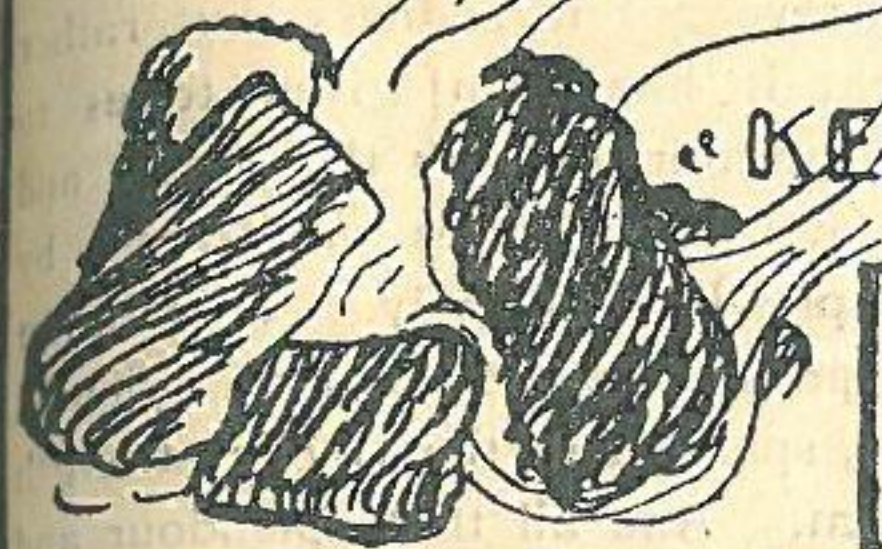


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# THE SPARK

"KEEP THE FIRES OF THE NATION BURNING"  
(C. S. PARNELL)



Edited by ED. DALTON.

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## IRELAND'S AWAKENING.

The force and the truth of Boyle O'Reilly's dictum, that a rebel is often more powerful in death than living, were emphasised in last Sunday's remarkable scenes in the Irish Capital. There must have been close on 50,000 participants in that vast procession, almost three miles in length, and the number of sympathetic spectators was even larger.

The order and discipline maintained throughout the day were creditable indeed to the Volunteer officers responsible, and the business-like demeanour of their men was indicative of the earnest character of the Irish Volunteer Organisation.

Rossa, dead, spoke to a larger auditory, and conveyed a more permanent and enduring message, than living, he could have excelled. In life he won the esteem and affection of his generation to a degree, such as only Emmet won. But in death he has spoken to a newer generation, a generation beset with perils and temptations, such as might cow the spirit and purchase the soul of any people; and the message which his dead body symbolises is, that no generation of Irishmen and women has the right or has the power to acquiesce in the surrender of the principle of Irish nationhood. That, on the contrary, until that principle is realised in a sovereign independent state, the solemn duty is imposed on the people of Ireland to deny a hearing to all teachers and to all preachers whose philosophy contains even the suspicion of an admission that any power on earth, save and except the people of Ireland, have the moral right to make the laws or decide the destinies of this island.

And I have endeavoured to emphasise in the "Spark" that the moral aspect is everything.

Ireland's moral right to complete independence goes back to the hour when the Almighty God fashioned this island, and it shall be right until the final trumpet sounds. But England's legal "right," or right of might, can be traced back from day to day, from generation to generation, from century to century, until we come to that shameful hour when England's hordes of lawless and armed assassins invaded and plundered and desolated this peaceful, learned and industrious island; desecrated its altars, laid waste its fields, and outraged, harassed and enslaved its people. And that right, that "legal," perfectly legal English right shall endure, so long, and only so long as the people of Ireland continue to shirk the obligations of patriotism, continue to blindly trust in the political infallibility of men whom they, the Irish people, have unfairly subjected to temptations and to influences to which almost superhuman beings must in time succumb.

Irish public-boards continue, though less frequently than of old, to proclaim their trust in the Parliamentary Party. They overlook the fact that that Party, though each unit of it were originally an archangel, has been up against the power, the wealth and the social influence of the great British Empire, and has succumbed to those forces. The party has developed the imperial squint, and has become absorbed by the Empire. That is all. It has happened before, and could possibly happen again if Ireland again put trust in Parliamentarianism. But the sun of Parliamentarianism has set, as far as the new generation in Ireland is concerned, and from the dead body of O'Donovan Rossa—that body which, in life, the Empire sought to degrade and humiliate



—Ireland will derive the strength and inspiration to follow the pathway of moral principle and to leave expediency and "diplomacy" to that species of politician whose own waistband is the criterion of his country's "prosperity"—

ED. DALTON.

