

SAOIRSE ÉIREANN WOLFE TONE WEEKLY

Vol. 2. No. 16.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17th, 1938

Twopence.

J. R. A. TAKE OVER THE GOVERNMENT OF THE REPUBLIC

ONE of the most memorable events of our time took place on December 8, the anniversary of the Four Martyrs, when the Government of the Republic of Ireland was taken over from the Executive Council of Dail Eireann by the Council of the Irish Republican Army.

This was done, as the official announcement given below states, in the spirit of a decision taken by the First Dail Eireann at the height of the War of Independence, when it seemed that enemy action would sweep into prison all, or nearly all, the elected representatives of the people.

The official announcement released for publication to-day is as follows:—

(TRANSLATION)

DAIL ÉIREANN

DE BUIŠ SO NÓEARNA ARM SACSAN POBLAECT ÉIREANN
D'IONSURÉ ASUS D'AC-IONSURÉ ASUS SO NÓEARNA MÓR-
CUI DE TEACTAIB AN POBAIL A TRÉISEAN Ó VEINEAD FOR-
FÓSRAD NA POBLAECTA UM CÁISE A 1916 DO VEIMNIUSAD AS
TIONÓL TOSNUISCE DÁLA ÉIREANN TRÍ BLIAÓNA D'A ÉIS.
VEIMNIÓ NA TRÉIN SCRIBHINN SEO AN T-UGDARÁS A TUGAD
DUIINN DO CUR FÉ DRÁSAID COMAIRLE AN AIRM MAR IS DUAL
DUIINN DO RÉIR MAR D'ÓRÓUIS DAIL ÉIREANN UM EARRAC A
1921. IS MAR D'ÓRÓUIS AN DARA DAIL I NÓRÁE.

ASUS SINN AS CUR AN DUALSAIS A DÍ MAR CÚRAM OIMIS
ORAINN LE FICE BLIAÓAN FÁ MALAIRT COMAIRCE. MOLAIMIO
SO FOMMIR DO MUINNIR NA POBLAECTA COIS BAILE ASUS
D'A CÁIRTOID UILE I SCÉIN IAD FÉIN DO DÉSILÉ SLÁN O'N
ACRAINN A DIOS MAR SÍOR CÚRAM AR RIAŠALTAIS SACSAN;
ASUS COMAIRLISIMIO DOID Ó CROIDE SAN AON SPEIS DO CUR
I SNA CHARTAIB COŠAD ACÁ D'A LEACAD AS SACSAD, ÓIR IS
RÓ-LEIR SUR LUŠA BAOSAL AN NAŠIUN ARSA SO DO CARRAC
ISCEAD I SCOSAD. ASUS AN FAIRISE MÓR MAR TEORAM AICI,
NÁ NA NAŠIUN DEASA ACÁ I N-A LUŠE IOIR SACSAD IS AN
CIR SUR MIAN LE RIAŠALTAIS SACSAN A BASCAD.

TÁ DÓCAS CROIDE ASAINN ASUS SINN AS LEASAD AR
SCURAM OIMIS AR ARM NA POBLAECTA SO MBEID DÍLSE IS
MEANIMA AR MARTAR MAR REALÉ EOLAIS ACÁ I NŠAC CÉIM
D'A SCUIRFIO DÍOD IS IAD AS LÓRS SAOIRSE ÉIREANN; AR AN
MCHINN SIN CRAODSCAONTAR AN T-UGDARÁS SO FÓ LÁMAID
ÁRTO-COMAIRLE DÁLA ÉIREANN A. RIAŠALTAIS NA POBLAECTA.

SEAN UA CEALLAIS, Ceann Comhairle.

seoirse noble cont	máire nic suibne
ua pluinšcéro	william f. p. stoclaís
brian ó nušinn	comás macšuiróir
catál ó murcáda	

baile áta cliat, an t-ECCHAD LÁ DE MÍ NA NÓOLAS A 1938.

DAIL ÉIREANN

IN consequence of armed opposition ordered and sustained
by England, and the defection of elected representatives of
the people over the period since the Republican Proclamation
of Easter 1916 was ratified, three years later, by the newly
inaugurated Government of the Irish Republic, we hereby
delegate the authority reposed in us to the Army Council, in
the spirit of the decision taken by Dail Eireann in the Spring
of 1921, and later endorsed by the Second Dail.

In thus transferring the trust of which it has been our
privilege to be the custodians for twenty years, we earnestly
exhort all citizens and friends of the Irish Republic at home
and abroad to dissociate themselves openly and absolutely
from England's unending aggressions; and we urge on them
utterly to disregard England's recurring war scares, remember-
ing that our ancient and insular nation, bounded entirely by
the seas, has infinitely less reason to become involved in the
conflicts now so much threatened than have the neutral small
nations lying between England and the Power she desires to
overthrow.

Confident, in delegating this sacred trust to the Army of
the Republic that, in their every action towards its consumma-
tion, they will be inspired by the high ideals and the chivalry
of our martyred comrades, we, as Executive Council of Dail
Eireann, Government of the Republic, append our names.

SEAN UA CEALLAIS, Ceann Comhairle.

seoirse noble cont	máire nic suibne
ua pluinšcéro	william f. p. stoclaís
brian ó nušinn	comás macšuiróir
catál ó murcáda	

Dublin, December 8, 1938.

THE GAME OF EMPIRE A FORGOTTEN PATRIOT

By J. J. DEWEY

V.

TO anyone who studies the situation it must be overwhelmingly evident that another European war must come, in fact cannot be prevented unless rival European nations, big and small, give up their conflicting ambitions. Germany cannot regain her former eastern boundaries except over the prostrate form of Poland. Italy likewise cannot expand her borders without conquering Yugoslavia. The latter nation, as we have already seen, is likewise ambitious but her objective can be achieved only at the expense of Italy.

IN order to hem in Germany and keep her surrounded, France has given every possible aid to Poland, Yugoslavia, Czech-Slovakia and other Little Entente nations. A German move in either direction, east or west, will immediately send all of them at the German throat. Another item on the Hitler programme, the return of the German colonies, will never be accomplished without a war. Italy's colonial ambitions and her dream of supremacy in the Mediterranean clash violently with English

Please keep remembering that *THE GAME OF EMPIRE* was written in 1935.

interests. In short, the nations who took the spoils of war in 1919 mean to keep them, and those who lost are just as determined to get them back. Who is there to stop the strong from imposing their will on the weak?

EVERY prominent newspaper man of long experience says that our foreign policy from Wilson to Roosevelt was nothing but a growth of the great American evangelistic impulse. During the first century of our existence as a nation, millions of dollars and hundreds of American missionaries went to Asia and Africa to convert the heathen. Material prosperity later changed the direction somewhat of the impulse since the new evangelism consisted also in spreading abroad American education, sanitation and surgery. This grew into American idealism which saw in American peace and prosperity a higher morality than that possessed by European peoples. It produced a feeling that we "were the chosen people of the earth," bound not only to show the world the way but to compel it to accept our brand of morality if necessary.

EUROPE wants none of our morality; it wishes our money, our army, our navy, our support for its own policies. It will throw in a sop from time to time to satisfy our high moral yearnings if it can only keep us coming to European conference tables with the hope that we can be entangled in some way or other.

Even if war does not result between England and Italy, the English people have discovered that the English navy is no longer strong enough to impose its will in all vital seas at once. Already the agitation has started to bring back the old time British Navy. Since Japan has already denounced the Naval treaty

and its ratio, we are in for a new era of naval building unless we are ready and willing to submit to English and Japanese domination of the seas.

GERMANY is gradually re-arming and will some day defy the Allies to prevent her complete restoration of arms on both land and sea. At present there is no prospect of seeing the world anything but one vast armed camp. National policies and not national arms are the cause of conflicts. There is no good reason why the United States cannot allow Europe to determine its own destiny as we did from the days of Washington to the World War. A foreign policy which refuses to be drawn into conferences and discussions of purely European problems would go a long way toward keeping us out of wars on the other side of the pond. Let us announce our own policies and let the rest of the world adjust itself to them as best it can. Since none of them contain any schemes of colonization, expansion or any other just cause for a war, why not?

