

THE SPARK

KEEP THE FIRES OF THE NATION BURNING
(G. S. PARNELL)

Edited by Ed. DALTON

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PRICE ONE HALFPENNY

"REBEL" DUBLIN

"I HAVE come up," wrote Thomas Davis once, "from Ireland to Dublin." Ireland at the time was still *Irish* in speech and thought. "National" education and an Irish Parliamentary party had not yet been launched against the nation, and whatever there was of poverty and whatever there was of social evil, there still remained in the nation the genesis of nationhood, the Gaelic language, the Gaelic customs, and the Gaelic traditions. Dublin, the English gateway into Ireland, was in that day the more *apparently* Anglicised because it had to bear ever the onslaught of the enemy, because, so to speak, it engaged the enemy to such purpose, that Ireland's fall was for the time delayed. Dublin was the seat of foreign government in Ireland. It was the patronage-centre from which radiated all those earthly favours which have accounted for the adhesion of Irish-born men to the service of Britain. It was intimidated then as now by an armed and arrogant garrison, and was infested then, as now, by an unclean brood of spies and police-sneaks, fellows who in the interest of their paymasters would "set" and betray the rarest, the most unselfish, and exalted types of manhood, in order that their own petty stations, however degrading, however immoral, however subversive of the spiritual well-being of this nation these stations might be, should be secured.

Little wonder, indeed, that with this seething cancer of corruption in its midst, Dublin should become Anglicised, but Anglicised in name and to outward seeming only. They could never buy Dublin, and not ever could they subdue by force or treachery its virile vigorous Nationalism. They,

the enemy, have planted here, have subsidised, facilitated, and lavished bounties galore on their Anglicising agencies, their music halls, their theatres, their Press. Only by attorning to their views could professional men or "respectable" business men become successful and respectable, only by great natural strength of character and inherent virtue could the working population be saved from surrender to the easiest way. Thank God for it, that character and that virtue were present and the National heart of Dublin was preserved through all the wiles, all the cunning which sought to reduce the Irish capital to a position amongst nations analogous to that of a fallen woman walking the streets. Let there be no mistaking what Dublin's loyalty to Irish Nationality has meant. It has meant poverty and decay, but it has also meant honour, virtue, and truth. Dublin has borne the brunt of National movements for generations, not through any hope of material gain for itself, but through devotion to the ideal of Irish nationhood and through revolt against the jobbery and the chicanery which are needed to buttress the foreign government in Ireland.

The part which Dublin has taken in the "Free Ireland" movement has been the least selfish of all the cities and towns in Ireland. If Dublin at any time had chosen the path of National apostasy she had been now a prosperous British city. But Dublin rejected the tempters even as to-day she rejects them. She will be the capital of a free Irish nation, or she will tax the ceaseless vigilance and power of Britain to keep her a slave.

"Irish Week", which came to a close on Sun-

day last, was a striking evidence of Dublin's continued loyalty to the Irish nation. Perhaps the most remarkable event of the week, though not an official fixture, was the celebration of the John Mitchel Centenary. The large hall of the Antient Concert Rooms, capable of holding over 1,000 persons, and all the approaches to it were packed to their utmost capacity, and the enthusiasm which permeated the gathering has scarcely ever in my recollection been equalled. The spirit of John Mitchel is abroad to-day in the Irish capital. The same intense disgust at British duplicity and hypocrisy which filled Mitchel's mind is again aroused in the minds of his successors. The same lofty patriotism which impelled Mitchel to sacrifice all earthly ties in pursuit of the ideal of a free and independent Irish nation is again the inspiration of Irish men and Irish women, and whatever the future may bring we can of this thing be certain, that if Dublin suffered any loss of prestige in Mitchel's day, she will regain that prestige and redeem her name if and when she is put to the test.

There are sceptics who say to me—"These 'Irish Weeks' of yours and these celebrations are but spasmodic and hysterical displays of Celtic impulsiveness; they have nothing behind them; the Celt is gone, it is only his ghost that disturbs the modern Irish body." But, my countrymen and my countrywomen, we must discredit the sceptic and the waverer, the pessimist and the shirker. Let me say to you that this can best be accomplished by *organisation*. If you are not yet a part of the machinery; if you are not yet an Irish Volunteer or a member of some Gaelic club, some League branch or National Society, not yet a member of one of those agencies which are working quietly, unobtrusively, yet with splendid zeal and enthusiasm, towards the re-creation of the Irish nation, you are not a true man or a true woman, you are not fulfilling your personal mission on earth, which is to realise in yourself all that is holiest, noblest, and bravest. Be of good cheer, be prayerful, earnest, and unselfish, and remember "Ireland is a holy land to die in."

ED. DALTON.

The Aonach.

