

(From *Poblacht Na h-Eireann*, May 11, 1922.)

"There is nothing sacred in majority rule. The divine right of majorities is no better established than the divine right of kings. A majority can be tyrannical, and its tyranny can be of a very oppressive kind. . . . There is nothing sacred in the power of fifty-one men over forty-nine—not even in the power of ninety-nine men over one. That the decision of a majority should hold good is merely a principle of order, not of liberty or justice."

Eoin MacNeill.—*I. Volunteer.*

September 11, 1915.

Archbishop Mannix and Eamon de Valera.

(From *Poblacht Na h-Eireann*, March 29, 1922.)

Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, speaking at Queen's Cliff, Australia, in January 21, said:

" . . . deep down in the hearts of the Irish people the most popular man in Ireland to-day was de Valera. (Cheers.) Even if he (the Archbishop) was wrong, he would make a prediction and say that in the near future the man whom Ireland would honour as one who never turned his country down, as one who never yielded the smallest fraction of an inch, as the man who had stood out as Ireland's idealist, and who deserved the greatest possible honour, was President de Valera. (Applause.) History would say that, and history would be doing de Valera only the barest justice." (Applause.)

Commemoration of Easter, 1916, in Kilmainham.

KILMAINHAM PRISON, APRIL 24, 1923.
IN MEMORIAM.

Padraig Pearse	Thomas Ceannt
Thomas MacDonagh	Sean Heuston
Thomas Clarke	Con Colbert
Joseph Plunkett	Michael Mallin
William Pearse	Eamonn Ceannt
Eamonn Daly	James Connolly
Michael O'Hanrahan	Sean MacDermott
John MacBride	Roger Casement

And all who gave their lives for the Irish Republic in the Rising of Easter, 1916.

PROGRAMME OF COMMEMORATION,
held by Republican Women Prisoners of War in
Kilmainham on April 24, 1923.
The Seventh Anniversary of the Proclamation of the
Irish Republic.

9 A.M.

Requiem Mass for the Men Executed in 1916.

3 P.M.

Procession to the Place of Execution.

Placing of Laurel Wreaths by Mrs. Joseph Plunkett.
Rosary recited in Irish.

IN THE PRISON COMPOUND.

Unfurling of the Tri-colour.

Hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers."

SPEECHES.

"Kilmainham in 1916," Lily O'Brennan.

"Joseph Plunkett," Mrs. Joseph Plunkett.

"The Proclamation of the Republic,"

Nora Connolly O'Brien.

The Republican Oath.

CONCERT AND PLAY.

7 P.M.

Song—"The Battle Hymn" . . . *Countess Markievicz*
K. O'CARROLL.

Poem—"Treason" . . . *Joseph Plunkett*
MRS. KIRWAN.

Song—"They Are Calling" . . . *James Connolly*
NORA CONNOLLY O'BRIEN.

Song—"The Foggy Dew" . . . *KATHLEEN MURPHY.*

Poem—"The Fool" . . . *Padraig Pearse*
ISEULT STEWART.

Song—"The Sound of the Trumpets" . . . *H. O'CONNOR.*

Recitation—"MacDonagh's Address to the Jury,"
M. O'HALLORAN.

Song—"The Dublin Brigade" . . . *D. BARRY.*

Song—"The Wayfarer" . . . *Padraig Pearse*
NORA CONNOLLY O'BRIEN.

Poem—"Lux Perpetua Lusat Eire" . . . *Fr. Brown*
DOROTHY MCARDLE.

Song—"Wrap the Green Flag Round Me" . . . *K. O'CARROLL, D. BARRY, H. O'CONNOR, K. MURPHY.*

For Whom Intended?

Whether criminals should be subjected to this kind of thing may be debatable, but it is a fact that Parnell laboured from 1877 to 1881 to abolish flogging in the British Army and Navy and in the British prisons, and finally succeeded in a large measure. It was the sight of the cat, which he insisted on bringing into the precincts of the House of Commons that finally compelled the Government to abandon this instrument of torture.

The pretence of the Free State Government is that this punishment is intended only for marauders and evil-doers. We know that it is their intention to use it against their political opponents. Already, as we have shown in the case of Alderman Charles Murphy, T.D., and his companions in the Curragh Camp, they have resorted to the torture of hanging these men up by the wrists for three hours at a stretch. The crime of Alderman Charles Murphy and his comrades is that, unlike Kevin O'Higgins and his companions, they refused to betray their principles at the bidding of England—and that is the greatest crime in the Free State category.

Thus far their "steps towards the Republic" have brought the traitors.

"Daily Bulletin," No. 287. Thursday, July 5, 1923.

The Red Cross Scandal.

Mr. Mulcahy, forced to break silence on the conditions in the internment camps and jails, shelters himself behind a report issued by a delegation from the International Committee of the Red Cross. Since the preliminary report of this illusive delegation was issued, on May 11, we have endeavoured to find out if such delegation really visited any of the camps or jails. In none of the replies so far received is the answer in the affirmative. In this matter we have been careful not to rely on the statements of individual prisoners, who possibly might be unaware of such a visit if it actually did occur. We have sought to get a report in each case from the responsible officers in charge of the prisoners.

The following extracts from reports are, therefore, from such responsible officers only—such officers as would be empowered by the prisoners to put their complaints before such visiting delegations:

Report from Custume Barracks, Athlone, dated June 13.

"I wish to inform you that no delegation from the International Red Cross visited this prison at any time. In April, an officer named McManus, from Free State G.H.Q., visited this camp accompanied by the Prison Governor, and interviewed our O.C., who reported in detail the condition of the camp. McManus said the conditions were 'appalling' and that he would report so to his H.Q. After this interview our O.C. was removed to cells in the detention, and he is still detained there. We firmly believe that the cause of his removal was his action in stating the true facts of the conditions here, which the prison governor, Comdt. Flood, wanted to cloak."

