

# THE REPUBLICAN LEADER

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**"TO BE BRAVE IS TO BE WISE."**

Eamonn de Valera—Election Manifesto—Aug., 1923.

## THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

In 1916 defending the Republic in arms, captured and imprisoned in Kilmainham Jail; in 1922 defending the Republic in arms again; in 1923 calling the Nation to renew its allegiance to the Republic—dragged from his platform and imprisoned in a Dublin Jail—it is a straight and simple story from beginning to end.

In 1916 out with James Connolly, Joe Plunkett or De Valera, proud and joyous in the face of death, "to defend and maintain the Republic against all foes"; in 1923 dragging Joe Plunkett's young widow to Kilmainham Prison—taking James Connolly's daughter to Mountjoy—forming an armed guard over her while she stands in Dublin Castle, in the room where she bade her father farewell, accused of refusing allegiance to the English King—rushing de Valera's platform in County Clare, with gun and bayonet, trampling the people who will not desert him, marching him to jail amid Republican men white with anger and Republican women weeping and praying on their knees . . . this is a story with a bewildering twist in it somewhere; a drama as strange and incredible as any ever played on the world's stage.

It is likely that they are few—very few—who have lived through this amazing change; it is likely that the story of most of those who make war on us now is as simple as our own—war against Ireland's freedom under Macreedy and Henry Wilson yesterday, the same war under other masters to-day. But there were some who were once faithful and who changed, and who fall more deeply into their new wretched servitude now, day after day.

Carried on by a throng of others—coarse, drunken, debased—they find themselves forced to do the work they loathe. "Things had begun make strong themselves by ill"—to quiet their own remorse and to save themselves from witnesses they harden their hearts and commit worse deeds still; to achieve promotion on the evil road they try to be more evil than the rest. And then an appetite for vile practices grows—a bestial lust for raiding, looting, man-hunting, destroying, spreading terror, torturing, forcing girl-prisoners into cells . . . an unholy joy in doing to others what English Black-and-Tans did to them. And after an orgy of it comes the black desolation that is hell, and that only another orgy helps to drown.

Or they evade, the less unfortunate ones, the actual doing of these things, yet go through their lives shame-faced, knowing they belong to an army and serve a government by which these things are done.

What worth is life? To what joy can they look forward? To victory over their foes?—It would be victory over their own youth, all their dreams, all they ever praised and loved. What days to spend—every act contributing to the destruction of their country's hope; what nights of remorse and shame! But there is no escape for them—they are in a death-trap now. Under their masters' iron rule, to mutiny is to die.

It is a pitiful tale, how they were led into that trap. Three things helped to lure them—duress, and bribery and lies. There was the duress of helpless poverty, hungry children, sick mothers, despairing wives. There was the bribery of plenty, a secured wage and the comradeship and vanity of army life. But without the third lure these surely would have been in vain. Would these men have taken the Saxon shilling to fight against freedom in India for those bribes, under that duress? They will tell you "No"! Yet, to-day, they are fighting for England against the freedom of their own land, and in the Empire's old, unvarying, ruthless way.

It was the third lure overcame them—the lies. They were told their authority was Daib Eireann; they were told they need take no oath to England; they were told Ireland was free. They did not guess it was the Partition Parliament and the King's Ministers they were obeying, or that their Comman-

der-in-Chief, in the presence of England's Governor-General, would be pledging their allegiance to the English King. How could they know that their leaders had given England power to force them to make war on their own?

If they had been offered khaki they would have understood, or if they had been given the uniform of the Militia, or called to salute the Union Jack. But they were given caps with the old badge of the "Fianna Fail"; they were given the tri-colour, and they were given uniforms of Erin's Green. They never guessed that the tri-colour would be flaunting over de Valera on prison walls or that they would stand, a firing squad, in that uniform; to shoot Liam Mellows down, or that men that would have died for Frank Aiken would be hunting him in the hills for men who had planned his death.

It is a black tragedy; those men who loved Ireland once have done Ireland a most bitter and irreparable wrong. But the wrong they have done to Ireland is less terrible than the wrong that has been done to them. They have been cheated of their birthright; robbed of their honour; despoiled of everything that made them men.

## True Stories for Children.

No. III.—POOR PAUDEEN.

Paudeen was in a fix; he promised the people he would never give up the Republic, and then Mr. Churchill made him promise to give it up and the people said—"How dared you make such a promise as that?" So Paudeen said—"Whist now! It'll be alright; when Mr. Churchill has taken his soldiers away I'll break my promise to him and keep my promise to you; we'll have the Republic again."

