

TÍR ÉIRA

PATRIOTISM

THE VOICE
OF THE
REPUBLICAN
NORTH

Vol. 2

No. 7

JUNE 1964

LUAC 4d.

PEARSE SPEAKS!

"The Holiest Place in Ireland"

FROM the lonely grave in Bodenstown where the mortal remains of Theobald Wolfe Tone have lain for over 160 years, sprang the living Republic of Ireland for which the men of 1803, 1848, 1916, 1922, of 1939 and 1956 gave their lives; and to that grave, every heart that truly loves Ireland and hopes to see her free from every link with the British Empire, from every shred of English influence, will ever turn for inspiration, with love, with reverence and with pride.

"We have come to the Holiest place in Ireland, holier to us even than the sacred spot where Patrick sleeps in Down, Patrick brought us life, but this man died for us."

Thus spoke Patrick Pearse to the silent thousands who stood around. Tone's grave in Bodenstown churchyard, and none who heard him considered the solemnly spoken words either thoughtless, extravagant, or lacking in Reverence, for the mission in the name of Patrick. The inspiration that was in the speaker's mind, communicated itself to that great host and his meaning was as clear to them as if Patrick himself, who sleeps in Down had come and spoken to the gael again. There was a manly declaration of Irish faith, a simple statement of an imperishable truth. The life that Patrick brought to the people of Ireland was in deadly danger. The destructive forces of ruthless, pagan imperialism had set themselves deliberately, the fiendish task of killing that precious life, even if in doing so, they were to kill every man, woman and child to whom it was dear and sacred. And when it seemed that the pagan destroyers were at last about to be successful of Ireland down into the mud of the earth, and when the light of hope seemed quenched for ever, this

one man Theobald Wolfe Tone, stood up in the path of the forces of destruction and challenged their further progress; stood between them, and the life they would destroy, and vowed that his life would be given before the hellish design of imperialism should be accomplished pagan.

He was true to his word. He gave up home and comfort and love and ease and security to battle for the life that was in sore danger of death; and he laid down his life for the people of Ireland, and for that spiritual life—the gift of God through Patrick—that was dearer to them than the riches of the whole earth.

Can we doubt that Patrick himself, Patrick the fearless fighter, Patrick the lover of manly men, Patrick the generous hearted, and the humble, would be the first to name Wolfe Tone "the greatest of our dead" as Pearse named him 51 years ago in Bodenstown? Can we doubt that Patrick, were he in our midst to-day, would pour scorn on the mean slaves who, pretending with a hypocritical pretence to praise Pearse, accuse him of heresy because he said that the resting place of the greatest of our dead, of him who died to save the life that Patrick brought us, was the holiest spot in Ireland?

WHY WE WANT RECRUITS

Because we have undertaken a service which we believe to be of vital importance to our Country, and because that service needs whatever there is of manly stuff in Ireland for its effective rendering.

WE WANT RECRUITS

Because we have a standard to rally them to. It is not a new standard, raised for the first time

by the men of a new generation. It is an old standard which has been borne by many generations of Irish men, which have gone into many battles, which has looked down upon much glory and upon much sorrow; which has been a sign to be contradicted, but which shall yet shine as a star. There is no other standard in the world so august as the standard we bear; and it is the only standard which the men of Ireland may bear without abandoning their ancient allegiance. Individual Irishmen have sometimes fought under other standards; Ireland as a whole has never fought under any other.

WE WANT RECRUITS

Because we have a faith to give them, and a hope with which to inspire them. They are a faith and a hope which have been handed down from generation to generation of Irish men and women unto this last. The faith is one, that Ireland is inviolate, that Ireland is worthy

[continued on page 2]

Talk A Waste Of Time

Major C. B. Clark, Master of Co. Down Grand Orange Lodge, speaking at a dedication ceremony recently in Castledawson, said that Mr. De Valera was completely wasting his time when he preached that Ireland should be united.

We heartily endorse this statement of Major Clark's. Republicans have consistently preached that talking is a complete waste of time. Action speaks louder than words—and gets results.

Mr. Cahir Healy, Nationalist M.P., is the latest person to recognise the utter futility of achieving results by talk. During a recent debate on Discrimination at Stormont Mr. Healy admitted, "I have come to the conclusion that one might as well be speaking to a millstone as addressing matters of this kind to members on opposite benches." And this, after 40 years!