Report from Mountjoy Jail, dated June 16.

"Inquiries have been made in the different wings here, and I am informed that no person representing himself as a delegate of the International Red Cross ever called to inquire into the conditions in this prison, and no person here was asked by the Free State officials to submit any report to the International Red Cross." This report goes on to recapitulate the shameful state of this jail in the matter of overcrowding of cells, insufficient lavatory and bathing accommodation, and lack of cell furniture, and the continued practice of ill-treating prisoners in the basement cells.

Report from Gormanstown Camp, dated June 30.

"No Red Cross Delegation ever visited this camp."

This is one of the largest internment camps in Ireland, containing over 1,000 prisoners.

Report from Dundalk Jail, dated June 8.

"No Red Cross Delegation ever visited this jail that we know of."

The report continues by stating fully the frightful conditions prevailing. There are four or five prisoners in each cell built for one person. Ventilation and water supply are both bad. The sanitary conditions are disgusting and dangerous. Lavatories "are a thing of the past." The majority of the prisoners are without bedboards and lie on the floor.

Report from Kilmainham Jail, dated July 1.

"No delegation of the International Red Cross has visited this prison at any time since we came here. The conditions in this jail—apart from the terrible qualities of the building itself, bad drains, bad water, bad ventilation, etc.—are now being made as good as they can be for the prisoners."

Report from the North Dublin Union, dated June 27.

"No delegation from the International Red Cross ever visited this place or inspected it since we came

here." This report reiterates the details already published concerning bad and insufficient food, stopping of parcels and letters, filthy condition of the prison, rat-infested cells and neglect of sick and wounded prisoners.

It will thus be seen that no such delegation ever visited the Free State prisons or camps, or, if they did, they concealed the fact from the prisoners, thus showing that bias which readily accepted the Free State version of things. As Mr. L. H. Kerney pointed out in his protest to Geneva on May 30, "A Court of Appeal that would listen to only one side in a disputed case would be neither neutral nor impartial and would forfeit the respect of public opinion throughout the civilised world."

The English, as we know, always had show places in their prisons to which to bring their visitors, and the Free State authorities have been quick to learn the ways of their masters.

The truth is that the conditions in the Free State prisons and camps are a blot not only on Ireland but on civilisation, and if, as the Free State apologists complain, the exposing of these things is a "blot on Ireland," the fault is not ours, but that of those who are guilty of them, and who, in their endeavour to subject their Motherland to a foreign domination, have forgotten alike the calls of patriotism and of humanity.

"Daily Bulletin," No. 288. Friday, July 6, 1923.

The Ulster Betrayal.

The following letter from Father Isidore B. Mooney was handed in by him to the *Irish Independent* on Friday, May 18 last. Subsequently Father Mooney was informed by a member of the editorial staff of that paper that the Free State Government had refused to allow its publication:

"Betrayal of the North."

"To the Editor, *Irish Independent*."

"Sir,—Early in April, 1922, Dr. MacNeill, T.D., now Free State Minister of Education, informed me that the Free State Government had come to the decision of freely handing Fermanagh, Tyrone, South Armagh and South and East Down to Sir James Craig's Government of North-Eastern Ulster, without waiting for any Boundary Commission; that the thing was already completed on or about March 30 at a conference held in London between Michael Collins, Sir James Craig, and Winston Churchill; that this agreement was fully ratified by the Free State Government in Dublin.

"Dr. MacNeill also informed me at the same time of other most important facts connected with this transaction.

"Without any information from me the whole details of this Free State 'Betrayal of the North,' by annulling the Boundary Commission, were revealed in two long articles in the *Plain People* newspaper of May 14 and 21, 1922, but the sale of copies of these issues was impeded by agents of the Free State Government, and the paper was, almost immediately after, suppressed.

"(Signed) (Rev.) ISIDORE B. MOONEY.

"Dublin, May, 18, 1923.

This letter, with certain comments on it in an article from Father Mooney, was published in *EIRE* on June 23. So far there has not been one word of explanation from Dr. MacNeill or any of his fellow Ministers.

The clearest refutation of the statement made by Father Mooney would be the setting up of the Boundary Commission.

The Free State Party are fully aware of the advantage it would be to them to go to the polls after the setting up of the Boundary Commission. Clearly, the operation of Clause 12 of the Treaty would be a big feather in their cap at the elections.

If they fail to set up the Boundary Commission between this period and the elections it will be because they have no longer power to do so. It will be self-evident proof that they have, in fact, committed themselves to the policy of handing over the Six Counties to the "Northern Government," and no promises or speeches will convince the people of the contrary.

(Continued on page 7)

A Year Ago.

I lay half-awake in the June dawn; a noise of breakers had been troubling my dreams. But the sound came again, again deep, stern, reverberating, until I knew it for the noise of guns. A strange excitement struggled with drowsiness in my brain; I saw gun-boats—English gun-boats in the Liffey, or bombarding the Wicklow coast—"immediate and terrible war." There was joy and anguish in the thought; the threat had cowed some of our people: the reality would make men themselves again; like a sunburst, love, faith and courage would return; old comrades, comrades once more, rushing to arms, rushing to defend the shores. . . .

But I woke then and remembered, and dressed and went out into the chill, empty streets, knowing the truth. A little knot of grey-faced men and women were huddling at the corner of Grattan Bridge, the nearest point to which the sentries would let them pass. They were heedless of their own danger, oblivious of everything except the rage and hatred in their hearts. I heard curses spoken such as were never uttered against the foreign foe.