(The End)

THE METHODIST

HE hated England's brutal force
That wrote her Empire's history,
But more than all her sins he loathed
Her statesmen's smooth hypocrisy.
So, loving Ireland more than life,
He heard her calling in her need,
And tossing up his gallant head,
Came forth to suffer and to bleed.

We fought together side by side,
And through his cloak of flippant
jest

I saw the pure white flame of faith
That love had kindled in his breast.
When all our dreams went down in
dust

He uttered no complaining sound,
But laid aside his bandolier
And smashed his rifle on the ground.

He would not join my "Papist"
prayers,

Content to bear his cross alone,
But often in the prison cell
He spoke of Emmet and of Tone,
And of a greater One than these
Who loved mankind but hated wrong,
And pointed out the way to all
That place the weak before the strong.

He smiled to see me kneeling there,
Yet who could think he did not pray
Before he gripped my hand and went
Into the early morning's grey.

He turned his wistful hazel eyes
Upon the British firing-squad,
And tilting up an Irish tune
He proudly went to meet his God.

CLARA BULL.

CHARITY BEGINS ABROAD

WE see by the daily papers that committees are being set up here to welcome and provide for refugees from Central Europe—and admirable work in a country whose young people in thousands are seeking refuge abroad. This great charity will, of course, create a precedent for the reception of English refugees when the war begins.

THE story of the isolated groups of revolutionaries who upheld the Separatist principles after the failure of '67, is unknown to the majority of Irishmen. Yet, of all Irish soldiers, these are surely deserving of most honour. "They battle best who battle when the flag is trampled down." These few men kept the spirit of freedom alive at the most critical stage of Irish history, when the policy of Pearse was abhorred by the multitude.

Outlawed by English enemies and Irish political leaders alike, only too many of them went to unhonoured graves, unwept and unsung by those for whom they had died.

Fifty-five years ago, on the 18th of December, 1883, Joseph Poole, a member of the I.R.B., was hanged in Richmond Jail. He had been previously "tried" and convicted by a carefully packed jury for the "murder" of a reputed spy named Kenny, who was killed in Seville Place, Dublin.

JOSEPH Poole, who was a tailor by trade, could have proved an unquestionable alibi, but it would have involved others and the brave fellow threw aside the certainty of being released, preferring to go to the scaffold rather than risk the lives and liberties of some men whom he suspected were more concerned than he was in the

NOT WRITTEN BY A REPUBLICAN

WE have almost resigned ourselves to be one of the "depressed areas" of Great Britain, pathetically grateful for the privilege of supplying John Bull's breakfast-table and of furnishing him with an annual batch of navvies and domestic servants. Having salved our consciences by inserting a number of pious resolutions in our Constitutions, we feel we have sufficiently discharged our religious and social duty. No Salazaras wanted here!

—Professor Alfred O'Reilly in the Christmas No. of *The Kerryman*.

BRITTANY

ALLOW me to say how glad I am that you give in your great little paper from time to time news of the fight for freedom that is being made against heavy odds by the young people of Celtic Brittany against the despotism of France.

I have met members of the young Breton freedom movement here in Ireland and in other places, and have admired their burning zeal and unselfish desire for the freedom of their people. They have their *Seinini*, as we ourselves have, those mongrel Bretons who are vocal and quick enough to interfere in the affairs of other peoples, but who are dumb and slow enough in acting or speaking on behalf of their oppressed native Brittany. Such as they should get no respect among Irishmen. Like our own West Britons, they are despicable.

WALTER MACKAY.

execution of one of the execrable type of the human race.

A press representative, who was in Green Street Courthouse reporting the case, records that he could never forget the picture of brave Joe Poole as he stepped forward to the front of the dock when asked if he had anything to say by way of sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him. In clear, well-chosen words, and ringing voice, he replied: "I have been a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood for years, and I would be proud to go to the scaffold for being a member of the Brotherhood. I have been in the organisation since I was eighteen years of age, and my object was simply to wait until my countrymen were prepared to strike a blow for the independence of our country. I intended to take a part with them. I know it is because I am an enemy, humble as I am, of the Government under which we live that I am here, and for that reason—for the cause of freedom—I am prepared to die."

SENTENCED to death, he marched firmly from the dock. Just before he went below, he looked around the Court, and, lifting up his hands, called for "Three cheers for the Irish Republic."

PROINSIAS.

IMPERIAL FRONT

SIR Samuel Hoare, English Home Secretary, speaking to Cambridge Conservative Association, contradicted the rumour that Chamberlain had surrendered to Hitler's demands in September because Britain was not prepared for war.

Commenting on the fact that during the crisis there was never a rift in the Empire front, he said, "More remarkable still, the attitude of Eire was as different from the attitude of Southern Ireland in the early days of the Great War, as could well be imagined. These are solid facts that foreign critics should note when they are inclined to underrate the solidarity of the British Commonwealth of Nations. We intend to show the world that so far from drifting into our decline and fall, we are entering upon a new and inspiring chapter of Imperial greatness."

* * *

"IRISH" PASSPORTS

ONLY CALLED ENGLISH BY SLANDERERS.

EXTRACT from translation of *Le Bourgeois Gentlehomme*, by Moliere (Act IV, scene 5):—

"Fools say that my father was in business. Pure slander. He never was. But he was so obliging, and so well up in cloth goods, that he bought them in from all sides, and then gave them to his friends—for money." But this speaker did not pretend not to be fibbing.

Liam.

Have We Followed In Their Footsteps?

"It is the sublime quality of human nature that every nation has produced citizens ready to sacrifice themselves rather than submit to external force attempting to dictate to them a conception other than their own of what is right."

FOR over seven centuries England has, in one way or another, repeatedly attempted to dictate to Irishmen a conception of right based on slavish and abject submission to the British "Imperial Idea"; for over seven centuries there have been in every generation men willing to die rather than submit to this conception of right based on might. And what is that fundamental right for which the Irish martyred dead of centuries have willingly sacrificed themselves? We have the answer in the clearest possible terms in the Proclamation drawn up and signed by the martyrs of Easter Week, just over twenty years ago: "We declare the right of the people to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible." These words subscribed to by men who died in trying to translate into deeds must have a great significance for those who claim to be the spiritual descendants of the dead who brought the Republic into being, and gave their lives for it.

WHEN the flag of the Irish Republic was hoisted over the G.P.O. in 1916, the Proclamation was issued by the Provisional Government, and it was obvious to those who read it that the signatories knew what they meant by the word Republic. These men whose nobility and self-sacrifice was guided by rare powers of thought saw some future and greater destiny for Ireland than to continue to develop and administer the English political, social, educational and economic system under the Tricolour. They worked and fought, and they died for the fuller freedom preached by past generations of Republicans; for the Freedom preached by Fintan Lalor—"Ireland her own, and all therein from sod to sky. The soil of Ireland for the people of Ireland, to have and to hold, to them and to their heirs forever, without suit or service, faith and fealty, rent or render to any power under Heaven." They died for the freedom to which Pearse alluded when he spoke at O'Donovan Rossa's graveside and told us how the great Fenian, "almost alone in his day, visioned Ireland as we to-day would surely have her, not free merely, but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic merely but free as well." Connolly's was the same ideal. Again and again he points to the real meaning of the Conquest, how deeply the chains of Anglicisation have seared into our very souls, and how if Ireland is to be really free the whole English system must go. At the head of the Constitution of the Irish Citizen Army, which he brought into being in 1913, stand the following words: "That the first and last principle of the Irish Citizen Army is the avowal that the ownership of Ireland, moral and material, is vested of right in the people of Ireland." Of his writings Countess Markievicz has said, they "are the marching orders of a risen people."

