



Edited by Ed. DALTON

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# PEACE AND THE GAEL

When we are old (those of us who live to be old) we shall tell our grandchildren of the Christmas of 1915 as the second Christmas which saw the nations at war for the freedom of the seas; as the last Christmas, it may be, which saw Ireland, the gate of the seas, in the keeping of the English. For that is the thing for which men are bleeding to-day in France and Serbia, in Poland and Mesopotamia. The many fight to uphold a tyranny three centuries old, the most arrogant tyranny that there has ever been in the world; and the few fight to break that tyranny. Always it is the many who fight for the evil thing, and the few who fight for the good thing; and always it is the few who win. For God fights with the small battalions. If sometimes it has seemed otherwise, it is because the few who have fought for the good cause have been guilty of some secret faltering, some infidelity to their best selves, some shrinking back in the face of a tremendous duty.

The last sixteen months have been the most glorious in the history of Europe. Heroism has come back to the earth. On whichever side the men who rule the peoples have marshalled them, whether with England to uphold her tyranny of the seas, or with Germany to break that tyranny, the peoples themselves have gone into battle because to each the old voice that speaks out of the soil of a nation has spoken anew. Each fights for the fatherland. It is policy that moves the governments; it is patriotism that stirs the peoples. Belgium, defending her soil, is heroic,

and so is Turkey, fighting with her back to Constantinople.

It is good for the world that such things should be done. The old heart of the earth needed to be warmed with the red wine of the battlefields. Such august homage was never before offered to God as this, the homage of millions of lives given gladly for love of country.

War is a terrible thing, and this is the most terrible of wars. But this war is not more terrible than the evils which it will end or help to end. It is not more terrible than the exploitation of the English masses by cruel plutocrats; it is not more terrible than the infidelity of the French masses to their old spiritual ideals; it is not more terrible than the enslavement of the Poles by Russia, than the enslavement of the Irish by England. What if the war kindles in the slow breasts of English toilers a wrath like the wrath of the French in 1789? What if the war brings France back to her altars, as sorrow brings back broken men and women to God? What if the war sets Poland and Ireland free? If the war does these things, will not the war have been worth while?

War is a terrible thing, but war is not an evil thing. It is the things that make war necessary that are evil. The tyrannies that wars break, the lying formulae that wars overthrow, the hypocrisies that wars strip naked, are evil. Many people in Ireland dread war because they do not know it. Ireland has not known the exhilaration of war for over a hundred years.



Yet who will say that she has known the blessings of peace? When war comes to Ireland, she must welcome it as she would welcome the Angel of God. And she will.

It is because peace is so precious a boon that war is so sacred a duty. Ireland will not find Christ's peace until she has taken Christ's sword. What peace she has known in these latter days has been the devil's peace, peace with sin, peace with dishonour. It is a foul thing, dear only to men of foul breeds. Christ's peace is lovely in its coming, beautiful are its feet on the mountains. But it is heralded by terrific messengers; seraphim and cherubim blow trumpets of war before it. We must not flinch when we are passing through that uproar; we must not faint at the sight of blood. Winning through it, we (or those of us who survive) shall come into great joy. We and our fathers have known the Pax Britannica. To our sons we must bequeath the Peace of the Gael.

### ROGER CASEMENT.

Roger Casement, like many other Irishmen who have devoted themselves to the cause of Irish Independence, is a descendant of the English garrison in Ireland. His people came over with the other "undertakers" at the time of the Ulster Plantation, and to this day have remained allied with the English faction in Ireland.

At the age of nineteen he was entered, like many young men of his class, in the English Consular Service, and, for nearly twenty years, he was resident in different parts of Africa, spending only an occasional short holiday in Ireland. His African experiences culminated in his famous exposure of the treatment of the natives of the Congo by the Belgian employes of the late King Leopold, who had secured that territory as a crown domain—in other words, as his personal property. When the English Government asked Roger Casement to investigate the state of affairs in the Belgian Congo, their motives were not as purely humanitarian as they would like us to believe. But Casement had no share in their motives; he made a thorough job of cleaning up the Congo, simply because he hated the hideous injustice of the treatment meted out to the natives, and he never concealed his opinions of the often similar treatment of black peoples in territories that more nearly concerned the English Government.

