

Wolfe Tone Weekly

Edited by Brian O'hilginn

Vol. I. No. 8.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1937

Twopence.

Defamers Of The Dead Are On The Run!

BEFORE THE BATTLE

GOD! we enter our last fight
 Thou dost see our cause is right.
 Make us march, now in Thy sight
 On to victory.
 Let us not Thy wrath deserve,
 In the sacred cause we serve;
 Let us not from danger sur vive;
 Teach us how to die.
 Death for some is in reserve,
 Before our flag can fly.

All the agony of years,
 All the horrors, all the fears;
 Martyrs' blood, survivors' tears,
 Now, we offer Thee
 As an endless holocaust,
 For the freedom we have lost,
 God! restore it, though the cost
 Greater still must be,
 Let Thy grace attend our host,
 Give us victory.

See, we open our own hearts,
 Every wrong that in them smarts,
 Every secret pain that starts,
 We, too, offer Thee.
 Every dearest hope's decease,
 Every fear that rocks our peace,
 Every cross with pain's increase,
 Burdened tho' we be,
 Sacrifice that shall not cease,
 Till our land be free.

Thou hold'st freedom in Thy hand,
 Thou canst liberate our land,
 Hear us, yield our one demand—
 Ireland's liberty.
 We ask not her chains to rive,
 And the sacred deed survive,
 That we may rejoice alive,
 In her victory.
 But we ask that she shall thrive,
 And rest our faith with Thee.

We know not what must befall,
 Marching at our country's call.
 Make us strong, who must yield all,
 That she may not die.
 Those who will survive the fight,
 Still attend them with Thy light;
 Thou, our Hope in darkest night,
 Then Thy Guardian be:
 And hold our dear land in Thy
 sight,
 Erect, firm and free.
 The unfлинг ENCE MacSWINEY.

"Post-Graduate", Baile an Bhothair, Ath Cliath, has sent us the following article which we gladly publish. The history of the wretched book to which it refers is known to many Republicans, but we give a resumé of it on Page 4.

SOMEBODY, for some reason, placed the Hayden-Moonan "History" at my elbow within the past week and my first impulse was to look through this "work of native scholars" for the offensive chapter on Childers and Mellows. In the Index the names Childers and Mellows are given as if on pages 565 and 569. So I turn to these pages, to find that neither name appears on either of them. Puzzled, I return to the Index, and find incidentally that the last two names appearing there—Zimmer and Zeuss—are referred to page 575. Turning again to the text, I find that it has no page 575—although the Indexed pages run as high, at least, as 585—that, in fact, the text ends at page 572.

BEWILDERED, I next look for light to the Table of Contents at the beginning of Volume II, and discover that Book VII (meaning Section VII) of this precious "work of native scholars" professes to consist of six chapters—IV and V dealing respectively with "The Irregulars" and the "Two Parliaments" and VI with "Language and Literature". Now, I've got it! I hum to myself. But, on referring again to the text, what do I discover? That chapter IV does not deal with "The Irregulars" at all, but consists rather of Moonan's musing on Language and Literature, and is, in fact, the closing chapter of the work. Further investigation satisfies me that chapters IV and V, purporting to deal with "The Irregulars" and the "Two Parliaments", have been dropped like the proverbial hot potato. and that chapter VI on "Language and Literature" is linked up as Chapter IV. Nice Contents! you will say; unique Index!

CONGRATULATIONS to the Editor of the Wolfe Tone

Weekly, I shout involuntarily—congratulations on the result of his long-sustained onslaught on their misleading, denationalising, production. He has the authors on the run, with a vengeance. As might be expected, they are ashamed to admit openly that they have abandoned their poisoned shafts and barbed arrows and, in their confusion or their indifference to their readers' rights, have not even thought of making the necessary adjustments in Contents and Index. But then, of course, the erudite authors are, one a "Judge"; the other a "University Professor"; and who does not know that the traditional function of mere students in Ireland is to grin and bear it.