IT is now over twenty-two years since the last and greatest of these marching orders was given! How far have we obeyed them, and, how far have we progressed towards the final goal—Independence? On the glorious Easter Morn, the morn of the Resurrection, Ireland arose from her deathly coma. The faithful few proclaimed the Irish Republic in arms and sealed this claim with their blood. Theirs was a foolish and futile attempt according to the contemporary wisecracks. However, less than two years later, on January 21st, 1919, the Government of the Irish Republic met for the first time, after the overwhelming majority of the people had, by their votes, ratified the Proclamation hallowed by the blood of the martyrs of Easter Week. On that very day the first shots of the War of Independence were fired at Soloheadbeg by a party of Volunteers belonging to the 3rd Tipperary Brigade. Before a year had passed the war was well under way, and the Republican Government was both the "de facto" and "de jure" government of the country, while the quondam British governmental machine was represented by a few strong military garrisons with lesser posts dotted here and there throughout the country. At last, when the "Truce" was signed in 1921, victory seemed within our grasp. Alas! When the goal seemed so near after over seven centuries of cruel wrong, England, even in her last hour, found renegades—the dregs of the Gael—who were willing to barter, and did barter their God-given birthright for a veritable mess of pottage. The supreme treachery of the "Treaty" led to the temporary paralysis of Ireland's struggle for Independence. Having signed the so-called "Treaty" the traitorous military junta, by their unjustifiable attack on the Republican Forces, plunged the country into a most terrible "civil" war. The faithful remnant of the Army of the Irish Republic was forced to fight a desperate rear-guard action against their degenerate fellow-countrymen. All over the country faithful Republicans wept for their dear ones butchered by the new "colonial" auxiliaries—the cross-dotted hillside and roadsides are mute and melancholy reminders of the savagery of the "Staters". Worse still Volunteers were treated as outcasts by their deliberately misinformed pastors. The resistance lasted little over a year—a year of more terrible and bitter memories by far than those left behind by the gutter-sweepings of England, the notorious "Black and Tans". The "Sack of Balbriggan", "Croke Park", and even the brutal murders of Canon Magner and Fr. Michael Griffin are now but half-forgotten memories; but "Ballyseedy", "Drumboe", etc., are as fresh to-day as when perpetrated by the "Free State" (National) Army over fifteen years ago.

JUST as the Republican movement was beginning to recover from the terrible effects of this "civil" war the ranks were split once again in 1927—though the real significance of

this defection was not to be fully appreciated for some six years to come. A section "wishing to fight the pro-British element in its own stronghold" seceded. How far they succeeded in attaining their object is clear. They not only fought but routed the "old" West-Britons—only to rival them in their persecution of Irish Republicans. The transparency of their action is now evident. The reaction to this second and more diplomatic betrayal—clothed as it is in the most servent of pseudo-Republican outbursts—may be summed up in the words of Terence McSwiney: "We get calm as old atrocities recede into history, but to repeat the old cant (the fable of the 'stepping-stone' to the Republic), above all to try to sustain such now sets all the old fires blazing—blazing with a fierceness that will only end with the British Connection." To abolish an "Oath of Allegiance", to substitute a supposedly Gaelic term—"Seanascail"—and later Uachtarán—for the objectional term "Governor-General", to abolish a patently pro-British, pro-Masonic Senate, to foist a stolen and doctored "Constitution" on the Nation and so on, is certainly excellent showmanship; but while the British connection remains as real as ever it was can such "sops" mislead any thinking man? It may be well to talk of taking advantage of partial freedom—indeed, it is the safer policy—but Terence McSwiney truly says: "There is no such thing as qualified independence", and again, "... in matters of principle there can be no tactics, there is one straightforward course to follow, and that course must be found and followed without swerving to the end." It has been found since the writing of these words. Pearse and Connolly and their comrades gave us the course, following which McSwiney himself gave his life—the thorny path to the Republic. Now that we have ascertained our objective we must not wait for a future date, "when we may be called to strike a blow for freedom, and in the meantime do little but watch and pray." "This is a fatal error; we have to forge our strength in the interval." Happily it seems likely that this interval is to be of short duration. "We see the dawn of another awakening, another regeneration of the land; already the living flame is sweeping all hearts again; and Ireland is about to enter her last battle for freedom from which she will emerge to assume her place among the nations of the earth." Soon will the sacrifice of Easter Week, 1916, and the sacrifices of the intervening twenty-two years bear fruit and be vindicated in an Ireland free from shore to shore, owing allegiance to no other State and subordinate to no other Power.

"Freedom with honour, Freedom for ever more."

SEAN O'SCULLAIN.

at clubs and committees, from platform, and through the press.

THUS, and thus only, can Ireland be re-united to break down the foreign civilisation and to reconstruct the old, and thereby finally repeal the conquest.

Liam O Cadhla.

THE CONQUEST

THE British conquest of Ireland began with the annexation of Irish territory by force of arms. It was further prosecuted by the subversion of the Gaelic social system and the imposition of a foreign system which set up class-barriers between sections of the Irish people. It was consummated by the destruction of Gaelic culture, and the outlawing of the Irish language.

STUDYING these three phases of the conquest, it will be noted that the war between Ireland and England is not merely a war between two nations, but a life and death struggle between two civilisations. Our failure to repeal the conquest in the last decade is directly attributable to the fact that we lost sight of that vital issue which lies between two civilisations.

SOME of us believed that the repeal of the military conquest would suffice; others would be content with economic liberty, the third section believed that the issue of the native culture was the all-important one. When all three sections united, each embracing the out-look of the other two, the establishment of the Irish Republic in 1919 became possible.

FROM 1919 to 1921 the repeal of the conquest was being achieved in all its phases. The military domination of England was being shattered, the foreign social system was being broken down, and finally, the old culture was being propagated.

THAT unity between Irishmen for the three common aims was made possible by the clearly-defined programme of the 1916 revolutionaries, in whose footsteps the revolutionaries of 1919-21 trod.

"We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible... The Republic guarantees civil and religious liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens."

In these words the revolutionaries of 1916 clearly defined their aims—the revival of the Gaelic civilisation in an independent Ireland.

IN THE unavoidable concentration on the military phase, the other phases were forgotten. When they were forgotten the issue was dropped again to the basis of a struggle merely between parties. Disunity inevitably followed.

IF WE would rally the people of Ireland again, we must rally them on the only basis on which unified action is possible—the complete repeal of the conquest in all its phases.

BEFORE we can rally the nation education is necessary. The soldier, the worker, and the student must each learn from one another. The teachings of Lalor and Connolly and Pearse must be propagated (Cont. on foot of previous column).

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of unsolicited MSS.
Views and opinions of contributors
and correspondents are solely their
own.

Saturday, December 17, 1938.

SCANDAL OF THE PENSIONS

WE have received four long articles and almost twice as many letters dealing with the scandal of pensions and increased salaries given to themselves without the consent of the people by members of the "Free State" Dominion Parliament.

The articles and letters are all written along identical lines. The writers challenge the lie told by the Dominion Prime Minister when he said unblushingly that the members of his Ministry had made sacrifices to enter the sphere of professional politics.

The man who made that statement in a public assembly knew it was a lie. Those who listened to it knew it was a lie. Every intelligent person who read the newspapers knew it was a lie, and it is one of the things that will bring the present reign of hypocrisy and falsehood to an end.

It is a well-known fact, as is pointed out in the articles and letters we have received, that the majority if not all of the members of the "Free State" Government are being paid out of the pockets of the people at least four times as much as they have ever earned otherwise or as they could ever hope to earn—some of them, indeed, are getting six times as much.