After nearly twenty years in Africa, he spent two or three years in Europe before taking charge of the English Consular Service in Brazil. During this period he was much in Ireland, and became actively interested in Irish Ireland work. In Peru there existed an even more atrocious system

of virtual slavery than that which he had exposed in the Congo. His investigations in the Putumayo have become more famous, as his exposure revealed deeper infamies than even the Belgian Congo knew. In these two investigations, Casement achieved more than any other white man to prevent the brutal ill-treatment and persistent extermination of the coloured races by the whites. I often think that this man, the only white who had ever exerted himself for their protection, will be remembered for generations by the unlettered Indian in the dim Amazon forests—and will pass into their traditions perhaps as a "god" who came and put to flight the devils who tortured so defenceless a people. Casement earned their gratitude, and was prouder of that than he was of the European recognition that was accorded him. Not the least treasured memento (which he is proud to possess) of this period of his life is a letter from our late Holy Father the Pope, warmly thanking him for his unexampled services in the cause of humanity.

Roger Casement, while busy with so much good work, did not forget that his own people had a claim on his services, and, when his hands were freed by his retirement from the English Service, he devoted himself absolutely to the cause of Ireland. He was one of the founders of the Tamhain (Galway) Irish College, and materially assisted the Munster College in Ballinbegary. He was largely instrumental in organising the relief fund some years ago in connection with the fever epidemic along the Connemara seaboard, and in his native province was the pioneer in the movement to induce the Ulster Unionists to accept Home Rule. One of his last public acts in Ireland was an effort to band the whole people together to prevent the destruction of direct communication with America, which was affected by the exclusion of Cove as a port of call by the English Cunard Company. Casement succeeded in inducing the great German Hamburg-Amerika Shipping Company to agree to send its vessels to Cove, but a few days before the first vessel was due to arrive the English Government made representations to Berlin, doubtless pointing out that the proposed action of a German Company was a breach of international etiquette, and the Berlin authorities reluctantly compelled the German Shipping Company, in the interests of good feeling, etc., to cancel its arrangements.

The time is not come when the story of his later activities which culminated in his dramatic appearance at Berlin, and his entry upon the European stage, can be published; but, when it does, it will be found that this period has been dominated by the same desire to serve an oppressed people—by the same hatred of tyranny, and especially of that canting tyranny that has oppressed Ireland for centuries.



Conan Doyle has declared that Casement is "mad." I do not know. The sane and practical people have done so much to create suffering and misery in the world that I suppose it is really a form of madness to seek to alleviate them. But sane or "mad," I can promise you that Casement is a man of stern courage and of inflexible purpose. What he undertakes will not easily be denied him. We shall hear of him again.

I had a dream about him the other night. I had been thinking over the foregoing facts, and, I suppose, he was on my mind. The dream was somewhat in the nature of a sequel to a little incident which happened one night a few years ago. Casement and I had turned out for a stroll late one night, and I remember that I was in a pessimistic mood on the occasion. Its cause was that I feared the success of certain underhand agencies which were working against a united Ireland. We were walking down Drumcondra Road at the time I made this confession, whereupon Casement, in his hearty boyish fashion, clapped me on the back, exclaiming: "Cheer up, Oh, doubting Thomas, and remember time at length brings all things even, if we do but watch the Hour. You are a good Christian; so, too, am I; but don't you sometimes feel that God would be almost putting too great a strain on our faith if He allowed to go unpunished, even in this world, the crimes with which it is cursed. No, believe you me, however unpromising the outlook, the Hour for the oppressor will strike, and you and I shall hear it."