VES, Professor and Judge have fled, dropping the poisoned shafts as a desperate remedy for their malady, and thus inviting the investigation which can only show how anaemic their whole condition is. The remedy, in truth, is as bad as the disease. There is, in fact, no remedy for this "work of native scholars"; for the whole concoction—so far as I have been able to scan it—is but a rapid rehash of the kind of dope that had its rise in the Whately regime, and lacks no ingredient of the old stew save God Save the Queen which, as tailpiece, used to adorn the end of "the works of native scholars" in the Souper days.

HOW, one may ask, does a prohibitively priced work of the kind come to have the circulation which its battered stereo plates clearly indicate—as if there were not popular histories galore available, with the traditional spirit of Ireland animating them? How is it that the Hayden-Moonan volume does not state the edition it has reached, or the year in which it was issued? What are the educational authorities, primary, secondary and university, doing in the matter? Have they, in their new entrenchments, no duty to the youth of Ireland? They profess to be very alert in regard to other things; and some of their august functionaries even

dabble in semi-inate "novel" writing. Are they really above the functions for which the people are made to pay them lavishly? There surely must be something rotten in the state of Terra del Derrigo.

MacSWINEY'S COMRADES

AT the time Terence MacSwiney was carried away to his martyrdom in exile, there were comrades of his—members of the I.R.A.—serving sentences in Cork Jail. When the news reached them that he had determined to make use of the last weapon left to a captive soldier unjustly imprisoned, that he had decided to wage against his country's enemies the highest form of warfare known to man, they made up their minds to join him.

TWO of them travelled with him every step of that terrible journey to the inevitable end, and they deserve to be saluted too whenever his glorious story is told. For one of them—noble-hearted Michael Fitzgerald, the man who was so loved and revered by Liam Lynch that he asked, as a dying request, to be buried alongside him—the long agony ended on the sixty-seventh day; and another, Joseph Murphy, a boy of seventeen years, died on the same day as Terence MacSwiney, after enduring seventy days of hunger and pain.

CONCLUDING the beautiful message MacSwiney sent to these comrades of his from Brixton Prison, was this prayer that should be on the lips and in the hearts of all who desire the true freedom for which the three martyrs died seventeen years ago: "God save Ireland! God save, bless and guard the Irish Republic, to live and flourish, and be a model Government of truth and justice to all nations. May the liberty of the Irish people shine with Thy glory, O my God, for ever and ever. Amen."

WE ARE BANNED

SEE PAGE

STRENGTH AGAINST STRENGTH

SOME Irishmen seem to think of and always speak of Ireland as a weak nation, because they do not know her strength. If they knew it they would be better Irishmen, and Ireland's strength would be still greater. Her strength may be said to be the exact opposite to that of England.

★
THE strength of England is, and always has been, material force; organisation; concentration; weight of stroke; selfishness of purpose. Her power has marched through the centuries and the nations like a mail-clad battalion, ploughing its way, repellent, unsympathetic, defying criticism, bound on the seizure of its prey, disregarding the opinions of mankind.

★
THE power that Ireland has exerted through her banished millions is immaterial, diffused, intellectual, spiritual; the very opposite to that of England. But it is the power of the steam, as compared to the power of the water. So far the nations represent opposites; one concussion; the other conversion. One a threat; the other an argument. One repels; the other attracts. One makes enemies; the other makes friends.

★
ONE wastes its own strength in every effort; the other increases its power with every exertion. Ireland appeals through her scattered children and their descendants to the consciences of men. They make mankind a jury to whom they are constantly appealing for a verdict against the lawless and cruel and piratical rule of England in Ireland. Against the deep injury done to an ancient and proud nation that had done its full share in the glory of civilisation, until it was interrupted, ruined, and misrepresented by this robber invasion.

★
BUT let Irishmen in Ireland and outside it remember that unless they are true to themselves, to their past, to the highest ideals of the men who have died for them, that spiritual strength that has fought for them the world over, and has baffled the material

—Turn to page 8.

MacSWINEY

ON the 25th October, 1920, after ten-and-a-half weeks of hunger and pain, Terence MacSwiney gave up his noble and beautiful and unselfish life for the Republic of Ireland. He is seventeen years in the grave and the spirit of the people for whom all his life was lived and for love of whom he died, has ebbed and weakened, but it will glow and blaze again, with God's good help, and break down the last barrier between us and that freedom to which we were so near seventeen years ago. No man can write or speak of that spirit to-day as MacSwiney wrote and spoke of it, so let his voice ring out again to bring us back to recollection and remorse.