That is a scandal in a country where tens of thousands of people are on the verge of starvation, and a far greater scandal is Prime Minister de Valera's lie regarding it, but the way to denounce and expose it is not the way adopted by those who have honestly and ably and in a white rage of anger written to us. A man should not be blamed because he has occupied a humble position in life; that is no disgrace to anyone. And an argument is robbed of half its force by saying that a man should not get £1700 or £2500 a year because a few years ago he was only an artisan or a clerk.

We have dealt with this outrage of pensions and salaries more than once in these columns and we shall deal with it again, but there is one aspect of it neglected or forgotten by those who have recently written to us that is far more harmful in a national sense than any other. It is the granting of pensions to able-bodied men and women as a reward for patriotism, as a payment for a task they undertook voluntarily to perform and which they have not performed; that and the still sliemier, dirtier policy of dangling this dolt before the eyes of thousands of others that they may be kept quiet or persuaded against the warning of the voice of conscience to support compromise and treachery and camouflage in which

RECENTLY

MR. DE VALERA received in Dublin Castle—not in his Government Buildings—the credentials of the new Italian representative in Ireland, on behalf of King George. These functions, like the swearing-in of Governor General Hyde, have to be held in Dublin Castle, seat of English authority in Ireland.

IN the "Free State" Parliament on November 30, Mr. Sean McKeoin asked some awkward questions, and Mr. de Valera gave the usual evasive replies. He had to admit that the credentials of Irish Consuls going abroad are signed by the King of a foreign country—England. It is a sign that these 26 counties constitute "a sovereign, independent, democratic State."

WHEN Mr. McKeoin asked where the foreign King signs the credentials of Irish Consuls, the reply came that some unnamed individual is kept at Mr. Dulanty's office in London for the purpose of taking such papers to Buckingham Palace and back again.

WHAT a pity Mr. McKeoin did not ask who brings the credentials of foreign Consuls to Buckingham Palace when Mr. de Valera receives them here, as per secret arrangements.

they do not in their hearts believe. For that most damnable of all political scandals Mr. Eamon de Valera and his Dominion Government must be held responsible. They got into power by promising that they would abolish the pensions given by their predecessors to the murder gang of 1922-23. When they got into power fear of the murder gang would not allow them to carry out their promise, and this gave the greedy and selfish among their own followers an opportunity that was too good to be missed, and gave themselves an opening to introduce the lowest and dirtiest policy that has ever operated in this long-suffering country—the policy of buying the support and buying off the opposition of able-bodied men and women by a system of pensions that is an insult to the dead, and that will be a slur on all who have touched it through many a future generation.

It is natural that placehunters and professional politicians should seek and get an increase in their ill-gotten gains; but it is a scandal of the most terrible kind that a whole people should be demoralised by a system of out-door relief given to them as payment for their patriotism. It is a policy worthy of British Imperialism at its worst.

rangement, on behalf of his Sovereign Lord the King of foreign England.

IT was a good time, too, to ask, if this foreign country signs the credentials of the representatives of this sovereign, independent, democratic State, what excuse is there for the spending of £15,000 of the people's money on a so-called President.

WM. Mc NAMARA, aged 18, was sentenced at Belfast to two years imprisonment because he refused to plead guilty to a charge of sedition against Lord Craigavon and Mr. de Valera's King.

AMONG the seditious documents found in his possession by Peeters Kirkpatrick and McKee was a copy of *Fianna*, a monthly magazine published in 1936 and no longer issued. How the mongrels hate and dread the loyal youth of Ireland.

DECEMBER issue of *Prison Bars* praised us but said we do not approve of itself. An erroneous statement. We do approve of *Prison Bars*, but dissent from statements that have appeared in it. That is not disapproval. It is legitimate criticism.

A COMRADE of Staff-Captain John James Kelly of Clady, Co. Tyrone, who with his two brother-officers of the I. R. A., James J. Reynolds and Charles McCafferty, met his death under such tragic circumstances on November 29, wrote to us to say that the eloquent tribute paid to him at his funeral by leader O'Flaherty was well deserved.

HE was a life long lover of Ireland who never wavered in his allegiance and never lost hope. He founded the Irish Volunteers in his native district, fought when fighting was to be done, suffered imprisonment without complaint, and was the friend and trusted comrade of Charles Daly and his fellow martyrs of Drumboe. God rest him and those who died with him in the peace of Heaven.

CONDOLENCE.

THE sympathy of all Republicans will be given to two life-long workers for Irish independence—Miss Mollie O'Riordan of Cahirciveen and Mr. Diarmuid O'Riordan of Cloughran, Swords, on the death of their brother, Mr. P. J. O'Riordan. In the Gaelic League and in the Republican movement the O'Riordan family have been unobtrusive untiring workers for many a long year and are as true to-day as ever.

So neapcugró Dia leo ar go nteanóir re tócaípe ar anam an cé acá imte ar fúige na pínné!

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To the Editor *Wolfe Tone Weekly*

—I am one of the many who feel worried over the fact that there is danger of the *Wolfe Tone Weekly* having to cease publication, not because it is not read, but because those Republicans (apparently) who volunteered to sell it in certain centres have not been sufficiently alive to the difficulties connected with its production—in some cases perhaps not honourable enough—to send along to the Publisher the cash results of their sales.

Here is a suggestion that, if adopted promptly and with enthusiasm would, I believe, help in more ways than one. It would not be a great strain on, say, 500 out of the thousands who read the paper to send One Shilling each week to the Publisher, 68 Upper O'Connell St., Dublin, for Six Copies of the paper, to be sold or given away to prospective readers, the recipients to be different each time.

If this were done by even 500 persons for three months or six months, it would have two gratifying results. It would help the paper financially, and it would do untold good to the cause of the Republic, by spreading the truth over an ever-widening area. It might result in the gain of several thousand new readers who would buy the paper regularly themselves.

I am assuming that the Six Copies would be sent post paid for One Shilling.

If the money for four or five or more weeks were sent in advance the sender and the Publisher both would be spared a lot of trouble.

I am hoping there will be 1,000 to take up this easy, all-important task, but I call for 500 to begin NOW!

LIAM O CADRILA.

The publisher is grateful for this suggestion of a valued contributor, and agrees to send Six Copies to any address post paid for One Shilling. He wishes it to be known that there are many promoters of the paper who sell it voluntarily every week and send along the proceeds without delay. They are the mainstay of the *WOLFE TONE WEEKLY*—they and the advertisers.

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTRIBUTORS, correspondents and readers will please note that our next two issues will have to go to press as soon as this issue is out. On account of the Christmas holidays. They will understand that any matter sent in during the next couple of weeks cannot be dealt with until after Christmas.

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THE VASSAL "STATE"

"TRUTH in the News" reports the "Free State" Prime Minister, speaking in the Colonial parliament in Dublin, as giving this reply to a member:

"Letters of credence were signed by the King" (George VI) And he added:—

"It was not the practice to publish the text of letters of credence."

That reluctance of the Minister under the Crown to repeat publicly the awkward words can be easily understood. These actual words would show the position in its true light, and give undesirable publicity to the fact that the "Sovereign State" was a vassal of the British Crown.

The occasion was just after the Minister had filled his vassal function under the Crown of dutifully receiving the Italian Minister accredited to His Majesty George VI.

ONCE the solemn act of submission was made by the "Free State" law which they claim has "full force and effect" it mattered nothing to the sovereign which of his subjects would be chosen from the Ministers of the Crown to receive the Letters directed to their King by the sovereign of another country. A Minister or Governor General was all the same, so long as both were pledged to allegiance to the Crown.

NATURALLY the chief function of the "Free State" Government organ is to regulate thought astutely into imperial grooves, while keeping up the pretence of not having sabotaged the Republican position. No mention then must be made of the naked truth of the "base submission" to the British Crown, of which the Prime Minister spoke when he was the comrade of those who were against the midnight Treaty of Surrender, which is being maintained "with an economy of English lives," as has been boasted even by the English themselves. Its champion and main prop is now the Prime Minister. If there is to be a hush-hush policy about the "base submission" it is equally important that the secret talks with Chamberlain and General Gough should be kept secret. That is the role of "Truth in the News." The "natives" are to be disciplined into forgetting those topics which touch the very roots of government authority in the re-named "Free State." The first "Staters" made the "Treaty" a law of the "State," and the new "Staters" boast in their Constitution that that is the law of "full force and effect." When it was in danger in December 1938 they rushed into the breach as an organised force on behalf of the Crown.