So when the soldiers were all gone he made an agreement with the people that he wouldn't give the Republic up unless they gave it up themselves. Then Mr. Churchill called Paudeen and said—"How dared you make a promise as that?" And Paudeen said—"Whisht now; 'twas only to keep them quiet, and sure I'll break my promise to them and keep my promise to you." So he made an agreement called a Constitution to give the Republic up. Then the people said—"How dared you make such a promise as that? We won't have it!" And Paudeen didn't know what to do, so he put a lot of the people in jail. But the others said again—"How dared you make such a promise as that?" So Paudeen said—"Whisht, now, wait awhile, 'twas only to keep Mr. Churchill quiet, and sure I'll not keep that promise at all." But Mr. Churchill said—"How dare you make such a promise as that?" And he made Paudeen stand up in front of Tim Healy and promise to give the Republic up. And the people said again—"Well, Paudeen, and how dared you make such a promise as that?" So Paudeen said—"Sure I had to make it to get into Parliament, but put me back into Parliament and I'll break it for you the first minute I can."

But the people were sick and tired of Paudeen and they told him to get out of that.

## "NORMAL ELECTIONS."

SOME MINOR EPISODES.

The outrage at Ennis rings out with a clamour that drowns the echo of lesser violations; the Free State Press seeks its smallest type and obscurest corner for the publication of such affairs. Intelligent readers must watch heedfully if they would judge rightly the campaign that is being waged.

The following are a dozen examples, chosen at random, of incidents which have occurred during the last few days.

1. Raiding of Sinn Fein Meeting engaged in choosing an Elector Committee at Carrowmorris. A lady arrested and released. Mr. Thomas Clarke detained.

2. Seizure of Literature, including the removal of 500 copies of the Republican Leader from a party proceeding to Election Meeting at Omcah.

3. **Attack by C.I.D. on a Bill-Poster**—a boy named Ashe of Dublin—when engaged in posting Sinn Fein Election Leaflets in O'Connell St., on August 17th. His arms were twisted, the bills were taken, and he was dragged to the back of La Scala where he was brutally beaten and kicked.

4. **Mr. Stephen Jordan**, after presiding at a Sinn Fein Election Meeting at Athenry, dragged from his bed and beaten on the road side.

5. **Mr. Thomas Keane of Tubbercurry**, a Sinn Fein Delegate, dragged from his house at 4 a.m. by men in the uniforms of the Free State Army and the Civic Guard; found beaten, almost unrecognisable; **four ribs broken and his body a mass of wounds.**

6. A lorry proprietor at Skerries threatened by Free State Officers that unless he broke a contract for a hire for Republican meetings, his lorry would be burnt.

7. Stones thrown at platform from a small group including Military at a Meeting at Kenmare; **one stone cutting open the Speaker's head.**

8. Attendance of armed and undisciplined Military at Republican meetings, endangering the lives of speakers and audience. A Free State Officer at a meeting at Strandhill, Sligo, fired at and severely wounded a man.

9. A boy leaving a meeting in South Kerry was followed by a drunken Free State Officer who shot him, wounding him seriously, then boasted: "Captain Foley is not a bad shot."

10. **A Farmer's Election Meeting at Belmullet** was attacked by the Party of the Government Candidates, who called Military to their aid; the crowd was charged with belts and batons, finally fired on and dispersed.

11. **Wrecking of Election Rooms at Carlow** by Military in full uniform.

12. **Raid on Election Rooms** concluding with the raid of Sat., on the Sinn Fein Election Headquarters, at 23, Suffolk St., Dublin. At about 5 p.m. a man in plain clothes entered and handed Mr. Eamonn Donnelly, the Director of Elections, a "warrant" in a novel form—

"Put on your hat and coat at once and come quietly, otherwise—"

This "legal document" was dated from Portobello.

Mr. Eamonn Donnelly made a dash for freedom but fell through a glass roof and sustained wounds which bled profusely. He made his way to Mercer's Hospital, but on leaving it was arrested and taken, his head swathed in bandages, to jail.

The raiders overturned cupboards, seized election literature, and left the Election Rooms in the condition which they, no doubt, consider "normal" for Republican offices.

A vast meeting assembled in O'Connell St., on Sunday afternoon to hear the President's message delivered by Vivien de Valera, his twelve year old son. A Free State Officer charged the crowd holding a Webley revolver in his hand. A few minutes later a C.I.D. officer in the crowd fired several shots into the air. In spite of these efforts no stampede or commotion was created.

## BAYONET RULE.

The appointment of a Government Candidate, "Major-General" Joe McGrath, to stand against P. J. Rutledge, the Acting President of the Republic, in his Mayo constituency, coincides with an order that should Mr. Rutledge appear, to contest the field, he is to be arrested instantly.