★
OF the steadfast few, "the intelligent minority," who have saved Ireland in every crisis he wrote: "They stand for an individual right that is inalienable. A majority has no right to annul it, and no power to destroy it. Tyrannies may persecute, slay or banish those who defend it; the thing itself is indestructible. It does not need legions to protect it nor genius to proclaim it, though the poets have always glorified it, and the legions will ultimately acknowledge it. One man alone may vindicate it, and because that one man has never failed, it has never died. Not, indeed, that Ireland has ever been reduced to a single loyal son. She never will be. We have not survived the centuries to be conquered now."

★
AND again he comes back to the same subject in words that are reasonable to-day as when they were written: "He is called to a grave charge who is called to resist the majority. But he will resist, knowing his victory will lead them to a dearer dream than they have ever known. He will fight for that ideal in obscurity, little heeded; in the open, misunderstood; in humble places, still undaunted; in high places, seizing every vantage point, never crushed, never silent, never despairing, cheering a few comrades with hope for the morrow."

★
TERENCE MACSWINEY was a Gael in spirit, in thought, in outlook, a true Separatist who wanted not economic or political emancipation merely, but complete separation of mind and body of this great nation from the British Empire. That ideal, that demand, that gospel, is the "flag" of which he speaks so often, the "banner" which every true lover of Ireland should bear about with him always as something sacred and holy, worthy of all loyalty, all reverence, all love and all sacrifice, something that was never to be lowered by a single inch, never dishonoured by selfishness or cowardice, never laid aside or forgotten for a single moment. He spoke, as if inspired, for the unbroken Gaelic of all the generations, and exulted in the glorious fact that in spite of nearly eight hundred years of diabolical persecution, the banner of the Gaelic had never been finally driven from the field, had never been surrendered

in dishonour or defeat to the enemy, but had been held aloft in face of all the powers of earth and hell, by a faithful, steadfast, unyielding few in every generation, so that Eire could still cry out with pride and joy: "Níor ghéilleas riamh in chroidhe do Ghallaibh!" "I have never yet yielded in my heart to the foreign usurpers and invaders! I have never surrendered the flag! I have never abated by one iota my God-given claim and right to complete and sovereign freedom!"

★
AND it is with a great pride and a great joy and a great exultation Terence MacSwiney calls out to Irish separatists of his own and of every future day:

"It is ours now to hold the breach. We must remember ourselves as the inheritors of a great tradition and it would well become us not only to show the splendour of the banner that is handed on to us, but to show that this banner we, too, are worthy to bear. For, how often it shall be victorious, and how high it shall be planted, will depend on the conception we have of its supreme greatness, the knowledge that it can be fought for at all times and in all places, the conviction that we may, when least we expect, be challenged to deny it, and that by our bearing we may bring it new credit and glory, or drag it low in repute."

★
LET us, then, with the old high confidence, blend the old high courtesy of the Gaelic. Let us grow big with our cause. Shall we honour the flag we bear by a mean, apologetic front? No! Wherever it is down, lift it; wherever it is challenged, wave it; wherever it is high, salute it; wherever it is victorious, glorify and exult in it. At all times and for ever be for it proud, passionate, persistent, jubilant, defiant; stirring hidden memories, kindling old fires, wakening the finer instincts of men, till all are one in the old spirit, the spirit that will not admit defeat."

★
MEN of Ireland! Let your thoughts go back to-night over the events of the past seventeen years. Think of the strength, the spirit, the comradeship that were ours, the respect that was Ireland's the world over. Take up MacSwiney's teaching again, and prepare to march forward with the joy of brothers re-united, to the full freedom of the Republic of Ireland. For that MacSwiney died.

"PADDY REILLY" AND "THE ROSE OF TRALEE"

"LONDON GAIK" writes: "I came over specially to Dublin for the Football Final and listened with disgust to thousands of young Irishmen in Croke Park singing *Come back, Paddy Reilly, to Bally Jamesduff*, and thousands answering them with *The Rose of Tralee*. How Michael Cusack would have raged had he heard them! If that inane singing represents the national spirit of the 'New Ireland' we hear so much about, the *Wolfe Tone Weekly* has work before it!"