The day brightened; lorries swept down Grafton Street and up the quays, full of men with tense, scowling faces, guns at the ready, a familiar sight, only the uniforms changed. Young men and women thronged the streets, going to their work, pausing to gaze with dull, irresponsible faces as at a cinema show. With a sense of helpless desperation I saw that they did not understand.

I struggled out of that stupefaction of dismay clinging to the thought of one man who would make known the truth, and hurried to the office of *An Poblacht*. Erskine Childers was not there; he had done a night's work on the paper and gone home before this began; his staff were trying in vain to telephone; they sent me to his house in Rathgar.

He came down, his face drawn from want of sleep. I told him—"Calamitous!" he said, turning away; then he looked back with that smile that was always the lifting of a cloud, a shining-out of sweetness and trust, and said, "Will you stand by?"

To get Rory O'Connor's proclamations out of the Four Courts, Oscar Traynor's reports out of the Hamman, news from every corner to which news came; to find printers to take up work for which the last Press had been raided, compositors who would come to the works under fire and work night as well as day; newsboys who would dash about among lorries, calling "Stop-Press Republic!" girls who would paste up the placards everywhere, reckless of the risk; to discover lodging-house bedrooms where a hand-press could be worked; to smuggle paper in and out; to pass the barricades laden with "Appeals to the Free State Troops"; to keep the editor from walking out, through sheer heedlessness, to be captured or killed—these were a few of the things that had to be done that week by *An Poblacht's* staff. And what fiery devotion that "Stop Press" inspired! It was the trumpet of the Republic—the one way left to make known the truth—the flag, to live or die for. Every day, twice a day sometimes, the green or orange sheets appeared, and the cry "Stop-Press Republic" pierced the din of the guns. The editor scarcely ate or slept. Hunted from one hiding-place to another, every plan obstructed, dangers and difficulties to be met every hour, he did the work that no one else could do. Sitting at a little desk in some unfamiliar room, concentrated and oblivious, he wrote those brief, penetrant leaders that alone kept the issue clear, battling down an artillery of lies. He would look up plaintively now and then and ask for pins, or troubled because "Miss Fitz" or Honor were so long away—their work was very dangerous—they were so splendid. He was concerned for everyone's danger except his own. His patience was equal to all the difficulties, but once I saw him vexed—I had consented to a young printer bringing proofs to him; it was for him, he said, to go to the printer; but the boy had insisted; I was not to blame. All his workers were wonderful to his mind; he would speak of the newsboys and all with those lightning-flashes of praise that came from his heart and soul. No wonder if they became wonderful, working under him.

But for him, a soldier born and bred, as the days and nights went by, the strain became terrible; one could see the longing in his face as he listened to the guns.

Robert Barton and Frank Gallagher would come to him, battle-stained and happy, in intervals of the fight, and he would look after them as they went back, wistfully, like a prisoner who sees all but himself set free. "I'm afraid you'll get home-sick some day and run off with a gun," I said. "I believe I will!" he replied.

He loved Cathal Brugha with that power of affection that was so great in him; but there was something exultant in his sorrow for his death; a glow as he spoke of it.

Then came the news of the surrender of the Four Courts, and gloom fell on him. I, unsoldierly, said: "I am glad they surrendered!—All those men to be killed—." He looked up thoughtfully. "Yes," he said, "I don't know what I should do if Rory was killed. . . . One has two souls."

I saw him last at Waterford. He had been called South and was going as a soldier into the war. He was serene and happy—a prisoner set free. It is with that wide-eyed, illumined look of one setting out on a beautiful adventure that I remember him always now.

D.M.

memorial concert in honour of Robert Emmet and of the dead generations of Ireland's heroes, where Irishmen gather together to reverence the dead, to learn of them the gospel of freedom, and to silently pledge themselves to carry on the work.

He stood, too, a prominent figure in the crowd around the grave of O'Donovan Rossa, when, in response to Padraig Pearse, we did "renew our baptismal vows and rededicated our lives to Ireland"; he was the link and the living inspiration between that dead Fenian and the young, true hearts that were preparing to carry on the work.

I recall him, too, as standing by Wolf Tone's grave. He gave his message surrounded by the young army of Volunteers that were the fruit of his efforts and the efforts of his comrades. The vision of freedom was in his eyes, and looking in his eyes we got a glimpse of the promised land.

I saw him, too, when despair had hold of us on that terrible Easter Sunday morning when Professor MacNiel and Mr. B. Hobson had treacherously acted a coward's part, secretly through the I.R.B., and publicly through the daily papers, proclaimed that the hosting of the Volunteers that had been fixed for that day had been postponed. I read the paper and was stunned. I raced down to Liberty Hall heart-broken, and found James Connolly and Seán McDermott sitting with him at a table in Connolly's bedroom. "What has happened?" said I. "MacNiel has cut the ground from under our feet," said he. I began to lament and question them, he cut me short with, "It will all be all right, we are going on, it will only mean a little delay." When he said this he must have known that MacNiel's action had taken from us the little chance that we had of winning, or even of holding out for long enough to create that public opinion that might have saved his life and the lives of the other leaders. Postponement of the rising had by now become quite impossible; too many people had begun to smell a rat, therefore, this "Call off" had created a situation out of which there were only two ways; the one way was to abandon all thoughts of a rising, the other was to go on with it, though, for the leaders, it was going out to certain death.

The busiest day I ever lived through was that day in Liberty Hall. Messengers came and went, and the Provisional Government of the Republic sat the whole day in Connolly's little room, sentries on guard at the door. I was in there for one moment on business. Tom Clarke presided in the centre of the table facing the door, Connolly was on his left, Seán McDermott on his right, Pearse was nearer the window on his right. They were all quite cheerful—the cloud had passed.