Well, in my dream the other night, I thought Casement stood by my bedside, roughly shaking me. "What!" he exclaimed, "did your doubt overcome you. Wake up! the Hour is at hand."

## ♦♦♦ PATRIOTISM.

"The Religion of Christ makes of Patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot."—CARDINAL MERCIER.

"Ireland's right to complete independence goes back to the hour when Almighty God fashioned this island, and it shall be right until the final trumpet sounds."

—EDITOR OF "SPARK."

There is in every community a group of "common sense" people whose greatest satisfaction is that they are sensible enough to tolerate ideals and truth; they never attack them, they only tolerate them. I am afraid there are several such superior people in Ireland to-day, who will tell you, "these things are all very well to dream about, and to even talk about; but this is the 20th century, and we must come down to common sense methods and be practical; we

must compromise, now-a-days, to get things."

Well, we won't inquire into such an attitude of mind just now. Twentieth century methods and compromise are such bewildering things, we must examine them in their own light another time. There is no doubt, however, that it would have been the essence of practicability for Belgium to have permitted the Germans a free passage, but they didn't. Who, in Ireland, doubts the awful temptation it must have been to the rulers of the British Empire to remain practical and neutral at the commencement of hostilities; but a principle was involved—the rights of small nations were assailed, and the British Lion, true to his traditional instincts of Justice and Truth, flung practicability to the winds and entered the fray: a roaring lion, red hot for the cause of small nations.

Enough of this damnable hypocrisy! we are sickened with this leering concern for the small nationalities. We challenge these champions of commonsense and compromise in our own land to face the truth. We cannot serve two masters; nowadays, we must choose between honesty and dishonesty, between principle and compromise, between truth and falsehood. We cannot play the middle game and keep our hands clean, and no man in Ireland to-day, who is an upholder of a rotten compromise that barter away our Right of Nationality and freedom, has the right to dub himself Patriot.

Now this article does not propose to suggest the methods we must adopt, but is rather concerned with emphasising the importance and necessity of having real convictions of Truth, Justice and Right in things national and proper to our own land. True conviction is the spur to action; without it we build our castle on the sand, we have left out the mainspring in all our endeavours.

**What, then, is Patriotism?** It is the Will within us that, after God, we be faithful, loyal and true to our motherland—not in any vague, sentimental way, but buoyed up with an intimate conviction of what is our **Right**, and a readiness to strive for it, even to death.

And what is our Motherland? Let this be answered by Cardinal Mercier, who has proved himself such a faithful son of his harrassed country:

"Our country," he says, "is not a mere concourse of persons or families inhabiting the same soil, having amongst themselves relations more or less intimate, of business, of neighbourhood, or a community of memories happy or unhappy. Not so, it is an association of living souls subject to a social organisation to be defended and safeguarded at all costs, even the cost of blood, under the leadership of those presiding over its fortunes. And it is because of this general spirit that the



people of a country live a common life in the present, through the past, through the aspirations, the hopes, the confidence in a life to come, which they share together. Patriotism, an internal principle of order and of unity, an organic bond of the members of a nation, was placed by the finest thinkers of Greece and Rome at the head of the natural virtues. Aristotle, the prince of the philosophers of antiquity held—disinterested service of the city—that is, the State, to be the very ideal of human duty. And the religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law, there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot. For our religion exalts the antique ideal, showing it to be realisable only in the Absolute. Whence in truth comes the universal, this irresistible impulse which carries at once the will of the whole nation in one single effort of cohesion and of resistance in the face of the hostile menace against her unity and her freedom? . . . Right is peace—that is, the interior order of a nation, founded upon Justice, and Justice itself is absolute only because it formulates the essential relation of man with God, and of man with man.”