Reamonn Ropaire

Peadar Ó Dubha do Sliocht (ar leanamh)

"Seo mo cúro fear," arf eirean, "asur tá ré com maic asató séit-leat—San ceirp san focal. Cuir-síó uaid na sunnaí—fíor ar an bócaí! Dainisíó uío na cat-banna asur na carósal. Fásaisíó na ceirpe anpíeo, asur—imcísíó ar aip 'n-a daité!"

"Ó'póirí Reamonn o'a cúro fear na ceirpe 'r na sunnaí a opeit leo— asur o'imcísíó ríao ríuar t'pío na cnuic.

"Píl na raigóuní ar aip ve ríudal cor asur náip an tóimh ané. O'imnir ríao an ríeal asur má bí buile ar éinne amháin dá ar a ceir-peac éallta rín a bí. Míonnaís ré nápa ríán nó mupa b'púeasé ré ceann ar Ropaire pómie luise na spéine lá ar n-a dáipeac.

"Ác' bí rín an cáine san éipeacé. Iomáa bob eile map rín buail Reamonn opea rú ar beirpéad aip.

"Bí clú asur cáil ar fuo Cúise Ulaó ar an fear épíóa dána neam-easláe reo.

"Óslac i n-ann éoasán Ruar úf Néil u' de'asé Reamonn le um éoasán an épíeíom. Nuasí a buaró-eas ar na Saebít asur nuasí curp-eas ar cabat ópea dáilís Reamonn ríapre ve na ríp asur éós na cnuic opea féin. Mí géitpéad ríao. Bí a scuro calamh i dáimá na méipeacé asur bí ríao féin ríuasíge ar fán.

"Asur an fear ríe bládan ar ré féin 'r a caoasá fear as cabatc ionnpuisíe ar na Sallab, éall 'r i b'púr. Cárta pa Sualó scultinn dá mó bóio comaróe ópea, asur ar rín éíséasé ríao amac as buitead buile ar luic leanamha na Sapanac 'r as buic víobáa curo ve'n maom náa leo ceapc.

"Dí ré as cup ípéac ar ríao na nSall com móp rín sup éapís ríao ceirpe céao punnc no úime ar díe a b'éapacé cúa é—beo nó mapó. Ác' bí na Saebít 'n-a scáipre cor-anc aise asur i n-ionas na scéipre céao a íaparró b'é gníóid ríao ná forcáó 'r feacáic aon uasí dá mbíó an náimá 'n-a Saobap.

"Díó na 'cócáí beapá' ar a épíe i scómaré. Asur ní n-uo-ran amáin ac' uime ve na buic mópa anpíeo 'r anpíeo a Sáb leip an ví-éipreacé nuasí a bí ríapac na nSall as íaparró éup i b'éíóim i n-Chinn. Fear aca rín a bí i réiló Saebéat fa'n fíod i scómaré ípómacá. "Comrac na S'ceann" túsacá ar. Túsac an t-áimín rín aip ve éapre 50 mbíó ré ar épíe cinn ríapóe nó cinn Ropaire. Tá a áimín b'éapín mbéala na maóime so fóit. Tíor-áca dá víabáca ná é ní ná i n-aon áipre ve Cúise Ulaó le um áimín na S'cap-leanamha. Iomáa rín ríapac asur Cópais asur Ropaire 50 b'púar ré ípéacé ar rón a scóim a cáipre so Daité áca Clúac.

"Uasí amáin o'a ríao ré ar épíe Reamonn—é féin asur a cú fóta—cáimís ré aip san fíor. Bí Reamonn as léisín a ríepce ar b'ruac na n-ona éíor as Dáó a' Caol. Dí ré leip féin, 'r bí a éapall ríacóite-aise 'r i as ísile pa fáca nó.

GENIUS.
"The high thought of the genius for nobility."