In reply to an enquiry which I addressed to the Aonach Committee, I am informed that the Rotunda Buildings will be the venue for this year's Aonach. It will open on December 9th, and will extend over a fortnight.

To Desmond Fitzgerald,

Now serving six months' imprisonment for the crime of declaring his devotion to Ireland.

Ye Geraldines. ye Geraldines, for full five hundred years
Your fortunes have been intertwined with Ireland's hopes and fears.
And truthfully our Annals tell, and well has Davis sung
Your valour through the centuries when Fodhla's cause was young.
They tell how Silken Thomas, Desmond's Earls. and Garrett Mor
Maintained your fame on many a plain from Down to Dunamore,
And of how the Gaels found shelter 'neath the saltire of your shield.
For in every fight for Freedom were Fitzgeralds in the field.

Ye hated England heartily, ye stood on Ireland's side.
In London's Tower, in Dublin gaols, in Kerry's glens ye died.
'Tis fitting then that now again, when Ireland's foes we face,
In the vanguard of her champions a Fitzgerald take his place.
'Tis fitting, too, that Britain, when her tide is ebbing low,
Should suite at brave Clann-Gerailt with her last expiring blow.
And well may ye, who bear the name of Desmond, honoured line,
Rejoice that England strikes to-day a worthy Geraldine.

Tom Kettle's Successor.

AFRICAN Grey Parrot, lovely talker, says Polly is going to the war, Polly is off; talks all day list of what he says; price £12. Keegan, Upper Ormond Quay.

—"Dublin Evening Mail," Saturday, Nov. 6.

No Conscription.

"Don't make a fuss about conscription. Make up your minds not to have it; go on with your drill and your rifle practice; and when the marauders, the conscriptionists, make their appearance just send a deputation of snipers, composed of ten of your best shots, to meet them, and I guarantee you will put the lid on the conscriptionist coffin in a very brief space of time."—Rev. Father O'Reilly, C.C. Tang, Westmeath.

WHAT A CHANGE!



Those who laughed at England's appearance in the role of the Champion of Small Nationalities and asked, scoffingly, "can the leopard change his spots?" received their answer on Saturday last, when England, after seventy years' of systematic driving of the Irish abroad, suddenly stepped in and forcibly stopped Irish emigration.

The Great Heart of England had been changed. For seventy years it heard unmoved the wail of the Irish mother as her children left her to seek across the ocean that livelihood: the English rule that turned the farmland of Ireland, which once sustained nearly nine millions of people, into grazing land for cattle. For seventy years no tear had dropped from England's eyes for the tragic fate of a noble people, whom she affected to govern, but whom she forged her laws to destroy. The poorhouse, the police-barrack, and the emigration agency were staples of every Irish town. The Irish ratepayers were ordered by English law to find money to aid in the depopulation of their own country—the exportation of their own flesh and blood. The Irish Poor Law Board was legally compelled to raise money to assist to swell the emigrant-ship with passengers. The Irish were down, and their doom was written in the prophecies of Downing Street.

"The Celts are gone—gone with a vengeance—the Lord be praised!" wrote the London "Times."

"An Irishman will soon be as rare on the banks of the Shannon as a Red Indian on the Manhattan," it chortled.

"Place the Irishman anywhere except in Ireland," it cried exultant.

"You cheer for the Irish famine," said Disraeli, Prime Minister of England, to an English meeting, at which "cheers for the Irish famine were called. "Well, you could cheer for a worse thing."

And now the Great Heart of England has changed. It does not cheer for Irish famine, it does not exult in the thought that the Irishman is becoming as extinct as the Red Indian—it does not boast—"The Irish are gone—Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow." It has grown sad and repentant. It wants all the Irish back—it would raise them from the bottom of the Atlantic, where they perished by thousands in the English coffin-ships—it would raise them from the earth of Schull, and Skibbereen, and Galway, where by the thousand their famished bones await the Resurrection morn to reclothe

themselves and accuse their slayers before the last Court of Justice, where no packed jury will be empanelled, and an Almighty Judge will hear and award the case—it would raise them, one and all—of military age to-day, if it could—for the duration of the war.

But it cannot be done. And so repentant England does the next best thing.

She stops Irish emigration to America.

Here is a change of heart!

Alas! it is only a change of direction. She stops Irish emigration to America in order to increase forced Irish emigration to Flanders and the Dardanelles, where England faces death as a world-power, and very sensibly seeks to get the Irish to fight for her. Self-preservation is the first law of the English.

The manner in which it was done shows that England has forgotten nothing. It is illegal for a steamship company, carrying passengers, to refuse to carry a passenger whose ticket has been issued. The Cunard Company broke the law and refused to carry the Irish emigrants. How did the Cunard Company come to defy the law, and defy it with impunity.

