a smaller but none the less governing section, must have some canker at its heart, some ruin at its root.

"The Government that permitted the arming of those whose leaders declared that Irish national unity was a thing that should be opposed by force of arms, within nine days of the issue of our manifesto of goodwill to Irishmen of every creed and class, took steps to nullify our efforts by prohibiting the import of all arms into Ireland as if it had been a hostile and blockaded coast.

"And this Proclamation of December 4, 1913, known as the Arms Proclamation, was itself based on an illegal interpretation of the law, as the Chief Secretary has now publicly confessed. This Proclamation was met by the loyalists of Great Britain with an act of still more lawless defiance—an act of widespread gun-running into Ulster, that was denounced by the Lord Chancellor of England as "grossly illegal and utterly unconstitutional." How did the Irish Volunteers meet the incitements to civil war that were uttered by the party of law and order in England?

"I can answer for my own acts and speeches. While one English party was responsible for preaching a doctrine of hatred, designed to bring about civil war in Ireland, the other—and that the party in power—took no active steps to restrain a propaganda that found its advocates in the Army, Navy and Privy Council—in the Houses of Parliament and in the State Church—a propaganda the methods of whose expression were so 'grossly illegal and utterly unconstitutional' that even the Lord Chancellor of England could find only words and no repressive action to apply to them. Since lawlessness sat in high places in England, and laughed at the law as at the custodians of the law, what wonder was it that Irishmen should refuse to accept the verbal protestations of an English Lord Chancellor as a sufficient safeguard for their liberties!

"I know not how all my colleagues on the Volunteer Committee in Dublin received the growing menace, but those with whom I was in closest co-operation redoubled, in face of all these threats from without, our efforts to unite all Irishmen from within. Our appeals were made to Protestant and Unionist as much as to Catholic and Nationalist Irishmen. We hoped that by the exhibition of affection and goodwill on our part towards our political opponents in Ireland, we should yet succeed in winning them from the side of an English party, whose sole interest in our country lay in its oppression in the past, and in the present in its degradation to the mean and narrow needs of their political animosities.

"It is true that they based their actions—so they averred—on 'fears for the Empire' and on a very diffuse loyalty that took in all the peoples of the Empire, save only the Irish. That blessed *Empire* that bears so paradoxical a resemblance to charity! For if charity begins at home, *Empire* begins in other men's homes, and both may cover a multitude of sins. I for one, was determined that Ireland was much more to me than *Empire*, and that, if charity begins at home, so must loyalty.

"Since arms were so necessary to make our organisation a reality, and to give to the minds of Irishmen, menaced with the most outrageous threats, a sense of security, it was our bounden duty to get arms before all else. I decided, with this end in view, to go to America, with surely a better right to appeal to Irishmen there for help in an hour of great

national trial than those envoys of *Empire* could assert for their week-end descents on Ireland, or their appeals to Germany.

"If, as the right honourable gentleman, the present Attorney-General, asserted in a speech at Manchester, Nationalists would neither fight for Home Rule nor pay for it, it was our duty to show him that *we* knew how to do both. Within a few weeks of my arrival in the United States, the fund that had been opened to secure arms for the Volunteers of Ireland amounted to many thousands of pounds. In every case the money subscribed, whether it came from the purse of the wealthy man or the still readier pocket of the poor man, was Irish gold.

"Then came the war which, as Mr. Birrell said, 'upset all calculations.' It upset mine no less than Mr. Birrell's, and put an end to my peaceful effort in America. A constitutional movement in Ireland is never very far from a breach of the constitution, as the loyalists of Ulster have been so eager to show us. A constitution, to be maintained intact, must be the achievement and the pride of the people themselves, must rest on their own free will and on their own determination to maintain it, instead of being something resident in another land, whose chief representative is an armed force—armed not to protect the population, but to hold it down. We had seen the workings of 'the Irish Constitution' in the refusal of the Army of Occupation at the Curragh to obey the orders of the Crown.

"And now that we were told the first duty of an Irishman was to enter that army, in return for a promissory note, payable after death—a scrap of paper that might or might not be redeemed—I felt, over there in America, that my first duty was to keep Irishmen at home in the only army that could safeguard our national existence.

"If small nationalities were to be the pawn in this game of embattled giants, I saw no reason why Ireland should shed her blood in any cause but her own, and, if that be treason beyond the sea, I am not ashamed to avow it, or to answer for it here with my life. And when we had the doctrine of Unionist loyalty at last—'Mausers and Kaisers and any king you like'; and I have heard that at Hamburg, not far from Limburg on the Lahn—I felt that I needed no other warrant than that these words conveyed, to go forth and do likewise.

"The difference between us was that the Unionist champions chose a path which they felt would lead to the woolsack, while I went a road I knew must lead to the dock, and the event proved we were both right. The difference between us was that my 'treason' was based on a ruthless sincerity that forced me to attempt in time and season to carry out in action what I said in words, whereas their treason lay in verbal incitements that they knew need never be made good in their bodies. And so I am prouder to stand here today, in the traitor's dock, to answer to this impeachment, than to fill the place of my right honourable accusers.

"We have been told, have been asked to hope, that after this war Ireland will get Home Rule as a reward for the life-blood shed in a cause which, whoever else its success may benefit, can surely not benefit Ireland. And what will Home Rule be in return for what its vague promise has taken, and still hopes to take, from Ireland? It is not necessary to climb the painful stairs of Irish history, to review the long list of British promises, made only to be broken; of Irish hopes, raised only to be dashed to the ground.

"Home Rule, when it comes, if come it does, will find Ireland drained of all that is vital to its very existence, unless it be that unquenchable hope that we build on the graves of the dead. We are told that if Irishmen go by the thousands to die *not* for Ireland, but for Flanders, for Belgium, for a patch of sand on the deserts of Mesopotamia, or a rocky trench on the heights of Gallipoli, they are winning self-government for Ireland. But if they dare to lay down their lives on their native soil, if they dare to dream even that freedom can be won only at home by men resolved to fight for it there, then they are traitors to their country.

"But history is not so recorded in other lands. In Ireland alone, in this twentieth century, is loyalty held to be a crime. If loyalty be something less than love and more than law, then we have had enough of such loyalty for Ireland or Irishmen.

"Self-government is our right, a thing born in us at birth, a thing no more to be doled out to us or withheld from us by another people than the right to life itself, the right to feel the sun or smell the flowers, or love our kind. It is only from the convict these things are withheld, for crime committed and proven, and Ireland, that has wronged no man, that has injured no land, that has sought no dominion over others—Ireland is being treated today among the nations of the world as if she were a convicted criminal.

"If it be treason to fight against such an unnatural fate as this, then I am proud to be a rebel, and shall cling to my 'rebellion' with the last drop of my blood. If there be no right of rebellion against a state of things that no savage tribe would endure without resistance, then I am sure that it is better for men to fight and die without right than to live in such a state of right as this.

"When all your rights have become only an accumulated wrong, where men must beg with bated breath for leave to subsist in their own land, to think their own thoughts, to sing their own songs, to garner the fruits of their own labours, and, even while they beg, to see things inexorably withdrawn from them, then, surely, it is a braver, a saner and a truer thing to be a rebel in act and deed against such circumstances as these, than tamely to accept them as the natural lot of men."

THE UNDYING LIE

IF readers who have kept their copies of the *Wolfe Tone Annual* will take down from their bookshelves the issue for 1955—*The Story Without End*—they will find in it authentic evidence to show that since the very first English invasion of Ireland, the deliberate, calculated, clever, unscrupulous Lie has been a constant and a most effective weapon in the armoury of the English when they made war on this country and its people. It will be seen in *The Story Without End* that the Anglo-Normans brought a special publicity man, Giraldus Cambrensis, Gerald the Welshman, with them and his work had such far-reaching results that propaganda became one of the principal weapons used by the ruling class in England against this and every other country with which they were at war.

The indignant outcry against the defamation of Roger Casement is very creditable to those who have raised it; but some of the protests seem to show that the writers or speakers of them see something exceptional and unusual in the Lie of 1916. They appear to be unaware of the simple fact that the same Lie, with variations, has been on active service in England's wars for over seven hundred years.

One of the English writers who got discredit for the propagation of the Lie in America in 1916 and succeeding years, Mr. Alfred Noyes, wrote and published a book in 1957 explaining how certain dirty documents were put into his clean hands by other Englishmen, how he had accepted them as genuine, only to find out afterwards that they were disgraceful libels. To make amends to the memory of Roger Casement, Mr. Noyes wrote a book and collaborated with an Irishman in the writing of a play and called very loudly for a commission or committee of experts to examine and report on the forgeries he had so assiduously circulated throughout the length and breadth of America.

All very creditable. But more than one man (a very fine and noble man) came in for the lash of the English Lie in 1916; a whole people, an entire nation cost the English exchequer an enormous amount of money (considered very well spent) because a few devoted sons and daughters of that nation stood up once more in God's Holy Name to renew the age-old battle for the honour and the independence of their Motherland, and the Lie had to be taken out and altered here and there and polished up and sharpened and set to work against them most effectively and satisfactorily as so often before.

In the book or the play or in any of the angry protests that have done so much credit to so many eloquent people, we find no word of condemnation of the libels and slanders shouted and whispered and spread throughout the Continent of America and throughout the world about the heroic dead of 1916 and about the land that gave them birth.

Pearse and Clarke and Connolly and their comrades, as well as Roger Casement, were shamefully defamed in America by the zealous team of

which Mr. Alfred Noyes was a conspicuous member; but there is no apology, no word of regret, no slightest sign of atonement in any of the books or plays or pamphlets or articles that have been appearing of late years in connection with the "second death" meted out to brave and good and gallant Roger Casement. Do the slanderers and libellers and defamers of Ireland and Ireland's battlers for justice and freedom think that by shouting very loudly about Casement they will be allowed to leave unchallenged the defamation of Ireland?

On August 31, 1916, in an American daily newspaper, the English Lie regarding Ireland and Irish patriots was repeated in an article the authorship of which was attributed to Mr. Alfred Noyes of England, then one of England's most industrious and most unscrupulous propagandists in U.S.A.

Here is what Mr. Alfred Noyes was praised in pro-British papers for having (according to them) written about Ireland and Irishmen:—

"Certain features of the Irish rebellion have been overlooked by many friends of the Allies' cause in the United States.

"In this particular matter—whatever the blunders of England may have been in the past—it is possible that her moderate estimate of her own case in the Irish rebellion may eventually redound to her credit as did her first moderate estimate of the Jutland battle.

"Neither Ireland nor Irish-Americans desire to make martyrs of men who, by sudden publication of certain records—quite unconnected with politics—may make every Irishman ashamed of the day on which he helped to canonise them.

"The cry 'God Save Ireland' will take on a new significance if Irishmen begin to think that any political injustice done to them in the past allows them, for instance, *to murder their own countrymen indiscriminately.*

"And these rebels, beyond the shadow of a doubt, did murder, ruthlessly, deliberately and indiscriminately, men, women and children, their own kindred, without even the slightest attempt to discover whether their victims were in political agreement with them or not.