AN IATHAIR PEADAR
SOME OF CANON O'LEARY'S WORKS.
SEANMÓIN ASUR CRÍ FÍCÍO.
61 Sermons in Irish on the Gospel for every Sunday and Holiday in the year. In two vols. Each vol. 4/6 net.

na CEITRE SOISÉIT AS AN O'CIOMHA NUA.
The Four Gospels translated from the Latin Vulgate. With annotations and references. Library edition, cloth 4/- net. Each Gospel separately, cloth 1/- net. Paper 6d. net.

EISIRC.
An ancient story told in modern Irish. Supposed to have formed the basis of description of Lilliput in Gulliver's Travels. 1/-.

ÁDÓ RUAD.
Life of Red Hugh O'Donnell. Edited by Eleanor Keat. In 2 parts. 1/- each.

NOTES ON IRISH WORDS & USAGES.
A standard work on Gaelic words. Cloth, 6s. 2/6.

BROWNE & NOLAN, LTD.
Nassau St., Dublin. 1 Cook St., Cork. 109 The Quay, Waterford. 1 College St., N. Belfast.

THE GREAT HUNGER-STRIKE OF 1923

An Account Of What Led To It

8,000 MEN AND WOMEN PROTEST AGAINST INJUSTICE

IN 1922 and 1923 over 14,000 Irish Republicans—men, women, boys and girls—were arrested in all parts of the country by the King of England's Irish tools, without any charge, and were kept in the prisons and internment camps, without trial, and under conditions that were unbelievable then and would be unbelievable now.

IN the Autumn of 1923 the conditions grew worse and the prisoners in Mountjoy and Kilmahnam were being systematically treated as convicts. To end this and to make the only protest in their power against injustice and to draw public attention to the cruelty and duplicity of the "Free State" Government, the prisoners went on hunger-strike on October 13, 1923. Five days later the men and women in the other prisons followed their example, although the original intention was that only a selected comparatively small number should take the offensive in this drastic way and continue to the end, whether that end was death or victory.

AFTER fourteen years interest has not died in the biggest voluntary fast ever attempted, and we feel certain that thousands will read with eagerness the official statement sent out through secret channels from Mountjoy Jail by the prisoners themselves on the day the hunger strike started.

The armed resistance of the I.R.A. to the Free State Party to compel them to submit to recognition being given, and an oath being sworn in Ireland's name to British Imperial Authority, was terminated by the Republican Government's order that hostilities cease. The orders have been strictly obeyed by the I.R.A., and war has ceased since April 28—that is six months ago. The Free State military success is now utilised to inflict persistent suffering on helpless prisoners suffering from brutal and continuous torture worse than any inflicted during the period of hostilities.

The prison and camp organisations, which we fought to have recognised all through the period from 1916 to 1921, and which the Free State recognised during the late war, is now to be smashed and the I.R.A. prisoners deprived of the status they hitherto held. This unwarranted and unprovoked attack has been met by the prisoners with passive resistance, and to break down the passive resistance the Free State have resorted to tactics which are, perhaps, the worst in the whole terrible history of Irishmen's six years' fight against the treatment callously designed for them by their captors. Bayonets and batons have failed because the Free State soldiers and military police have, in the unflinching courage

of the prisoners, generally refused to carry out the degrading orders issued to them."

BUT, the hosing of the prisoners here, their forcible expulsion, when saturated, into the exercise rings, there to suffer exposure in bitter weather for thirty-seven hours, and to be hosed again and again on subsequent days, and bedding, cells, clothing, etc., also hosed; the beating and kicking of men as they were dragged from their cells, and finally their confinement in overcrowded cells for three weeks, and the persistent firing on them—these things are fresh in the public mind. And, in addition, as may not yet be known to the public, the torture of prisoners in the basement, where men have lain, and some yet lie, handcuffed, without bedding and only partially dressed, day and night, for thirteen days, is the measure of the treatment all may expect during the Free State effort to break the present passive resistance."

