

# Wolfe Tone Weekly

Edited by Brian Óhúginn

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Twopence.

## Casting Out Satan By The Power Of Satan

"In the Name of the Most Holy Trinity . . . Ireland is a sovereign, independent, democratic state" (Bunreacht na h-Eireann).

IT is untrue to say that Ireland is a sovereign state, and everybody knows that it is untrue. The use of the Name of the Holy Trinity to give falsehood the appearance of truth is disedifying, and many will say that it is execrable.

Those who assert that Ireland is a sovereign state should tell us on what date the sovereignty was acquired, and how it has been acquired. The expression "sovereign state" used in the Bunreacht, is used in its ordinary sense, and leaves no room for equivocation.

SINCE the 6th December, 1922, we have been familiar with the expression "Bunreacht Shaoirstait Eireann" (The constitution of the "Irish Free State"). On that date a Proclamation was published by the King at Buckingham Palace announcing that "the constitution of the 'Irish Free State' . . . has been passed and adopted by Parliament." The Act of Parliament here referred to is 13 Geo. 5. sess. 2. cap. 1. The Constitution so enacted by the British Parliament was translated into Irish at Dublin, and its title is given as Bunreacht Shaoirstait Eireann. There never has been any attempt at equivocation as to the area to which the Bunreacht of the "Free State" applied, nor as to any question of sovereignty.

AS regards the document at present under consideration, its title Bunreacht na h-Eireann, has not been translated into English. Why? Mr. de Valera not only avows, but glories in, taking personal responsibility for the whole document. Was he afraid that people would laugh if he gave to the English text the title of "The Constitution of Ireland"? To see the King's "Free State" Ministers drafting a constitution for Ireland would be just as laughable as to see the Belfast Cabinet doing so. And to see the Belfast

Parliament enacting a constitution for Ireland would not be more amusing than to see the Twenty-Six County Assembly doing so.

THE members of the "Free State" Dáil who enacted Bunreacht na h-Eireann had sworn allegiance to the King and to the "Free State" Constitution, just as the M.P.'s at Belfast had sworn allegiance to the same King and to uphold the Northern Constitution. The "Free State" elections took place in January, 1933, and the Act to remove the Oath from the Constitution did not become law until the 3rd May, 1933. This Act, besides, simply rendered it unnecessary for T.D.'s to take the Oath in the future; it did not release anybody from the obligation of keeping the Oath which he had taken.

IT would certainly have been a breach of the "Free State" Oath to attempt to establish (in defiance of the British Parliament) either a subordinate Parliament for all Ireland or a sovereign Parliament for twenty-six counties. But if Bunreacht na h-Eireann means a sovereign Parliament for Ireland—when and where and how did those Oath-bound T.D.'s get authority to enact such a Constitution? Did they break their Oath "in the Name of the Most Holy Trinity"?

Since the Act of Union of 1800 there have been, in this country, two sources of law and government. One was the British Parliament, the other was the Republican Dáil. From which of these does Bunreacht na h-Eireann derive its title?

IN 1916 Ireland was proclaimed a Republic, with a Provisional Government. On the 21st January, 1919, the representatives of the Irish people met in Dublin, ratified the work of 1916, and, in the Name of the Most Holy Trinity, enacted a Constitution for the Republic. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, was, apparently, satisfied that the Republican constitution had received the blessing of the Holy Trinity; he became one of the Trustees of the Funds of the Re-

publican Government. Messrs. de Valera, Sean T. O'Kelly, Rutledge, Aiken, Derrig, Lemass, etc., swore allegiance to the Republican Constitution; and, in the Name of the Most Holy Trinity, held to that allegiance until 1927.

IT is not, however, from the Republican Dáil that Bunreacht na h-Eireann of 1937 derives its title. Although it is the work of the afore-mentioned Messrs. de Valera, O'Kelly, Rutledge, Aiken, Derrig, Lemass, etc., their authority to make whatever is valid in this Bunreacht has been obtained in a direct line from the British Parliament. In 1927 they transferred their allegiance from the Republican Dáil to the King of England, and to the "Free State" Constitution proclaimed by the King at Buckingham Palace on the 6th December, 1922. It took them ten years to discover that, with their own transfer of allegiance, they could, with just as much or as little reason, transfer the Name of the Holy Trinity likewise.

THE Constitution proclaimed by the King at Buckingham Palace continued, without any increase or diminution of authority, until the 11th December, 1931. On that date, the British Parliament enacted the Statute of Westminster (22 Geo. 5 cap. 4) which enlarged the powers of the Twenty-Six County legislature, but re-affirmed, in the most unmistakable manner, its own sovereign rights, not only over Ireland but over the whole Empire.

THOSE two Acts of the British Parliament, along with the Act of Union of 1800, constituted the true Bunreacht of our Twenty-six counties, and in taking the Oath of allegiance in 1932 and in 1933, Mr. de Valera and his followers swore to uphold those constitutional Acts, as well as the authority of the British Parliament by which those Acts were made. The British Parliament is the sovereign authority; and, without the British Parliament, the twenty-six county legis-

lature would have no authority. It is obvious, too, that the Twenty-Six County Parliament, like the Six-County one, must keep within the limits fixed by the sovereign Parliament at Westminster. Anything done outside those limits is invalid.

AND yet they say: "We have removed the King from the Constitution, and have done it in the Name of the Most Holy Trinity." And it is the King's Ministers who say that! They are appointed, and draw their salaries, by the authority of the King's laws. Every act of government in the King's dominions is done by the authority of the King. When they suppressed the Republican Dáil they did it by the authority of the King.

YOU do not cast out Satan by the power of Satan, nor the King by the power of the King, however much you may take the Name of God in vain.

Diarmuid O'Cruidhlaiech.

### SHEEP

ON the agenda of the recent Ard-Fheis of Fianna Fáil (writes our political correspondent) there were 130 motions from all over the country. Just 41 of them were reached and dealt with. Of course awkward ones like that dealing with the King of Ireland's prisoners were shoved away down on the agenda, so that they couldn't be reached. The sheep remained dumb about it.

A few bold, bad unruly ones said "Ba-a-a" in rather a loud and angry voice, but when the Shepherd raised his voice and shook his crook they scampered back into the fold again, and the great flock of timid, silent ones hardly dared to breathe.

A resolution about Partition, exactly in the same words as one adopted by Fianna Fáil in 1927, was solemnly passed. There's hope for Ulster.