PILGRIMAGE TO BODENSTOWN

The Annual Pilgrimage to Bodenstown will take place on Sunday 21st June. Buses will leave the National Graves Association Premises, 54 Cyprus Street, on Sunday morning 21st June at 8.45 a.m. sharp, returning from Dublin 11.30 p.m. Taille 35/-. Those intending to travel should contact any members of the Committee at the above address.

ABSTENTION

The question of abstention has been a very contentious one in the Irish Political arena for a great number of years. At every Election time, the policy of Abstention v. attendance has been the subject of heated debate at Party Conventions and elsewhere. The Republican attitude on this question has often been stated, but due, mainly to a hostile press, the more important points in these statements has been deliberately ignored.

The protagonists of the non-abstention policy in main—the party political leaders have joisted it on the people by glib and insidious methods. By playing on peoples fears they have etched on their minds the dire results which ensue if they have no one to “speak for them” in the assembly at Westminster, or its satellite assemblies.

Bringing to the notice of the world the evil of partition is the excuse for attendance—what a sad admission of failure of their alleged propaganda machine this past 40 years—the huge meetings in America, England, Scotland and Wales; The 200 “Friends-of-Ireland” among the Labour M.P.s. organised by the late Mr. Mulvey National M.P. for Mid-Ulster whilst he was attending Westminster, but who on the first opportunity they got to do something for partition, instead voted to make it permanent by voting for an amendment to the Government of Ireland 1920 Act which declared that partition could not be abolished without the consent of the Stormont regime—an amendment which was proposed by the Labour Government then in power; The Strasbourg assemblies and United Nations with their international audience and so on.

Surely the long and agonising history of our race up to the present day has shown the utter futility of such a procedure. The one utter truth emerged not in our generation, but from 1798 and before “that the connection with Britain was, and is, the unfailling source of all our evils, political and social.” That same connection which impoverished the country, by exploitation and greed. A system responsible for hardship and poverty.

The history of Irish representatives who strove to maintain that connection, shows nothing but one long trail of disaster. Nothing was ever achieved by their attendance at Westminster.

For centuries, generations of Irish men and women gave freely of their blood in determined and stubborn opposition to Britians “Right” to legislate for one acre of Irish soil.

In 1919 the scene was set in Ireland for the most historic occasion in her long story of bondage—the freely elected representatives of the people met in Dublin, as the first lawfully elected Government of the Republic. To them, the people had

given a mandate that they owed no allegiance to any foreign Government and repudiated England’s “Right” to legislate for Ireland. From its inception in spite of a reign of terror by England to breach the peoples will, that Government showed what it could do if left to its own endeavours. They formulated and brought into being plans well ahead of those times, which covered every aspect of life in the country and which would have gone a long way in building up the security, happiness and prosperity of the nation. Unemployment and all the social evils which England had been responsible for, were to be eradicated. Political and religious tests were to be abolished. Emigration was to be prohibited to a certain extent—an economic council set up; Education was to be something more than a mere apprenticeship for the Imperial Civil Service and Forces. To the world they showed that the Irish people pos-

sessed intelligence, initiative, political foresight and economic planning and the will to prosper if given the opportunity to control their own affairs.

Political parties and groups in Ireland are sometimes stressing the need for Unity. So too has the Republican movement but with a difference. Unity can be achieved—A unity based on the acceptance of the Nation’s right to be free, and in absolute control of its own destinies. Therefore to be sincere in that desire for unity one must realise that the greatest impediment to that unity is attendance at a foreign parliament. Those who attend give that semblance of authority to the British Crown and Government to legislate for Ireland.

Vote for the Republican Candidates in the forthcoming Westminster elections and register your protest against the continued occupation of the Six Counties by England.

Republicans and Westminster Elections

The decision of the Republican organisations to contest all twelve seats in the Imperial Elections is a bold, courageous step, especially when one considers the difficulties with which they will have to contend.

Since 1921 the various political parties and groups displaying Nationalist, Republican and Labour tags have carefully avoided, or perhaps we should say shirked this issue, despite the fact that their organisations were fully equipped to do so, hence the Republican and Nationalist people living in these twelve constituencies were denied the opportunity of showing where their real allegiance lay.