Here, then, is the leading light that points to our duty as Irishmen. God has fashioned our island free, and it is our common duty to Him and to one another to see that Justice be accomplished in our land, that Right be triumphant, for only Right and Truth and Justice are Peace. This is Patriotism in its most sacred character. The Cardinal tells us:

“Family interests, class interests, and the material good of the individual, take their place in the scale of values, below the ideal of Patriotism, for that ideal is Right, which is Absolute. Furthermore, that ideal is the public recognition of Right in national matters and of national honour. Now, there is no Absolute except God. God alone, by His Sanctity and His Sovereignty, dominates all human interests and human wills, and to affirm the absolute necessity of the subordination of all things to Right, to Justice and to Truth is implicitly to affirm God.”

This is truly the heart of things, and our duty becomes plain: there is no doubt but that the conditions that obtain in our stricken land to-day are not subordinated to Right, nor to Justice, nor to Truth.

Some Irishmen, like a certain class of French Catholics, have an unholy reverence for “law.” They never question as to its Justice or its Truth, as to its legality, as to the Right they possess who have imposed it—they simply accept it slavishly and hopelessly. “Granted,” they will tell you, “it has been imposed by an illegitimate, usurping Government. Still it is the Government in existence, and we must obey. We must compromise and sacrifice principles if

we are to live at all.” Here is where the most dangerous pitfall presents itself. These poor souls confuse issues and begin to convince themselves in time that their obedience and loyalty are really due to the usurping power, from the very fact that it is there. This is pitiful on the face of it. A simple fact cannot create a Right. Must a nation accept the task of obeying a tyrant because his right is founded **on force** and their obligation to him **on weakness**?

Dr. Balmez, the great Spanish Divine, in his famous work, “European Civilisation,” commenting on the right to resist the usurping power, warns us of this error. The simple fact of usurpation does not create the right to hold. “Were it true,” he says, “that resistance would be unlawful, it would be equally true that an illegitimate Government has a right to command, for the **obligation to obey is correlative with the right to command**, and an illegitimate Government would consequently become legitimatised by the simple fact of its existence. This would legitimatise all usurpations, the most heroic resistance on the part of the people would be condemned, the world abandoned to the mere rule of force . . . we would then have something absurd, like the following: ‘People obey him who commands you: you say his authority is usurped! we do not deny it; but by the very fact of his having obtained his end the usurper has acquired **right**. He is, indeed, a robber who has attacked you on the highway; he has stolen your purse, but by the mere fact of your not being able to resist him, and being forced to deliver your purse to him, now that he is possessed of it, you ought to respect this money as an inviolable property; such is your duty. It is robbery, but this robbery being a **consummated fact**, you cannot now obtain redress for it.’

“In this point of view, the doctrine of consummated facts appears so much opposed to generally received ideas that no reasonable man can seriously accept it.” In view of such realities, it is the duty of every Irishman worthy of the name to shake off the appalling depression of this monstrous fallacy that he is in conscience bound to accept for ever the present conditions that obtain in our country, that he can make no preparation to seize the first God-given opportunity to free himself from oppression, that he must forsake the ideal of a free land, and become resigned for all time to be a slave and vassal to the wealthier, unscrupulous neighbouring island. God has not meant it so. It is not only our duty to have definite convictions of our rights, but, furthermore, we have a sacred duty to work for the abolition of this power that masquerades as our legitimate superior.

Are we a nation of serfs ordained so by the God Creator of us all? Are we a race less in-



telligent than those who would dominate our destiny? No. We are a gifted people, worthy of a higher destiny than that of merely bondsmen of the materialistic Saxon. God has not willed it so. The future lies in our own hands. We must not concentrate our attention on this orgy of crime and slaughter that is drenching Europe to-day; we have no hand in it, it is in no way our quarrel. Concentrating on ourselves and our own resources, let us believe in ourselves, building up a physical force of resolute men, impressing on our mind and heart, and in the mind and hearts of those around us, the conviction of our God-given right to be free men in God's world. Acting thus, we will develop an unconquerable self-reliance that must carry us on to inevitable Victory.