# "THE GENERAL"

## Fr. Matt Ryan is Dead

HOW long ago it seems since I first heard the name of Father Matt Ryan of Tipperary, "The General" as he was affectionately called in the days of the Land War, because of his skill in marshalling the young men at eviction times, when they met and fought and defeated and eluded the forces of the Crown! For over sixty years he was a true Irish priest who stood with and for his people at all times and against all comers, and who never saw in their desire for freedom a sign of disloyalty to the Church of which he was such a loyal son and soldier himself. If we had 5,000 such as he in Ireland, standing always with the young people against the crawlers and cowards and shoneens, and against the force and the lies of England, how surely and how soon would the freedom of Ireland be won!



WHEN the language revival came he threw himself into it as wholeheartedly as he had fought the landlords, when Dublin Castle had to arrest and imprison him in a vain attempt to curb his influence and activities. He fought the British Education Board in Dublin, circumvented and broke their regulations, and along with learning Irish himself, he had it taught by native speakers in the schools of which he was manager.



AND in the years of the fight for independence, from 1919 to 1923, no soldier of the Republic ever went to him and was sent away un-comforted. He was the real *Sugart a Rúin*, and his memory deserves to be kept bright and glowing in every true Irish heart. *Imeach naomh agus laochra Gaeilheal i bhFlaitheas Dé go raibh a anam chróga anocht!*  
SEAN FHEAR.

# The "National Advance"

(That we hear so much about)

AT a general meeting of the students of University College, Galway, a vote was taken as to whether they would hold a Ceilidhe or a Seoinín *Duance* on Degree Night. The *Seoinín* won by a majority of 52. It would be interesting to know how many of them are Irish speakers and wear An Fháinne.

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# 14 YEARS AGO—AND NOW

## MESSAGES TO THOSE ON HUNGER STRIKE. PROOFS THAT THE REPUBLIC WAS NO MYTH

DAIL EIREANN

(Government of the Republic of Ireland.)

Oifig an Uachtairain,

Baile Atha Cliath,  
October 25th, 1923.

### SOLDIERS OF THE REPUBLIC:

The anniversary we commemorate to-day renders my brief message to you singularly fitting and appropriate. Three years ago the tragedy of Brixton was ended and the sacred and immutable principles of our National faith re-asserted in that awe-inspiring sacrifice—a sacrifice proclaiming the indestructible and ennobling spirit of the Gael which has shone bright and clear as a beacon of Liberty and Justice to the world.

To-day for the same principles and the same ideals—the rights of citizenship; the unfettered freedom of this nation and the cause of justice and humanity throughout the world—you heroically and unflinchingly endure the same dread agony and suffering against the same relentless and unaltered tyranny.

Terence MacSwiney's sacrifice is for all of us, but particularly for you, a source of inspiration and guidance, of strength and faith, that will enable us to suffer with fortitude and resignation that our ideals may triumph.

You have chosen Terence MacSwiney's path. Let us pray that the Almighty Who supported him may give you the same strength to follow that path unwaveringly.

Your cause is a holy one—your road is the road of patient endurance. Rest confident that against your noble spirit—as against that of Terence MacSwiney—the puny efforts of material selfishness and Imperial brutality will not prevail.

PADRAIG O'RUITHEIS,  
Acting President.



Dublin, 25th October, 1923.

### To all Volunteers on Hunger-Strike:

Comrades:

This day three years Brigadier Terence MacSwiney died; his love of country, his faith in God and his fellow-citizens tested to the end by the foreign enemies of the Republic. 'Tis certain that our domestic enemies will test your faithfulness to the full. 'Tis certain that to justify their own unfaithfulness they will allow all of you to suffer extreme torture, and some of you to die in their attempt to make you also unfaithful.

As well as terrible physical suffering, you will also be made to endure your worse suffering—the suffering of the mind. Lies will be told to you about one another in their attempt to break down your esprit de corps; lies will be told to you of your friends and fellow-citizens outside, in the attempt to shake your confidence in them; and, lies will be told to you about God to shake your faith in His justice and mercy.

Listen to the lies but do not heed them! You and your comrades have voluntarily endured the hardships of two campaigns, ill-clad and ill-armed, against the well-clad and well-armed enemies of our country. Your friends and fellow-citizens supported and equipped your small army with their lives and earnings against the large army supported and equipped with the wealth of the British Empire. God has been just and merciful. He has sustained our noble dead to persevere to the grave. He has, by His Grace and Example, inspired the courage and faith which gave us the example of Tone, Pearse, MacSwiney, Barry, Mellows, Childers, Emmet, Lynch, Ashe, and all the other noble fellow-countrymen and women of ours who have been, as we have vowed to be, faithful unto death.

Smile at the threats of the enemy to put you on the lists of our country's heroic dead. Smile at their sneers that you will be forgotten by the People who are proud, beyond all else, of being citizens of the Nation for which Tone, Pearse, and MacSwiney died. Smile at the threats that God, Whose Son died to save mankind, will punish you for following His example.

Bail o Dha orraibh.

FRANK AIKEN,  
Chief of Staff.



TO-DAY the gentlemen who issued the above documents in the name of the Republic of Ireland have men in jail because they remained loyal to the Republic and refused to accept membership of the British Commonwealth of Nations, alias the robber British Empire, when their one-time comrades—now their jailers—decided to recognise the English King as King of Ireland.

They have subjected Republican prisoners to all the devilish tortures so eloquently denounced by them fourteen years ago. Some of the men whom they addressed in the above documents are now their prisoners, imprisoned under a Coercion Act that was enacted in the name of the British King. They say they have routed him out of Irish affairs, and give the lie to that statement by holding in their jails nearly a score of his prisoners. It seems you can fool a good many of the people all the time.

# Reamonn Ropaire!

Peasair Ó Dubtha do Seofas (An Leanaíname)

Táimis Cormac na hEanáir anuar éirí an coilúir mór agur an có fóla ar céir leir. Nuair a bhí an có ag ceallé i n-áice leir an áic a phá an Ropaire éiríis ré a t'ampaireise 'r a léimnis sup bhír ré ó'n céir agur eús ionnpuise amháin air. Mórcait Reamonn óipead i n-am.

Óipead ré agur itead leir ve léim i n-éirí a éinn san abáinn. Snáin ré faoi an uirce ar pead cam-antín agur nuair a táimis ré 50 barr an uirce ahrí réi ré an maraó mór ar a fálaib. Ceannuis ré eair 'r rús speim ar báic a nuiméir air 'r éum ré a ceann faoi an uirce 'r fnaín ré leir. Comnis ré roc an maraó faoi an uirce, agur é ag repócait leir anonn. 50 veí sup báic ré an maraó. Df Cormac ag reoitlead leir nit an ama aéc leir air. Nuair a baín ré an caoú call amáic, minne ré fáipe campuirnead ar Cormac na hEanáir, agur o'im-éis ruar pléite Óméit.