Due to the gerrymandering tactics of England and her Stormont satellites, victories can only be hoped for in three of these constituencies viz—Mid-Ulster, West Belfast and Tyrone-Fermanagh—but such victories have now been nullified by the intervention of Nationalist and Republican-Labour candidates who if elected will take their seats at Westminster to resume the Devlin-Redmond political hypocrisy of fifty years ago—but to all sincere Republicans the winning of seats is a mere secondary matter.

To them and to Republican Ulster in general is now given the opportunity to renew and record once again—as they did in 1918-21 their allegiance to the Irish Republic and its Government as it functioned—de jure and de facto for All-Ireland during those glorious years.

Here is an opportunity for all organisations claiming Republican principles or sympathies to repudiate Westminster and all its works and pomps and also those who

would dabble with such instruments of Imperial policy: Here is an opportunity for ALL to renew their Republican vows, so that Republican Ulster can set an example of REAL UNITY and Patriotic Spirit as we knew it during the Black and Tan terror.

To those of our people who have from one circumstance or another left that road upon which the whole nation had so proudly travelled up to 1921-22—now is the time for them to return to their former places in the ranks.

The blazing bonfires which reddened the hills and towns in celebration of the magnificent victories won by Sinn Féin in the General Elections of 1918 and 1921 were never allowed to completely burn out.

Let resurgent, Republican Ulster kindle them again—let us pile upon them again all our enthusiasm, loyalty, patriotism, sincerity and unified efforts so that their flames will be seen over all-Ireland to light the way for our final struggle and Victory.

Why We Want Recruits

continued from front page]

of all love and all homage and all service that may lawfully be paid to any earthly thing; and the hope is that Ireland may be Free. In a human sense, we have no desire, no ambition but the integrity, the honour, and the Freedom of our native land.

WE WANT RECRUITS

Because we are sure of the rightness of our cause, We have no misgivings, no self-questioning. While others have been doubting, timorous, ill at ease, we have been serenely at peace with our consciences. The recent time of soul searching had no terrors for us. We saw our path with absolute clearness; we took it with absolute deliberateness. “We could no other.” We called upon the great confessions of our national faith, and all was well with us, whatever soul searchings there may be among Irish Political Parties, now or hereafter, we go on in the calm certainty of having done the clear, clean thing. We have the strength and the peace of mind of those who never compromise.

WE WANT RECRUITS

Because we believe that even we are about to place the destinies of Ireland definitely in our hands, and because we want as much help as possible to enable us to bear the burden. The Political leadership is passing to us—not, perhaps, to us as individuals, for none of us are ambitious for leadership; but to our Party, to men of our way of thinking: that is, to the Party and to the men that stand by Ireland only, to the Party and to the men that stand by the nation, to the Party and to the men of one allegiance.

WE WANT RECRUITS

Because we have work for them to do. We do not propose to keep our men idle. We propose to them work—hard work, plenty of work. We would band together all capable of working for Ireland, and give them men’s work.

Join the Republican Movement to-day.

PEARSE’S AWAKENING

Pearse is awakening to the sound of the Horn

When all we young Irishmen shall unite in the morn

The cause is an old one but the age is the new

But this time all we young Irishmen shall carry it right through

With thoughts of Pearse and his comrades in our minds

We’ll fight for our future and never look behind

Our War cry and our aim like Pearse’s will be

Ireland United both Gaelic and Free.

Pearse Again On Tone

If none had ever spoken or written in praise of Wolfe Tone until God sent us Pádraic Pearse to follow in his footsteps and strive to carry his purpose to victory, the praise of him by the chosen spokesmen of the men of 1916 would be sufficient to confound the petty defamers of the great and gallant dead. If it sometimes appears extravagant and exaggerated to the eyes of the materialistic and calculating and cynical, it has the merit of being sincere, and of having been uttered by one who made an intensive study of Wolfe Tone's life and character.

"I would rather have known this man", said Pearse, "than any man of whom I have ever heard or ever read. I have not heard or read of any who had more of heroic stuff in him than he; any that went so gallily and so gallantly about so great a deed; any who loved so well and who was so beloved. To have been this man's friend — what a privilege that would have been! I have always loved the very name of Thomas Russell because Tone so loved him. I do not think there has ever been a more true or loyal friend than Tone. He had for his friends an immense tenderness and charity; and now and then there breaks into what he is writing or saying a gust of passionate love for his wife, for his children. 'O my little babies!' he exclaims. Ah yes, this man could love well; and it was from such love as this that he exiled himself, with such love as this crushed in his faithful heart that he became a weary but indomitable ambassador to courts and camps, with the memory of such love as this, with the little hands of his children plucking at his heart-strings, that he lay down to die in that prison cell! Such is the high and sorrowful destiny of the heroes — to turn their backs to the pleasant paths and their faces to the hard paths, to blind their eyes to the fair things of life, to stifle all sweet music in the heart, the low voices of women and the laughter of little children, and to follow only the far faint call that leads them into the battle or to the leader death at the foot of the gibbet".