THE British origin of the "State" is clearly shown from the facts set down in black and white by the "Staters" themselves. The actual words of the laws they passed are set out in summary form in a recent number of the *Wolfe Tone Weekly*. These proclaim George VI as "King of Great Britain and Ireland," as successor "under the law of Saorstát Éireann" which they protest is of "full force and effect."

IT will be seen at a glance from their own solemn words made in to law, that, so far from the connection with the "Treaty" being broken, so far from there being any repudiation of the documents by the "Staters," old or new, every possible artifice has been used, and every law passed in the Colonial parliament, which could tend to stabilise its strange hold on the Republic, and make our country one or two British dependencies. Preferably two for local administration purposes and one unit is for imperial defence. Not without significance is the comment which the "Free State" newspaper is making on the action being taken on the Border. Of course the attempt is to suggest that there is a Republican backing for the Hibernian agitation in support of a united imperial front. Public memory is not so short as to forget how the present upholders of the infamous "Treaty" exploited Republican support in order to get into the boots of the first "Staters," whom they are now rewarding with pensions for showing the way back to the fold of empire.

CAN "Staters" be taken at their word when they say the law, making submission to the British King, is only an "empty formula"? It was the "laws" they made that they relied on for the military tribunal and the torture to insanity of Republican prisoners. And it is the act of submission, the law made by themselves, that the Italians and others are guided by, and when these direct their Letters of credence they know what they are doing and who is THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

by law which is of "full force and effect."

IT IS not likely that when those foreign countries are at war with the "King of Great Britain and Ireland" that they will forget the same address and misdirect the bombs intended for the willing subjects of that King. That is the wicked position created by the Ministers under the Crown! Attack is invited and those in Ireland who repudiate the British monarch are to be made the victims equally with the loyalists who have given allegiance and boasted of it as subjects of George VI. And Britain will come to their aid if it can be done "with an economy of English lives" and if the incendiary bombs do not prevent them from setting out for Ireland! It may be supposed that those bombs will not be "empty formulas." By contrast

CHRISTMAS

OUR NEXT TWO ISSUES.

CHRISTMAS is a time of relaxation, of rest, of enjoyment, of a turning aside from the worries and annoyances of everyday life.

For that reason, and because it is a time of special significance in the life of the Gaelic, Irish national weeklies have always given over their pages at Christmas to the story-teller and the poet and the humorist. It is a good practice and we followed it last year. We are doing likewise this Christmas, and our issues of December 24 and December 31 will be devoted to stories and articles and poems of the holy season and of Ireland.

Our space is not great but into it we will pack for the next two weeks a wholesome feast that we think will give pleasure to all our readers.

Both issues will have to be printed well in advance of the usual time, so it will not be possible to deal with current events.

And perhaps this is the place and time to request our readers when buying their gifts and necessities, to remember the advertisers who have been the chief support of this paper since its first number.

KING GEORGE AND ANOTHER

MAMMON is King in the Bire of 1938: and his servants, the moneylenders are defended and protected by the very politicians whose first job, as self-proclaimed followers of the Man of Nazareth, should be to follow His example and whip them out of the temple of the Nation. The only act of physical violence recorded in the life of Our Lord was when He whipped the moneylenders from the Temple; and His overflowing generosity in providing food for the hungry multitude (exemplified on the occasion of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes) should set a headline for us in dealing with our modern 'problem' of Irish poverty amidst Irish plenty."

—E. Ua Cuirín in the Christmas No. of *The Kerryman*.

the "full force and effect" of the laws of the "State" will be as scraps of paper.

Seumas Og MacDarragh.

IT'S A GRAND FINISH TO A GOOD CHRISTMAS

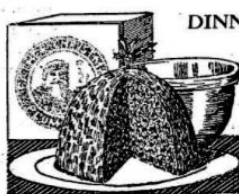
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PEABAR Ó DUBDA DO SCRÍOD

CLÓUNA DO SCRÍOD

"Da cáma an fear cú, a Diarmuid! Is éadán 'o'fearaí ead ar pon eise do éine i ní beas ar fúlaingir i ní uéanfarú Saeból uéanfarú opt go b'páe ná b'páete. Aét ná bíod b'pón úpamú aét bíod mínead 'nár g'póiréiré i ní neap nár g'póiréamú aib úp cumhíngir ná bíomú aon b'p' ann ná bíomú aipéiré 'na úarú i cumhíngir úp ar na huagcamúarí p'eo atá 'nár úpéicéatí úpéicéar Saiphe Saeból."

Sin pílocé ar an ópáto a tús an Diaprae uarú as p'op'arú Diarmuid úi Donnabáin Rora ar an éadán lá ue lógnara 1915. Is mó p'uo a cápla in úpéimú ó p'oin. Is mó atáp' na éamúg ar a t'p' ar na uoime aét cá an éamúg p'm cómú p'ior móu i bí p'é an éadán lá a uóip'ré é i ní gáto a páo úp uéim an Diaprae a éion p'ém éin an éamúg p'm a p'iora. Bí mínead 'na ép'oré i ní neap' na éip'icéamúarú i fúar p'é b'p' ar pon paiphe Saeból. Aét p'op'arú g'p'ar is p'ó baotíac úp uéim éine Saeból uéanfarú ní h-ahám ar g'p'ioháp'ea an Donnabáinú aét ar éécta an Diaprae cómú maic. Úp'it aon t-fuim as aor ós an lae móu i g'p'eaéar acú aét an méiré éoláir a éúar ar g'p'iohámú an Diaprae i a g'p'iohár p'ar uóit as g'p'iohár éisín! Sead, mó léan, cá uéanfarú uéanaca acú ar an méiré i na curp'óip'í éip'icéar p'óp'ma—éipe ní ahám Saeból aét paop' cómú maic—éipe ní ahám paop' aét Saeból cómú maic.

Rugaó Diarmuid i úfógnara na bliana 1831 i Rora ó g'p'ioháp'ie. Ue pílocé Saeból a uéad a éatp' i a h'acáir i a p'eaéir p'innp'ar p'óp'ma i ba móp' le páo iao i p'ear i i paogál Caiphe an fearú na mblián. Fúar p'é a éuro p'g'oláreácta i Rora úilicir an p'g'oil a uéimúg Fáctna Naomúca i go páo clú i cáit úp an uap' ba mó meap' ar úp'eaéar im-éar Saeból. Éip'eam níop' uéanacúe úp' uáin p'é lán caiphe ar an méiré a fúar p'é ann. Luadann an éatp'ar Peabap' é "Mo g'p'ail Féin" i uéip' p'é go páo p'é ar p'g'oil na éeannca ar fearú p'g'ailicir.

Ú'p'etóip' náip' é an Donnabáin é an fearú ba mó le páo é imeap' na úp'itú aét ní páo éime "na meap' úp' mó a éip'igine an na g'p'acé uoime i úp' mó a uéip'igine p'io ar. Úi aicne ní úp'eaip' acú aip' na map' bí acú ar an Scioháp'ac ní ar Ó Luabáin ní p'io ahám ar John Devoy féin an fearú ba mó le páo úp' na p'itíní ar p'eo. Úi meap' i éion ionganacé as Saeból aip' ué b'p'ar a g'p'eanháp'ea. Cumap'ar ahámúarú i n'Saebólúnn i i mbéarla a bí i g'p'ioháp'ie i mbéalaib an pobail. Ceann acú:—

"I robbed no man, I spilt no blood though they sent me to jail Because I was O'Donovan Rossa, a son of Snámne Maol."