(REV.) JAS. CAMPBELL.

## ❖❖❖ FACING FACTS.

The most surprising thing about the English occupation of Ireland is the fact, the outstanding fact, that after several hundred years' experience the Irish people have learned almost nothing about England and the English. Any old trick is good enough to fool us—not once only, but again and again. One sometimes wonders if ever any of them will grow threadbare and transparent. On the other hand, the English Government know by rote all our weaknesses; they know exactly what trick to play, and when to play it to the best advantage, and they have been doing it so long now that they have become quite expert; and the pleasant little game will go on until we have ground into the very souls of all our people the simple truth that, so far as we are concerned, **nothing good can come out of England.**

It should not be necessary at this time to set forth what ought to be a truism, but the attitude of our politicians during the last twenty-five years has completely changed the view-point of our people; in some cases to the extent that we had begun to look upon England as our friend and protector, but all the time the attitude of England has remained the same. The policy of the English in Ireland, from the landing of Raymond le Gros to the landing of Matthew Nathan, and since, has been a long continuity, unbroken and unaltered, and it should not need much reflection to convince the most sceptical that it is unalterable. Any English statesman who professes special friendship for Ireland is either a liar or a fool—so far, we have met none of the latter in our dealings with them. They have, every one of them, realised that a thickly populated, prosperous and progressive Ireland would always remain a

menace to the aspirations of world domination, and they have all acted accordingly, and taken very good care that Ireland should have no opportunity of becoming either.

In insisting that we must come down to bed-rock and realise that England must of necessity, as things stand at present, be the enemy of Ireland. I am not putting forward a policy, but I can see little hope for Ireland until this is the outlook of all the people of Ireland, until they all accept as a truism the fact that, whether the Government of the day be Liberal, Tory or Coalition, whether its instrument in Ireland be an Aberdeen or a Wimborne, the policy is always the policy of Cromwell. In short, **we are at war with England:** just as much at war with the England of to-day as we were with the England of Cromwell's day, for it is still Cromwell's England.

We erred when we laid down the weapons of war to listen to honeyed words, for so long as we are content to listen (and we have proved good listeners) the honeyed words will continue, the supply being inexhaustible. For over twenty-five years we have followed a mirage, we have lived on promises, or, rather, we have starved on them. We have for a generation waited for the passing of an always nebulous Home Rule Bill, we have waited with parched tongues to lap the milk and honey which we had been told would overflow the land. Well, we have seen the passing of the Home Rule—it has passed for ever—but we have lapped no milk and honey; instead, we shall probably sup sorrow, for we have to-day in operation the policy of Cromwell. The "to hell or Connaught" regime is in full swing, with a slight modification—we may **not** go to Connaught.

In spite of the grievous mistake we made when we laid down the weapons of war to embark upon the education of the English democracy, we still have an Irish nation, and we are going to save that nation. If it were possible to kill it, the English would have found a way before now. They have tried every form of oppression, and they have even tried kindness; but, in spite of everything, the Irish nation still lives. It may be weak, poverty-stricken and wretched, but it still is the Irish nation to which alone we owe allegiance. Let this fact sink into our souls. The Irish nation still lives, and England is its enemy, and have no fear for the future. I am one of those who believe, notwithstanding the prevailing cynicism, that the day of the "small nations" is approaching, and that over the crumbling ruins of broken Empires many a small nation will climb to a place in the sun—some of them, perhaps, through blood and terror and torture. But climb they shall, and it rests with us to say if Ireland be of their company.



## SCÉAL AN FÍR EAGAIR.

Seo cuḡaib, a cáirde, ar gcéad "Aibleós" noolas. Ó'n ló cuireadh ar bun an páiréar roir mór an bpreir atá tar éir teacht ar luirne ir ar tear rppéirte ar noúitce, agus ceapaim gur liomra beagáinín de'n éirideamaint.