"This new method, *devised by Irishmen of the very lowest and most vicious personal character,* was a criminal tyranny of a kind that has been unknown anywhere in civilised Europe, even in Germany, probably even in Turkey, for more than two hundred years.

"Even the Germans do not exercise their 'frightfulness' indiscriminately against their own people. They do not shoot Herr Dernberg in cold blood because they see him posting a letter in Berlin.

"Nor do they massacre their own wounded soldiers for riding on the top of a bus. Nor do they shoot their own women and children for the mere fact that they happened to be alive. Nor do they fire on ambulances carrying their own wounded; and *every one of these things the Irish rebels were convicted of doing over and over again.*

"I ask these persons in America who accuse England of 'ruthlessness,' what steps she should have taken, under the existing machinery of law,

to deal with certain cold-blooded murders that had no relation of any kind either to politics or to nationality. 'God Save Ireland' indeed, if her friends can look through a mist of romance at the spectacle of *Irish criminals deliberately firing on the women who were attending their own wounded.*

"And the chief leader of these rebels—I cannot print his own written confessions about himself, for they are filthy beyond all description. But I have seen and read them and they touch the lowest depths that human degradation has ever touched. Page after page of his diary would be an insult to a pig's trough to let the foul record touch it. The Irish will canonise these things at their own peril."

That article, typical of the deliberate vilification of Ireland by the English ruling class through more than 700 years, was published in hundreds of newspapers throughout America and Alfred Noyes was the name under which it appeared.

In 1957 Mr. Alfred Noyes was highly applauded and praised because he published a book entitled *The Accusing Ghost or Justice For Casement.* It was supposed to be a gesture of regret and of reparation on the part of the distinguished poet for the *unwitting* part he had played in the vile campaign against the good name of Roger Casement in 1916. From the first page to the last not a line, not a single word expressed regret or sorrow for the dastardly attacks made on Casement's comrades and on his country in scores of lying articles like the one we have just quoted from pro-British American papers of the period. Do those who demand belated justice for Roger Casement consider that no justice is due to the Irish Nation and people and to the unselfish soldiers of 1916 for the defamation of them poured out from poison pens and bitter tongues on American platforms and in the American press? Why the outcry now about vilified Casement and the silence about vilified Ireland?

Honest English historians have admitted that all through the ages and generations of the unequal struggle between our nation and its only enemy in the world, deliberate defamation has always been part of the English war policy and the "second death" has invariably been inflicted upon our unyielding, heroic dead in the savage hope that they would not be an inspiration to those who came after them. Can it be that the well-paid British propagandists of 1916 were so used to this blackguardly defamation of the dead as part and parcel of imperial war policy that they saw in it nothing to be ashamed of and see in it now nothing for which they should express regret?

Since the foregoing was written (in May, 1958) Alfred Noyes has died. God forgive him and God rest him and every other soul that has appeared before the Judgment Seat of Heaven. What we have set down must be allowed to stand, because it is the truth and because now, as so often in the past, simple or ignorant or Anglicised Irishmen have within the past few weeks gone out of their way to praise Alfred Noyes, defamer of the dead and living soldiers of Easter Week, 1916. Let us be

charitable and consider them simple or ignorant, rather than slavish and Anglicised.

Some of those who have praised Alfred Noyes in the summer of 1958 cannot be regarded as simple and would be very vexed indeed were we to call them ignorant. It should be their duty as Irish journalists to make themselves acquainted with the flood of defamation that was let loose by trained British defamers after the Rising of 1916 and carried on its crest all over the world the infamous lie that the men and women who had fought in the gap of danger in Dublin were blackguards, degenerates, looters and murderers towards whom the British Government had been too considerate and humane.

The most prominent, most active and most highly praised (by his employers) of those trained defamers in America in 1916 was Alfred Noyes, and we have quoted one of the articles from his pen that was published in hundreds of newspapers from New York to San Francisco. Read it again, think of what it was meant to accomplish in the war against Ireland by England, and then read the editorials and special articles and letters published in Irish Nationalist newspapers when Alfred Noyes died. One newspaper that calls itself the organ of veracity and that would regard the freedom fighters of today, who have offered their fine young lives in an unselfish effort to drive out the British Army of Occupation, as madmen or enemies of Ireland (if it would condescend to mention them at all) had an editorial on Alfred Noyes in which the trained and well-paid and unrepentant defamer of the Republic of Ireland and its dead soldiers of freedom was lauded to the skies as a man of honour and a lover of justice who had "earned the respect and affection of the Irish people." Read that American article once again.

BOOKS ABOUT ROGER CASEMENT

FOR permission to use the fine portrait of Roger Casement which appears on the cover of this issue we are indebted to Messrs. C. J. Fallon, Ltd., Dublin. It appeared in *The Crime Against Europe*, published by them and written by Dr. Herbert O. Mackey, a book which should be in the possession of everyone who reveres the memory of Rory of the Gael. It is of interest that two members of the medical profession—Dr. Mackey in Ireland and Dr. William J. Maloney in America—have written books about the martyred patriot and refuted with great ability and convincing clarity the foul lies invented by the enemies of Ireland in the attempt to blacken his name and destroy the inspiration of his sacrifice for truth and justice and freedom. *The Forged Casement Diaries*, by Dr. Maloney, and *The Crime Against Europe*, by Dr. Mackey, should have an honoured place on every Irish bookshelf.

When Casement Sign

ON another page of this issue of the *Annual* will be read the slavish and untruthful words of a group of Irish men and Irish women who, without authority from anyone and without consultation with those who were the true comrades of the men and women of Easter Week—men and women grossly insulted by this craven group—addressed petitions to the British Government when Roger Casement had been condemned to death and pleaded that his strenuous work for suffering humanity in the Congo and in Putumayo had affected his mind and that he was not responsible for his actions.

Had that plea been successful, had the hostile British prosecutors of a great and noble man decided to find him "guilty but insane" and locked him up in a prison for mental criminals, while spreading still further their well-organised campaign against his moral character, the name and fame of Roger Casement would have been blasted forever.

Twenty years after the martyrdom of Roger Casement and the successful infliction upon him of the "second death" so often employed by the English ruling class against Irishmen and other men of stainless character, a fair-minded, honest Englishman, Geoffrey de C. Parmiter, wrote a book entitled *Roger Casement*. He stated in the Preface that he was strongly opposed to Casement in politics, but admired him as a man, and on page 145 he set down in a few words the reason why the rulers of Imperial England hated the man they had once praised so highly and embarrassed with their honours and decorations.

Dealing with Casement's efforts to keep Ireland out of the 1914-18 war, Parmiter wrote: "To Casement the war seemed an opportunity for Ireland. He blamed England for engineering it and sympathised with Germany in her desperate plight. He had always been an Irish Separatist at heart and in thought, and since 1905 that feeling had deepened, and the war turned his opinions into actions.

"When the war came he saw two things. He felt it to be imperative to keep Ireland out of the war which he saw as a purely English assault upon the trade rival of England. It was England's war and England should do her own fighting. He saw, also, that if there was a chance of setting Ireland free from England or brought into the peace negotiations as a European nation, then it must be taken."

Then Geoffrey Parmiter quoted in full the *Open Letter to the Irish People* written by Roger Casement in New York ("straight from his heart," says this honest Englishman) and published in the *Irish Independent* on October 5, 1914. The words in the letter marked as quotations are words used by John Redmond, British Prime Minister Asquith, Lord Crewe and others in speeches calling for the enlistment of

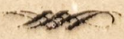
ed His Death Warrant

Irishmen in the army of Ireland's only enemy. Here is the letter that won the hatred of enraged Englishmen for Roger Casement, the letter that helped to bring him to the scaffold of death on August 3, 1916:

"As an Irishman (wrote Roger Casement) and one who has been identified with the Irish Volunteer movement since it began, I feel it my duty to protest against the claim now put forward by the British Government, that, because that Government has agreed with its political opponents 'to place the Home Rule Bill on the Statute Book,' and to defer its operation until after the war and until an 'Amending Bill' to profoundly modify its provisions has been introduced and passed, Irishmen in return should enlist in the British Army and aid the Allied Asiatic and European powers in a war against a people who have never wronged Ireland.

"The British Liberal Party has been publicly pledged for twenty-eight years to give self-government to Ireland. It has not yet fulfilled that pledge. Instead, it now offers to sell, at a very high price, a wholly hypothetical and indefinite form of partial internal control of certain specified Irish services, if, in return for this promissory note (payable after death) the Irish people will contribute their blood, their honour and their manhood in a war that in no wise concerns them. Ireland has no quarrel with the German people or just cause of offence against them.

"I will not pronounce an opinion upon the British standpoint in this war, beyond saying that the public profession under which it was begun, namely to defend the violated neutrality of Belgium, is being daily controverted by the official spokesmen of Great Britain. The London *Times*, in its issue of the 14th instant declared that Great Britain would not consent to peace on any terms that did not involve the 'dismantling of the German Navy' and the permanent impairment of Germany's place in the world as a great sea-faring nation.



"That may or may not be a worthy end for British Statesmanship to set before it and a warrant for the use of British arms against Germany, but it is no warrant for Irish honour or common sense to be involved in this conflict. There is no gain, moral or material, Irishmen can draw from assailing Germany. The destruction of the German Navy or the sweeping of German commerce from the seas will bring no profit to a people whose own commerce was long since swept from land and sea.

"Ireland has no blood to give to any land, to any cause but that of Ireland. Our duty as Christian people is to abstain from bloodshed; and our duty as Irishmen is to give our lives for Ireland. Ireland needs all her sons. In the space of sixty-eight years her population has fallen

by far over 4,000,000 souls, and in every particular of national life she shows a steady decline of vitality.

"Were the Home Rule Bill all that is claimed for it and were it freely given today, to come into operation tomorrow, instead of being offered for sale on terms of exchange that only a fool would accept, it would be the duty of Irishmen to save their strength and manhood for the trying tasks before them, to build up from a depleted population the fabric of a ruined national life.

"Ireland has suffered at the hands of British administrators a more prolonged series of evils, deliberately inflicted, than any other community of civilised men. Today, when no margin of vital strength remains for vital tasks at home, when its fertile fields are reduced by set design to producing animals and not men, the remnant of our people are being urged to lay down their lives on foreign fields, in order that great and inordinately wealthy communities may grow greater and richer by the destruction of a rival's trade and industry. Had this war the highest moral aim in view, as its originators claim for it, it would still be the duty of Irishmen to keep out of it.

"If Irish blood is to be 'the seal that will bring all Ireland together in one nation and in liberties equal and common to all' then let that blood be shed in Ireland, where alone it can be righteously shed to secure those liberties. It was not Germany that destroyed the national liberties of the Irish people, and we cannot recover the national life struck down in our own land by carrying fire and sword into another land.