The day dragged through somehow, the night passed with little rest for anyone, and next morning we were all at our posts at cockcrow, everybody in the highest spirits. The hour so anxiously awaited, so eagerly expected, had come at last. Our hearts' desire was granted to us, and we counted ourselves lucky. Happy, proud and gay was Tom Clarke on that day. His life's work had borne fruit at last; Ireland was reborn, and brave sons and daughters were rallied to win her rights. We met for a few minutes just before the time fixed to march out. It seems queer, looking back on it, how no one spoke of death or fear or defeat. I remember saying good-bye to Tom Clarke just at the door of Dr. Kathleen Lynn's little surgery, which we had all been having a look at before we started. We then went downstairs, and each man joined up with his little band. I stood on the steps and watched the little troop destined to make history in the G.P.O. wheel away to the left down Abbey Street, marching proudly, confident that they were doing right, sure at last that they had made the subjection of Ireland impossible for generations to come.

So Tom Clarke's life passed, even as passed the lives of his spiritual kinsmen, Tone and Emmet. He lies in a quicklime grave, unconquered and unconquerable. We do not mourn him, rather do we rejoice that he has been spared the bitterness that is worse than a thousand deaths, the bitterness of living to know treason, surrender, and shame. The bitterness of seeing men who had been at one with him in 1916, to-day desecrate the graves in which lie the martyred comrades whose cause they have surrendered. Men who had shared the dreams and hopes of the holy dead now using the graves in Arbour Hill to parade their treachery, and to try and delude the people into believing that they have accomplished the task that the dead men were pledged to serve. Apostates, whose lips are soiled with false oath, whose hands are red with patriots' blood.

Oh! dead men, our leaders, pray for Ireland to-day, pray that strength may be given to the faithful to keep the vows they renewed yet once more this tragic Easter-tide.

CONSTANCE DE MARKIEVICZ.

Ki mainham Tortures.

Experiences of a Released Prisoner.

It was the nineteenth day of their hunger strike. Mrs. O'Callaghan was suffering a great deal, and we were very anxious about Miss MacSwiney. She seemed much weaker than on her last day in Mountjoy, restless, troubled by heart attacks and sudden alarming collapses. We knew the doctor had made an urgent report and hoped, every time the gate opened, to see two stretcher-bearers coming in.

At about 3 o'clock word came from the Governor that we were to be removed to the North Dublin Union that night. A meeting of the prisoners was immediately summoned, it was unanimous. To leave the hunger strikers alone in the empty jail, at the mercy of such cruel tricks as were played on Miss Costello, was unthinkable. We sent our decision to the Governor at 4 o'clock; no prisoner would consent to leave until the hunger-strikers were released. We expected their release at any moment and we went to our cells to pack. It was about 9 o'clock when the Governor, Begley, sent again to say that 81 prisoners were to be removed, if necessary by force. When asked whether woman-beating was a soldier's work he replied, "I don't mind that. I have beaten my wife." We prepared our plan of resistance. Suddenly a rumour flew through the prison; stretcher-bearers had come in: then a moment of joyous triumph and a shock of dismay—Mrs. O'Callaghan was released but not Miss MacSwiney. This was appalling news. We knew that Miss MacSwiney was no less dangerously ill than Mrs. O'Callaghan. They had been on hunger strike the same number of days, arrested in the same circumstances. It suggested malice against Miss MacSwiney that, for all we knew, might intend her death.

Our best strategic position seemed to be the top gallery, caged in with iron bars, which run round the horse-shoe shaped building and has an iron bridge joining its opposite sides. From this bridge an iron staircase runs down to the compound; it is so narrow and steep that a stretcher cannot be carried down. Miss MacSwiney's cell is on the ground floor. The prisoners marshalled themselves on the top gallery and waited. We had fastened the doors of the cells and the great well-like place was in darkness, except for one lit window beside the gateway, behind which figures of soldiers and wardresses hurried to and fro.

Our officers gave out our instructions; we were to resist, but not to attack; we were not to come to one another's rescue; no missiles were to be thrown; above all, for the patient's sake, whatever was done to us, no one must cry out. Then we knelt and said the Rosary. There was no sign of an attack. We stood three deep, arms locked, and sang, as we do every evening, some of Miss MacSwiney's favourite songs. At 10 o'clock our deputies were called to the Governor again, and after a short time they returned. Mr. O'Neill, Governor of the North Dublin Union, was there; he had expressed dread of what seemed about to happen, promised that if 81 would go quietly to-night, no one else should be removed before Miss MacSwiney was released, warned us that if we resisted, all the "privileges" we had won through our seven-days' hunger-strike would be withdrawn; he implored us not to resist; we had ten minutes in which to decide. He was told once more that no prisoner would consent to be removed until Miss MacSwiney was released.

Ten minutes passed, then, up the staircase with a lighted taper one of the matrons came; she had seen the men who were to do the work; she was agitated and distressed; had come, on her own responsibility, to implore us to give way; they were not the military; they were C.I.D. men and military police; she could not bear the thought of their handling the girls: "You have no idea," she said, "what horrible men they are." She went down again heavy-hearted; not understanding us at all. "God pity you, girls," she said, "you are going into the hands of men worse than devils."

For a little longer we waited, then, suddenly, the gate opened and the men rushed in, across the compound and up the stairs. The attack was violent but unorganised. Brigid O'Mullane and Rita Farrelly, the first seized, were crushed and bruised between men dragging them down and men pressing up the stairs.