Df ré iongancaic duabáiré ra n-a capall a cáilleanamit; aéc seobas ré ceann eite pap i bpaú.

Ósur puac. Cús ré leir a cumpear oirde amháin 50 veí cáillean a' Mairne. Rus ruo ar an fára a 'r ceangal ruo é. Cuair itead m'ra na reabáil anm'ir 'r éós leo rée capall.

La ar n-a b'áipead eús ruo na caple 50 veí báic éisín i mmeacáin le curú aca a' hóit, óir bh-barraéad aca.

Nuair a bhí ruo ar an sonac caroe cáillean aéc 50 veáimis a lán raigúirir itead a 50 lonsá an Ropaire na scapall.

Dagair Reamonn óra ná n-éan-áir ruo itead ar eadé n-a comair 50 scuppead ré ruoí óra. Agur, ar nois, bh rean-eolar aé fear an airn san ruo a véanam, agur caogás fear leir an Ropaire. Anm'ir minne Reamonn maraó leir: puicé an ceann a tabairé ve agur 50 veáirpáid ré na caple uilís ar air veó.

Mi na an captaoin pára leir m'ra aéc nuair a reair Reamonn eús n-a cúro fear deic "réro" cois ré veó. Agur uabairé ré leir an captaoin san bogad nó comú ar an áic 50 ciomn uair a' éilús nó 50 áic a-amlaud buó meara veó.

Agur o'iméis ré m'ra na enuic.



Aéc duaitéad bob ar Reamonn uair amháin. Df samneair anm'ir air agur dh ré amuis leir féin ar an bócair, leat bealaig eadair Óin Dealgan agur an e-ludair. Cúla ré an trúp aé ceade agur eadair ré itead an bóicín. Táimis eadair ar ruoair anol ar bócair mór agur fáirbh beas aé mairceadé air. Dh ré aé véanam ar an ludair. Fáirbh 'vead é a dh ag obair aé ceannairde páirbh i n'Óin Dealgan agur a bh ar eadcairé veó. Dh céad puicé le páisáil aise ó ceannairde eite pap ludair aéc bh eagla air féin deic aé sabáil an bócair ná dh amn an Ropaire mór i n-áirde maroir le 50ro agur fáirceadé. Rinne an fáirbh réo feall le n-a mairceir 50 veáirpáid ré an céad puicé plán ar air éisic. Cois a mairceir veó m'ra, aéc uabairé leir a deic eúra-mac, agur mara mbead an céad puicé leir ar air san ceacté n-a comair air.

(Mí Chloic.)

THE TREE OF FORCE

**S**AID Longfellow, the American poet:—"War is a terrible trade, but in the cause that is righteous, sweet is the smell of powder." Until avarice and lust of power and pride are taken from men's hearts—and when will that be—they will commit wrong by violence, and the injured ones will retaliate and defend themselves. It is not the Christian way, but it is the way of the world. We are still so far from the mysterious wisdom of conquest by submission—of losing ourselves to find ourselves!



**U**NDER present unregenerate conditions war is a necessity, and the soldier's trade is an honourable one. While men and nations are ambitious and unscrupulous, readiness to fight is the people's safeguard. As of the nation, so of the individual citizen. The common man is not safe unless he can become at will a common soldier. Aristocracy was born of the naked hands of poor men against the swords of "gentlemen." After a while, the degree widened between gentle and simple. There entered, in iron armour, and with a long lance, a mounted man—the man on horseback—who was more than a gentleman; he was a baron. Then came the social union of the men on horseback, and the election of one of their number to be a king. And then the vast standing armies and iron-clad fleets, the big guns, the machine guns, the torpedoes—and many kings were swallowed to make an emperor.



**Y**OU can measure the liberties of a nation by the readiness or unreadiness of the common people for attack or defence. Aristocracies are always free, for where they exist they make or control all law. The independence of the common man, not the wealth, culture or freedom of a superior class, is the test and the proof of a country's freedom.



**A** scientific writer—an able writer—has shown that the means of aggression placed beyond the common reach, as in brigades of cavalry, parks of artillery, war fleets, and fortifications, indicates the growth of government, and the decline of popular liberties, with development of titles, privileges, aristocracy, and royalty.



**T**HE hand is the symbol of the people; the sword, of the lord; the barracks, of the king; and the iron-clad, of the emperor. If there were any higher means of centralising force, there would be a rank still higher than imperialism. But when the tree of force has reached its full growth, it must flower, and fall in seed. The flower of force is the jewelled crown of an emperor, and the seed of that gaudy, evil-scented flower, with its roots in the toiling hearts of the millions, is unrest, disorder, rebellion, revolution.

CORMAC O NEILL.

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THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND  
A GLANCE AT ITS HISTORY

By Maire Nic Shuibhne

[This summary of the history of the Republic of Ireland was published in 1932. Because it is clear, simple and absolutely true in every detail we have asked Maire Nic Shuibhne to allow us reprint it here. She has given this permission and has also consented to bring the history up-to-date.—Ed. W. T. W.]

**I**N the following pages some hard things are said of certain Irishmen, living and dead. Though they are well deserved many will regret that they must be said, for two reasons: (a) the universal wish to cloak, where possible, the faults of the Dead, and (b) the fact that as these men, dead and living, are Irishmen, in a measure their disgrace is their country's shame. Nevertheless, the demands of justice to our country, and to its people, seem to exact that, humiliating as this modicum of truth is to us all, it must be told. Histories are being written; even now, newspapers, at home and abroad, are busy with Irish affairs, and in practically every case the English view of Ireland is adopted, and sent forth to the world as the truth. It is time this injustice to Ireland and her loyal sons and daughters was brought to an end.



**"NOTHING is ever settled,"** said the great Lincoln, "until it is settled right," and because the "Irish Question" has never been settled right so far, our age-long struggle against English authority and domination still continues. Through seven centuries the struggle has not ceased—hardly a generation has passed without an appeal to arms.

Following the American Declaration of Independence, Irish national aspirations, which up to the beginning of the eighteenth century had aimed at the restoration of the native Irish kingdom, centred round the Republic of Ireland, proclaimed first in 1795 by Wolfe Tone and his comrades, who, in that year, on Cave Hill, in Belfast, vowed themselves to the establishment of an Irish Republic and separation from England—"the source of all our political evils."

Robert Emmet died in a gallant effort to accomplish Tone's plan. The men of 1845 took up the struggle; the Fenians accepted the task from their hands, and many of the old Fenian band were still alive to rejoice when the young men of our own day stepped out to vindicate the national faith of our fathers.