Pearse claimed that Wolfe Tone was true heir to the great generations, that he was the first to formulate in worthy terms the gospel of Irish Nationalism, "giving clear definition and plenary meaning to all that had been taught and thought before him by Irish-speaking or by English-speaking men; uttered hali articulately by a Shane O'Neill in some defiance flung at the Englishry, expressed under some passionate metaphor by a Geoffry Keating, hinted at by a Swift in some biting gibe, but clearly and greatly stated by Wolfe Tone, and not needing now ever to be stated for any new generation.

"He has spoken for all time, and his voice resounds throughout Ireland, calling on us from the grave when we wander astray following other voices that ring less true. This is the first part of Wolfe Tone's achievement — he made articulate the dumb voices of the centuries, he gave Ireland a clear and precise and worthy concept of

Nationality. But he did more than this. Not only did he define Irish Nationalism, but he armed his generation in defence of it. Thinker and doer, dreamer of the immortal deed and doer of the immortal deed, we owe to this dead man more than we can ever repay him by making pilgrimages to his grave or by rearing to him the stateliest monument in the streets of his city. To his teaching we owe it that there is such a thing as Irish Nationalism, and to the memory of the deed he nerved his generation to do, to the memory of '98, we owe it that there is any manhood left in Ireland".

Again and again, in speeches, pamphlets and lectures, here at home and among our people abroad, Pearse returned to the subject of Wolfe Tone, as when he said of him "he is, as I believe, the greatest man of our nation; the greatest-hearted and greatest-minded", and when he compared Tone and Mitchel, saying:—"I agree with one who holds that John Mitchel is Ireland's greatest literary figure, that is, of those who have written in English. But I place Tone above him both as a man and a leader of men. Tone's was a broader humanity with as intense a nationality; Tone's was a sunnier nature with as stubborn a soul. But Mitchel stands next to Tone; and these two shall teach you and lead you, O Ireland, if you harken unto them, and not otherwise than as they teach and lead shall you come unto the path of national salvation".

And then when the man who spoke as one inspired for all the unconquered of his land, was preparing for the sacrifice that was to make his name immortal, he wrote again of Tone's teaching and said: "Some of the greatest teachers have been literary men only incidentally; but their teaching has none the less the splendour of great literary utterance. The masters of literature do not always label themselves. When a great soul utters a great truth have we not always great literature? That is why the true gospels of the world are always true literature. Those who have preached the divine worth of faith and justice and charity and freedom have done so in glorious and imperishable words; and the reason is that God speaks through them.

"That God spoke to Ireland through Tone and through those who, after Tone, have taken up his testimony, that Tone's teaching and theirs is true and great and that no other teaching as to Ireland has any truth or worthiness at all, is a

thing upon which I stake all my mortal and all my immortal hopes. And I ask the men and women of my generation to stake their mortal and immortal hopes with me". That the best and bravest and noblest

and most unselfish of Ireland's men and women responded to that call is proved by the history of the years in which they fought and suffered and died for the dream and purpose of Pearse and Tone.

WHO DARES TO SAY FORGET?