In face of all these facts the prisoners new feel that there is but one alternative left to them—the hunger-strike, the ultimate weapon of passive resistance; and that they have decided during this incessant and desperate provocation to adopt. They have no guarantee that, if by the horrible suffering of this form of strike they succeed in receiving acknowledgment of their non-criminal status, that this acknowledgment will last. They are, therefore, compelled to demand not political treatment, but unconditional release, which alone can save them from slow death. Therefore, on and from Saturday night, 13/10/23, they shall refuse to partake of any food until they shall have, in the words of Terence MacSwiney, achieved freedom or the grave."

EACH of us, to himself and to his comrades, solemnly pledges himself to abstain from food until he is unconditionally released. In taking this grave decision we, as citizens of Ireland, know that lovers of human liberty the world over will understand and respect our motives. Our lives and the sufferings we shall endure we offer to God for the furtherance of the cause of truth and justice in every land, and for the speeding of the day of Ireland's freedom.

Go dtuagaidh Dia grásta na foindne dáinn i n-aghaidh na h-Éagóra."

THE pledge taken by each prisoner who voluntarily commenced the great fast was as follows:—"I pledge myself, in the name of the living Republic, to the lives of my comrades, that I will not take food, or drink anything except water, until I am unconditionally released. What I am about to suffer I offer to the Glory of God and for the Freedom of Ireland."

EVERY mean device was resorted to by the "Free Staters" to break the hunger strike and in many of their tricks and schemes they were successful. Men were induced by lies, and by forged orders supposed to have come from superior officers, to come off the strike and take food. Then when they discovered they had been fooled, they were ashamed to go back again. Thousands broken in health by long imprisonment under the worst possible conditions were unable to hold out more than eight or ten days, and collapsed completely, in some cases falling into such bad health that they never recovered.

RUSSELL
(From page 3).

But Joe wouldn't dare, nor Wully Scott,
And he took no drink—neither cold nor hot—
This man from God-knows-where.

It was closin' time, an' late forbye,
When us ones braved the air—
I never saw worse (may I live or die)

Than the sleet that night, an' I says,
says I,
"You'll find he's for stoppin' there."

But at screek o' day, through the gable pane,
I watched him spur in the peltin' rain,
And I juked from his rovin' eye.

Two winters more, then the Trouble Year
When the best that a man could feel

Was the pike that he kept in hidlin's near,
Till the blood o' hate an' the blood o' fear

Would be redder nor rust on the steel.
Us ones quiet from mindin' the farms,

Let them take what we gave wi' the weight o' our arms,
From Saintfield to Killeel.

In the time ' the Harry we had no lead—

We all of us fought with the rest—
An' if e'er a one shook like a tremblin' reed,

None of us gave neither hint nor heed,
Nor ever even'd wo'd guessed.

We men of the North had a word to say,

An' we said it then, in our own dour way,
An' we spoke as we thought was best.

All Ulster over, the weemen cried
For the stan'in' crops on the lan'—
Many's the sweetheart an' many's the bride

Would liefer ha' gone till where he died,
And ha' murred her lone by her man.

But us ones weathered the thick of it,

And we used to dander along, and sit
In Andy's side by side.

What with discourse goin' to and fro,
The night would be wearin' thin,
Yet never so late when we rose to go

But someone would say: "Do ye min' thon snow,
An' the man what came wanderin' in?"

And we be to fall to the talk again,
If by any chance he was one o' them—
The man who went like the win'.

Well 'twas gettin' on past the heat o' the year

When I rode to Newtown fair:
I sold as I could (the dealers were near—

Only three-pound-eight for the Innish steer,
An' nothin' at all for the mare!)
I met M'Kee in the throng o' the street,

Says he, "The grass has grown under our feet
Since they hanged young Warwick here."

And he told that Boney had promised help
To a man in Dublin town.

Says he, "If ye've laid the pike on the shelf,
Ye'd better go home hot-fut by yerself,
An' polish the old girl down."

So by Comber road I trotted the gray,
And never cut corn until Killyleagh

Stood plain on the risin' groun'.

For a wheen o' days we sat waitin' the word

To rise and go at it like men.
But no French ships sailed into Cloughy Bay,

And we heard the black news on a harvest day

That the cause was lost again,
And Joey and me, and Wully Boy Scott,

We agreed to ourselves we'd as lief as not
Ha' been found in the thick o' the slain.