**W**HEN in 1914 England engaged in war, she called for recruits from Ireland. Many Irish regiments already formed part of the British Army, and large numbers responded to this new call. Of those who joined up, some were of British descent or affiliations; the greater part were driven by economic pressure; a large number joined up at the request of John Redmond and his colleagues, in the belief that when the war was over, England would, at last, do justice to Ireland; some few perhaps were lured by a great adventure. But with the possible exception of the alien element, none of those who joined the British Army to fight the Germans were driven by any national urge, by any sense of duty. Those

who were nationally conscious, who thought, as they were bound to think, of their duty to Ireland, realised that the only enemy Ireland had had for centuries was England, and that it behaved her to weaken, not to strengthen the power of her oppressor.

"Englands' difficulty, Ireland's opportunity," was and is a familiar saying in Ireland. The real National Party—the Separatists—saw in the world war a chance to vindicate the right of one Small Nation.

Those who went out to fight for Ireland in 1916 knew that theirs would be the path of sacrifice. They could not win the first battle, but they believed and hoped—a faith and a hope which have been abundantly justified—that their sacrifice would save and revive the national spirit which long years of political subservience to Westminster had almost extinguished.



**O**NE short week that fight lasted in Dublin—owing to one timorous leader and divided councils the rest of the country got no chance to engage in the Rising, though Liam Mellows in Galway made a bold attempt—and then the gallant effort was quenched in blood. Sixteen of the leaders were executed, thousands were deported to English prisons, and Ireland was "pacified" once more.

But the executions, instead of terrifying the people into submission, did revive the Nation's soul. Men were dying for Ireland, as Emmet had died; the national tradition re-asserted itself; the firing squads, which England confidently expected would put an end to this "futile rebellion," acted for the real Irish people as a call to arms, and almost before Ireland herself realised what was happening, the national songs and slogans were pouring forth from the lips of young and old; the traditional national defiance of England, and hatred of English rule was abroad through the land, and to England's horror, recruiting for her army ceased.

(To be Continued).



EMMET'S EPITAPH

**I**N the course of a letter commenting on our recent note concerning a projected monument to Robert Emmet, Mr. Seán Dowling assures us that there is no intention of attempting to write the epitaph. The memorial is to take the form of a bronze relief of the patriot set in limestone on the parapet of a bridge. "Not to write Emmet's epitaph," says Mr. Dowling, "but to help to ensure that when the day comes to write it he will not have been forgotten, and to help to hasten that day, are the objects of the memorial."

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ULSTER

*When the rest of Ireland cowered,  
Crushed beneath the Saxon heel,  
Ulster's valiant soldiers rallied  
'Neath the banner of O'Neill.*

*When the seeds of Separation  
And the Fenian Faith were sown,  
Ulster welcomed open-hearted,  
Ireland's noblest soldier, Tone.*

*Ninety-eight saw Ulster soldiers  
Firmly stand in Antrim town  
And the cursed foemen reeling  
From the charging men of Down.*

*Full too well the English reckoned,  
From the North most danger came,  
And with deepest, direst cunning  
They have sought but Ulster's shame.*

*Bigotry and racial hatreds  
Have been fostered by the foe,  
And the Treaty of surrender  
Dealt our land a fearful blow.*

*Yet despite this dire betrayal—  
Offspring of an English threat—  
There are manly hearts in Ulster  
Beating true to Ireland yet.*

*And, please God, the day is dawn-  
ing,*

*When the Saxon foe shall reel  
From the men of Ulster charging  
To the war-cry of "O'Neill!"*

J. J. McNABB.



UNION JACKERY AND JINGOISM.

Read Next Issue



# The National Anthem a Party Song

FOR some time past I have been wanting to say what is set down in these few paragraphs, but sensitiveness as to how it would be received has kept me from writing it. It should really be written in Irish, but it concerns thousands who have next to no knowledge of the language, so that if it is to have any good effect at all it must go forth to the public in English. I write it not as a politician but as a language worker, a G.A.A. worker and a lover of the great ones who died for us in Easter Week and since. I do not want to see the song that must be for ever linked with their names dragged down from its high place and robbed of its glory by becoming associated with party politics. I write about *The Soldiers' Song*.



SOME say that neither in tune nor in words is it Irish of the Irish. My answer to that is and has always been that it goes as close to the hearts of all true lovers of our Eire as any song that has ever been made in Ireland. I never knew Michael Heaney and I do not know Peadar O Cearnaigh, but I love and respect both for the original words and music of that glorious song which by popular acclaim, and not by the decree of any government, has become our National Anthem. It is not of the first or original words I write, but of their translation into Irish. There have been several such translations, and it is most unfortunate that the one selected and recognised more or less officially by the Gaelic League and other bodies—I do not know how or by whom it first came to be chosen—is in danger of being looked upon as a party song, because of two words in the chorus.



MORE than likely the translation was made in the days when the whole Republican strength of the country stood solidly and unitedly together against the common enemy. But those days are not the days in which we live, *no bhíonn*, and words which had one meaning then have a different meaning now. I am aware that *Fianna Fáil* was a name for the Irish Volunteers, that it was the name for them in my native Munster—especially in Cork—and that as such it should fall sweetly on Irish ears for evermore. But, wisely or unwisely, it has of late years been adopted as the title of a political party, and to thousands opposed to that party it has lost its original meaning and stands for something in which they do not believe and to which they cannot give their approval. To them the words, *Sinne Fianna Fáil*, in the chorus of the Irish version of the *Soldiers' Song* most generally sung, is simply the "whooping-up" of a political party, and they will not sing it. I am not saying whether I have any politics or none, but I can understand their attitude.



MY work brings me into Gaelic League and other gatherings where the *Soldiers' Song* in Irish is frequently sung. There are people

of different points of view in politics present, and here is what happens—I have heard it scores of times. Those who belong to or believe in the political party known as *Fianna Fáil* put wholly unnecessary emphasis on the words *Sinne Fianna Fáil* when they are singing the chorus; while those who belong to other political parties do not sing those words at all, but substitute other words for them. Sometimes it becomes a tussle in vocal strength, and the result is not calculated to keep our National Anthem on the high plane it should occupy in our thoughts and in our hearts. The friction is bound to increase rather than diminish and at times when election or other party excitement is in the air, may lead to deplorable results.