## To the Men and Women of West Wicklow.

Much water has passed under the bridges of our country since Theobald Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Lord Edward, and Michael Dwyer sacrificed liberty and life for the ideal of a free Ireland. The Sinn Fein candidate for West Wicklow at the General Election will fight for the same ideal for which these men died—the ideal of an Ireland free from the sod to the sky. Are we, men and women of Wicklow, fallen so low that we are willing to accept for Ireland to-day any lower status than that of a Nation free amongst the Nations of the World? Are we to deny the past, forget the dead, surrender our nationality, and have our future dictated to us by England? Shall we not rather let the World know once and for all that so long as a Wicklow man or a Wicklow woman breathes the air of our country we will never deny the heritage God gave us and for which all the greatest of our race have struggled from the time of Brian Boru to the present date?

**PEOPLE OF WICKLOW**, your Candidate is in jail; he is refused Sinn Fein Literature, refused leave to send a message or address to you. The "**REPUBLICAN LEADER**" appeals to you on his behalf.

The fact that he is in prison to-day with the best of Ireland's manhood is proof enough that he stands now where he stood five years ago, his ideal and his faith unchanged. We need do no more, therefore, than repeat, as above, the address he made to you when he was your Republican Candidate in 1918.

You know his record. You know that he is a Wicklow man, a lover of his home and of his neighbours, a lover of the soil of Ireland, as great a worker for the welfare and progress of his own country as for the honour of the Irish Nation.

No man in Ireland had more to give than Robert Barton, and more to lose. To visit his beautiful, peaceful home and think of the years of his manhood spent as a convict in Portland and the recklessness with which he has defied our enemies, risking all; to remember what a career was opened to him had he but played the part that Cosgrave played, and think of what he is enduring now—is not this to recognise a patriot as wholehearted as Feach MacHugh O'Byrne?

And Barton's faithfulness has stood a more crucial test than these; no man has won more honourably through a cruel mesh of treachery than he. Others, trapped with him on that fatal 6th December, 1921, lacked the courage to break out of the trap again. Instead, they countenanced one betrayed by another, covered lie with lie, added surrender to surrender, until they had drawn half Ireland after them into a morass of dishonour and despair.

But Robert Barton frankly and fearlessly told the whole truth. "I do not seek to shield myself," he said in An Daib, on 19th December, 1921, "from the charge of having broken my oath of allegiance to the Republic—my signature is proof of the fact. That oath was and still is to me the most sacred bond on earth." He told simply and poignantly the story of how his signature had been forced from him by the collusion of three of his colleagues with Lloyd George.

He, too, could have said that the Republic had never existed, that the oath was not an oath, that subjection was victory, that the terms of surrender were a treaty between equal nations, that partition was unity, that he had brought Ireland peace; he, too, could have claimed rewards from England and from Ireland for his work. But he refused to deceive his people. He was forced to choose between repudiating a signature wrested from him by his country's enemies under treacherous duress and breaking the trust freely undertaken and freely reposed in him by his own. He chose to be faithful to Ireland and defy the Empire again. He showed his four colleagues the only straight way out. None had the courage and faithfulness to take it except himself. They chose allegiance to the Empire; they have their reward. The people of Wicklow will give Robert Barton his.

## Wicklow's Roll of Honour.

Feach Mac Hugh O'Byrne. Andrew Thomas  
Samuel Holt. Billy Byrne.  
Michael Dwyer. McAlister the Brave.  
Erskine Childers.

Why are these names famous? Because they are the names of men who defended Ireland's freedom against her ancient enemy and who yielded neither to threat nor bribe.

Are the people of Wicklow conquered and broken at last? Will they let Birkenhead's empty threats and Cosgrave's empty promises seduce them from the faith of their fathers—"Ireland her own"? Prove yourselves true to your dead and living heroes.

**VOTE SINN FEIN.**

## To the Electors of Wicklow

Once again you are being asked to give your first vote for Robert Barton.

Remember that he stands, as he always stood, for complete freedom and the Irish Republic. Remember, how ever since 1916, he has worked unflinchingly for the cause of Irish Independence. Think, when you compare him with the other candidates, of his sterling character and self-sacrifice. For several years he has been in jail in England and Ireland, protesting for your sake against foreign aggression and terrorism.

Do not vote for the man who would make Ireland a part of the British Empire, but vote for the man who stands, as Fintan Lalor stood, for Ireland her own.

"Ireland her own, Ireland her own, and all therein, from the sod to the sky. The soil of Ireland for the people of Ireland, to have and to hold from God alone who gave it—to have and to hold for them and their heirs for ever, without suit or service, faith or fealty, rent or render, to any power under Heaven."

For believing in and working for this Gaelic ideal my beloved father, who was Robert Barton's dearest cousin, friend and fellow-worker, was shot in Beggar's Bush Barracks by Irishmen who have betrayed Ireland's freedom.

But Robert Barton, by the mercy of God, still lives to accomplish his work and to vindicate my father's life and death.

Is my father's sacrifice for you to be in vain? The answer rests with you.

I ask you in his name to vote for Robert Barton and to redeem our National Honour.

**ERSKINE CHILDERS.**