Tá ceann eile i n'Saebólúnn a éap' páo an léicé Ó Míre Rora a magad' p'én p'g'annp'ar bíod ar na píléip'í p'oinir:—

"Lic éogan fearú ú'fág'ar éap' is mé uéanacé

lem ap'at úp'rág' néaca uo ceannúigear ar c'p'óin

huap' a éanás ón c'p'óin lá le uánaigearé uo b'éic p'

LÚISEACÁN (ar Leannamúe)

Sead p'iao-p'an p'op'ea, aúp' pan éiméap' a éuit ar fearú b'p'omúin úis éiméap'ar p'epéac na g'p'eaie úp'g'e 'p' na uéomúg b'p'iaúam 'p' iao ús imeáéar ar míp'e-éicéat' ó'n c'p'ab'ap'ie. Sead, aúp' móúg' g'ac fearú ué'n uá úp'eam p'p'eaúar 'p' buillí a ép'oré 'n a éléib.

Ú'uaéab'acé an éiméap' é. Aét ní p'ata a máip' p'é ann. Tús Míceál c'p'og'ar éisín aúp' p'leap' amac g'p'ab'acé éiméap' 'p' éicéat' uéac' uó'p'ic'p'eaia ar an p'eaip'ie. Úip'ig Míceál féin a g'p'uma ar fearú éat' úp' go g'p'uala p'é a' caip'acé úp'omúg'ea uarú. Éuit an fearú p'm; aúp' éomúac p'é go p'oit'p'ar fearú eile as caip'acé ion-fup'ce uó féin ar an b'p'eaip'. Is ann-p'm ué'p'ig an uá úp'eam i uó'p'it'p'ir éin a ééle—an úp'eam éat' as p'eaip'icéat' g'an amúp'is aúp' an úp'eam uéas i b'p'ur go éúp'macé p'eur. An buacáit a bí i h-áice le Míceál, buacáit p'leap' i mbun na éiméap' é aúp' éuit p'é p'iar Rús Míceál aip' ma buacáimú aúp' ú'p'eaé p'é ar an g'p'oin. Míop' ú'p'it' uéap'ar é aét go páo p'é as cup' p'ola go móp' aúp' go páo an buacáit b'p'acé i laige. Cúp' Míceál "na lunge ar a uéimúe é paot' p'g'ac éicéat' móp'ea aúp' uó'p'acé leip' g'an a g'p'uma a lúmp'acé go p'óit'. Ní fáca an námp'ar éat' é p'eo, úip' ní páo le p'icéat' ón áit 'na páo p'iao aét na ép'múin uéas aúp' an p'eaip'ie 'p' na p'eaéa. Ní móiré ép'icéat' p'iao an t-aon úp'eaip' ar an méat' a bí 'g'ac p'eaip'icéat' óp'ea. Úi na p'it'p'ar as éat' go cúg' aét ué uéas éionn uá páo as éat' bí as uéanám uéog'p'ala. Éiméap' leip' an p'eaip'icéat' aúp' as imeáéat' p'olám ép'io an aip' ar a éionn, aúp' éiméap' iao as g'p'eaip'acé uéalaig' ép'io an úp'g'e.

Úi p'arúg'at' maic as na buacáití éat'ar éicéat' mópa an élaré ip'it aúp' an p'eaip'ie cúg', aét map' p'm féin bí p'og'p'arú uéas amúp'is 'p' amúp'ie map' a páo baip'illí na g'p'unnai 'g'ac níop'it' amac. Uuait p'leap' ahám ar éicéat' p'á éúg' p'laea ué Míceál aúp' éúg' p'eaip'icéat' amap' éúg'e 'p' éuáit' g'lan ép'io a

Do leas p'í mé féin 'g'ur mo lám-re uo leóin

Ar an g'p'arúpa bí an Sáip'p'eaic i éamúg p'é caob' lom

Cao ar g'ur p'ac'p'up'is, a féim f'p' náip' uéacé?

An cú Ó Donnabáin Rora ní máip'ic' na úp'p'eaip'ic

Do p'ainig' féim éimú' éin na p'raíoe uo uó'g'at'!"

Uob' ionann an ép'ac' pan imeap' Saeból páo úp' cap'a le Rora cú i a páo úp' cap'a le g'p'ainne Maol cú—p'uo eile, leip' na g'at' uob' ionann é i a páo ná páo ionnacé aét "Mere Irishman" ní "Irish Savage."

(Ní C'p'ioé).

hata. Óp'acé níop' ip'ie aúp' uéad a uéap'ie p'oltea. Is mímic ó p'oin éap'p'eaic Míceál an hata p'm aúp' uéap'icéat' p'é: "Ó'p'ab'ap' uáin—aét is móp' a' méat' óp'acé ahám i paogál uime!"

Lean an p'eaip'icéat' ar fearú leat-uap' a éimúg aúp' g'an c'p'óip' nó b'p'og'ar ar aomne ué'n uá úp'eam ar an áit i naip' c'p'omúg'at' ar an éat'. Fá uéap'icéat' éamúg' p'op' uéas. Úi éúg'ap'ar nó p'eaip'ar ué'n námp'ar as ionfup'icéat' i b'p'ém ar an b'p'eaip'. San ép'io éiméap' an óp'ainúg' go ép'uaip'icéat'acé. Uá méiré é an p'oin a bí ar Míceál uéap'icéat' a éup' óp'ea, ní b'p'eaip'acé p'é 'na ép'oré leannamúe uó'n ép'og'ar aúp' a léit'io uó'p'ainúg' a éimúg'ic'p'm. Éúg' p'é óp'it' i g'p'og'ar aúp' leig' na buacáití uá g'p'uo amúp' fúap'. C'p'og'ar an námp'ar aip'icéat' aét níop' p'p'eaip'ar iao. Ann-p'm c'p'og'ar p'iao ar a g'p'comúacéat'icéat' bí g'p'ona a éup' ar na g'p'uaip'icéat'acé. aúp' uá g'p'cumúp'acé na h-óp'ain a léig'p'ar! aúp' uá g'p'cumúp'acé na mállacéat' a g'p'ur na p'ia a éamúg' p'lan! G'p'ur p'iao g'ac mállacéat' uap' fúap'icéat' as n-a léit'io p'm aip'iam ar na "h-ó'p'iaig' élap'acéat' p'uit'acéat'." Aét níop' b'p'ig p'm Míceál. Ar na p'ia g'p'ona bí p'é as p'iaomúeap' aúp' éap'ar p'é go mó'p'eaip'ar b'p'icéat'acéat'.

huap' a bí na p'ia g'p'ona p'na g'p'uaip'icéat' acú éuáit' p'eaip'ar nó p'eaip'ar éca a éúg'at' an ép'múp' ar an b'p'eaip'acé. Ní ép'múp'ar mó'p' bí ann aúp' ní p'ó'p'ia go páo p'é c'p'ap'icéat' ar leat'caob' acú. Suar leo uéit' i h-óp'ie aúp' huap' a bí ué b'p'og'ar p'eaip'icéat' an c'p'icéat' a bí óp'ea uéap'ar. "A élap'ap'icéat' g'p'ainúg'!" ar p'eaip'ar—aúp' g'p'ur p'é mállacéat' móp' uéad'p'acéat'. Úi p'é 'na p'eaip'ar le na linn p'eo aét p'ainúg' Míceál go mb'uo uéap'ar an p'uo p'iao a éup' le na éup' uéas—éamúg'e. Úip'ig p'é a g'p'uma aip'. Úi p'é go p'oit'p'ar éat'ar é féin aúp' uéat' uó'p'acéat'ar na p'p'eaip'. C'p'ap'icéat' p'ar an ép'ig' aúp' éomúac p'é hata an éap'icéat' as imeáéat' ó n-a éionn aúp' as éimúg' go calam. "Sin an uéap'a hata a l'p'eaip'ar aúp'icéat'!" aip'ia Míceál leip' an fearú ba c'p'omúacéat' uó. aúp' bí an námp'ar iméig'ie éap' cap'at' an b'p'eaip' ar amap'acé.