By Downpatrick gaol I was bound to fare

On a day I'll remember, feth;
For when I came to the prison square

The people were waitin' in hundreths there,
An' you wouldn't hear stir nor breath!

For the soldiers were standing, grim an' tall,

Round a scaffold built there forment the wall,
An' a man stepped out for death!

I was brave an' near to the edge of the throng,

Yet I knowed the face again,
An' I knowed the set, an' I knowed the walk,

An' the sound of his strange up-country talk,
For he spoke out right an' plain.

Then he bowed his head to the swingin' rope,
Whiles I said, "Please God" to his dyin' hope,

And "Amen" to his dyin' prayer,
—Turn to page 8.

WOLFE TONE

A PICTURE OF HIS TIMES

By
Aodh de Blacam.

This book does full justice to the picture of "rebel" and unpromising separatist. But it does more—it emphasises the relentlessly logical thinker who was also the man of action, revealing him as the virtual founder of Irish democracy.

PRICE 3/-.

Complete catalogue on application.

The Talbot Press Ltd.
TALBOT STREET - DUBLIN
and all Bookellers.

RANNTA CEIL

Teachers praise it.
Pupils love it.
Feadar O Dubhda wrote it.

Rhymes, Action Songs, Drill, Dances, Recitations and Part songs, suitably arranged for Infants and Juniors, together with Songs for Senior Pupils. One of the most effective ways to teach Irish is by means of simple songs.

Here is a Book for Teachers that has been hailed by reviewers as the best yet.

Price 3/6; by post 3/10.

DUNDALGAN PRESS
DUNDALK

THE
HOME MARKET
107 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin
HIGH-CLASS TOBACCONIST,
FRUITERER : SWEETRIES

NOONAN'S CAFE
55 Lower O'Connell St., Dublin.
Open Day and Night
for
Breakfasts, Dinners, Teas, Suppers
WE SPECIALISE IN GRILLS.

MASSEY BROS.

Funeral Furnishers.
129 Thomas St., 125 Cork St., Dublin.
6 & 7, George's St., Our Laoghaire
Phone Nos.: 22922, 52487.

DALY, Florist

Telephone 22616
3-5 5th. City Markets, Dublin
Bouquets, Wreaths, Crosses, and
Floral Designs—made on shortest
notice.

P. CONWAY & CO.

Tobacconists, Newsagents,
Confectioners, Booksellers,
31 Exchange Street, Dublin
Established 1894. Phone 21526.

J. CULLEN, Sculptor.

IRISH LIMESTONE CELTIC
CROSSES A SPECIALITY
20 Haddington Rd., Dublin

For all classes of **Printing** at cheapest prices

APPLY TO:
Longford Printing & Publishing
Co., Ltd.,

MARKET SQUARE - - LONGFORD

SMALL ADS.

20 Words for 1/6, Prepaid.

ALL Books published in Ireland supplied by Irish Book Bureau, 68 O'Connell Street, Dublin.

RUBBER Tyres fitted on trap wheels—Gilmore, Ballyhaunis, Mayo.

COPIES of 1935 *Wolfe Tone Annual* required by Irish Book Bureau, 68 O'Connell Street, Dublin.

MARBLE and Limestone Headstones—Gilmore, Ballyhaunis, Mayo.

MALONE and Murphy, 77 Leichlin Road, Kimmage, Dublin, Electrical and Wireless Installations. Agents for Radio and Electrical Equipment. Estimates Free.

HUNGER STRIKE

(Continued from Page 7.)

THOSE who remained on hunger strike were treated with a savagery beyond belief. They were left to lie in open sheds in the depth of winter, with insufficient clothing, and with practically no medical attention. Nurses from outside volunteered to go into the prisons and camps and care for the men, but the offer was refused by the "Free Staters", many of whose own medical men were only touts who did their best—and worst—to break the strike. There were honourable exceptions who did all in their power to relieve the sufferings of those who had adopted as a last weapon the most terrible form of warfare, and who endeavoured to get clean clothes for them and as much warmth as possible, but they did this at the risk of losing their positions.