"The cause of Ireland is greater than the cause of any party; higher than the worth of any man; richer in its poverty than all the riches of Empire. If we sell it now we are unworthy of the name of Irishmen. If today we barter that cause in a sordid bargain, we shall prove ourselves a people unworthy of freedom—a dwindling race of cravens from whose veins the blood of manhood has been drained. If now to fight is our duty, then let us fight on that soil where so many generations of slain Irishmen lie in honour and fame.

"Let our graves be in that patriot grass whence alone the corpse of Irish nationality can spring to life. Ireland will be 'false to her history, to every consideration of honour, good faith and self-interest,' if she now willingly responds to the call of the British Government to send her brave sons and faithful hearts to fight in a cause that has no glint of chivalry or gleam of generosity in all its line of battle. If this be a war for the 'small nationalities,' as its planners term it, then let it begin, for one small nationality, at home.

"Speaking as one of those who helped to found the Irish Volunteers,

I say, in their name, that no Irishman fit to bear arms in the cause of his country's freedom can join the allied millions now attacking Germany in a war that, at the best, concerns Ireland not at all and that can only add fresh burdens and establish a new drain, in the interest of another community, upon a people that has already been bled to the verge of death.

ROGER CASEMENT.

There can hardly be any doubt that when the spirited declaration we have quoted was read in London in October, 1914, the vow was made to kill or break Roger Casement without mercy—by fair means or foul. When he put his name to that splendid letter he signed his own death warrant.

THE SPEECH OF OUR SIRES

IT is gone from the hill and the glen—
The strong speech of our sires;
It is sunk in the mire and the fen
Of our nameless desires.
We have bartered the speech of the Gael
For a tongue that would pay,
And we stand with the lips of us pale
And all bloodless today.
We have bartered the birthright of men
That our sons should be liars.
It is gone from the hill and the glen—
The strong speech of our sires.

Like the flicker of gold on the whin
That the Spring breath unites,
It is deep in our hearts, and shall win
Into flame where it smites.
It is there with the blood in our veins,
With the stream and the glen,
With the hill and the heath, and the weans
They shall THINK it again;
It shall surge to their lips and shall win
The high road to our rights—
Like the flicker of gold on the whin
That the sunburst unites.

—ROGER CASEMENT.

Tuar mo Ġráḋa

(Ruairí MacEarmuinn ag laḃairt le hÉirinn)

'S fada id luiġe, a tírín féin,
Fó ḃráca an léin gan scíṫ tú,
Is fuil do ċroiḋe 'na taoiḋe ag scéiṫ
Go cuarta i gcéin gan faoiseaṁ;
Aċ b'ḟearr liom tú is teinte ad ḋóġaḋ,
Nó sloiġte síos fá'n taoiḋe ṁór
Ná socair sáṁ ag Seán 'na ċoróin,
Mo stóirín, 'Éire aoiḃinn!

Is leaṫan doiṁin iad d'aiḃne glé
Ag riṫ go mín go tréan-ṁuir;
Do ḃánta bláiṫ is fairsing réiḋ,
Is glas do ċoillte craoḃċa.
Is cruinn do ċruaċa's is buacaċ árd,
Is binn lem ċluasaiḃ fuaim do ṫráġa
Ag bagairt ruaige ar ḟluaiġtiḃ naṁad
A ḃeaḋ ar tí do ḋaorta.

Is fada cumaċ do ċúis dá pléiḋe,
A tírín aoiḃinn aeriġ,
Is iomḋa clampar cancraċ claon
A ċuiris fút le réiḋteaċ.
In ainḋeoin ḟill is sceimle áir,
A ċuiris díot gan suim dá ḃárr
Tá brat do ṡaoirse arís go hárd,
A tírín aoiḃinn m'ae istiġ!

Tá scaipeaḋ is fán ó áitreaḃ Gaeḋeal
Ar ċlainn gur ṁian leo dílse,
Nó leagta ar lár san ár, mo léan!
Ag troid go tréan le smístiḃ.
Dá ṁéid a ṫriall ód iataiḃ ceoil,
Nó ṫuit ar féar ag déanaṁ gleoiḋ,
Níor ṁeaṫ do ġéaga tréana fós,
A tírín óige mo ċroiḋe istiġ!

A Éire uasal, tuar mo ġráḋa,
A tír na nDáṁ 's na hÉigse,
Na sáir—fear gcróḋa, na nóg gan smál
Nár ġlac le táir ná daor-smaċt,
Dá ṡeanḋaċt í do ċaoin-ḃreaċ cóir,
A craḋaḋ le claiḋeaṁ san galla-nós,
Tá neart id ċlann naċ stríocfaiḋ fós
Go scaipfiḋ Gaill le géar-lann!

Pádraig Ó hÉigeartaiġ.

ON A BED OF THORNS

"*IN our opinion, Casement had not, up to the time of his trial, any serious hold on the Irish people.*"

So wrote a group of slavish Gaelic League petitioners, to the enemies of Roger Casement and the enemies of Ireland in connection with the killing of a true Irishman in 1916.

They were people who were supposed to know Ireland, to know the people of Ireland, to know above all the people of the Gaeltacht where *Ruairí na nGael* was known and loved for years. He had become one of themselves, had lived among them, had sorrowed and rejoiced with them and had silently helped them in many ways as if they were his own family among whom he had been reared. The slavish Gaelic League petitioners (their amazing petitions will be found on other pages) were evidently so completely out of touch with the part of Ireland in which they were supposed to be specially interested, they did not know that in every part of the Gaeltacht during those weeks of pain and anguish in the summer of 1916 the people—the real people of Ireland—were almost constantly on their knees praying with all their hearts for the man they loved, the true man who was facing death for them and for Ireland's cause in the heart of London.

His love for them and for us all, his faith in the spiritual help of the people to whom he wished to draw nearer still before God called him home, is touchingly and simply and sincerely expressed in a letter he wrote on one of those dark days when he was trying to win the faith of the poorest of them, to come into the True Church of God and to die an Irish Catholic as well as an Irish Republican.

He wrote the letter to a very good and noble woman, Brigid Matthews, of the household of Francis Joseph Biggar of Belfast, in whose hospitable home Roger Casement had spent many a happy day in the company of young and old from all parts, guests invited by Biggar in the days when he made speeches at Feiseanna and delivered lectures in halls and schoolhouses and presented banners to young pipe bands all over Ireland.

The door of his fine home, *Ardrígh*, was ever open to all who loved and served Ireland, and Brigid Matthews made them all feel at home and invested that kindly Protestant home with the unobtrusive, inspiring Catholic spirit that won for her the respect and love and confidence of old and young. It was without doubt the prayers of such as she that brought down to Casement from Heaven the strength and comfort of faith and resignation and defeated the design of his enemies by shielding him from the hurtful presence of bitterness and despair.

"My dear Brigid," he wrote (July 14, 1916), "I am writing to you through a friend, asking her to send this letter on to you, as she will be able to find out where you are. Your letter came to me yesterday, here

in this prison cell, and it was like a glimpse of the garden, with the wall-flowers and the Japanese cherry, to get your message.

"First, I want to tell you that your Crucifix, the medals and the scapular came to me three weeks ago, but the letter only yesterday. They are always with me and, please God, will be as long as I am here.

"Remember me to so many and thank those friends who pray for me—and don't pay any attention to the lies. They are compliments really, and we need not mind compliments, you and I, Biddy dear.

"Do you remember the *Cradle Song* I liked so much? Get Cathal to sing it for me, and give him my love and thanks from my heart, also to Colm if he is near you, and Dinny and Seaghan Dubh whenever they come back to you and the old room again.

"I dreamt last night I was lying before the fire in it and the boys were telling stories, and you standing at the door with the pipes.

"I have thought of you often, and of the garden, and of the last time I saw you, and of the message I gave you. Do you remember? I know you carried it out, dear Brigid, because I heard you did.

"And so farewell—and may God's blessing rest on you and yours and be with you in your work. And may the heartfelt thanks of one in much sorrow and affliction of soul be part of your reward for your affection.

Always your friend,

ROGER CASEMENT."

The "sorrow and affliction of soul" at which he hinted in the letter were part of the hard struggle he had to come into the Catholic Church. He wanted to become a Catholic (he had been baptised one as a child) but, he wrote, "it must be my deliberate act, unwavering and confirmed by all my intelligence. And alas! today it is not so. It is still, I find, only my heart that prompts, from love, from affection for others, from association of ideas and ideals, and not yet my full intellect. For if it were thus the doubts could not beset me as they do. I am not on a rock, but on a bed of thorns," and he begged more and more prayers. It is terrible to think that in those days of spiritual travail, instead of being helped he was hindered and tormented by the imperialism of the English Cardinal Bourne, who refused the prison chaplain facilities to receive him as a child of the Church unless and until he made public profession of sorrow for his sins against the British Empire!

It was only "by virtue of the jurisdiction accorded to all priests *in articulo mortis*" that the priestly Chaplain at Pentonville Prison received Roger Casement on the eve of his execution, without further reference to a Cardinal wrapped in the obdurate silence of his prejudiced imperialism. Thank God for the priests of Ireland who walk in the Master's footsteps throughout the world!

THE PATRIOTISM OF ROGER CASEMENT

ONE of the many mean lies uttered about and against Roger Casement when he gave his life for the honour and the independence of Ireland was that he hated England more than he loved Ireland. That same lie has been spread abroad about many another Irish patriot, from the days of Séan Mór O Néill to this day in which we live.

And in this our day the amazing statement has been put into print by an able Irish Churchman and given very notable publicity by a firm of Catholic publishers that the man who establishes a new factory is probably a better patriot than he who gives up everything, even life itself, for pure unselfish love of the Motherland God gave him to cherish.

The first Protestants exhorted their followers to amass wealth, because the possession of wealth meant political and every other kind of power, and if long, close and intelligent study is made of the matter we think it will be discovered that England lost the Faith of Christ, the True Faith, because so many people took the advice of the Calvinists to heart, rejected spiritual patriotism as well as the Catholic religion, and set about grabbing all the money and land they could lay hands on for sake of the power and influence such wealth could give them.

It is a strange thing to see a pamphlet issued by a Prelate today—the dark day of materialism—in which unselfish, sacrificial love of country is brushed aside as if it were something unworthy and foolish, if not criminal and sinful, and the man who sets up some kind of factory in Ireland (not unselfishly, we must assume) is suggested as a truer patriot than the man like Roger Casement who dies on England's gallows tree—whether it be in England or in Ireland—or the man who endeavours to complete the task left uncompleted by ambitious self-seekers and time-servers and meets death while in armed conflict with the foreign invaders of his native land.

In 1915, a great and worthy and holy Prelate, Cardinal Mercier, saw his beloved Belgium invaded by a foreign power in the war engineered by England, and he was moved to speak out in ringing tones and unforgettable terms in a call for the spiritual, unselfish, sacrificial patriotism that is decried by some in Ireland today as well as in other parts of the world—to the shame of those who decry and who still believe in the virtues God has given to mankind.