## AT ROSSA'S GRAVE.

The following is the text of the address delivered at the graveside by Mr. P. H. Pearse:—

A ḡaeḡeala,

Do niairḡad orm-ra labairt inḡiu ar ron a ḡruil cruinnighe ar an lāḡair ro aḡur ar ron a ḡruil beo de ḡlannaib ḡaeḡeal, aḡ molaḡ an leomāin do leaḡamar i ḡcḡe ānḡro aḡur aḡ ḡḡioraḡ meanman na ḡcāraḡ aḡā ḡo bḡḡnāc ina ḡiaḡ. A cāḡḡe, na bḡḡ bḡḡn ar ēinne aḡā ina ḡearaḡ aḡ an uaiḡ ro, aḡc bḡḡ bḡḡḡaḡar aḡainn inar ḡcḡoirḡib do ḡia na nḡrāḡ do cḡuḡuig ānam uaraḡ āluinn ḡiarmuḡa Uí ḡonna-bāin Rora aḡur cḡḡ ḡe ḡaḡa ḡḡ ar an ḡaḡḡal ro.

Bā cālma an ḡearḡu, a ḡiarmuḡ. Ir ḡḡeān ḡḡearaḡ caḡ ar ron cḡḡ do cḡine, ir nī beaḡ ar ḡuilingir; aḡur nī ḡeāḡaḡ ḡaeḡil ḡearmaḡ ort ḡo bḡāḡ na bḡeicē.

Aḡc, a cāḡḡe, nā bḡḡ bḡḡn oraḡinn, aḡc bḡḡ mḡḡeāc inar ḡcḡoirḡib aḡur bḡḡ neaḡ inar ḡcḡuḡleannaib, ḡir ḡuigimḡ naḡ mbḡḡnn aon bār ann naḡ mbḡḡnn aḡḡeḡḡe ina ḡiaḡ, aḡur ḡuḡab ar an uaiḡ ro aḡur ar na huāḡannaib aḡā inar ḡḡimcēall ē ḡeocār ḡaḡḡḡe ḡaeḡeal.

It has been thought right, before we turn away from this place in which we have laid the mortal remains of O'Donovan Rossa, that one among us should, in the name of all, speak the praise of that valiant man, and endeavour to formulate the thought and the hope that are in us as we stand around his grave. And if there is anything that makes it fitting that I rather than some other—I rather than one of the grey-haired men who were young with him and shared in his labour and in his suffering—should speak here, it is perhaps that I may be taken as speaking on behalf of a new generation that has been re-baptised in the Fenian faith, and that has accepted the responsibility of carrying out the Fenian programme. I propose to you, then, that, here by the grave of this unrepentant Fenian, we renew our baptismal vows; that, here by the grave of this unconquered and unconquerable man, we ask of God, each one for himself, such unshakable purpose, such high and gallant courage, such unbreakable strength of soul, as belonged to O'Donovan Rossa.

Deliberately here we avow ourselves, as he avowed himself in the dock, Irishmen of one allegiance only. We of the Irish Volunteers, and you others who are associated with us in to-day's task and duty, are bound together and must stand together henceforth in brotherly union for the

achievement or the freedom of Ireland. And we know only one definition of freedom: it is Tone's definition, it is Mitchel's definition, it is Rossa's definition. Let no man blaspheme the cause that the dead generations of Ireland served by giving it any other name and definition than their name and their definition.

We stand at Rossa's grave not in sadness, but rather in exaltation of spirit that it has been given to us to come thus into so close a communion with that brave and splendid Gael. Splendid and holy causes are served by men who are themselves splendid and holy. O'Donovan Rossa was splendid in the proud manhood of him, splendid in the heroic grace of him, splendid in the Gaelic strength and clarity and truth of him. And all that splendour and pride and strength was compatible with a humility and a simplicity of devotion to Ireland, to all that is olden and beautiful and Gaelic in Ireland, the holiness and simplicity of patriotism of a Michael O'Cleary or of an Eoghan O'Growney. The clear true eyes of this man, almost alone in his day, visioned Ireland as we of to-day would surely have her—not free merely, but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic merely, but free as well.

In a closer spiritual communion with him now than ever before, or perhaps ever again; in spiritual communion with those of his day, living and dead, who suffered with him in English prisons; in communion of spirit, too, with our own dear comrades who suffer in English prisons to-day; and speaking on their behalf as well as on our own, we pledge to Ireland our love, and we pledge to English rule in Ireland our hate. This is a place of peace, sacred to the dead, where men should speak with all charity and with all restraint; but I hold it a Christian thing, as O'Donovan Rossa held it, to hate evil, to hate untruth, to hate oppression—and, hating them, to strive to overthrow them. Our foes are strong and wise and wary; but, strong and wise and wary as they are, they cannot undo the miracles of God, who ripens in the hearts of young men the seeds sown by the young men of a former generation. And the seeds sown by the young men of '65 and '67 are coming to their miraculous ripening to-day. Rulers and Defenders of Realms had need to be wary if they would guard against such processes. Life springs from death; and from the graves of patriot men and women spring living nations. The Defenders of this Realm have worked well in secret and in the open. They think that they have pacified Ireland. They think that they have purchased half of us and intimidated the other half. They think that they have foreseen everything, think that they have provided against everything; but the fools, the fools!—they have left us our Fenian dead; and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace.