SURELY, if slowly, I see *Amhrán na bhFiann*—the Irish version of the *Soldiers' Song* most generally in use—becoming a party song, and I earnestly ask that something be done, and done quickly, to prevent this. The translation is a good one, to my mind, and I suggest that it be retained but that the words *Fianna Fáil* be changed to *Feara Fáil*, or *Laochra Fáil*, or something that will save our National Anthem being degraded to the level of a party tune. If Peadar O Cearnaigh and Liam O Rinn were to get together for fifteen minutes I believe they could substitute two words or one word that would make *Amhrán na bhFiann* acceptable to all, and put at end in time to a lamentable state of affairs that is certain to become of more and more frequent occurrence at gatherings where different political parties are represented, and the goal for which all true men strive—united, Republican, Gaelic Ireland—be pushed farther and farther away by party bitterness and friction.

LIAM O TUAMA.

## THE DEAD

THE dead who died for Ireland,  
 Shall be remembered long  
 As in their own loved sireland  
 Is heard the blackbird's song;  
 While through green glen and meadow

The rivers seek the sea,  
 In sunshine and in shadow  
 They shall remembered be  
 Their kinsmen and the stranger  
 Shall speak of them with pride,  
 In days of peace or danger  
 Their praise sound far and wide.

And when their names are spoken  
 Children shall cease their play,  
 For them in voices broken  
 Shall maid and matron pray;  
 The poets and the sages  
 For them shall use the pen,  
 And through th' unborn ages  
 Their spirits preach to men.

The dead, who died for Ireland,  
 Not harshly judged have been  
 By Him, Who died for mankind,  
 The earth and sky between.

—Magdalen Rock.

## PRISONERS

### Demand Made By Public Bodies For Their Release

#### LIMERICK.

LIMERICK County Council passed a resolution last week demanding the release of all political prisoners.

A Mr. O'Donnell wanted to have the motion rejected and showed his complete ignorance of Irish affairs by saying there were no prisoners held by the "Free State" except those who committed some crime.

He should know that a young neighbour of his, Seán Glynn of Limerick City, to whom a savage system of imprisonment brought death a year ago, was no criminal. There is not a single one of his comrades in "Free State" or "Northern Ireland" jails to-day who could be called a criminal except by a political partisan.

#### FERMOY.

ON the proposition of Mr. E. Daly, seconded by Mr. J. Hackett, Fermoy U. D. Council adopted a resolution calling for the release of all Republican prisoners in the Six-County and "Free State" jails.

#### MACROOM SENSATION.

##### Chairman's Sudden Seizure.

WHEN a motion demanding the release of all Republican prisoners came before Macroom Urban Council, the voting for and against was equal.

Just at the moment when his casting vote would have decided it, the chairman (name not given in daily press) was seized with an ailment not known to medical science, viz., party paralysis, and the next business had to be taken. The chairman has since recovered.

## CROOKED WORK

AT the "9th National Congress of the Young Communist League" held recently in England (according to the *Belfast Irish Weekly*) a fraternal message was supposed to have been received from the "Kevin Barry Youth Movement, Ireland," signed "Thomas O'Brien." The only body known to us here bearing the honoured name of the young martyr of 1920 is a committee connected with the Kevin Barry Memorial, and it meets at 44 Parnell Square, Dublin. Its Hon. Sec. is Tomás O Briain, and we have a letter from him saying: "My attention has been drawn to an article in the current issue of the *Irish Weekly* signed 'Thomas O'Brien' re greetings to Communist Congress in England from the 'Kevin Barry Youth Movement.' I desire to say that I have no connection with any such body, and at no time did any such body meet in the Kevin Barry Hall." Has the crooked work which would associate the name of Kevin Barry and the name of a living Republican with Communism been done in Ireland or in England, and by whom? There is nothing too low or too mean for unscrupulous propagandists.

## KEVIN BARRY

THIS night seventeen years ago Kevin Barry, 18 year old soldier and martyr of the Republic of Ireland, was preparing for death on the scaffold, the death he met with such calm courage and such glowing faith, that it brought some of his hardened English jailors in Mountjoy prison to the Feet of God. Here are two poems by young writers of to-day in memory of Kevin. In one of them Martin O'Brien gives us a beautiful picture of that last morning when the martyr served at the Mass that was being offered for the repose of his own soul.

#### KEVIN THE ACOLYTE.

HASTE, Father, haste, November's dawn is breaking,  
 The acolyte is kneeling at his post.  
 "In the Name of the Father", tho' Sagart's voice is shaking:  
 But the acolyte, how firm his "Holy Ghost".  
 No worshippers in aisle or nave or chancel,  
 This edifice is but a felon's cell:  
 The "felon" now as acolyte is serving—  
 The Elevation chimes sound like his knell.

Haste, Father, haste, November's dawn is breaking,  
 An Empire's thirst lost time can not allow;

Your acolyte—a martyr in the making—  
 Is kneeling to receive his Master now.

Bend down to where he kneels with face uplifted,  
 Pale composure in the candle's flickering glow,

That face which God from millions more has gifted,  
 Haste, Father, haste, it's almost time to go.

Haste, Father, haste, November's dawn has broken,  
 Lead forth your acolyte to meet his fate.

A prayer . . . Amen . . . the final words are spoken,  
 And a victim of a frenzied Empire's hate

Embraces death — that Empire's might defying  
 In prison dark, unsteeled by battle's hum.

A soldier brave your acolyte is dying:  
 Kneel, Father, kneel, a martyr's hour has come.

MARTIN O'BRIEN.

KEVIN BARRY.

An old dream,  
 Slow-drifting where the Spring-trees bowed;

Pensive as saddened youth, pink-lidded,  
 Calling good-bye in laughter . . .

Kevin Barry.

A new dream,  
 Quick-flouring to the end of youth,  
 By dawn-light, harvest fields, new graves,

Red with garnered blushes. . . .  
 Barry.

A dream,  
 Old, slow, immovable, fresh-eyed,  
 A lovely sadness where the young seas meet,

Calling "Come on!" in laughter . . .  
 Ireland.

—LOCHLINN McGLYNN.

### mo Sgeál péin

An t-éadair Peabair na Laoghaire  
Canónaic, B.P. do ríofaib.

#### mo sinsear.

(Ar leanamhac).

#### III

#### RÓSÁIRÍ

Do léiríonn roim 50 mímice 50 cúinne na h-íochlann, ad' uob' fava 50 n-deasair éadair rin roim. Di bliúne deas de calah san uainsean lafcaud' ve'n íochlann, agus an Seana Mháca a tugst air. Ni raib aon ceapst as domne readar a céite éin an t-Seana Mháca, mar níor b' fíú aon puró é. Di uainse 'n-a s-cómhúise i veis a b' lafcair v'áir veis-ne. De mhúntair lafcaite ad ead' iad. Diob' s'eána mhúntair lafcaite ar an Seana Mháca 50 mímice. Di ar na s'eánaib' rin sanobal mór bán, "r'sarfaire sléiseal sanobal," agus ní raib an beiréiceal áilica pan de r'áil, ra n-difce ceap ná inr na h-íochlann' éoin ná i n-aon páiric eile ve'n íochlann, a v'féarad' r'sannrad' do éur i s'criofthe aon uime mar an r'sannrad' do éurpad' an r'ósair sanobal rin am' éiríde-re an uair rin.