Listen to a few of the words spoken in 1915 by the great Belgian Churchman whose voice gave hope and joy and courage to unselfish patriots the world over:

"Patriotism, an internal principle of order and unity, an organic bond of the members of a nation, was placed by the finest thinkers of Greece and Rome at the head of the natural virtues . . . and the religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot. 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 . . . that death accepted in this Christian spirit assures the safety of that man's soul."

Two or three years later a distinguished and thoughtful Catholic Irishman, Art O Cléirigh, took Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral on Patriotism as his text when he wrote as follows on *The Forgotten Virtue*:

"I wish these words" (which we have quoted above) "were put up in every schoolroom of Ireland, beside the Ten Commandments. Cardinal Mercier's famous Pastoral must have astonished many people in this country, many religious people. To their surprise they discovered the existence of a wholly new virtue—Patriotism.

"Hitherto they had regarded it as something between a joke and a rather pardonable shortcoming; they spelt 'pathriot' with a 'h.' Now they discover you may be damned for want of patriotism; that Sadleir" (of the infamous Sadleir and Keogh combination) 'committed perhaps a lesser crime when he took poison, or Pigott when he shot himself, than when each of them sold his country. For that is what Mercier means, if he means anything. And the pronouncement of this Belgian Croke is all the more important in that the *de facto* government of his country was, of course, violently unpatriotic, when his words were written, so that no Erastian taint can infect them . . .

"I believe that it has almost been forgotten in Ireland that patriotism is a Christian virtue. I know a man who has taken a great part in political Catholic work in Ireland, who is fond of saying that morality in this country is run on one Commandment, like a wheel-barrow.

"This is, of course, a wild exaggeration. But it expresses the fact that there are perhaps some chapters of Christian obligation to which we in Ireland are inclined to afford a rather hurried glance. One of these is patriotism. I have been looking through the Maynooth Catechism, the whole gospel of religious life for so many in Ireland. The word patriotism does not, I think, occur in it, nor even the idea, in any clear way. The nearest it seems to get to it is in referring to Ireland as being 'our island,' or at least as having been 'our island' in the year 432 A.D.

"I wonder" (continued Art O Cléirigh) "if it ever occurs to people in Ireland that you cannot lead a Christian life if you leave out one virtue altogether, that you cannot compensate by any degree of formal piety for such an omission. Suppose a man living in grave mortal sin were to go to Benediction with great regularity and be assiduous in his attendance at sermons, we should view his conduct with disgust.

"If a man has got a job by selling his country, to instance the commonest form of anti-patriotism, what are we to think when he turns devotional, as he usually does in Ireland? If Mercier is right, that man is living in sin.

"Or again, take that old man to be found in one or more of the secondary schools in Ireland, who has devoted his life to suppressing the patriotic impulses of his students, to turning them away from the study

of Irish, to training them for jobbery and emigration, what will God say to such a man when he comes before the Judgment Seat, let him have been ever so devout, *if Mercier is right?*

"Will he be sent to hell for his anti-patriotism? How many young lives must such a man have blasted by quenching that spark of patriotism that would have kept their ideals pure and their spirits upright! How many publichouse loungers, or worse, have to thank such an anti-patriot for their degradation?

"It has always struck me as surprising that our big colleges take with entire equanimity the fact that a substantial portion of their students, as they would express it themselves, 'go to hell' within ten or twenty months after leaving them. It is clearly a direct result of their training.

"Does this happen to boys of the same ages from the Christian Schools to the same extent? I have seldom met a boy from the Christian Schools who, whatever his other defects, had not a really deep religious faith and a true purity.

"I am told (I have not the same opportunity of making observations) by employers of labour and others, that at the other end a similar difference may be observed between boys trained by the Christian Brothers and boys trained in the National Schools. The former have the Christian virtues.

"For all this there may be several explanations. But I suggest that one is that the virtue of patriotism has never been omitted from the list by the Christian Brothers. It is a grave thing to train a man in life and leave out even one virtue, especially if it be the organic body, the principle of order and unity.

"Christianity must be accepted as a whole. Christ Himself chose to come before us as a patriot. His Crucifixion was brought about by one of the meanest crews of anti-patriots that history has ever seen.

"This article" (concluded Art O Cléirigh) "is written throughout on an assumption. It assumes throughout that Ireland is our country. At the moment of writing" (1915) "probably a majority of the inhabitants of this island do not believe Ireland to be their country; and, taking Mercier's doctrine to be right, it is just this fact that will save many of them from hell, a sort of invincible ignorance. For the man who, believing Ireland to be his country, is false to the duties of patriotism is to be numbered with the murderer and the adulterer."

The Anglicising and degrading influence of certain schools and colleges here in Ireland, written of by Art O Cléirigh forty years ago, is active in these days of cynicism and disillusion following the make believe and compromise of professional party politicians who fell to the temptation of power and pay. Attacks on the virtue of patriotism are carried on among boys and girls who will be the men and women of Ireland tomorrow, and if there is not some saving influence in their homes they grow up slavish West Britons in the land for whose redemption Roger Casement and his comrades gave their lives.

But there are other forces at work, as has been shown by the renewed

use of prisons and concentration camps in recent years. The old fight to get the greedy stranger out of the house is still being waged by the young and brave spoken of by Thomas MacDonagh when he stood before a British Court Martial in 1916 ; the young and brave and not so young but just as brave who were in the thoughts of Dr. O'Dwyer of Limerick when he said that such unselfish sacrifice as Easter Week had shown to the world would one day bring independence and true freedom to this country of ours. "Ireland will never be content as a province," he declared. "God has made her a nation, and while grass grows and water runs there will be men willing to dare and die for her."

The young Freedom Fighters of our own day possess in overflowing measure the virtue of patriotism, of spiritual, unselfish love of country, as it was understood by Mercier and Casement and Pearse and MacSwiney and all their noble comrades of the distant and recent past whose glorious sacrifices have saved and will save the cause of Irish independence from destruction at the hands of foreign enemy and native compromiser and carry it to victory yet in spite of all the force and fraud and treachery that can be brought against it.

In every dismal, dreary corner of every prison and concentration camp where injustice tortures the minds and hearts and bodies of men ; on every battlefield where lion-hearted soldiers carry on the old struggle against odds that well might appal the bravest, the spirit of Roger Casement shines like a guiding star, calls like a voice from Heaven, filling young hearts with courage and bravery and determination, lighting young minds with the deathless glow of unselfish patriotism, that priceless gift of God, and keeping the Flag of the Republic of Ireland free from stain of dishonour, cowardice, brutality or shame, so that one day all true hearts will rally to it again and bear it proudly to victory and unity and peace.

Send The Annual To Exiles

LETTERS received year by year from all parts of the world reveal the fact that nothing gives more satisfying pleasure to Irish-hearted exiles than a copy of the *Wolfe Tone Annual*. If names and addresses of Irish people abroad are sent to us, clearly written, with 1/4 for each copy to be despatched, we will send this year's issue to any place abroad reachable by post, and will enclose a little card of greeting bearing the name of the sender. Send addresses and remittance to Brian O'Higgins, 56 Parnell Square, Dublin.

FOR GOD AND IRELAND

EVA GORE-BOOTH, a writer of graceful prose and haunting poetry, was a sister of Constance Markiewicz. She had never met Roger Casement, but his eyes rested on her among a group of friends as he stood in the dock and it seemed to her that they became comrades for ever. We have pleasure in republishing portion of an article contributed by her to the *Catholic Bulletin* (a monthly published by M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., Dublin) in 1918:

"The two years now closing have been to many years of death and exaction. Tragedy after tragedy has overwhelmed our world with pity and terror. But to Irish people especially that pity and terror has come mixed with a strange exultation. And to the little band of lovers and friends who watched in breathless suspense and agonised hope that supreme and long drawn out agony, that dragged slowly on through three terrible months to its inevitable end, there were sudden flashes of intense realisation, moments when the heart's tragic defeat was merged in the mysterious victory of the soul.

In some silent, compelling way, sorrow itself seemed to be drawn up at times into that calm atmosphere of beauty and peace that wrapped round in a strange smiling security the untroubled spirit of Roger Casement, as he moved serenely through tempests of reviling and torture and the scorn of men, without fear and without hatred!

"He sent grateful messages to all who prayed for him and loved him —that I was to tell all that he died for Ireland, and that he wished them to know that he had no bitterness in his heart for anyone . . . He was wonderful, the peace, the tranquility, the courage with which he faced death and talked of it . . . My heart is divided between joy and sorrow."

Such was the witness of one who was with him a day or two before the end. But the simple and spiritual beauty of his nature expresses itself most clearly, perhaps, in the letter to a friend dated 14th July*; a letter so poignant in its pathos, so selfless in its detachment, that the darkness of certain death that hangs over its simple and gay friendliness seems only like one of those cloud shadows that at twilight so often deepen the beauty of the sunlit hills of Ireland, with the sudden wistfulness of an unseen and secret presence.

The *Manchester Guardian*, describing the passing of the death sentence on Roger Casement, comments thus on the prisoner's attitude: "Sir Roger Casement heard these words and smiled wanly, looking down, one thought, as if to reassure his friends who were near the dock. Then, erect and quite self-possessed, he turned and disappeared behind the green curtain. He had kept his dignity, his almost incredible detachment, to the last."

That "incredible detachment" was a constant source of wonder and

*It will be found on another page.

inspiration to his friends. History holds up for our admiration the figure of Sir Thomas More apologising to his executioners for having to ask them to help him to climb the scaffold, and adding with smiling politeness, that "for his coming down he would shift for himself." That story might have been written of Roger Casement at any moment during those long months through which he faced a certain and horrible death, with something more than courage, a supreme gentle courtesy so selfless that it had forgotten the very meaning of fear.

"I was going to read it out in Court," he said in one of his last letters of a certain document; but he explained that the print was very small, "and besides I felt sorry for the jury. They had had enough, and their kindly faces deserved a change of scene from that dreadful Court." It is not often that a prisoner just about to be condemned to death concerns himself about the discomfort and boredom of the jury, and one cannot help wondering what rare secret of character was hidden behind those simple words.

There are many degrees of selfishness in human beings and there are many unselfish people. But the certainty of a lonely and horrible death would find out the weak point in most of us, and it would seem natural and pardonable in most people if, at the supreme and tragic moment of their destiny, their minds were concentrated on their own agony, to the exclusion of other people's petty discomforts.

But Roger Casement was not like most people. There was something in him that made it impossible for him to be self-absorbed, however strange and desperate his circumstances might be. Perhaps the keynote of his nature is to be found in that sentence with which he explained his loyalty to Ireland, and the reason he felt no loyalty to the Empire that governs her by force.

"Loyalty," he said, "is a sentiment, not a law. It rests on love, not on restraint." The same might be said of the shining qualities of his own character. They were not founded on mere laws or external restraints, but on a great universal love of human beings, and goodwill to all men. It was his nature to consider and feel for other people's difficulties, sufferings and hopes with no careful and forced unselfishness, but with an enthusiastic and eager affection that no private sufferings of his own could dull, and that made him lose entirely the limited personal point of view common to most people.