Who dares to say "Forget the past" to men of Irish birth? Who dares to say "Cease fighting for your place upon the earth"? Let remembrance be our watchword, and our dead we'll never fail, Let their graves to us be milestones on a blood-soaked one-way trail Remember how Eoghan Raudh fought Portlester Mill beside, No man shall say a coward fell when Hugh O'Donnell died. Remember Ruth and Sarsfield, forget—who ever will? That glorious stand at Limerick, and Kilmacaddon Hill. Think of the men of Ninety-Eight who fought to hold at bay. The butchers of an Empire and the wives of Castlereagh, How Emmet's gallant handful in Historic Dublin town, Marched out to give their challenge to the Armies of the Crown. Then for a time was silence—was Ireland's struggle done? "The answer's in the negative," thundered many a fenian gun, And just as England thought she'd won, that we at last were meek, Crashed forth the glorious challenge of the men of Easter-Week, Think of how our soldiers fought the pick of many lands, Fought the scrum of British prisons in Britannia's "Black-and-Tans." And then—by men we trusted—this land of ours was sold, They sold their friends to enemies, like Judas did of old, And on their own—who still were true—they turned and shot them down. Seventy-seven, in all, were murdered by those hirelings of the Crown. Think of County Kerry where they killed our lads like swine. Think, my God, of Ballyseady, where they tied them to a mine Remember, fighting Wexford, where the blood was never cold, On Boulavogue, and Oulart Hill, their fathers fought of old. How his overworked revolver as he dashed from that hotel, Roared a rebel's last defiance as Cathal Brugha fell, How Rory, Liam, Dick and Joe, to glut the Imperial beast, Were murdered whilst in prison, on Our Blessed Lady's Feast. How the "Staters" fought for England, how they fought for British Law, And in Cosgrave's last Coercion how they murdered Captain Vaughn. Remember then, immortal Tone, to say "forget" is wrong. Work to break that vile connection, it has lasted far too long, That Emmet's tomb is uninscribed till we our rights assert, Till our country takes her stand among the nations of the earth. That Pearse himself has told us when our firing we may cease, "Ireland, unfree, shall never be at peace." Hear you not the voice of Connolly, the workers' soldier friend, "The unconquered soul asserts itself" and "we shall rise again." For freedom—yes—but not to starve, and not for rocks and clay. For the lives of Ireland's working class we rise and fight to-day. "What", said Cathal Brugha, "If our last man on the ground" When he hears the ringing challenge if his enemies ring him round. If he'd reached his final cartridge—if he'd fired his final shot, "Will you come into our Empire"? he should answer "I will not". Come back, back to that one-way trail, "Mi Siiothchain go Saoirse" is the war-cry of the Gael. Whilst our history stands behind us with the blood of martyrs set Wayside crosses to remind us—who dares to say forget. How can we e'er forget The blood thats on those British bosses The broken-hearted mother losses, Lonely graves, and wayside crosses, Lord-forget all that?

Gearoid O Murchadha.

All Articles, pars, poems etc, should be sent c/o "The Editor", 126 Ardilea Street, Belfast.

When finished with this copy of Tirghra, please pass on to a friend.

Monthly copies of Tirghra sent post free for one year 6/-.

Birth Of The Irish Tricolour

APRIL 15, 1848, is a day worthy of commemoration, because of its association with the Green, White and Orange Flag of the Republic of Ireland—the Flag that was stolen by compromisers for a mean, ignoble purpose, but which belongs of right only to those who deny the claim of the British Crown to interference or authority in the internal or external affairs of Ireland.

A deputation of Young Irelanders had returned from Paris, whither they had been sent by the Irish Confederation to congratulate the French people on the success of their fight for the Republic, and a great crowd had gathered to welcome them home. The most captivating and eloquent speaker of the Young Ireland party was Thomas Francis Meagher, and it was he who first gave to the Republic of Ireland the flag that was borne by the heroes and martyrs of 1916. The report of the presentation of the flag to the people of Ireland is given in *The United Irishman* of April 22, 1848:

"Mr. Meagher here presented to the chairman a splendid flag surrounded by the Irish pike. The material of which the flag was composed was of the richest French silk, most gorgeously trimmed and embroidered; the colours were orange, white and green. 'From Paris', (said Meagher) 'the gay and allant city of the tricolour and the barricade, this flag has been proudly borne. I present it to my native land, and I trust that the old

country will not refuse this symbol of a new life from one of her youngest children. I need not explain its meaning. The quick and passionate intellect of the generation now springing into arms will catch it at a glance. The White in the centre signifies a lasting truce between the Orange and the Green, and I trust that beneath its folds the hands of the Irish Protestant

and the Irish Catholic may be clasped in generous and heroic brotherhood. If this flag is destined to fan the flames of war, let England behold once more, upon that white centre, the Red Hand that struck her down from the hills of Ulster. And I pray that heaven may bless the vengeance it is sure to kindle".

A few minutes later John Mitchell saluted the flag that was one day destined to be borne proudly in battle by men who had learned from him that compromise with and surrender to the enemy is national death.

LEARN SING AND TEACH IRISH SONGS AND POEMS.