Ní mórde ruo éigin rpeirialta beir agaimn iscóir na háirféile agus dá bpris rin táim ag méadú an páiréir le haḡair na noolas, agus geobpar ina ceannta peictiúr an fíir so bfuil a ainm imbéal ḡac éinne .i. Ruairí Mac Éarmuinn.

ḡadaim mo buirdeachar annro iotaoib na cabrac atá facta agam uaid ḡo rti ro, agus tá rúil agam le nbur ḡcongnaím feara. Tá fáilte roim airtib le cur fé éló annro má bío oirdeamnac.

Bur mbuanéara,

ÉADÓARÓ DALATÚN,

An fear Eagair.

## DOOLEY ON THE WAR.

"Dooley," said Mr. Hennessy, "why aren't you at the front?" "Because," replied Mr. Dooley, "me place is at the rear. The front, Hennessy, is all very well for the lads that get sacked out of their jobs, and that likes to pass the time fumigating the trenches with poisonous gases of the Wild Woodbine, or snowballing one another with hand grenades, but for the real men of substance, whose incomes exceed £400 a year, and on whom the burden of Empire really rests, their place is at the rear. The front is the spot for the Dublin Fusiliers, the Scottish Borderers, the Connaught farmers, Desmond Fitzgerald, the Bishop of Limerick, and the Sinn Feiners; but pillars of the Empire, like myself and the Editor of the "Times," and my dear Brayden and the two Johns and Joe, and Nathan and Carson and me friend, Friend, must hould the fort and stop at home," said Mr. Dooley. "And we're doin' it too, Hennessy, and don't you forget it."

"What are ye doin'?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"We're defindin' the Realm," replied Mr. Dooley, "and as long as there's a Realm to defind, 'tis here you'll find us facin' all opposition on the public platforms and convanient to the picture machines, Hennessy. As the Frinch said long ago, 'J'y suis, J'y reste.'"

"What's that?" inquired his companion.

"That's Frinch," replied the Sage, "and if you had a classical eddication you'd know that it manes—'Here I am, and divil a bit o' me 'll

stir out of this till ye come to fetch me.; and when ye come to fetch me, ye won't get me aither?' Isn't Frinch the great language now, Hennessy; to think that there's so much sinse in them four little words—'J'y suis, J'y reste?'"

"But I thought you were a man of action," said Hennessy.

"And I am," responded Mr. Dooley. "Isn't it actin' I am, and isn't it actin' the whole of us is. 'Tis faith; and 'tisn't alone actin', but play-actin' we are. Look at Redmond, that told us to keep our powdher dry, and that forgot to buy any powdher at all for the Garibaldi guns. Look at Carson, that was goin' to kick the English Crown into the Boyne. Look at Asquith, that's commandeering the 'Free Gift'; and General Friend, that's lockin' up the 'Free People.' Believe me, Hennessy, 'tis a great drama, and the whole of us, from Sir Edward Grey, the first man that spotted the 'bright spot,' down to Private Gwynn, the champion of Irish 'decency,' are the real actors and the star-performers in this histrionic display."

"They say they want more men," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Don't you believe it," said Mr. Dooley; "that's only their modesty. Victory is already ours. Since Redmond fired that cannon, the Germans are beaten on the West Front. Italy is advancing in the Trentino at the rate of a thousand miles a day. Servia is saved, Arabia is annexed, the Kaiser is sick, the Crown Prince is dead, and the Russians may rush Berlin any minute. Sure, you know that much yourself, Hennessy; isn't it all in the papers. I see be the 'Independent' that they have enough men now to jigger the Germans, to hammer the Huns, to ate the Austrians, to skewer Turkey, to batter Bulgaria, and to stew King Constantine in his own Greece. The latter remark is a joke, Mr. Hennessy; did you see it?"

"I did," said Hennessy, "and I heard it, and I never heard worse; but, tell me, if they have the men, why don't they crush the Central Powers?"