It would be easy in defence of this view to quote the known facts of his noble and self-sacrificing cause—to say that he threw away health and ordinary human happiness through years of hard and terrible work, in unhealthy climates, trying to bring to light atrocities and cruelties in Putumayo and the Congo, and saving thousands of innocent victims from outrage, mutilation and death. Indeed, it might be said of him that the desolate and oppressed never appealed to him in vain.

The loyalty that is founded on love had a very different effect on his life to that of the more common form of loyalty founded on mutual hate, self-interest and fear. Instead of making him bitter against others, it

deepened his sympathies with all oppressed nations, and made him, besides being the champion of Ireland, a fighter in the cause of enslaved nationalities and individuals all over the world. And let no one imagine that his international activities and sympathies did not react for good on the cause if his own country, by accentuating her position in the eyes of the world (as all his work tended to do) as one of the oppressed small nationalities of Europe, a comrade of Poland, Finland and the rest in her struggle for freedom, and not merely as a rather rebellious and troublesome province in a corner of the British Empire.

Roger Casement was one of the world's great champions of the weak against the strong, of goodwill and freedom against militarism and empire, of life against death, and thus he takes his place with the seers and prophets of all ages. But if Roger Casement was in a sense international and had room in his heart for all the oppressed and defeated, yet to him had come more especially the call of *Cáitlín Ní Uallacháin* in her great need. And it was for the sake of her he loved with all the passion of his idealistic and romantic nature that he left his safe asylum and, in full knowledge of what must be the result of his action, made his way to Ireland to be ready with help and advice in the hour of danger and difficulty.

"We salute you as we would salute Wolfe Tone," wrote "three obscure citizens of Ireland" to the condemned prisoner of Pentonville, in one of those many touching tributes of love, admiration and gratitude from his own people, that were indeed his due, who had given up for their sake everything that most men hold precious. For truly never was there a man who more deliberately threw away his life and liberty in a cause that was dearer to him than life or liberty.

"I am going with a halter round my neck," he told a friend before he left Germany. And from that day onward I do not think he ever faltered in the certainty that he was one of those who are (as Thomas MacDonagh put it in his speech before the court-martial) "predestined to die in this generation for the cause of Irish freedom." He was never of those whose courage has to be bolstered up with illusions.

"Tomorrow" (he wrote) "I go to the Appeal Court to hear my counsel against the Indictment. And I shall return here. That is the one thing I am sure of. However interesting from the point of view of treason law in this country, I anticipate no other interest than that of listening to the arguments for and against and coming to the place I started from in the morning. If I had Solon for an advocate the result, I fancy, would be the same."

Up to the last his sympathy for suffering in all countries never failed. On the 16th July he wrote:

"I am glad, indeed, to hear the news from Putumayo and the Fathers there. The Franciscans were loved in Peru from of old. It is a good thing to think of them there now in that dreary region, and I am glad for their sake. Once I grieved at it and thought I was sending them, or asking them to be sent out to bitter trial and disappointment, but it is

not so, and they will see the fruit of their privations and of their self-sacrifice in the lives they save, and in the increase of life and happiness around them, to replace the old dreadful and mortal misery."

But in those last weeks of cruel loneliness it was to Ireland that his heart turned: "Today" (he wrote) "my mind is far away down by O'Sullivan Beare Land and over there where I shall never be again, not even in dreams, by Clare and Aran and Gorumna. I wonder how it will all be a hundred years hence, and whether any of the old speech and thought that sprang from it and prayers that grew from it will survive. Goodbye, my dear friend, and I hope all your young ones will grow up in that gospel and no other and that it may be well with them hereafter . . . I shall not forget you wherever memory goes with me."

The growth of Roger Casement's religious convictions in the isolation of prison life could be surprising to no one who understood the character and ideals that had been his through years of active work. If it be a fact, as he said, that true religion rests on love, it is easy to see how the long years of selfless devotion and affectionate friendships had brought him into harmony with the unseen purposes of the universe, and very near to the Divine meaning of human life.

"I can only accept in my soul from love," he said, and indeed, to one who had such a great heart and such a universal love for the brother whom he had seen, it could have been no great step to that other mysterious love. In religious matters, as in all things, he was very honest with himself, and would not let himself be hurried by emotion into taking any step without the consent of his mind as well as his heart.

"And then" (he wrote), "I don't want to jump or rush—or do anything hastily—just because time is short. It must be my deliberate act, unwavering and confirmed by all my intelligence. And alas! today it is not so. It is still, I find, only my heart that prompts, from love, from affection for others, from association of ideas and ideals, and not yet my full intellect. For if it were thus the doubts could not beset me as vigorously as they do. I am not on a rock but on a bed of thorns . . . You must continue to help me as you have done in the way you wot of, and in the way you say so many more are doing."

His was no facile death-bed conversion, prompted by fear or sentiment, but a gradual adjustment of the whole mind and soul into relation with the unseen, an adjustment that began with pain and struggle and uncertainty, and ended in the peace of a personality in harmony with itself and with God, exalted above fear, trouble or bitterness.

We cannot know much of the working of his inner mind during the long and lonely hours of his imprisonment, nor of those mental processes that led up with growing and gathering conviction to the unfaltering certainty of that confession of faith which was perhaps the last voluntary action of his life. But we can find traces in his last message to his friends of that religious exultation and other-world peace that was a marvel to those who were privileged to see him.

"Give my love to all my friends, and to all who have worked for me. My last message to every one is *Sursum Corda,* and for the rest, my goodwill to those who have taken my life, equally to all those who tried to save it. All are my brethren now."

Roger Casement was ready and willing to die, as he said, for the cause of Irish freedom. And indeed it might be said of him that while many have died for their countries and for great causes in all ages, no man has ever in the annals of history done more than he did, by the manner of his dying, to exalt and glorify the country of his love."

As a further tribute to one whose unselfish patriotism and transparent nobility of character stirred and exalted her generous mind, Eva Gore-Booth wrote of Roger Casement:

I dream of one who is dead,
As the forms of green trees float and fall in the water,
The dreams float and fall in my mind.

I dream of him wandering in a far land,
I dream of him bringing hope to the hopeless,
I dream of him bringing light to the blind.

I dream of him hearing the voice,
The bitter cry of *Cáitlín Ní Uallacháin*
On the salt Atlantic wind.

I dream of the hatred of men,
Their lies against him who knew nothing of lying;
Nor was there fear in his mind.

I dream of our hopes and fears,
The long, bitter struggle of the broken-hearted,
With hearts that were poisoned and hard.

I dream of the peace in his soul,
And the early morning hush on the grave of a hero
In the desolate prison yard.

I dream of the death that he died,
For the sake of God and *Cáitlín Ní Uallacháin,*
Yea, for Love and the Voice on the Wind.

I dream of one who is dead.
Above dreams that float and fall in the water
A new star shines in my mind.

A STREET BALLAD OF ROGER CASEMENT

LONELY BANNA STRAND

'Twas on Good Friday morning all in the month of May,
A German ship was signalling beyond there in the bay,
"We've 20,000 rifles here all ready for to land!"
But no answering signal came to them from lonely Banna Strand.

A motor-car was dashing through the early morning gloom,
A sudden crash and in the stream they went to meet their doom;
Two Irish lads lay dying, just like their hopes so grand,
They could not give the signal now from lonely Banna Strand.

"No signal answers from the shore," Sir Roger sadly said,
"No comrades here to welcome me, alas, they must be dead.
But I must do my duty, and at once I mean to land."
So in a boat he pulled ashore to lonely Banna Strand.

The German ships were lying there with rifles in galore;
Up came a British ship and spoke, "No Germans reach the shore!
You are our Empire's enemy, and so we bid you stand,
No German foot shall e'er pollute the lonely Banna Strand."

They sailed for Queenstown Harbour, said the Germans, "We're undone,
The British are our masters, man for man and gun for gun;
We've 20,000 rifles here which never shall see land.
For we'll sink them all and bid farewell to lonely Banna Strand."

The R.I.C. were searching for Sir Roger high and low,
They found him at MacKenna's Fort, they said, "You are our foe."
Said he, "I'm Roger Casement, I came to my native land,
I meant to free my countrymen on lonely Banna Strand."

They took Sir Roger prisoner and sailed for London town,
And in the Tower they laid him as a prisoner to the Crown;
Said he, "I am no traitor," but his trial he'd to stand
For bringing German rifles to lonely Banna Strand.

'Twas in an English prison that they led him to his death,
"I'm dying for my country," he said with his last breath.
He's buried in a prison yard far from his native land,
The wild waves sing his requiem on lonely Banna Strand.

THE PRACTICAL DREAMER

SOME Anglicised Irishmen have sought and still seek to lessen the worth and diminish the stature of Roger Casement by referring to him as a romantic dreamer whose head was ever in the clouds and who was incapable of giving serious heed to the practical political problems of his day.

Let anyone inclined to be influenced by such contemptible propaganda against a man the slavish scribblers are too petty to understand, ponder the following extract from a letter written by Roger Casement in 1911, and decide whether the writer of it was conversant with the whole truth regarding Ireland's enforced connection with England, as well as with the brazen falsehood of the plundering enemy that Ireland was a burden to her generous and philanthropic "Sister" beyond the Irish Sea.

The friend to whom the letter was written—from South America—had asked was it true that the Imperial Government was steadily losing Five Million Pounds per annum on Ireland. Here is what Roger Casement wrote in reply:

"The £5,000,000 per annum is one of the silliest of all the lies. You may tell your friends, the Enemy, that when the books are produced the shoe will be very much on the other foot. I have knowledge by the month and I know what I am saying. Ireland can, and does, more than pay her way today, and half her revenue under the existing Treaty between the two Kingdoms (the Act of Union) is absorbed by England!

"That is to say, out of the £12,000,000 she raises, £6,000,000 is spent in Great Britain. Great Britain herself raises roughly £140,000,000 per annum. Does she permit Germany, say, or France to collect £70,000,000 of that for their factories? But that is what she does with the Irish Revenue. She appropriates a full half of it to support British industries in what she terms the supply of the Irish public departments, i.e., *clothing, booting, helmeting, gunning, cartridging, buttoning, shirting and underclothing* our police; entirely supplying our Post Office, our Light House, our Admiralty and our Military departments as well as *lifting* the entire rental of the country, formerly paid to landlords and now paid to "the Treasury"; in other words to John Bull.

"The greatest lie of all is this one of John Bull transferring money to Ireland; of his "gift" of £100,000,000 to the Irish tenant farmers. Why, the thing is just the other way. In order to permit Irish farmers to buy their farms from Irish landlords John Bull has appropriated the rentals of Ireland to English financial uses. *Not a pound of the so-called purchase money goes from England to Ireland;* it is a question of stock and scrip on the London market, and the landlord's purchase money is invested in England, not in Ireland, but the refund of the "purchase" money by Ireland does go from Ireland straight to England.