★
THE strike lasted for 41 days. It had claimed two victims, Denis Barry, of Cork, and Andy O'Sullivan, of Mallow, two brave and loyal soldiers of the Republic. The Bishop of Cork, Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan, refused to allow Denis Barry's body to lie in any church in the diocese and ordered all his priests to keep away from the funeral. It was only Denis Barry's body that was subjected to this un-Christian cruelty; his martyr soul was already, with God's help, in the company of Terence MacSwiney, another hunger-striker, at whose funeral Dr. Cohalan and other bishops had officiated a couple of years before. "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

FEAR OF ENGLAND

WHY GEORGE VI WAS PROCLAIMED KING OF IRELAND.

THE amazing revelation was made by Mr. de Valera at the Fianna Fáil Ard Fheis on October 12, that King George was proclaimed King of Ireland in the "Free State" Parliament last December, through fear of what the British would have done had the manly attitude of 18 years ago been taken up again by those who say they are Republicans but who act as Imperialists. Fear brought the Treaty of Surrender to Ireland; fear has kept it here ever since; and fear seems to hover above every action of the new "Free Staters" as well as of the old—the fear that comes with compromise.

DON'T PAY INCOME TAX without consulting us. MacDONAGH & BOLAND LTD., 51 Dame St., Dublin.

Phone 22288.

STYLISH, EXCLUSIVE
OVERCOATS
FOR MEN. THIS TIME TRY
KINGSTONS
UPPER O'CONNELL ST. DUBLIN

Serviceable Shoes for Men

F 713—Box calf, Smart Oxford, strong sole, walled, stocked in these fittings—wide, medium and narrow. Exceptional value. 14/9
F 715—Same shoe in fine glaze kid.



Postage 6d. extra per pair

FITZPATRICKS. 2 G.P.O. BUILDINGS, HENRY STREET and 14 SOUTH ST. GEORGE'S STREET DUBLIN Phone 43686 Phone 21776

BOOKS

BY

SEUMAS MacMANUS and ETHNA CARBERY.

Send for List to

D. O'MOLLOY, Mountcharles, DONEGAL.

STRENGTH AGAINST STRENGTH

(From page 2)

strength of England so often, will fade away, little by little, until it is no more. Then it will be the material strength of England, and the issue will not be long in doubt. England will win at last the battle of seven centuries.

★
IT should not be necessary to repeat or emphasise this truth. It should be plain as the sun in the sky to every Irish person who thinks. And the very thought of it would make all of us double and treble our efforts to make greater and stronger every day the spiritual strength that has always baffled our enemy. As it grows stronger our material strength will grow with it.

SEAN MOR.

LONDONERS

IT may be of interest to some readers to know that on the first three Sundays of every month a Ceilidhe is held at the Inisfail Club, 84, Blackfriars Road, London, at 7 p.m. There is good music, good, pleasant dancing, good singing, good company—and the *Wolfe Tone Weekly* is on sale there.

John Purcell Ltd.

Try our **PURCELLA** Cigar.
THE LITTLE CIGAR with
THE BIG HAVANA FLAVOUR

16 Nth. Earl St.; 68 Upr. O'Connell Street; 38 Upr. O'Connell Street; 22 Westmoreland St. (Bridge House); 4 Leinster St.; 1 Dame St., Dublin.

RUSSELL

(From page 7)

That the Wrong would cease, and the Right prevail,
For the man that they hanged at Downpatrick gaol
Was the MAN FROM GOD-KNOWS-WHERE!

PHOTOS

of PEARSE, BRUGHA, STACK and other Leaders.
Irish Book Bureau,
68 Upper O'Connell St., Dublin.

THE BEST

Brown Bread and White Bread
And Cakes, both big and small.

By every test we sell **The Best**:
They're Home-made, one and all.

HARCOURT BAKERY
25 Harcourt Road - Dublin

PELIER

Grape Fruit, Lemonade,
Cordials and all Minerals
Manufactured by Gaels for the Gael

SPECIAL TERMS FOR SPORTS CLUBS

HOTEL ELLIOTT

Phone 51510

64, Harcourt St., Dublin.

THANKS

For your Support.

Printed by the Longford Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd. for Seamus O'Clairigh, and published by him at 68 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin, Ireland.