Our Commandant, Mrs. Gordon, was the next to be attacked. It was hard not to go to her rescue. She clung to the iron bars, the men beat her hands with their clenched fists again and again; that failed to make her loose her hold, and they struck her twice in the chest; then one took her head and beat it against the iron bars. I think she was unconscious after that; I saw her dragged by the soldiers down the stairs, all across the compound and out at the gate.

The men seemed skilled; they had many methods. Some twisted the girls' arms, some bent back their thumbs; one, who seized Iselt Stuart, kicked her on the stairs with his knee. Brigid O'Mullane, Sheila Hartnett, Roisin Ryan and Melina Phelin were kicked by a C.I.D. man who used his feet. Florence MacDermott was disabled by a blow on the ankle with a revolver; Annie McKeown, one of the smallest and youngest, was pulled downstairs and kicked, perhaps accidentally, on the head. One girl had her finger bitten. Sheila Bowen fell with a heart attack. Lily Dunn and May O'Toole, who have been very ill, fainted; they do not know where they were struck. There was

one man with a blackened face. When my own turn came, after I had been dragged from the railings, a great hand closed on my face, blinding and stifling me, and thrust me back down to the ground among trampling feet. I heard someone who saw it scream, and wondered how Miss MacSwiney would bear the noise. After that I remember being carried by two or three men and flung down in the surgery to be searched. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Gordon were there, their faces bleeding. One of the women searchers was screaming at them like a drunkard in Camden Street on Saturday night; she struck Mrs. Gordon in the face. In spite of a few violent efforts to pinion us, they did not persist in searching us. They had had their lesson in Mountjoy. They contended themselves with removing watches, fountain pens and brooches, kicking Peg Flanagan and beating Kathleen O'Carroll on the head with her shoe. I stood in the passage then, waiting for the girls to be flung out, one by one. None were frightened or overcome, but many were half fainting. Lena O'Doherty had been struck on the mouth; one man had thrust a finger down Moira Broderick's throat. Many of the men were smoking all the time—our instructions not to hit back had been well obeyed. Some soldiers who were on guard there looked wretched; the wardresses were bringing cups of water; they were crying; the prison doctor looked on smiling, smoking a cigarette, he seemed to have come for entertainment; he did nothing for the injured girls.

There was another struggle before we were thrown into the lorries, one by one, and driven away. It took five hours.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

Military Prison,
North Dublin Union,
May 1, 1923.

With the Men of the West.

It may be remembered that some time ago at Beltra, Co. Sligo, Thos. Goff, a very gallant soldier of the Republic, was taken by Free Staters and, although he was unarmed at the time, was riddled with bullets by machine gun fire. His death was deeply regretted in the locality, and the Parish Priest characterised the action of the enemy as a deliberate and wilful murder. An "In Memoriam" cross was erected by his friends at the place where he was killed. It was a simple cross, and bore a simple inscription without any reference to the manner of his death. This simple memorial was desecrated by members of the Free State army. The sign of "man's redemption" was purloined by them, and so another "victory" was achieved for the Imperial Free State.

The much-advertised raid in the area of the Fourth Brigade of the Third Western Division, recently carried out with a great flourish of trumpets, and proclaimed in the anti-National Press as a great victory, is over, and has ended in failure. It is calculated that the forces of British Imperialism numbered 1,000. The much-boomed operation began on April 6 and ended on the 14th. On the first day of the mighty sweep, one armoured car and three lorries of Slave Staters surprised five Republican soldiers in Templeboy. Three were unarmed. When called upon to surrender the other two opened fire and forced the enemy to cover. An exchange of shots then followed and the two armed Republicans by keeping up a running fight, succeeded in escaping, together with one of their unarmed comrades. During the remaining seven days of the great round up, only one other active I.R.A. man was taken prisoner.

Now that the inhabitants of this area have had personal experience of the conduct of their would-be "protectors," their constantly expressed opinions of the modern "Yeos" are interesting. In future they, at least, will not look to them as custodians of the Gaelic culture which their chief, Mr. Mulcahy, prates so much about. On the second day of the "drive" they captured two boys who, as it happened, were of Free State sympathies. To amuse himself a Free State "officer" who was under the influence of drink made them go on their knees and say an act of contrition "before being shot." Incidents of this kind were a daily feature of the "raid." The civilian population was in a state of terror the whole time. A Protestant lady, returning home, found her house broken into and three Staters inside sucking eggs. It seems they acted on the old saying—"if you don't succeed, suck eggs." As an old inhabitant remarked after their departure, "Arrah man, 'twas hen roosts they were raiding!"

Every time our armed forces came in contact with the enemy they engaged him. On six different occasions his various posts were heavily sniped. Owing to the capable handling of our columns by the officer commanding our forces in the area the concentrated effort of three enemy commands was rendered futile. There is not an atom of truth in the enemy's "official" statements regarding the capture of arms and ammunition. Not one rifle or one round of ammunition was lost by our forces during the whole operation.

Enemy reports regarding wholesale surrenders in our Second Brigade (Arigna) area are false. The (Continued on page 6.)

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THE IRISH NATION

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SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1923.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

The Last Letters of Martin O'Shea and Patrick Russell.

Roscrea, Sunday Night, January 14, 1923.