Nuair a t'asáinn 50 cúinne na h-íochlann agus nuair a éinn na s'eána ar an Seana Mháca, do pínnn ceap n-áir cóim ééan agus do púiréad' uime ó leán duibe nó ó leán' b'raic. Da mbéad na s'eána ábrao' puar uaim v'áir'annam' eamall, v' f'eorip, as r'eacáine oréa, ad' bíod' mo ceann éroméa asáim agus mé ar r'áic na caráise rap a' b'feiréad' an sanobal mé. Uainseanta bíod' raó-éiric maic asáim air agus san aon raó-éiric aise orim. Níor b' iongnad' an r'sannrad'. Nuair a t'ósad' ré a ceann agus fearuigead' ré puar v'iréad', bíod' ré níob' aonrhe 50 mór 'n'a míre. 'Do tuisgim uainseanta 50 b'feiréad' mé 50 maic, ad' 50 mbíod' an v'iteamnéal 'a leig-ime air ná feiréad'. Bíod' a ceann éroméa aise agus é as píocad' an féir éair, ad' bíod' 'fíor asáim-ra 50 maic sur as fáime orim a bíod' ré, agus as feiréad' r'eacáine an r'asáim amad' ar an Seana Mháca, i uicpé 50 r'ínf'ead' ré a mhúinéal fáda bán agus 50 puiréad' ré céasam éin mé v'íte.



'Do éadair amad' ar an Seana Mháca aon uair a'fháin nuair a m'eadair ná raib ré pínn ná na s'eána ann i n-aon cor. Bíodair ann a san fíor uaim. Níor éadair aon puró ré n-deasra 50 uic 50 b'raic éúasam é, agus a ceann éin an callim aise, agus a mhúinéal r'ínce aise. 'Do b'eicear agus do pícear. 'Do puas na cora uair, ad' b' ar éigin é. 'D'íompuis ré éar n-áir agus v'áir-éorá míle ó baite é as r'p'eabóad' agus as maóiréad' ar an n'áiréad' a bí uéanta aise. 'Do éonac agus v'áir'gear 50 mímice ó rin an r'p'eabóad' céadóna agus an maóiréad' céadóna as ceacé a' sanobal náir fé, a' sanobal rin, mar féall ar éinor ná raib aon píoc níba éróda 'n'a éinor an sanobal úo a bí ar an Seana Mháca an uair úo.

Tá páiric ar asáir an uoirp' amad', agus "an páiric rin amúic" a tugst an uair rin uiré. Di bearna ar asáir an uoirp' éin uiréac' ra páiric rin. 'Do buailinn-re amad', agus roim an bearna pan agus roim t'ré lár na páirice, uainseanta, nuair a bíod' an sanobal ar an Seana Mháca. Anpan bíod' raó-éiric asáim ó-éuair ar an s'cnuic m'íúiré, agus ar an s'caol, mar ar maóiréad' sanobal eile ábrao' 'n-a uiais pan, agus ar Steann Daibh, mar a raib raó-éiric na-úb 'n-a cómhúise; agus puar ar Caráigín an Raó-éiric, agus ar éinor an Caráigín, agus r'íor ar páiric na s'cúic, agus ar páiric na Coire, agus ar páiric na h-ában agus páiric na s'annhíe. Cúmpair a'ne oréa 50 léir i uiais' 'éiré. Páiric' beasa bóda éruada ad ead' iad. 'Upóé calah ad ead' an áic so léir. Ad' rap a uéamís an uob' ar na píacáil v'áir'aróir 50 maic i n-aon r'raóir callim, agus bíod' b'raic póllán plúiréad' ad ead' iad uob' uaiméid' nó uob' uiais' nó uob' caráilúid, nó v'áon puró beo a v'féarad' bíod' a v'íte i n-aon cor. Dead' bliain amúic agus áirip, v' f'eorip, agus éicp'ad' maicéad' ar na s'aparóir, t'ré éiomacé' áirip, nó t'ré upóé' s'áic éigin, nó mar féall ar s'alar éigin a bead' ar an r'íol, i uicpé 50 b'raic na píacáil ré r'íon, nó ná bead' aon aóbar acu ra calah. Caláir'ad' pan bliain s'anaicéiréad' uob' uaiméid'.

(Ni Críoc).

FAIS LEIGTEOIRÍ UOIM,  
A CARA.

## seán buíde agus éine

(Ar leanamhac)

Agus éiríonn-re gur éreopúis ré iad ar fead' óa pícead' bliadán ar an s'annáir náir éoin. Da v'ligéar-óir é, agus ní fuair ré ann píic amad' 'r amad' uob'fáin' t'úise Sarana a t'abairc. Da Caotóiceac' maic v'úir uiaidáncá é, agus ní éreopúis ré 50 mba fuac léir an éaslar r'áppracé' s'aebeal. Da uime ve na uaiméid' móra é, agus v'áir'ad' b'feairp' léir é, agus bí an uéar-éir'ám aise ar píacáil a bead' san r'ís. 'Sé an puró a r'íor v' é réin agus a éir a feadair v' éimís léir na Caotóicis a b'horúas. Ceap ré 50 n'ub'annáir b'horúas' ar v'ó, agus nuair a carbead' ré 50cá raib ar a t'ad' agus na érimúise b'raic'óda bíod' ann (agus san ionnca-pan ad' r'áir'óir) ceapáim ré annpín a élaréam' b'raicé' leac bealaig amad' ar a t'ruail' b'raicé, san i s'cealcair aca ad' fuac labarfa, agus éur ré v'íacáid, uair léir, ar Ríagálar Sarana na Caotóicis a fuar'áilc agus léisean uob' a beic ma b'feirip' agus poraíl eile beic aca.



'Dubairc Sir Riobard Peel, agus uobairc an Úníc of Wellington, 50 cimeit gur ve érad' an r'íoréicis a cúpead' an r'aeacé rin i b'feir'ím, ad' ní inr'ígéann' r'ín r'aeacé Sarana an r'ípinne i uéad' puró ar bit' uá n'ub'annán' r'íad. Sé an t-éadair a bí aca léir an r'aeacé a éur i b'feir'ím,

(Ni Críoc).