(Ní C'p'ioé).

ÚAÉAP'ICÉ

Úi fearú i Slúab' g'p'ea uap' aúp' bí an' uóit' na n-ól aip'. Is mímic a uéap'ar an p'eaip'icéat' leip' ar an mb'p'eaip'ar aúp' é as uóit' ab'p'ie ó'n éig'—c'p'ab'ap'ie aúp' c'p'ab'ap'ar an p'eaip'icéat' p'é map' éat' ar an méip'icéat'acéat', aó p'í uéas uim a éiméap'acé an fearú b'p'acé ann. C'p'ac'p'ac'p'acéat' bí p'é as uóit' ab'p'ie aúp' ar an éig'ín a bí ann p'ioh'at' le neap' an óit'. Uuait an p'eaip'icéat' leip'. Úa é an p'eaip'icéat' an

LET me say right off that I consider this book by Madame Maugué MacBride (*A Servant of the Queen*, VICTOR GOLLANCZ LTD, LONDON, 10/6 NET) worth a score of novels. It is not a novel, it is an autobiography, written in a most fascinating style that is never stilted or stodgy and that carries one along with zest and absorbing interest through all the varying scenes, as if the whole human, vivid story of active, strenuous, useful, patriotic life were being lived all over again. *A Servant of the Queen* is a wonderful book, and I trust it will be largely availed of in these coming days as a Christmas present.

I HAVE seen reviews of this book in which the high lights were shown to be the usual humorous or snappy stories that are common to all autobiography, but to me and I am sure to all who read these words, the best part of the book are the chapters dealing with the author's activities in the fight for Irish independence so very long ago. The visits to America, the pictures of English convict prisons in the days when refined and gifted Irishmen were being treated like wild beasts, the stormy scenes connected with the Land War and the clearances of the people out of their homes, the exciting clashes in Dublin during visits of British Royalty, the struggles of little papers like our own: and all these are told so well that the reader simply cannot lay down the book until the end is reached.

JUST one quotation. It is from the end of the chapter in which Parnell's death and funeral are mentioned:—"I stood in the thick mud of Glasnevin among a dense and silent throng. Dusk was coming on. As the thud of the earth sounded on the coffin, a rift in the leaden sky parted the clouds and a bright falling star was seen. Hundreds of others saw it as I did. The Parliamentary Party was dead before Parnell, and should have been buried with him. It is an ungracious thing to kick about a corpse; it is what Griffith and Sinn Féin had to do and I helped because its leaders refused to bury it. . . I never ceased to love my old friends, only their movement had to die that the young might live. . . Life out of death, life out of death eternally."

Conall

reip'ar a tús p'é uo, aét éuáit' p'é a éúab'ap' aip' a uéap'acéat' ab'p'ie. Ar an mb'p'eaip'ar uóit' go uóit' an éúg' bí an fearú as lúig'is aúp' as g'p'raúab'at', aúp' ní naé ionganacéat', bí náip' ar an p'eaip'icéat' a b'p'icéat' i n-a p'eaip'icéat'. Úi p'é c'p'acéat' ó b'p'icéat' as p'áo leip' a b'p'icéat' uóit' uóit', aó ní páo an maic a b'p'icéat' as camúe leip'; leip' p'é ué'n lúig'is. Sá uéip'e b'p'icéat' ar an p'eaip'icéat'. Séap'icéat' p'é i lán an b'p'eaip'icéat'. Féicéat' ar p'eaip'ar leip' an úp'eam. "Map'a n-éip'eamúe at' uo b'p'icéat' go meap', uéanp'ar mé g'p'arúat' uóit'." "Imb'ara má uéanp'arúe cú," aip'ia ar fearú, "f'p'arúat' míre uo éúit' g'p'arúat'acéat'."

domnall ó caob'la

Léat'ap'm na mb'p' g'p'iaip'icéat'acé
b'ainne Saop' ó éit'inn
D. Ó Riop'arúin, an éicéat'p'eaic, Co. áéa éliaé

"LONELY AND DESOLATE"

CONCLUSION OF LIFE STORY OF TONE

BY AODH DE BLACAM

CHAPTER VIII.

THOSE WHO CAME AFTER

§ 2

MEANWHILE Tone's other children were dead. William and his mother decided to go to America. Their friend Wilson, to whom Wolfe Tone had recommended his wife in one of his dying letters, and who had managed the family's slender resources during the hard years, went to France, married Madame Tone and put his fortune at her disposal; then travelled with her and William to Georgetown, near Washington, where he bought an estate. William entered the American army.

Ireland had changed greatly. After the insurrection, and while the country was groaning, the Legislative Union had been carried into law by men who sold their folk and their country, and wished that they had more to sell. Three years after the Union, Robert Emmet, young brother of Tone's admired friend, Thomas Addis Emmet, made his magnificently gallant effort to seize Dublin and achieve what Tone had failed to do. Tone's fate was repeated in this noble youth, as well as his ideals and his aims. Like Tone, Emmet expressly declared himself the friend of the Catholic people. He said to Tom Russell, his chief comrade in the enterprise, that he rejoiced to know that no leading Catholic was committed to the insurrection. In the event of failure "their cause will not be compromised."

★

EMMET'S rising, like Tone's enterprise, was defeated, not by its leader's fault, but by fate. As a fatal wind drove back the ships from Bantry Bay, in '96, so a fatal series of misadventures dislocated Emmet's plans at the last moment, and for want of a few days' grace, the well-planned insurrection was defeated.

Lord Kilwarden, that chief justice who had striven to save Wolfe Tone, was driving through the streets of Dublin in his carriage at the moment when Emmet's plans were baffled, and a riot broke out. With Emmet's arrest, the carriage was arrested. Kilwarden stepped out and declared his identity, confident that no man of the people would harm him. One wild fellow with a grievance piked the old man to death. Emmet saw his noble plan degenerate thus into riot and murder, and his heart was broken. He fled from the city, and was captured after a few weeks, was hanged, and followed Tone in his national apotheosis. His last words from the dock may stand for all patriots:

"When my country takes her place among the nations of the world, then shall my character be vindicated; then may my epitaph be written."

★

TOM RUSSELL and Jemmy Hope had been sent by Emmet to the North. They failed to bring

about a rising. Hope escaped, but Russell was taken prisoner, and was executed at Downpatrick. So perished Tone's dearest friend, uttering in his last speech words which throw a further light on the principles that animated all these brave men:

Perhaps, as my voice may now be considered as a voice crying from the grave, what I now say may have some weight. I see around me many who during the last years of my life have defamed principles for which I am now to die. Those gentlemen, who have all the wealth and power of the country in their hand, I strongly advise and earnestly exhort to pay attention to the poor—by the poor I mean the labouring class of the community, their tenantry and dependants.

It may be they will not hold their power long, but at all events to attend to the wants and distresses of the poor is their truest interest. If they hold their power they will thus have friends around them; if they lose, their fall will be gentle.

He put the rope round his own neck, aiding the hangman, and died in a state of strange religious exaltation.

One bitter thing must be told. In Belfast Dr. MacDonnell weakly had consented to sign a proclamation, offering reward for his friend Russell's capture. This he did when he thought that Russell was safely away, and he wished immediately that he had not done it. The deed shattered the whole society of patriotic Belfast, the Irish movement there collapsed, and MacDonnell, broken hearted, lived on to see Belfast turned against Ireland.

§ 3

LITTLE remains to tell. In America William Tone married a girl with whom he had long been in love, the only daughter, Kathleen, of his father's friend, Counsellor William Sampson of New York, a refugee from Belfast. He lived happily and honourably for some years; edited his father's papers, and completed the patriot's life-story in a narrative of sublime, classical prose; but succumbed in 1836 to consumption, which had carried off his brother and sister before him in their childhood. His daughter married a Martin, also from the North of Ireland, and the descendants of this union flourish in America to this day, proud of the blood of Wolfe Tone that flows in their veins, and corresponding still with their kindred in the Motherland.