Dear Josie,—I feel it hard for the last time to pen these few sad lines. Fred, Patrick and myself, will be executed to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. From the bottom of our hearts we thank God for the long day, and we are very glad we weren't killed in Ross. We offer our lives to Almighty God this night that by our deaths it may bring peace and happiness to the land we are about to leave, and hope our executions will be the last for Ireland's freedom. We are quite satisfied with God's will. Tell all our friends we send them our last love, also all our comrades. Dear Josie, I ask you to pray for the three loyal brothers: Fred, Paddy and myself (poor old "Jack Sper."). Dear Josie, send a copy of this letter any place you think we slept. The last place I slept in—R——'s, they will tell you; it is up beside the N——'s, and M——'s; you will do the rest yourself. I ask you to have no spite for those who arrested us. We forgive everyone of them. We forgive the man who signed our executions. We forgive those who are about to execute us. To Mrs. Ryan and family, to all our neighbours and friends we send our last fond love. Dear Josie, I ask you to pray for us till the hour of your death. "Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us. My Mother Mary, pray for us." I will pray for you all in Heaven. I feel very much for our people, may God comfort them in their hard trial. I feel quite happy every other way. We hope to meet you all in Heaven. Dear Josie, good-bye. Get all our friends to pray for us. We have only a few more hours, when we will be standing before our God.

(Signed) MARTIN O'SHEA.

The foregoing is a copy of the last letter written by Martin O'Shea on the night before his execution.—R.I.P.

Roscrea, Sunday, January 14, 1923.

Dear Josie,—This is my last letter to you. Before you receive this we will have gone to our last account. We were brought here from Templemore at about two o'clock this morning, and at two o'clock to-day we were told that we were condemned to death. We are to be shot at daybreak to-morrow morning. McNamara is to be shot with us, and I think Mick Kennedy has a very good chance of his life. Isn't it dark lines to think we will never meet again in this world, but I hope to meet you all in the next. The priest was with us this evening, and he will be in attendance on us in the morning so there is nothing to worry about. Thank God we are all in the best of form, and quite cheerful and resigned; welcome to the holy will of God. Remember us all to all your family, also to the R——'s and M——'s, and all the boys around, not forgetting "Sper." Remember us in your prayers. We are dying as we lived—true soldiers of the Irish Republic. Fred and Martin send their love to all. Farewell for ever. Your friend to the last.

(Signed) PATRICK J. RUSSELL.

The foregoing is a copy of the last letter written by Patrick J. Russell on the night before his execution.—R.I.P.

Worse Than Death.

Hut, Curragh Camp.

Dear Mother,—I received your letter and package this morning. You are continually asking me if I get parcels, and why I do not answer. I do when I get them, and then I am only allowed to write one letter a week. Letters and parcels are stopped often. We are getting it hard here, and a bit cruel, so you need never bother if you do not hear from me. We could not say anything in our regular letters. Our treatment here is beyond human description. We have gone through a period which would make barbarians shudder. Oh, God! our treatment since our arrest was something fierce. We have been beaten and kicked about like dogs, but all this must be borne patiently. We are so used to revolvers down our mouths and

rifles to our heads that I think our ultimate destination would be the asylum if it was not for God's goodness. We have to dig trenches all round the camp under an armed guard, and on some days we get nothing to eat. However, I think the worst may be over. We are kicked out of bed instead of being let walk. Oh, would to God that I knew our treatment before we were caught; we would have given our lives a thousand times over rather than be caught. What the F.S. are prepared to do with men, and what atrocities they are committing on their prisoners! Surely it all cries out to Heaven for vengeance. Then the Bishops, we look on them as a political party whose days are gone. We have been told that we would not get Absolution. Well, I think our respect for the clergy is greatly injured. They come here to say Mass for a crowd of men whose physical strength is nearly gone, but whose Republican spirit remains as ever, and who will never submit to the tools of England. I won't say any more, dear mother, but I could fill a book with the story of our treatment since arrested, and indeed some of our lads have begged them to shoot them; but no, they prefer torture. Death a thousand times before arrest.

TOM.

A New Phase of Free State Degeneration.

Women Prisoners of War.

Never before in all the centuries of Ireland's struggle have there been hundreds of girls and women in the jails. Maybe it is because the English never realised how great a part in Ireland's resistance her girls and women played.

Michael Collins knew it: women carried guns for him through the customs barriers of the enemy and through country infested by Black-and-Tans. Sean McKeon knew it: the girls of County Longford kept watch for him, risked their lives to bring warnings, stood by during attacks, spent frozen nights and days in caves among the hills, nursing his wounded men. Women of the lonely places sheltered the hunted boys, fed and comforted them, washed and mended for them, looking on every one as a son; women in the cities gave up their homes to be hiding places for men like Mulcahy, whom the British meant to shoot at sight.

Mulcahy did wisely, when he joined the enemies of the Republic, to send his raiders far and wide to hunt down these women and bring them to the jails.

It had to be done with haste: there was no time to inquire whether a suspect was working actively or not; the jails were already overcrowded with thousands of men prisoners, but room must be found somewhere and as many women must be taken as the jails would hold.

Methods of arrest were simple: anyone speaking or writing for the Republic must, of course, be tracked down at once; anyone calling at a Republican house (at Mrs. Childer's home, for instance) or the office of the Prisoners' Dependents' Fund, while a raid was in progress, must be seized; a servant or one-time friend might report that a certain woman was a Republican, it was evidence enough; a Republican funeral provided a good occasion for arrests; Mrs. O'Connor, of Liverpool, a penniless widow with one child, begged money to travel to Kerry to attend the funeral of her husband, one of the victims of the massacre of prisoners at Ballyseedy Cross; she was arrested and brought to Kilmainham while I was there. Young girls, too, arrested and brought to Oriel House in the hope merely of forcing them to give information about Republican men, when they refuse information, must be held. Eileen O'Higgins, a girl of about seventeen, was told by the officers at Oriel House that they had taken her mother and that she had collapsed and was dying. "She's there on a stretcher outside—do you want her to die?" Poor Eileen could not betray the men; she was taken to Kilmainham, distracted with grief; she did not know until afterwards that their story was untrue.