# GAMES AND ATHLETICS

THREE and thirty years ago, the first Camoguidheacht practice was held in the Phoenix Park. I was present. The Keating was the only Club that then existed. Cuchulainn caillíní were the next to take to the Camóg. Both Clubs mustered a total of 20 girls. They persisted practising until they succeeded in building a new addition to the edifice of Nationality. On-lookers, some of them, laughed at the girls' attempts to play, others spoke words of encouragement. There were then more spectators than players.

LAST Saturday I rambled to the Camoguidheacht ground in Phoenix Park. I was surprised at what I beheld. In my mind diffusion created dispersion. In other words, there were so many Camoguidheacht players, hundreds and hundreds of them, that I was unable to fix my attention on any one game. There was no room for spectators. Mrs. Lett, the Wexford poetess, welcoming the birth of Camoguidheacht, hoped that "the game will not fall into the error which has become the cause of football among men—that is that while 30 play, 20,000 look on." Her hope has been fulfilled.

THERE are 95 clubs in Dublin. A number of these are attached to Colleges. Sometimes snobbery creeps into these establishments and withers the spirit of Nationality. I have been told that Camoguidheacht players do not all escape. However, I believe that the majority of

them are nationally-minded. May that mind grow in steadfastness and virility.

TRINITY College Athletes, and Civil Service Harriers have lured into their spiritual hovel. Curiously enough, it was the Englishman, Montague, who said that the pig always returns to his sty. The Trinity bucks, and Service slaves were welcomed by the band of audacious Imperialists who call themselves the I.A.A.U. This band, as brass as William The Bastard, begged, mind you, begged, the group of Belfast Orangemen to accept them as a fraternal unit in "Irish" athletics. Could abasement sink lower! Leading spirits in the English-Irish Amateur Athletic Union live and thrive on Catholic and Nationalist Dublin. Has toleration a breaking-point?

WHEN our games were truly an expression of intense National Spirit, descriptions of matches were given in simple, vivid prose. Reading them, you instinctively sensed clear portraiture. What, for instance, could be more delightfully descriptive than this:—

The 'Skat' he slipped, the ball he missed, and Flanagan scored a goal."

That sentence portrayed an exciting incident which marked a miss and a hit in a tense struggle between an almost invulnerable back and a vigilant forward.

PEEP into the compartment labelled "G.A.A." in your daily newspaper, and what do you see? Printed streamers with legends like the following:—

'Hit the highlights,' 'goalie stumped,'

"Inferiority complex" (whatever that means),

"lucky breaks." These legends bring back to my mind the story of Mike Hartigan. It was in the days of the Parnell Split. Mike was local orator. The political policy of the local paper was the opposite of Mike's politics. When an issue came out saying this of Mike he was furious:—"Mr. Mike Hartigan in a vulgar harangue denounced Mr. Parnell." "I can put up" he wrote to the Editor, "with being called vulgar, but I'll allow no one to call me a harangue."

Pat Frawley, who read the paper for his cross-roads comrades, remarked, "Mike is a cleverer man than you'd think he is," and the saying passed into currency.

THE funniest convention ever held anywhere for any purpose was that held in Dublin this year in two instalments. Do not laugh too much before you hear the full story—in next issue.

DALCASSIAN.

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# THE LIFE-STORY OF WOLFE TONE

## CHAPTER II.

"It is a Revolution."

§ 2

IN 1790 Edmund Burke printed his "Reflections on the Revolution in France." This work raised the voice of alarm for all who were endangered by the revolutionary idea. It was the clarion of conservatism. *All that we are and cherish is in danger; let us resist infamy!*—that was the pith of Burke's argument, and to his call rushed every defender of things as they are, right and wrong, just privilege and unjust usurpation. Burke's part in this great crisis of the spirit is remarkable. To understand it we must consider what manner of man he was, and what was his training. In an age of vice he was a pure and generous spirit. He never lost the moral refinement which came to him from his Irish stock and his early life among his Gaelic kindred. He was reared a Protestant and was educated in the tradition of Swift and Berkeley at the University of Dublin: that is to say, with no dogmatic or philosophic first principles. As a loyalist, he accepted the establishment in Church and State set up by the Whig usurpation of 1688. England became his adopted country, and the British Constitution the sovereign of his allegiance. Had he been reared a Catholic, his impulses would have agreed with reality. Instead, he became the champion of an order of things which really was alien to his own genius. How he much he was out of touch with reality is seen by the fate of his utterances: he voted with the Whigs, and spoke his oratorical flights in their defence, but his words have become the very scriptures of Toryism. "I would not exclude change neither, but even when I changed it should be to conserve." He attained, by industry, to magnificent circumstances, and lived as a grandee, romantically happy. His generosity closed his eyes to the truth that his fellow-grandees were the third generation from the grabbers of the Revolution; that they maintained their vulgar glories on the cruelties of the Penal system, the devastation of the Highlands, the subjection of the English yeomen and the plunder of the Indies.

★

BEHOLD, then, Edmund Burke, second only to Shakespeare in grandeur of language, hurling anathemas at the Revolution in France and at all manner of change, in the name of Conservatism! The Whig ascendancy was delighted with him; he made their establishment almost respectable. Hands off what is!—this doctrine is called Conservatism, although in truth it is the very doctrine of destruction so long as a primary wrong remains unrighted. To conserve the good, it is necessary often to go out against established tyranny. Burke did not see this truth. He shirked dangerous enquiries. "A sacred veil must be drawn over the beginnings of government," he wrote, and he drew

By AODH DE BLACAM

that sacred veil over the Whig usurpation, and over the horrors that had bred the French revolt. His "Reflections" never touch first principles. The most famous passage is that in which he tells how he saw the Queen of France, years earlier, a vision of beauty, and how now he was shocked that eunuchs were not brandishing glittering swords for her; touching eloquence, but no argument with which to satisfy the hunger of the cities or the indignation of the serfs.