## THE "SPARK'S" FIRST VOLUME.

Applicants for my first volume must bear with a little delay. As last week's number is included in it, and as a holiday intervened this week, the volume is not quite ready yet. But copies will be posted during the next few days.



## Patsy Patrick on Adaptability.

"They tell me there were mimbers o' Parley-mint at O'Donovan Rossa's funeral," remarked Terry.

"There were," replied Patsy. "Adaptability is part o' the science o' politics. As a matter o' fact, it is the drivin' crank o' the political machine. If yer to get the ear o' the crowd at political polemics, ye must be a bit iv a champion at adaptation. William Field was at the funeral; William is adaptable. I wouldn't contradict the man who'd say that, on Sunday last, William Field felt he was a more fierce-minded Fenian than the dead lion about to be laid to rest in the bosom o' the land he strove to free. William Field could wave an Irish Republican flag on Sunday, and salute the Union Jack on Monday at a recruitin' meetin'. That is what the Americans call doin' it some in adaptability; but William Field is equal to that. Some people might think the Blackrock boy an oddity. It's only a barber wid a bad business who will fail to see that William Field isn't a worthy mimber o' Ireland's matchless Parleymintarian Party."

"It's the twistin' an' turnin' I can't understand," said Terry.

"That's where ye show yer ignorance o' the English political machine," replied Patsy. "I'm thinkin' there are a lot like ye. I'm hearin' ivery day o' the way the boys are denouncin' John Dillon for tryin' to grab the corpse o' O'Donovan Rossa. Young Martin Murphy, above at the Cross, says Dillon, should be tarred an' feathered for attemptin' to claim Rossa as a pervert to Parleymintarianism; an' ould Peter Doolin says he should be horse-whipped. I couldn't make them understand the great science iv adaptability. I spoke iv all the mimbers o' the Party who are all things to all min. I even pointed out that the Protestants claim St. Patrick. 'Twas no use. I even tould thim o' where lads had opened the graves o' the dead to steal jewelry off the corpse. They shook their fists in me face, an' said Dillon was worse than the grave-robbers. I even mentioned Lord Kitchener's disturbance o' the bones o' the Madhi, an' pointed out that his Lordship an' Mister Dillon were now ridin' in the same automobile in the cause iv civilisation an' bantam-weight nationalities. Ould Peter Doolin expectorated close to me face, and said: 'That for Dillon, Kitchener, an' the lot o' ye; only for the Defince of the Realm Act, says he, 'we'd know how to dale wid the min who'd try to desecrate the name o' the patriot dead,' " says he.

"Peter Doolin is very stedfast," said Terry.

"The country is full o' Peter Doolins," replied Patsy. "They won't try to understand the doctrine iv self or party interested common sinse.

They can't understand the editor iv a newspaper hoistin' the flag iv adaptability. Young Jem Darcy come in her last night wid the 'Weekly Sunburst,' an' he wint to compare the leadin' article iv last week wid what he called 'the correspondin' period o' last year.' I wint to explain 'bout the Defince o' John Redmond Act an' the science iv adaptability, but I might as well be talkin' to the fanners. 'Invincible in time o' peace, invisible in time o' war,' says he, throwin' the two papers in the fire, an' only for the heavy rain he'd a had the thatch in a blaze."

"They don't want the double game played," remarked Terry. "The queer thing 'bout that," replied Patsy, "is that min who dabble in the science iv adaptation in an at-the-back-o'-the-door kind o' way are louder in their public protest agin it than the honest min who go straight in the light or the dark. The straight road may not be a payin' road, but it's a popular one. O'Donovan Rossa wint the straight road. He niver understood the word adaptability. He said England had no right here, an' that she should be cleared out to hell—"

"An' he got a funeral fit for a king," interrupted Terry.

"A funeral fit for a Washington," replied Patsy. "Only the man who lives an' dies in the true national faith will ever find a place in Ireland's heart."

## PEERLESS PERCY.

Hats off to J. C. Percy, our British mentor in Dublin, who addresses recruiting meetings telling the Irish that it is their business to go and fight. He announces that he has been to Dover and listened to the booming of the guns in France. Thus Mr. Percy can proudly claim that he has been nearer the front than Maurisheen, Tom Kettle, Stephen Gwynne, "Willie" Redmond, Willie Redmond, junior—the gallant Parliamentary Party "lieutenants" who remain safe at home in Ireland drawing "expenses" for urging others to go out and fight for the England they profess to love. Percy should get the V.C.