The prisons became quickly filled—overcrowded, indeed, to an awkward extent. But there was the device of the "form." A girl in Mountjoy, delirious with typhus, was offered release to hospital if she,

would sign—sign and promise never to support the forces of the Republic again. The mother of two little boys, her husband in jail, who became dangerously ill and needed an operation, was warned by the prison doctor that unless she signed it she would be left to die. A girl whose brother had been murdered in prison, a girl in agony from an internal injury, a girl whose mother was dying, were, while I was in Kilmainham, offered the form. The governor talked of their duty to their old parents; the doctor of the sinfulness of risking one's health; the priest, refusing the sacraments, exhorted them to sign the form. They have some hope, when prisoners are very ill or overwhelmed with sorrow and anxiety, of persuading them to renounce the Republic. In the North Dublin Union the food rations have been decreased to starvation point and all parcels stopped. "They are starving the girls to break their spirit," one indignant young soldier said.

There has been no time to inquire into changes. There has been no time, either, to furnish the jails properly, put in heating apparatus or baths, or clean the buildings after the workmen left. For weeks at a time women have had to lie on mattresses in unfurnished and filthy cells, without heat, without gas at night, with windows that do not open, and even when broken do not admit fresh air. There were girls of fifteen who fainted continually in Kilmainham as a result of the poisonous air, the absence of any proper exercise ground, and the insufficient food. There are girls who have become subject to terrible fits; two are believed to be threatened with insanity; consumption, as always in Irish prisons, works apace. It is almost impossible to get remedies; no doctor stays more than a week or two: for hospital patients there is no diet but eggs and milk, no treatment but to stay in bed.

"Prisoners have no rights" is an opinion quickly adopted by bullies put suddenly into positions of power. But prisoners have rights, and the rights of prisoners of war in Ireland have been maintained at bitter cost—through long hunger strikes, through such sacrifices as the death of Thomas Ashe. We, too, were bound to maintain our rights. But when girls and women, imprisoned and isolated from the outside world so that nothing that is done to them need be known, have to resist jailers like the officers and soldiers of the Free State Army, resistance costs them dear. Scars, bruises and illness from savage kicks and blows, semi-starvation, deprivation of beds, stools and tables, stoppage of all letters and parcels, the bitter cold of nights spent outside in the yard, week after week; wounds like Mary Comerford's, who was beaten on the head and shot through the leg—these are a few of the penalties endured in the last few months by women prisoners in Dublin jails.

Now the forces of the Republic have made an end of armed resistance. De Valera has demanded a free election; that demand has been refused. The Free State Government is continuing the war—war now on unarmed people. And still the prisoners, men and women, to the number of about fourteen thousand, are in jail.

And yet there are worse things than to be a Republican prisoner of war. When, one evening three weeks ago, quite unexpectedly I was released and stood, after six months' imprisonment, in a Dublin street, none of the joy came to me that I thought would come. I saw the Free State soldiers everywhere: men with sullen faces, dark and shamed. I saw faces of men and women without faith, without hope, without pride. A great longing came over me for the clear-eyed, brave-spirited girls and enduring women I had left behind—girls and women to whom suffering comes always with a kind of joy. I felt, as I drove home through Dublin, that I was leaving one little unconquered stronghold of the Republic behind—that the Irish Republic lives still, if only in the Irish jails.

In Memory of Some of Our Dead.

I am getting a novena of masses said this week for the repose of the souls of D. Enright and T. O'Sullivan (Listowel), executed at Stranorlar, and Johnny Linnane (Lisaltan), who was commandant of the 6th Batt. North Kerry. They blew the head off him inside a dug out. He had surrendered, but they did not want that, they wanted his corpse.

"God rest his noble soul."

and the love of liberty that inspires that determination is no longer a mystery for the compatriots of Miss Téry.

A Victory for the "Rot" Policy.

(From a letter by Miss D. Macardle, Dublin,
November 14, 1923.)

A brief announcement in to-day's Press that a prisoner named Hume had died at Tintown Internment Camp of pernicious anæmia, having been on the sick list since September 28, seems to have a significance worth noting.

In a modern State the death of an untried prisoner is a grave reproach to the Government responsible for his arrest and custody. The detention of such a prisoner while he dies slowly of pernicious anæmia seems indefensible on any plea. Symptoms of pernicious anæmia, visible to the least observant, ghastly pallor and utter prostration, must have been evident to every person in contact with the unfortunate man; that there could be no recovery from the disease without good food, warmth, comfort, and ease of mind must have been equally obvious: to detain him was to sentence this uncharged man deliberately to death. It is the fulfilment of the undertaking given by certain Ministers to "let the prisoners rot."

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Eire

THE IRISH NATION

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1923.

SINN FEIN 1917-1923.

The Ard Fheis.