Because the Cunard Company is a part of the English Government. It is a concern, running as a private company, but in reality owned and directed by the English Government, which supplies it with capital and allows it in addition £50,000 per annum. The Cunard Company was informed that it would be desirable to cease carrying Irish emigrants of English military age. The Cunard Company, therefore, made arrangements for a mob and a bogus strike on their boat at Liverpool last week. The Cunard agents were not advised to stop issuing tickets to would-be emigrants. The plan was to get as many as possible to Liverpool, to surround them with a taunting mob, and interland them with recruiting sergeants. If they could be bullied into joining the English army all was won. If not, a bogus strike was to be arranged on the "Saxonia" at the last moment and the emigrants turned back.

The programme was duly carried out. An English mob, composed of men between 18 and 30 years of age (see photograph of the scene published in the London "Daily Mail" of Monday last, Nov. 8, 1915), howled around the Irish emigrants, hurling filthy abuse upon them because they would not fight for the Englishman's country; recruiting sergeants threatened, coaxed, bullied—in vain. The Irish farmer's sons could not be induced to see that it was their duty to tempt death that England might live. So the bogus strike was announced, and the emigrants were turned back.

But the Cunard Company determined not to lose on the transaction. In returning the money for the passage tickets it deducted 5 per cent.

This is up to the highest standard of English commercial morality.

A company contracts, for money received, to carry passengers to America.

It wilfully breaks its contract, thus violating the law.

It steals from the passengers portion of their passage-money.

And the English Press app'auds it, and the English Government backs it up.

A politician named Redmond—formerly Leader of the Irish Race at Home and Abroad—communicates with the English Press, assuring it of his hearty concurrence with its views and the Cunard-Government action. He describes the Irish emigrants as "Cowards."

However, he adds that they "are only from the West"—of Ireland—where John Dillon comes from. He gets one back on John for John's intrigue to put him out of the chairmanship of the Party.

So the emigrants are back in Ireland, knowing more of England than they ever knew before, and cherishing feelings towards it which the Redmonds and the Dillons and the Devlins had hoped they had killed. They should never have attempted to emigrate. Their place is in Ireland where, if conscription be attempted, they can show the English mob, the English Government, and the English lickspittle Redmond what an Irish "coward" can do in defence of his own country.

NEUTRAL IRELAND.

Ireland is the first country between Europe and America. Her matchless harbours, her unique isolation, her rivers—natural waterways—her configuration, make her one of the most important islands in the world. Over a century ago, Pitt decided that it would be best for England that Irish prosperity should cease. This policy has been faithfully followed, with detrimental results to Ireland, which must soon react on England to her destruction.

The trade of America needs no emphasis. The Southern republics, now many years freed from European intrigue, have long prospered under the blessings of stable government, and now enjoy an influence which, steadily increasing, will prejudice war-devastated Europe. Ireland, by her natural position, with normal government, would be the distributing centre for American-European trade. She could not fail to

be prosperous, and in the eyes of diplomatists, would assume an international importance. We have seen how, last year, the action of Serbia, a country smaller than Ireland, precipitated a European war. The fact is that the small nation, strong enough to keep apart, is a necessary part of the European system, and any action it takes, helps, or hinders, the larger nations. When a great Empire fights because of a small nation, we see in this nothing but an action resulting from a connection of interest. It is true that the average Frenchman knows nothing about Ireland; the average Englishman knows as little about this country as the average Irishman does about Herzegovina; but the average individual does not enter into such considerations. If Ireland, separate, makes for the general good of European and American trade, she will be protected during her first early years of struggle, not through affection, but for motives of interest. England has always hammered it into us that Europe knows nothing of us, and England has always represented the Irish as dirty, superstitious Catholics. Europe knew little or nothing of Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Manchuria till within the last forty years. Yet these insignificant countries have attracted more attention from Europe than perhaps anything else. Ireland, loyal to herself, can create a situation which will force attention on this country from European states as a matter of money, and it is money which wins in human affairs. France intended to invade Ireland about a century ago, not so much to help Ireland, as to hurt England and help France.

The present war must result in a complete upset of what is commonly called the status—quo ante bellum, the condition of European affairs before the war. No man may yet say what will be the end of this mighty conflict; but it is obvious that countries which maintain neutrality throughout the struggle will be strengthened, and power will gravitate towards them. Irishmen have been astonished at the importance attached by two at least of the belligerent powers to this country—a country they had been taught to regard as of no importance, strategical or otherwise. A great era is opening, an era fraught with wonderful potentialities for us. Out of the crush of things, may soon come an opportunity, when national aspirations shall be as easily realised by us as they were by the Belgians in 1839. It is for us now here in Ireland to prepare, slowly and methodically, for that fateful time when a readjustment of the balance of power will present to us an open road to freedom.

Green, White, and Orange Celluloid Badges—One Penny each.—WHELAN & SON, 17 Upr. Ormond Quay, Dublin.

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