## TO THE READERS OF THE "SPARK."

The Central Branch Cumann na mBan are holding an Aeridheacht and Military Carnival at Father Mathew Park on This Day (Sunday), August 8th, at 3 p.m., and look forward with pleasure to seeing all readers of THE SPARK there. The programme will include a Display of Drill and Semaphore Signalling by Members of the Branch, and a Competition for Irish Volunteers and Citizen Army, in drill, etc., the best Company to be awarded a handsome prize of a bugle. A prize will also be awarded for the best drilled, etc., Company of Fianna. Admission 3d.



## FROM LIMERICK.

The Limerick Board of Guardians have unanimously adopted the following resolution, on the motion of Mr. Laurence Meany, seconded by Mr. Patrick Bourke:

"Being officially informed that we now have the Home Rule Bill on the Statute Book, that the 'New Era' has dawned, and Ireland's fight for liberty as a small nationality has been fought and won, we call on that section of our Irish Parliamentary representatives who are not at present engaged guarding the shores of Ireland on foreign battlefields and safeguarding the inestimable 'liberty' we now enjoy, to demand and secure the immediate release and liberty of our fellow-countrymen, Messrs. Pim, Blythe, Mellows and McCullough, who are to be transported under the Hell or Connaught Defence of Realm or some new 'Era of Liberty' act, but against whom no charge has been made—and whose only offence seems to be that they foolishly imagined Ireland's liberty meant that they and all the 'mere Irish' at long last, after such a long, bitter and weary fight, could live at home in Ireland as Irishmen and free men, where equal justice and liberty for all would be ensured and protected by Volunteers, whose true Irish nature would be a guarantee and safeguard against that role of lawlessness and aggression which has won such princely imperial favours for its promoters, Sir Edward Carson and Co."

## A REFLECTION.

Were it one who was taken away from us in youth, or even in the prime of life our hearts were heavy and sad as we walked through the City's streets on Sunday. But Rossa had passed the allotted span, and although Ireland is the poorer by his death, our sorrow was tempered by the knowledge that that death had re-awakened the Fenian spirit in our people, and to signify that awakening much more than to lament his death was the purpose of our marching. And what a heartening sight it was to see the prominence taken in the procession by our patriot Priests? How consistent it was with the whole trend of Irish history to have them by us in this great hour, and how fitting it was that the last prayers at the graveside should be recited by Father O'Flanagan in that language which Rossa cherished in his heart, and which probably was latest on his lips, the Gaelic tongue of Ireland. Buidheachas mor le Dhia ar son an Lae.

## THE ARRESTS.

The servants of the Coalition have effected the arrest of the four Irish Volunteer organisers who declined to leave Ireland at the order of Major General Friend in the absence of any charge against them. Questioned in the British Parliament last week the Coalition spokesman hinted that there *were* definite charges against these men, but he declined to state them.

Messrs. Newman, Mellows, McCullagh, and Blythe are not accused of prejudicing recruiting, their work has been pursued regardless of the fate of the recruiting campaign. They are not accused of "sedition" or of "treason," their crime is not one of speech, but of *constructive action*. Then, I think, the four arrested men have been imprisoned because they would not submit to the humiliation of leaving the defence of Ireland to a foreign garrison, dispatching her natural protectors to foreign battlefields, or enrolling them in an alleged military organisation whose leader hopes to keep their attention rivetted on the harmless amusement of "Aunt Sallying" and parading, trusting for Ireland's welfare after the war to the generosity and philanthropy of a people undistinguished for either one or the other.

That is the light in which the Irish people have got to view the situation. If Ireland is in need of defence, then her natural protectors are her sons. If Ireland is not in need of defence why in Heaven's name is a huge army maintained here, why the enormous R.I.C. and D.M.P. forces? If Ireland's own Volunteer army is unable to undertake the effective defence of the country they shall be in an even greater degree ineffective as fighters in a foreign country.

## "SPARK" ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements will be inserted here, when prepaid, at 6d. per line. When not prepaid double price will be charged.

GROCER'S ASSISTANT WANTED, Dublin, must be able to take charge. State qualifications and reference. Reply, G.A., "Spark," 4 Findlater Place.

WANTED COLOURED VIEWS Irish Scenery, Photos, or otherwise. Reply P. G., Spark Office.

WANTED FURNISHED COTTAGE or Apartments in country, August-September, by two students. Quiet locality. Apply "Holiday," Spark Office.

INFORMATION as to the whereabouts of James Macken, Pipe-maker and Teacher, will be thankfully received by P. Byrne, c/o Spark, 4 Findlater Place, Dublin.

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