"That's what puzzles a lot of people," said Mr. Dooley; "but I'll explain it to you: 'Tis their humanitarianism. They're too good-natured. 'Tis the kindness of the British democracy that houlds 'em back. The great British democracy, Hennessy, that has been the champion of Small Nationalities, the hope of the oppressed, and the friend of Ireland in every era—from the age of Cromwell to the time of T.P.; 'tis too tender-hearted and too merciful to smite

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even the hated Hun. That's why the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs are alive at all."

"But doesn't your heart bleed for poor Belgium?" enquired Mr. Hennessy.

"It does not," answered Mr. Dooley. "My heart used to bleed lively enough years ago, and what I read one time in the English papers about the Belgian Congo gave it a bad attack of hemorrhage. My poor old heart bled itself white that time over them Congo niggers, and it doesn't bleed at all nowadays. It wouldn't bleed now even if Lord Northcliffe were conscripted."

"Talkin' of Conscription," said Mr. Hennessy, "do you know what class will be the first to be Conscripted?"

"I do," said Mr. Dooley. "The first lot to be conscripted will be them that has no revolvers."

### QUO VADIS.

There is at least one happy man in Dublin this week—or, at anyrate, there should be. The Editor of the "Evening Herald" has won one of the decisive battles of the present world-war. I picture him to-day in his sanctum restfully entrenched in the editorial chair heaving a sigh of satisfaction, experiencing the feeling of a great victorious calm, and instructing the office boy to fetch a pennorth of laurels wherewith to wreath his brows. After all it is no little matter for the Allied arms to win decisively in one theatre, at least, in the present blood-welter, and its effects are bound to be felt immediately on the other fronts from Ypres to Baghdad.

For months our worthy Editor has been putting up a splendid fight for the official recognition of the valour of our Irish troops here, there, and everywhere. For months he has pounded flat the parapets of the enemy, launched infantry attacks, and expended huge quantities of ammunition in the good cause he had at heart. The sun of victory at last shines on his arms, at last the familiar names of the Dublins, the Munsters, and the Connaughts figure officially in the reports of the Balkan campaign, drowned, as usual, in blood, but covered also, as usual, with glory. Victory! Heaven and the "Herald" be praised!

Truly is Ireland thankful for such a great honour, and I hope we all recognise the great measure of the latter. On top of the glory and honour is the selection of the Irish troops for all the posts of danger, for instance, at the victories of Mons and the Marne, they covered the retreat in the first and headed the advance in the second, as also at present in the Balkans, where they were cut into little bits to save the Anglo-French, pace the additional concession of being actually

told officially that such had happened, and there you have the essentials which go to make up the "Herald's" and our cup of happiness and gratitude and national pride! Heaven and the War Office be praised!

Now, Mr. "Herald" Editor, speaking for a larger percentage of your readers than you imagine, I wish to express disgust at your methods since August, 1914. We all know what your feelings must be like, and hope that you possess a saving sense of humour which makes you rock with laughter as you pen your threadbare lies. We can see you in imagination receive your instructions, humbly bend your head, and murmur from the carpet, "Sahib, it shall be done!" But, candidly, is it worth the candle? We remember there are files of back numbers of your sheet whose ghosts cannot be laid. We know they make one long shameful succession of falsehoods, suppressions, and prophetic inanities, the contemplation of which would make Mephisto himself say, "Thank the Fates, I haven't that to account for!" Yes, Mr. Editor, we remember some. Do you remember the day you recaptured Lille, and let us all know it by flinging the news in lovely black type across your pages. Are you merely renting it since on the eleven months' system to the Huns? Do you remember the way you put your protecting arms around the retreating Russians, rallied them from flight, and insisted night after night on their winning brilliant victories on ground over which they had already skedaddled a broken and beaten horde? Do the shades of the Austro-German Army Corps which you wiped out with one stroke of your fountain pen ever trouble you o' nights? Where do you bury your dead, O mighty one?