Tone's widow outlived other actors in our story. She died in Georgetown in 1849. There is a letter extant which she wrote in 1842, in her old age, to vindicate the memory of Tone from some errors which had appeared in Dr. Madden's writings. She wrote of his services to the general committee of the Catholics:

SOCCER AND OLD-TIME GAELIC

A MOTION that the Central Council be requested to remove the name of President Hyde from the Roll of Patrons of the Association was proposed at a meeting of Offaly Co. Board G.A.A.

The motion was proposed by Mr. G. O'Connell, Edenderry, after three Offaly county football players had been suspended for attending foreign functions.

Dr. Hyde, declared Mr. O'Connell, had flagrantly violated the rules of the Association, and the rank and file of the G.A.A. awaited the Central Council's action in this case.

Mr. Sean Robbins (chairman) said the banning of G.A.A. games in the North and the blowing up of a G.A.A. hall showed the necessity for maintaining the ban.

The Central Council was not catering for the men who remained true to the ideals of the Association, stated Mr. McIntyre, Cloghan.

Douglas H (yde)

(On seeing in the press the announcement of Governor General Hyde's intention to be present at a play called *Victoria Regina*).

Would you even call them dangers

Douglas H.?

Has the serpent lost his bite,

Douglas H.?

Has what's wrong become what's right,

Douglas H.?

Do you think could Freedom ever

Roam our land to-day—no—

never

Till our Saron chains we sever,

Douglas H.!

Douglas H.?

English plays may have their run,

Douglas H.

But the man who faced the gun,

Douglas H.

Would not weaken Ireland's

cause

For the Saron's false applause,

Nor admit her alien laws,

Douglas H.

GERARD H(OLMES.)

DALCASSIAN.

THERE is such a rich fund of quiet humour in *Memories*, the article written by Dalcaasian for this issue that we have decided to hold it over and give it to our readers along with the other "Christmas things." It will appear next week.

WHAT'S this rumour that I hear,

Douglas H.?

That in person you'll appear,

Douglas H.

At *Victoria Regina*;

Is it true? Would you have seen a

Royal play, when you were

keen?

Douglas H.?

When the Gaelic League began,

Douglas H.

Then you voted for the ban,

Douglas H.

To resist the degradation

Of the foe, whose machination

Strove to kill our Irish nation

Douglas H.

Now in Ireland's cause secure,

Douglas H.?

All temptations to endure,

Douglas H.?

Can she flout the subtle dangers,

That are in the games of

strangers

I may say he was both trusted and beloved by them, and he loved and honoured them. His whole time and talents were devoted to them and to their cause. . . . On leaving Ireland, Tone again received the farewell thanks of the Catholics of Dublin for services rendered to the Catholic body, which no gratitude can over-rate, no remuneration over-pay.

★

MADAME TONE repudiated the notion which had come into fashion that Tone was a man of reckless violence. On the contrary, she said, it had been his belief that from "a liberal emancipation of the Catholics—a full and fair representation of all the people of Ireland in an Irish Parliament—when the immense resources of the country could be developed and honestly applied to the benefit of the country—a separation would, in a short time, be the certain consequence; but he did not think of separation until every other hope had failed, nor did he then think of it alone." She affirms, too, that Tone certainly was among the most discreet of the United Irishmen in that critical year before his departure from Ireland. Fitzgerald, the brother=

Sheares, and even Dr. Drennan, had published hot addresses. "Tone laboured in vain to check this folly, but there was no deceit in it; it was honest generous enthusiasm and young excitement."

★

SHE says, also, that the critical letter which sent Tone from America to Paris, that which called upon him to "remember and execute your garden conversation," was undoubtedly from John Keogh. She had the original document. Keogh was "cautious even to timidity, and yet he wished for French aid, and promised in a letter that his son Cornelius should join them on landing."

Thus did Tone's widow, when he lay forty-four years in the grave, vindicate his memory from the charge of violence, and prove that he acted with the approval of the leaders of the olden nation, by whom he was both trusted and beloved. These words the sorrowing and noble woman wrote from her retreat. "I live," she said, "in complete retirement, and, to use Carolan's words: 'Lonely and desolate I mourn the dead.'"

THE END.

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bation for those wild and
violent spirits who planned or
assisted in the blowing up of British
Customs posts on the Border and we
have nothing but loathing for a
procedure involving the gravest
danger to utterly unknowing and
defenseless people. Those who were
responsible for this reckless idea are
deadly, even if unwitting, enemies
of the cause they adduce for their
misdeeds. Their mentality is rather
anarchist than patriotic and their
presence is far more hurtful to the
nation than were their bombs to the
Imperialism against which they
were aimed. The sort of a mad
escapade is no part of the policy to
have Partition removed and can
only retard rather than expedite the
spirit necessary on Britain's part
for its removal. True it is, the
section responsible for the Border
outrages, are much more noisy than
numerous, but they are none the less
an exasperating element for that.
Ireland does not want them, and
Ireland's interests are the worse for
their crazy methods."

THE above is from the *Derry
Journal*, December 2, 1938. I
send it to you and ask you to
kindly reproduce it, so that it may
stand to the credit of a sterling
editor whenever his time comes to
receive a pension.

IT would be interesting to look up
the files of the *Derry Journal*
and find out what it said about the
"crazy methods" of de Valera
and Co. a couple of years ago when
they endangered the lives of
several and actually took one valuable
life by their inhuman system
of solitary confinement in prison. It
would be interesting to know what
the *Derry Journal* wrote when the
Customs House in Dublin was
burned down by order of de Valera
and valuable lives were lost. It
would be interesting to know what

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the *Derry Journal* and several other
patriotic papers of to-day wrote
about the "crazy methods" of the
"anarchists" of Easter Week, 1916.

BILLING and cooing in Downing
Street, London, dining and win-
ing at Geneva, holding secret talks
with slippery Englishmen are the
"crazy methods;" and there will al-
ways be felon-setters in an unfree
Ireland.

RORY.

PRISONERS' GREAT MEETING IN LONDON

ON Sunday, 4th December, a large
and enthusiastic gathering of
Irish Republicans demonstrated in
London in support of the Fund
which is being raised by the Irish
Prisoners' Nat. Aid Society to help
the Dependents of the Republican
Prisoners in Belfast and Armagh
jails.

The huge parade, headed by two
kilted Irish Pipers Bands and car-
rying numerous slogans such as
"Release the Republican Prisoners"
and "Long live the Irish Republic"
marched from Paddington Green
and arrived at Trafalgar Sq. at 3-
40 p.m.

Owing to a police regulation that
such meetings must be concluded at
sundown the various speakers, under
the chairmanship of J. H. Fowler,
veteran London Sinn Feiner, had
only time to address for about five
minutes each the crowd of about three
thousand.

Harry Diamond said that the days
of the Craigavon regime are number-
ed and that the prisoners in Belfast
and Armagh are suffering not for a
32 Co. "Free State" but for the sov-
ereign Irish Republic.

Councillor Delargy, Manchester,
accused the Labour Party, to which
he belonged, of having deserted the
Six Co. minority.

Mr. De Courcy Ireland, Manches-
ter, urged the British Government to
withdraw their troops and subsidies
from Northern Ireland and allow the
Irish people to settle their own
affairs.

Silver and copper coins were show-

ered on to the plinth of the Nelson
monument and all present at the close
of the meeting joined in the singing
of the "Soldier's Song."

It is the intention of the London
Branch of the I.P.N.A.S. to hold
further demonstrations and anyone
wishing to join or help on the work
of the Society should communicate
with the Secretary, 84, Blackfriars
Rd., London.

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