Gradh Mo Chroidhe, I Long to See Old Ireland Free Once More

Last night I had a happy dream,
Though restless where I be —
I thought again brave Irishmen
Had set old Ireland free.
And how excited I became
When I heard the cannon's roar.
O gradh mo chroidhe, I long to see
Old Ireland free once more.

It's true we had brave Irishmen,
As everyone must own —
O'Neill, O'Donnell, Sarsfield true,
Lord Edward and Wolfe Tone,
And also Robert Emmet, who
Till death did not give o'er.
O gradh mo chroidhe, I long to see
Old Ireland free once more.

Now, we can't forget the former years,
They're kept in memory still,
Or the Wexford men of '98.
Who fought on Vinegar Hill,
With Father Murphy by their side
And the green flag waving o'er.
O gradh mo chroidhe, I long to see
Old Ireland free once more.

Allen, O'Brien and Larkin died
Their country to set free,
And some day yet brave Irishmen
Will make the Saxon flee.
Both day and night they'll always fight,
Until death they'll ne'er give o'er.
O gradh mo chroidhe, I long to see
Old Ireland free once more.

SMILING LIPS

In a barrack yard a sullen Empire prowls
Its victim stands against a dark-grey wall
The craze for human blood lurks in its bowels
Hirelings take aim ! This is the final call.

Courage, my son ! You're not afraid to die—
Prove to this monster, we're a proud race still
The bullets rent your heart, there is no sigh
Your death we treasure, Ireland's hearts you thrill

Why, on your lips there lingers yet a smile
Facing a quicklime grave so cold, so chill !
England ! 'Tis waste of time to shoot him down
That smile betrays how futile 'tis to kill.

Outside those barrack walls his comrades stand
They know that God a nation's Freedom wills
On his last vision he sees this phalanx grand
Quickend by the blood, he so proudly spills.

Mr. Diamond

Lord Wakehurst's

Security

Mr. H. Diamond, "Republican" Labour M.P. in the Stormont Parliament, seems very much concerned about police security in Stormont's Government House, Hillsborough, the official residence of England's ruler and representative, the Governor of Ireland, occupied six northern counties.

Referring to a report that someone attempted to break into the building on the 2nd May (which brought a denial from Mr. Craig, Minister of Home Affairs at Stormont), Mr. Diamond accused Mr. Craig and his Government of covering up for lack of security arrangements at this Government house.

This criticism brought a suggestion from the Northern Ireland Labour M.P., Mr. Bleakly, that Mr. Diamond should be made an honorary member of the Special Branch for his successful detection work.

Here we have in this attitude of Mr. Diamond an example of policy in the promotion of the cause of Irish unity as outlined in a resolution by the recently founded "National Unity group"—to make sure that the connection between England and Ireland be maintained by recognising the right of England's ruling representative to reside in our occupied territory as its representative of that connection, and to afford him the necessary protection.

"Break the connection with England"—the never failing source of all our evils was the national separatist gospel preached by Tone and every Irish Republican martyr down to our own day.

Maintain and recognise that connection advises Mr. Diamond and his new party.

James Connolly, who was a genuine Republican Labourer, ruled the world during the first world war, "We serve neither King nor Kaiser"—and because he refused to either recognise or serve the same king he died in the prison yard of Kilmainham jail in 1916 from a hail of bullets poured into his already wounded body by the order of that same king and his representatives in Ireland and England. Diamond is so anxious to ensure adequate protection to himself out his duties as official ruler of England in our occupied territories.

Boomerang

A week before the Municipal Elections took place in Belfast, Mr. E. Fitt and Mr. H. Diamond, the "Republican"—Labour M.P.s at Stormont asked the Minister of Home Affairs of the Stormont Government what steps he proposed taking to prevent personation—which is resorted to by the various political parties contesting such elections.

The usual stock reply to such questions was given by the Minister concerned that the methods in use to prevent such abuses of the electoral system of laws, etc., were sufficient.

On polling day the one arrest that was made in Belfast took place in the constituency that Mr. Fitt was contesting, and the person arrested—a supporter of Mr. Fitt—was sent to prison for one month on the charge of personation.

We are informed that on the following night as a victory parade of Mr. Fitt's followers was passing the home of the personation agent responsible for having the personation arrested, a brick was thrown through the window of his home to signify their protest against the action of this man who was merely seeking to put into practice the very thing which Mr. Fitt had demanded that the Stormont minister should do.