"If Ireland had had an internal government the settlement of her land question would have been an internal one, and the exchange of money and the transfer of deed would have contributed to the national wealth, instead of, as now, impoverishing it. If the English *give* Ireland £5,000,000 or one shilling, why don't they produce the books? There is the case in a nutshell. They have kept the accounts for a hundred years but they will not produce them to public audit. Why? *Because they dare not.*

"The robbery of Ireland since the Union has been so colossal, carried on on such a scale, that if the true account current between the two countries were ever submitted to any impartial tribunal England would be clapped in jail; and of course civilisation would be ruined and the Anglo-Saxon with a shaved head would not be a pretty picture!"

This concise and undeniable statement of the financial relations between Ireland and England ever since 1800 to the day our martyr wrote the letter we have quoted, is ignored by the mean Irish slaves who try by all the foul means of their kind to belittle and disparage him; but a discerning, honest English writer, dealing with that letter calmly, critically and reasonably, said of him who had written it:

"His desire was to free Ireland from what he believed to be a bondage which was sapping her very life. He did not acknowledge that any advantage could accrue to Ireland from her association with England, and believed, until it became his political gospel, that England kept Ireland in thraldom to suit her own strategic and commercial ends. To Casement, Ireland had suffered at the hands of England for centuries, and it was time that an end was put to her sufferings."

It was not because Roger Casement was a starry-eyed idealist, a romantic, a dreamer, a champion of lost causes, that the English tried to kill him on his way to Germany, that they seized him when he came home to take his place among the freedom fighters of 1916, flung him into the Tower of London, put him on trial under an obscure, antiquated law, allowed an unscrupulous political opponent to be his prosecutor and to refuse him even the legal courtesies of the vaunted British Constitution, spread an infamous lie about his private life all over the earth, hanged him on August 3, 1916, flung him into a quicklime grave between two notorious criminals and have refused his martyred remains to Ireland ever since.

These things were done because, like Erskine Childers, he knew the lying, hypocritical ruling class of England through and through and could teach the men of Ireland how to deal with and overcome their lying and their treachery and their greed. For this he was hated, for this he was maligned, for this they killed his body and for forty-three years, with the aid of degraded and despicable Irishmen, have been trying to destroy the shining glory of his memory and his name.

CONFUSION AND MALICE

THE senior counsel employed to defend Roger Casement at his trial in June, 1916, was Serjeant Sullivan, a son of the A. M. Sullivan to whom reference was made several times in the 1958 *Annual.* Serjeant Sullivan was a bitter opponent of the Irish Freedom movement all his life and there was no bond of sympathy or understanding between him and his client. He retired from the case on the plea of a nervous breakdown and mental blackout and the defence had to be continued by junior counsel.

Forty years later when discussion had again flared up in Ireland and in England about the forged diaries by means of which it was sought to destroy Roger Casement's good name, Sullivan was reported to have said that in an interview with him in 1916, Roger Casement had gloried in the acts of moral degeneracy attributed to him in the forged diaries and declared that greater men than he had acted in the same way.

Charitable minds have come to the conclusion that the old lawyer in his dotage (remember he said that his mind was in a state of confusion from fatigue in 1916) was recalling something written by Roger Casement some nine days before his trial when he was endeavouring to show that his "treason" against his country's enemies had many parallels in history.

Here is a letter he wrote hurriedly at the time, asking some of his friends to deliver it at once to Mrs. Green, the historian:

"What I want to establish is this—not that I did not commit high treason, because that of course I committed openly and knowingly, but that I did not act dishonourably or treacherously. The Crown really want to convict me not so much of the offence at law as of the mean, dastardly 'betrayal of my country.' *I want to show the very thing I did has been done again and again by far greater men, by the noblest men in history, men whom the English nation are asked to honour and praise forever.*"

He was being arraigned in England as a traitor because he had asked an enemy of Ireland's oppressor to help Ireland's faithful sons in an effort to end the oppression of hundreds of years—and Ireland was his native land, not England. Poles, Austrians, Czechs, Bohemians had been lauded by England for acting in the very same way when the opportunity arose to break their country's chains, and he was being tried as a traitor because he had done it for Ireland, the land of his birth and of his allegiance. What had been a virtue in others had become a mortal sin on his part because England was the oppressor and Ireland the oppressed. We can dismiss with pity the doddering "recollection" of the old pro-English lawyer, but we can have only scorn and contempt for Irishmen in their prime who accepted it as proof of the moral degeneracy of a great and noble man whose very name they were unworthy to mention.

A FINE HISTORICAL BALLAD BY ROGER CASEMENT

MANY ballads in English have been written about the Rising of 1641. Many pens, too, have told in prose and in verse the stirring story of the Battle of Benburb, but we think this fine ballad by Roger Casement is not as well known as it deserves to be and so we give it here for its noble writer's sake as well as for its own. It was written many years before Ruairí of the Gael found spiritual peace and certainty among the majority of the Irish people, so it is interesting to see that in the last verse he refers to the Catholic Church as the Church of God. The ballad has other marks that make it remarkable coming from a supposedly non-Catholic mind. The opening lines refer to the Flight of the Earls in 1607 and the Plantation of Ulster by James I and the banishment of the Irish owners to the hills. The O'Neill referred to in the second verse is Hugh, who triumphed over the English general, Bagenal, at the Battle of the Yellow Ford in 1593. When the ballad was first published it was prefaced by this note relating to the Battle of Benburb:—

"This battle was fought on June 5, 1646, between the Scots, fighting for the English Parliament and under the command of General Monroe, and the Irish under Owen Roe O'Neill. Monroe had 6,000 foot and 600 horse, O'Neill 5,000 foot and 500 horse. Both armies were well led and were trained and disciplined troops; but the Irish had the advantage of position, and the contest was well and long sustained, and ended in a great Irish victory. The Scots left more than 3,000 dead on the field. Monroe himself fled without hat or cloak to Lisburn, and baggage, cannon and military stores fell into the hands of the victors."

Since treason triumphed when O'Neill was forced to foreign flight,
The ancient people felt the heel of Scotch usurper's might,
The barren hills of Ulster held a race proscribed and banned,
Who from their lofty refuge viewed their own so fertile land.
Their churches in the sunny vales, the homes that once were theirs
Torn from them and their faith to feed some canting minion's prayers.
O Lord, from many a cloudy hill then streamed our prayers to Thee,
And, like the dawn on summer hills that only watchers see,
Thy glorious hope shone on us long before the sleeping foe
Knew that their doom had broken on the sword of Owen Roe.

'Twas dawn of a fair June morning while Blackwater still drew grey
His valley'd mists about him, that we saw at Killylea,
The Scottish colours waving as they headed to the ford
Where never foeman waded yet but paid it with the sword;
And fair it was to see them in the golden morning light
Climb up the hill by Caledon and turn them to the right;

And as they neared the Yellow Ford where Bagenal met O'Neill,
Joy gathered in their throats and broke above the cannon's peal.
And oh ! a thrill went through our ranks, as straining to the foe,
Like hounds in leash we panted for the word of Owen Roe.

Not yet—although O'Farrell's horse came riding in amain.
Not yet—although fierce Cunningham pursues with slackened rein.
Not yet—although in skirmish and in many a scattered fight
We hold them: still with waiting eye O'Neill smiles in despite.
Till, slanting on our backs the sun full in their faces fell,
Then blinding axe and battle spear rose with a sudden swell.
"For God and Church and Country now, upon them every man,
But hold your strength until ye feel them scarce a pike-length's span,
Then, Red Hand ever uppermost, strike home your strongest blow ! "
And with a yell our feet outsped the words of Owen Roe.

Like heaving lift of yellow wave that drags the sandy shore
On with it to its foaming fall our rushing pikemen wore.
Horse, foot, and guns and falling flags, like streamers of sea-wrack
Torn from their dripping hold on one broad swell of carnage back,
Stout Blayney's gallant horse withstood that seething tide in vain;
It bore them down, and redder raced with life blood of the slain.
One regiment only fought its way from out that gallant fight,
And Conway slew two horses on the Newry road that night,
While Monroe fled so fast he left both hat and wig to show
How full the breeze that lifted up the flag of Owen Roe.

Ho ! Ironsides of Cromwell, ye've got grimmer work to do
Than when on Naseby's ruddy morn your ready swords you drew—
Than when your headlong charges routed Rupert's tried and best,
Ere yet the glare of battle fainted in the loyal West.
Those swords must break a stouter foe ere ye break Erin's weal
Or stamp your bloody title deeds with Erin's bloodier seal.
The dead men of Elizabeth's red reign for comrades call;
The Scots we sent today have need of ye to bear their pall.
There's room for Undertakers still and none will say ye No
To such fair holdings, measured by the sword of Owen Roe.

Ho ! ring your bells, Kilkenny Town: ho ! Dublin burghers pass
In open day, with open brow, to celebrate the Mass.
The sword of state that Tudor hate laid sore on Church of God
Hath fallen here with shattered hilt and vain point in the sod.
Ho ! holy Rinuccini, and ye lords of the Pale,
Lay by your sheets of parchment and put on your sheeted mail,
For God hath spoke in battle and His Face the foe is toward,
And ye must hold by valour still what He hath freed by sword.
Yea, God in fight hath spoken and through cloud had bent His Bow
In wrath upon the routed, but in hope o'er Owen Roe.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

ON page 86 of last year's *Annual* we gave a true story that made some of today's "Commonwealth patriots" look astonished and, we hope, ashamed. It was the story of the friendship between an honest Englishman and an Irish bishop who was proud to be called a Fenian. We quoted the remarkable and moving words spoken by the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert, to Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, a great-hearted English Catholic landowner who espoused the cause of the Irish people when they were fighting for their homes and their lives over seventy years ago, and who became so active and so vocal on their behalf that Dublin Castle arrested him and condemned him to a term of imprisonment in Galway Jail.

To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt his friend, Most Rev. Patrick Duggan, told a good deal of the history of Ireland and declared that until the last English soldier had departed out of Ireland and the last acre of Irish soil was handed back to the people from whom it had been robbed by force of arms, the war between Ireland and England would have to go on, whether Ireland's defenders were many or few, whether they were denounced or applauded by sleek politicians in well-paid positions of power or by any other body of Anglicised Irishmen.

We recall with respect and affection the honest and spirited Englishman who called Dr. Duggan *A Saint and a Fenian*, because in 1916, when Roger Casement spoke so bravely and impressively and truthfully from the dock where he was exhibited to the world and was about to be condemned to a criminal's death on the scaffold as a traitor *to his country's enemies*, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt once more proved what a fine and generous man he was by openly expressing his admiration for the "traitor" and by telling Asquith, the British Prime Minister, that shame and blame would be his portion in English history because of his part in the condemnation and death of Roger Casement.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, link between two generations of struggle for justice and freedom in Ireland, said of Roger Casement's speech from the dock that it was "the finest document in patriotic history" and he wrote: "I read it with tears of anger and delight that anything so perfect in thought and word should have come from the mouth of a man of our time condemned to death. And condemned by whom?"