And still, knowing all that, we must help you turn a dishonest halfpenny each evening, or go without the remnant of official communiques which survive the censorial pencil; for, as you may be aware, the queues in the public reading-rooms are getting longer, and only those with plenty of spare time can wait to get their news free. But, man, what are you going to do after the war? Suppose I and 9,999 other disgusted readers determine to put our heads and our spare coins together to found an evening sheet that will not disgrace Dublin, but give berths to already proved talent, where will you come in? Is it too late to ask yourself, Whither goest thou?

### MY SUPPLEMENT.

The photo of Roger Casement, a copy of which is given free with this number of the THE SPARK, is a snapshot taken in New York shortly before he proceeded to Berlin. He is seen seated in an open carriage.



## THE PAL AND THE TURK.

He was an Old St. Mary's boy, reared by decent Catholic parents and given the best chance their means afforded. Now he lay unconscious on a slope "somewhere in Gallipoli," in the midst of dead and wounded, whom those who were left whole had been compelled to abandon in a rush for safety. A Turkish bullet had gone through his shoulder, and he was, for the time at least, out of action. At last he began to stir. "Play up, Mary's," he muttered . . . "Had a ripping game, dad . . . I scored two tr— . . . "Hello! where am I?" He raised himself on his uninjured arm. "Oh! I know. Lord! but we had a rough time. . . . Oh! this pain is awful." He fell unconscious again and, woke to find himself in the hands of a swarthy Turk, who was tending the shattered shoulder.

Later he saw his benefactor again. The latter spoke English. "You are better now," he said. "Good man!" replied the other, "I'm all right, thanks." "Yours is not the accent of an Englishman," said the Turk—"are you English?" "No blooming fear—I am Irish if you want to know—Dublin man, went to school at St. Mary's in Rathmines, and Rathmines is not in England yet." "But," said the Turk, "why are you here? There is surely no quarrel between Ireland and our country." "This is Ireland's war, isn't it?" said the other. "We went into it to avenge Belgium—the Pals' Battalion was formed and I went with the Rugby crowd." "How did you expect to avenge Belgium by fighting against Turkey?"

"I don't know—we were sent here to smash the Turks, and of course we had to come."

"But had you any quarrel with Turkey?"

"None that I know of, except that your people were helping Germany."

Have the Irish people any quarrel with Turkey?"

"I never heard of any, but that doesn't prove that some cause of quarrel doesn't exist."

"Do you know anything about the history of your country?"

"Not much—I told you I went to school in Rathmines."

"Was there not a great famine in Ireland many years ago—about the time of your grand-sire?"

"I have heard my father speak of it—he heard all about it from his father whose people suffered greatly at the time, but I don't remember any of the details."

"Do you know that my countrymen sent aid to your countrymen then—that the Turk you are fighting to-day is the grandson of the Turk who

sought to assist your people in their need? Do you know that the England for whom you fight to-day refused to allow the Turkish ships to be unloaded when they brought grain to famine-stricken Ireland?"

"No—I didn't know that—but I never took any interest in politics."

"But that is not politics—it is history."

"That sounds like a Sinn Fein way of putting it—you don't know the Sinn Feiners, and I know very little about them myself—but I believe that is the kind of way they argue. They tell you that England did so-and-so—they take their stand on that, and refuse to be shifted from their position."

"Perhaps those men you mention are right. Do you know enough of your country's history to say if England ever treated Ireland badly?"

"I do, and I can say she did."

"Do you then repay England's evil with good and Turkey's good with evil?"

"Here! don't make a fellow feel a rotter—I didn't look at things that way."

"Why not?"

"Oh! I suppose because I was an enthusiastic fool."

"Then why are you here?"

"Look here! You have been good to me, or I wouldn't let you talk to me like this."

"Why are you here?"

"Well, if you must know, I think I must be here because I'm . . . ."

But the Defence of the Realm Act will not allow us to say what he said he was.

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