★

TO him replied, in 1791, Tom Paine the Deist, with a book named *The Rights of Man*. This work did for revolution what Burke did for reaction. Tom Paine, an Englishman of Quaker stock, had fought in the American Revolution. His fanatical courage upheld the cause of liberty in dark hours whenever Washington was near to despair. To him almost more than to any other man was due the ultimate triumph of the Republic. Paine had torn America from the Whig monarchy, through an honest love of justice. He replied to Burke, making easy play with the sentimentalist's defence of the Whig order in England. The men of 1688 had thrown down one monarchy; what right then had Burke, as a defender of the Whig settlement, to dictate to the French people an unreasonable obedience to absolute monarchy?—aye, or to bind the English people to their present state? Paine's authority was not history, not tradition, not revelation; it was common-sense—his own favourite word. His book was banned, and he had to fly from England to France, where his admirers had elected him already as a deputy, and where he was destined to take a big part in the shaping of the French Republic. Against Burke, therefore, behold the figure of Paine: Sentiment versus Rationalism. Between these the age soon was to be divided. Alas, that a true orthodox nowhere appears in this ranging of the forces of the time! Catholicism in France was betrayed by its own leaders, unfaithful and scandal-giving bishops, who surrendered the social institutions to corruption without protest. In Ireland Catholicism had no social institutions; it was the creed of an outlawed people who had nothing left to defend, save their lives. Observe that, if Burke had been a Catholic, with a Catholic's philosophy, history would have been different. Instead of defending the corrupt Whig settlement against all change, he would have demanded a change, a revolution, but in a different direction—back to the age of faith, even as Paine demanded a revolution forward to the age of unassisted reason, common-sense. Against Burke's merely unhelpful defence of *What Is*, Paine's revolution was certain to prevail.

★

IN Ireland the defence of *What Is* meant the defence of penal tyranny. Absentee landlords, planters, and alien church grown fat on tithes

wrung from the outlawed majority: these all applauded Burke. The race from which he sprang, the outlawed Gael, was not so swift to repudiate Tom Paine. Why should a Catholic think worse of an honest Deist than of a follower of Bishop Berkeley, the pantheist? Their political actions must be judged impartially. Swiftly a cleavage ran through society. Two great parties appeared. "In a little time," Tone writes, "the French Revolution became the test of every man's political creed, and the nation was fairly divided into two great parties: the aristocrats and the democrats." The terms were borrowed from France; the real issue was between privilege and the people—between the Whig ascendancy and an outlawed race.

(To be Continued)

\* \* \*

## THE VOLUNTEERS

(1920).

WHERE hailstones settle on armoured cars,  
As night swoops down on our suffering land,  
And mothers are soothing their children's fears  
Of the panther tread of the murder band;  
When the shots cut in through the sob of the wind,  
And there's heartbreak and death in each sound one hears,  
With ever the terror of who they may find—  
Let Ireland pray for the Volunteers.

The flames break high from our ricks and barns,  
Our homesteads in blackened ruins lie,  
With endless terrors and endless alarms  
The man-hunt crashes and rattles by,  
But swift up the mountains and down to the plains,  
Strong hands, brave hearts without doubts or fears,  
They rally and ambush the foe again—  
All Ireland prays for her Volunteers.

Oh! soldier saints in a martyred land!  
Our hope, our courage, our faith, our pride,  
God's blessing is on each brave right hand,  
And Heaven shines brightly on those who died,  
And we who are shut behind prison bars,  
Join with the free in their constant prayers,  
That fighting or hiding beneath the stars  
God's blessing fall on the Volunteers.

CONSTANCE DE MARKIEVICZ.

(Some of the men in jail to-day were active members of the Irish Volunteers in 1920. Their real crime is that they refuse to accept the King of England as King of Ireland.—Editor W.T.W.)

## THE FUTURE

A Woman's View.

IT is said that women have a higher spiritual sense than men; it follows that this spiritual insight is a great privilege—for us, these privileges have their responsibilities. Others may speak in laudatory terms of the history of Ireland, of women in the past, of the power they have held and will hold for the benefit of our country; but it is for us ourselves to face our responsibilities with the high courage and grim determination that in the world to come mankind will be the better for the part we play. The world is on the threshold of a new phase of civilisation, but it may be barbarism—the forces are already to be seen in the struggle—a civilisation where the great mass of humanity is to be exploited in a more comfortable fashion, perhaps, but, still exploited for the benefit of the few.

★

WHETHER old imperialism, military, which even in its tyranny and ruthlessness might claim a certain amount of grandeur and majesty, is to be replaced by the new and more dangerous imperialism, the Moloch of capitalistic greed, supplying such instruments as are necessary for its aggrandisement, crushing out the unwanted and making all the world a vast and soulless machine, without a spiritual ideal, unable to check the onward march of the most horrible imperialism the world has ever known. Are we faithful to that keener spiritual insight which is our heritage? We, in Ireland, men and women, should be more prominent in the fray than other nations, for we have long recognised imperialism in all its forms as a thing of evil in itself and a source of untold misery to its victims.

★

IT must be our task to see that the freedom we want for our country shall be something noble and beautiful, a true Christian democracy, not the horrible mockery of democracy which the world knows to-day, but the free expression of a people to show the best that is in them. Injustice and exploitation must be banished from our land before we can be truly free. The real solution for the social problems of the day in Ireland, as elsewhere, is the practical expression of the Christian principles which we all profess. We want a free Ireland, that will be free in every sense. We do not want merely a change of form of Government, we must drive out with the English every horrible English thing that has come into our country. We must do our part to see that power is not given to the few—we want an Ireland that is really free in a beautiful sense, not nominally free from English control.

NEANS NI NEILL.

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I USED to think long ago that the upside down and inside out sayings called "bulls" were pure inventions, like the News items of mine that appeared in this paper a couple of weeks ago and caused such a flutter. The "bull" industry is quite genuine, though, and is always on full time. There was, for instance, a well-known "Free State" member of Parliament who said in a speech during the election campaign last June: "We have reached *bottom*", says he, "but with God's help we will not go any further."

★  
AND it was a political orator who said: "We'll put ever young men in the saddle and make watch-dogs of them." And you may have heard about the eloquent T.D. who was speaking on behalf of the Treaty of Surrender in January, 1922: "Are we," says he, "to dash the tantalus from the lips of Dark Rosaleen and allow the serpent's dagger to stab her in the back?"

★  
THESE *tré n-a chéile* sayings long ago got the name of "Irish bulls", and sлик John on the other side of the Channel put them all down to us, just to show the world by way of no harm, what a race of buffoons we are. But there are and have always been more "bulls" made in England than in Ireland. It was an English orator who declared that "the time has now come to strip to the waist and roll up our shirt sleeves."

★  
AND another flung this choice gem across the "floor of the House", during a heated discussion at Westminster: "The last speaker has been dragging a red herring across the path, but I beg to tell him that it has hopelessly missed fire, so he had better try some other bait on his hook if he wants to explore every avenue to peace."

★  
SAID a zealous M.P. from one of the distressed areas that we see so little about in the papers: "The poor people in my constituency are living from hand to mouth like the birds of the air." And the man who said in reply to hecklers, "I can never open my mouth but a fool says something," was like your own DAN DINNY.

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