Blunt said further of Casement's speech from the dock that he should like to see it "distributed throughout the world. It would help to shrivel our politicians out of public life and revolutionise international law. Is there any means of communicating with the condemned? I should like to write him what I think. It is a splendid recollection for me that he spent a day with me two years ago and that we afterwards had a short correspondence."

It was not the splendid last utterance of Roger Casement that was

distributed throughout the world, but a filthy criminal forgery which sought to blast his reputation and erase his name from the roll of decent men. In that sordid, sinful distribution Englishmen of every grade took part, from King George V to the lowest lawyer and the meanest journalist in London.

But Wilfrid Scawen Blunt has linked the name of the "traitor" and the "moral degenerate" with the name of him whom he called "a Saint and a Fenian," and for that courageous gesture we bless his own honoured and illustrious name.

FEALL GRÁNNA

NUAIR bhí laochra 1916 ag tabhairt 'n-a bhféin agus a gcompánaighthe beo fáiscthe isteach i gcarcaraibh Shasana nó ar a gcimeád i nÉirinn, daoradh Ruairí uasal tír-ghrádhach MacEasmuinn chun báis.

Níor ghéill sé ar feadh móimeinte amháin do námhaid Éireann; níor iarr sé orra bheith trócairseach leis; ach labhair sé go dána neamh-eaglach agus é os comhair na cúirte thall i Lionndain Shasana agus dubhairt go raibh bród is áthas croí air a anam do thabhairt ar son na tíre gur thug sé grádh is dílseacht a chroidhe di abhfad roimhe sin.

Tháinig sclábhuidhthe áirithe le chéile i mBaile Átha Cliath an tam san—baill de Chonnradh na Gaedhilge formhór díobh—agus chuireadar impidhe agus athchuinge chuig Rialtas Shasana, ad iarraidh orra trócaire bheith aca do Ruairí Mac Easmuinn agus gan é chur chun báis.

'Níl aon cháil air i nÉirinn' a deir na hÉireannaigh meatta so; "níl aon mheas air ná aon ait fé leith aige i gcroidhthibh Gaedheal. Go deimhin féin a uaisle, níl aithne ná eolas ag muintir na tíre seo air, fiú amháin. Ach má cuirtear chun báis é béidh sé na mhartar agus béidh díobháil déanta do chúis na hImpireachta i nÉirinn. Ná déinidh martar de, a uaisle!'

Ar an ócáid chéadna thug na hÉireannaigh meatta so masladh dos na laochra uaisle do shábháil onóir agus anam na hÉireann, do laochra na Cásga.

"Níor aontuigheamar leis an dream allta úd," arsa siad, "agus ní aontuighmíd le Mac Easmuinn." Agus leanadar leo ag tromaidheacht ar cosantóirí no Poblachta agus a ndícheall á dhéanamh aca cur ina luighe ar na dúnmarbhóirí thall go rabhdar dílis do Choróin agus do Rialtas Shasana.

Agus dearbhuighdear arís, go bréagach tarcuisneach, nach raibh aithne ná eolas, meas ná grádh ag muinn tir na tíre seo ar Ruairí uasal dílis MacEasmuinn.

Go maithidh Dia dóibh é!

—CONN Ó NÉILL.

A BRAVE AND GALLANT GERMAN

THE German military authorities did not keep faith with Roger Casement, but one brave man deserves mention and praise wherever and whenever the tragic story of Easter, 1916, is being told.

He was Karl Spindler, Captain of *The Aud*, the German vessel that came with a cargo of 20,000 rifles and a big supply of ammunition to speed the fight here. It was a poor cargo compared with what Casement expected and was promised, but it was something and Karl Spindler was determined to reach an Irish harbour or die in the attempt.

The Aud sailed from Germany on April 9, disguised as a Norwegian cargo vessel and, after successfully eluding British patrols and weathering a terrific storm, arrived off the Kerry coast—too soon ! That caused the whole catastrophe in Kerry and paralysed activities in the South by leaving the I.R.A. there without arms and equipment. But no blame lay with the brave German skipper, who did his duty from first to last like a man and a soldier of the sea.

The arms were not to be landed until Easter Sunday night ; that was the definite order from Dublin. This request had been sent to Germany via U.S.A., but when it arrived there *The Aud* had already sailed—and she carried no wireless apparatus.

Those waiting for her never doubted that she had received the message, and when the Kerry Brigade I.R.A. sent a pilot boat to Inis Tuaisceart late on Sunday night *The Aud* was not there, nor anywhere on the waters of the world.

She had arrived on Holy Thursday, had been challenged by a British patrol vessel on Friday, and a little while later had been surrounded by enemy warships and made a prisoner.

It was a terrible ending to an enterprise that up to then had met with almost incredible success. And the most heartrending thing connected with it was that the pilot who was to bring *The Aud* to Fenit pier actually saw her some time before she was expected, but knowing the hour of her arrival had not come made no move to get in touch with her and made no report to Austin Stack and his fellow-workers about the matter.

Captain Spindler was as downcast about the capture as his enemies were jubilant. But he had the last word. As *The Aud* was being towed into Cobh Harbour he suddenly gave an order ; the brave old boat was blown up and she and her precious cargo went to the bottom of the sea, the Captain and his crew escaping a similar fate by moments. And Karl Spindler lived to tell the tale.

PRAYERS FOR A PATRIOT

PRIESTS and nuns and children—the chosen of God—were attracted to Roger Casement, the Protestant patriot and humanitarian, many long years before he even thought of embracing the Faith in which he had been baptised as a child. There was something so fine and good and clean and noble in all his ways that those who revered such qualities and the rich possessors of them were drawn to him at once, wherever his duties and ideals brought him, and they cherished their memories of him through all the after years.

From a convent in South America a letter came to the editor of the *Wolfe Tone Annual* twenty-six years ago (the writer of it is still living, thank God, still a reader of the *Annual,* still true to the cause and the memory of all who suffered and died for Ireland) and in that message light was thrown on the fine character and reverent mind of this great and noble Irishman. "Have I ever told you," asked the writer of the letter, "that some of our nuns had the privilege of meeting Roger Casement when he visited Barbados many years ago? He was suffering at the time from a severe pain in his ear and one of the nuns gave him a Sacred Heart badge and a wee medal of Our Lady, suggesting to him that he should pray for relief from the pain.

"He wrote later to thank her and said he was wearing the badge and medal and saying prayers every day to the Mother of God. On his return to Ireland he sent the nuns a beautiful large, white Celtic Cross, which they have kept ever since as a precious treasure.

"The nun who had the honour of knowing him best," the letter continued, "often told me about Ruairí of the Gael. She said he was a true gentleman and a true patriot . . . A few of the nuns here were praying ceaselessly for him when the news came of his capture and imprisonment. A holy old nun who was an invalid and who died soon after Roger Casement's execution, was constantly pleading with Our Lord for him, when she was told his sad but glorious story.

"We simply could not keep him out of our thoughts and prayers at the time of his death. We did not know, of course, until afterwards that he had become a Catholic. May his noble soul rest in peace!"

Amen, a Thiarna, and the noble souls of all the known and unknown soldiers of the Gael who, in the past and in these our own memorable days, have gone bravely through the valley of death for the sake of their beloved Motherland.

O STARRY HOST!

O starry host, our comrades still,
Who faced the bullet, or the cord,
Ours is the common fortune till
We conquer with your spirit-sword.

—GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT.

THE FOOL

PADRAIC PEARSE might have been thinking of the life and fate of his comrade, Roger Casement, when he sat down in the quiet of his room at St. Enda's to write his haunting poem, *The Fool*. Casement gave everything with which God had endowed him, everything he owned, everything he earned, to the people and the cause of the land he loved—gave constantly, unselfishly, with both hands and with all the love of his generous heart—and in the end when he gave his liberty and his life, men called him a fool and some, who were mean in their minds and unworthy to speak for him or of him, said that he was mad. Others like them spoke similarly of Emmet and of Pearse himself. Pearse gloried in such noble and holy foolishness when he wrote:

Since the wise men have not spoken, I speak that am only a fool;
A fool that has lived his folly,
Yea, more than the wise men their books or their counting houses, or their quiet homes,
Or their fame in men's mouths;
A fool that in all his days hath done never a prudent thing,
Never hath counted the cost, nor recked if another reaped
The fruit of his mighty sowing, content to scatter the seed;
A fool that is unrepentant, and that soon at the end of all
Shall laugh in his lonely heart as the ripe ears fall to the reaping-hooks
And the poor are filled that were empty,
Though he go hungry.

I have squandered the splendid years that the Lord God gave to my youth
In attempting impossible things, deeming them alone worth the toil.
Was it folly or grace? Not men shall judge me, but God.
I have squandered the splendid years:
Lord, if I had the years I would squander them over again,
Aye, fling them from me!
For this I have heard in my heart, that a man shall scatter, not hoard,
Shall do the deed of today, nor take thought of tomorrow's teen,
Shall not bargain or huxter with God; or was it a jest of Christ's
And is this my sin before men, to have taken Him at His word?

The lawyers have sat in council, the men with the keen, long faces,
And said, "This man is a fool", and others have said, "He blasphemeth";
And the wise have pitied the fool that hath striven to give a life
In the world of time and space among the bulks of actual things,
To a dream that was dreamed in the heart, and that only the heart could hold.

O wise men, riddle me this: what if the dream come true?
What if the dream come true? and if millions unborn shall dwell
In the house that I shaped in my heart, the noble house of my thought?
Lord, I have staked my soul, I have staked the lives of my kin
On the truth of Thy dreadful word. Do not remember my failures,
But remember this my faith.

And so I speak.
Yea, ere my hot youth pass, I speak to my people and say:
Ye shall be foolish as I; ye shall scatter, not save;
Ye shall venture your all, lest ye lose what is more than all;
Ye shall call for a miracle, taking Christ at His word.
And for this I will answer, O people, answer here and hereafter,
O people that I have loved shall we not answer together?

THE LAST BATTLE

AS he thought of his dead comrades of Easter Week in the condemned cell of his prison in London just after he had been sentenced to death, Roger Casement could not help crying out from his tortured heart: "My fate, my dreadful fate, is to be reserved only for a doom of shame"; but later, on the eve of his execution, when his soul was at peace and his thoughts filled only with love of God and of Ireland, he was enabled to look on the gallows tree, not as a place of shame but of glory and of joy.

"I shall die with my sins forgiven," he wrote, "and God's pardon on my soul, and I shall die with many brave and good men . . .

"Think of the long succession of the dead who died for Ireland—and it is a great death. O, that I may support it bravely! If it be said I shed tears, remember they come not from cowardice but from sorrow; and brave men are not ashamed to weep sometimes . . .

"It is a glorious death for Ireland's sake with Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, with Robert Emmet and the men of '98 and William Orr—all for the same cause, all in the same way. Surely it is the most glorious cause in history—'ever defeated yet undefeated.'"

Compare the mean words of the slavish petitioners of English hate and injustice, with every noble utterance of the lone and helpless prisoner from whom they sought to withdraw even the love and respect of the thousands of Irish men and women who were pouring out their hearts for him in prayer, and get a clear idea of what drags down a country's cause into the mire and of what lifts it up in proud beauty and grandeur before the eyes of all who love truth and justice and bravery and unselfish sacrifice.

When Robert Emmet refused to make open confession of his mortal sins against the British Empire, the word was sent out across the world

by the proprietors of the English Lie that he had died the death of an infidel. Because Roger Casement would not confess publicly that he too had sinned against the same blessed Empire, an English Cardinal refused to give him the Sacrament of Confirmation, refused to empower the prison chaplain to receive him, who as a child had been baptised a Catholic, into the Church of Christ !

The gentle and loving and merciful Saviour saw to it that the grace of a happy death would not be denied this humble and noble man, despite the uncharitable prejudices and imperialism of Cardinal Bourne. Father Crotty in Germany, Father Ring, Father Carey and Father McCarroll in London met him with sympathy and assistance, like true priests of God, when he was groping through clouds of darkness and temptation, seeking the comfort and light and peace of the Catholic Church.

It was no smooth, sunny path he had to walk when he tried to enter the Church of God. " I am not on a rock," he wrote in one of his prison letters, " but on a bed of thorns." Fr. Carey had explained to him " that if he desired to become a Catholic and to die one, it must be, not because it was the religion of the Irish people, or from any such motive, but because he had convinced himself that it was the one true Church and religion, and that his duty to God and to his own soul demanded the change " (from the religion in which he had been brought up).

" He readily saw this," writes one who was close to him, " and then intellectually fought every step of the way until, in the end, he had convinced himself that there was no choice for him, as he put it, between the Catholic Church and religious anarchy, between the infallibility of the Pope and religious chaos. God gave him the grace to see clearly and understand fully every point advanced by the priest who instructed him and in the end his intellect accepted everything that his heart had so long loved."

Fr. Carey, a Limerickman, had become so close a friend of Roger Casement in those days of instruction and heart to heart converse, he considered it would be wise to ask some other priest to hear the convert's first confession. He selected Fr. Ring, a Corkman who had been ordained for the diocese of Kerry but had joined the English Mission. Fr. McCarroll was a Scotsman.

So great had the prisoner's love become for his new-found spiritual home, so humble and faith-filled and reverent were his great mind and heart that when he came to the door of the prison chapel to make his first confession he took off his shoes, saying that he stood on holy ground. Then he divested himself of the prison jacket, so that he might, in as far as he could, make his submission to the Catholic Church in the garb of a freeman.

During the long, happy years of intercourse with the lovable people of the Irish Gaeltacht he had often wondered what it was in them that he loved so much and wished might be his as well. Now he knew it was the strength and brightness and tenderness and patience and joy and fortitude of their simple, deathless faith in God—treasures that now were

his at last. He found them in overflowing measure, those graces and blessings that might never have been his had he not walked through pain and suffering by the side of Ireland's heroic dead to the scaffold at Pentonville in London, and his soul was flooded with faith and love and peace and happiness in those last hours on earth.

IT was very probably Fr. Ring who, in the days following the martyrdom of one of Ireland's greatest sons and most faithful lovers, supplied to the *Catholic Bulletin* an account of the last great battle and also some authentic information regarding Roger Casement's childhood. He was born in 1864. His father, Roger Casement, was a Protestant, and his mother, Anne Jephson, was a Catholic. He was baptised as a baby in a Protestant church in the Isle of Man. But on August 5th, 1868, before he was four years old, his mother took him with her other children to the Catholic church in Rhyl, and had them all baptised conditionally. Young as he was then, he remembered all his life that he was "sprinkled with water" by the priest on that occasion, but he was not quite certain of the nature of the ceremony until, after his conviction and sentence, Father Carey procured from Rhyl a copy of the record in the Register of Baptisms there.

Soon after this ceremony he lost his mother, and he was educated and brought up a Protestant by his Protestant relatives. He identified himself with the Protestant Church in Ireland. But, from his tender years, he had a passionate love for his country and his countrymen. He felt that no one could love the Irish people "without loving the religion which made them what they are." And though a Protestant in intellect, he was a Catholic in sympathy. His heart always revolted against the attacks made by his co-religionists on the Catholic faith; and in spite of many inducements and invitations he never became a Freemason, because that body was anti-Catholic in Ireland. The public will remember that when he made the world ring with the horrors of Putumayo, he stated to the Government that, if any good was to be done there by any religious body, it could be done only by a Catholic Mission. And when the Franciscan Fathers, of Forest Gate, London, were chosen for the Mission, through his instrumentality, he attended the farewell service to the Missioners there, and was the first layman to go up and kiss their hands.

In spite of his strong sympathies, he never contemplated becoming a Catholic himself. He had had some talks on religion with a priest in Germany, but a Protestant he remained. And after having been sentenced to death on June 29th, he entered Pentonville Prison, intellectually, a Protestant. He registered, however, as a Catholic, because he wished to spend the last days of his life amongst his own, and he thought that he was more likely to meet a countryman in the priest than in the parson. In this hope he was not disappointed, for the Rev. Thomas Carey, M.R., Rector of the Catholic church, Eden Grove, Holloway, London, N., and Catholic Chaplain to Pentonville Prison, proved a Heaven-sent friend.

Under his spiritual care and that of his curate, Fr. McCarroll, Roger Casement was until his execution on August 3rd, 1916.

On that fateful day Fr. McCarroll said Mass at the prison, gave Roger Casement his first and last Communion, and assisted him to make his thanksgiving and to gain a plenary indulgence. Soon after eight, Fathers Carey and Ring came to the prison for the final scene. When they entered the condemned cell, Roger Casement asked when the execution was to take place. Father Carey answered, nine o'clock. Casement added, "Good." He then thanked Father Carey, whom he addressed as his "Prison Father," for having instructed and brought him to the knowledge of the true Faith, assured him that he "wholly accepted, wholly believed, and wholly trusted in the Divine Plan—Christ's Catholic Church," that he wished for a few years more of life for one reason only, that he might show what a loyal son of the Catholic Church he was, and that he had joined her from conviction and not from any other motive. He said that he did not fear death, that he freely returned to God the life and faculties God had given him, hoping that in some way it would benefit his country. And finally he asked Father Carey to inform the Archbishop of Dublin that he had that morning made his first Communion.

Father Carey then gave the Papal Blessing with the plenary indulgence attached; Rosary beads and other blessed objects were on the little table. These Father Carey carefully placed in Roger Casement's coat pocket. All three knelt down, and Father Carey leading, Roger Casement followed him uninterruptedly in prayer for nearly three quarters of an hour.

The hour of execution struck at last, and, to the knock at the cell door, Father Carey answered, "Ready." Father McCarroll had by this time arrived, and all three priests leading, Roger Casement followed, repeating the final ejaculations. There was little time, for only forty seconds elapsed from the moment the officers began to pinion him until he was a dead man. He marched firmly to the scaffold. He was six feet two inches, and as he stood, erect as an arrow, on the scaffold, he looked even taller. His last words were, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. Lord Jesus, receive my soul." He received the final absolution as the bolt was drawn. The prayers for the departed were said; and a few hours after he was buried in the prison grounds, Father McCarroll officiating. His dispositions to face his Creator, his sorrow for the sins of his life, his trust in God's mercy, were, as far as the clergy could judge, perfect, and they all three felt that he had gone to heaven. He died with all the faith and piety of an Irish Catholic as if he had been brought up to it from his youth. It is right to add that he was treated in Pentonville Prison with every humanity and consideration. The Commissioner of Prisons readily granted every request made by Father Carey for his spiritual welfare, and Roger Casement developed an affection for his jailers. To all this, and to the edifying scene within the prison on the morning of the execution, there was one jarring note, namely, the cheers from the crowd outside, reverberating even through

the prison corridors, as a tolling bell announced that the execution had taken place. Such was the last chapter in the life of a celebrated Irishman. It must be remembered that, after God's grace, the many prayers and Masses that were offered up in many places for him, and other supernatural influences, it was his love for Ireland and the Irish people that was instrumental in bringing him to the true faith, and thus enabling him to die a convinced and fervent Catholic though he had lived till near the end a convinced Protestant.

So edifying were the closing hours of his unselfish life, so filled was he with desire for the welcome of God in the peace of Heaven, that one of the prison chaplains said of him after that fateful Third of August, 1916: "He was a saint. We should be praying *to* him rather than *for* him"; and the priest who accompanied him to the scaffold wrote: "He marched to the scaffold with the dignity of a prince and towered straight as an arrow over all of us there. He feared not death and prayed with me to the last. I have no doubt he has gone to Heaven."

When the tyrants, the traducers and the slaves are long forgotten, Roger Casement will hold his honoured place in the grateful heart of Ireland, beside all the brave and faithful ones of the remote and recent past who stood up unselfishly for her sake against mean, unscrupulous and powerful enemies, against foreign invaders and native slaves, and laid down their gallant lives that one day her "four green fields," every sod of her God-given territory, might be free of the greedy invader.

Because of their unselfishness, their true patriotism, their fearless courage, their unwavering fidelity and faith and hope, this land of ours will one day stand forth before the world in the light of peace and freedom. On that blessed day no one of all her patriot dead will be given more praise and honour and love and proud remembrance than Rory of the Gael.

THE DEAD WHO DIED FOR IRELAND

HE dead who died for Ireland!
Ah, these are living words,
To nerve the hearts of patriots,
To steel avenging swords.
They thrill the soul when spoken,
And lowly bends the head
With reverence for the memories
Of all our martyred dead.

The dead who died for Ireland!
The noble ones, the best,
Who gave their lives for Motherland,
Who poured upon her breast,
In freedom's cause, the blood she gave;
Who with their dying breath
Sent prayers to God to heal her woes:
Then sealed their love in death.

The dead who died for Ireland!
How hallowed are their graves!
With all the memories fresh and green,
O, how could we be slaves!
How could we patient clang the chain!
How could we fawn and bow!
How could we crouch like mongrels
'Neath the keeper's frowning brow!

Ye dare not, men of Ireland!
Ye dare not thus disgrace
The dead who died for Ireland,
The guardians of your race.
'Twere the blackest sin to bear the yoke;
'Twere crime to kiss the rod:
Their very blood would rise and cry
For vengeance unto God!

The dead who died for Ireland!
Ah, what a sea of woes,
What depths of foul oppression
Do those burning words disclose!
On the field and on the scaffold,
And wherever men could die,
They gave their precious lives
Without a murmur or a sigh.

Be proud, ye men of Ireland!
Be proud of those who died.
Never men o'er all the earth
Had greater, nobler cause for pride.
Teach and strive and fight for freedom,
And again the call will rise
Of the dead who died for Ireland,
To cheer you to the prize.

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