The Ard Fheis of Sinn Fein meets once again after the darkest, saddest and yet most heroic episode of Irish history. In 1917 the first Ard Fheis took place, and since then no year has passed in which an Ard Fheis has not been held. It is therefore the seventh year of its continued existence, and its existence remains without a break. The constitution remains exactly as it was, having for its main object the recognition of the Irish Republic. An attempt was made after the attack on the Four Courts by the King's English to dissolve the organisation, but it failed because it would require a special Ard Fheis, with special notice, to dissolve the organisation, and, therefore, when a portion of the executive, together with the former secretary, Padraic O'Caomh (later assistant governor of Mountjoy), attempted to destroy the organisation, their action was grossly illegal and unconstitutional. Even the then Standing Committee of the organisation decided its continuance and appointed a secretary to carry on the work and keep the office open. Since then the Free State faction has been responsible for the death of Harry Boland, and the imprisonment of Austin Stack, the two honorary secretaries. This same faction has the President of the organisation, Eamon de Valera, in jail, and one vice-president, Fr. O'Flanagan, has been deported from Australia, and it would be impossible under the circumstances to return to Ireland now. Mr. Duggan and Mrs. Wyse Power still hold the funds, although by an agreement approved of by the organisation (and both Mr. Arthur Griffith and Mr. Michael Collins were parties to it), the funds were to be entrusted to President de Valera. So far no move has been made in this matter, and those who have seceded into the British Empire hold the funds. The last Ard Fheis, which took place in 1922, ratified the Pact and directed its members to carry out its terms. Upon this Ard Fheis will rest the duty of dealing with the subsequent actions of its former members. One had always to face the possibility of the violent suppression of the organisation by the British agents in Ireland. One has to face the same possibility to-day. The fact that those who were once good members of the Sinn Fein organisation are now acting the part of the Greenwoods and Frenchs, is irrelevant to the main issue. If to-day Sinn Fein is suppressed, it will be done in the interests of the British Empire in Ireland. It is often said by deceitful Free Staters that the political activities of the Republicans would not be interfered with, but we have seen at the recent elections how Free State violence and coercion has been used to defeat the return of our candidates. If this violence is used now to interfere with the Sinn Fein organisation, the world, and especially the Irish world, will have ample proof of how exactly Governor Healy and his Free State Cabinet coincide in every detail with their predecessors, Lord French, Sir H. Greenwood, Mr. Cope, General Macready, and the other agents of the British Empire in Ireland.

The Stepping Stone to Buckingham Palace.

The following quotations from the daily Press show how the Republican Free Staters are stepping off the stepping stone back into the Empire.

Royal Dinner Party.

Those who attended the dinner party given by King George and Queen Mary in Buckingham Palace in connection with the Imperial Conference, included Prof. Eoin MacNeill and Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald; the Earl and Countess of Cavan, and Admiral and Countess Beatty. Amongst those invited but unable to attend were President Cosgrave, Mr. and Mrs. Asquith and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George.

At the Imperial Conference Mr. Mackenzie proposed and Mr. Massey seconded the following loyal address to the King. It was adopted UNANIMOUSLY—ALL STANDING:

"The Prime Ministers and other representatives OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE assembled in Conference at their first meeting, and as their first official act, desire to express their respectful greetings AND FIDELITY TO THE KING, and fervently hope that his Majesty and her Majesty the Queen may be long spared to strengthen those ties of love and devotion which unite the people of the British Commonwealth."

Those who have betrayed the sovereignty and unity of Ireland now go slavishly to the Empire Conference to offer fidelity to the British King. The Treaty was their stepping stone into Downing Street and to dinner with the British King. Poor Mr. Redmond only took breakfast with Lloyd George. The Free State party is certainly stepping on.

Our Congratulations.

We offer our sincere congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Robinson on their recent marriage on October 10 in Glasgow. The record of both is remarkable. Mrs. Robinson, as Miss Pidge Duggan, was well known as an earnest and able worker in the Republican cause. Both have been imprisoned more than once. In 1916 Mr. Robinson was first interned. In 1917 he was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and had actually served five years' sentence when released in 1922. During part of that period he was deprived of the sacraments, and was on hunger strike for prisoners' rights, and was forcibly fed, much in the manner in which Thomas Aslie was murdered. He and Miss Duggan were deported from Glasgow to Mountjoy prison in March last. Both had been active in political work and had succeeded in running the Scotch edition of the *Poblacht* during the most difficult period. His journal paved the way for EIRE. We offer Mr. and Mrs. Robinson the sincerest good wishes of our readers.

How the Free State is Maintained.

Mountjoy Jail, "C" Wing.

On Friday morning I was confined to bed suffering from weakness and faintness (the results of a wound which I received in January) as well as a rather sore and swollen throat. I was informed that the Free State were going to hose us out of our cells. Our Medical Officer told me I would be all right, and wrote the words "Sick Man" in several places on the door. The door was closed, and some time about 2 or 3 o'clock (I'm not certain of the time) the hosing started. The lieutenant of police came in and remarked to a policeman with him that I was a sick man. Several officers also looked in. I heard the hose playing along the landing overhead. I took a fainting fit while they were on the top, and when I came to I saw an officer coming into the cell. The cell was about two inches deep in water and my pyjamas were soaking as well as the top blanket. The officer remarked on my condition and immediately got me shifted to a dry cell. Two other sick men were placed along with me. The prison M.O. came up and said he would shift us to the hospital or another wing if we gave our names. I refused to give mine and was left there. At about 7 o'clock a policeman came up with a list of the patients who had given their names and said that they were to be fed—we were not to get any food. A sympathetic policeman brought me up some bread, butter and milk. On Saturday, at about 12 o'clock midday, a policeman came up with food, which was given to me officially. This consisted of two raw rotten eggs (which were boiled after), porridge, milk, bread, butter and tea. I ate some of the porridge and vomited. I got no more food till nighttime. The number of meals I had from Wednesday, September 13, till Saturday night, September 16, are as follows:

Wed. morning: Breakfast. Locked out all day.
Thurs. morning: Nothing to eat. Locked out all day.
Fri. morning: Breakfast. Confined to bed.
Fri. night: Bread and milk (unofficially).
Sat. morning: Breakfast, after which I vomited.
Sat. night: Supper.

JAMES T. DONNELLY.

Why Buy the "Herald?"

The Editor of EIRE.

A Chara,—As suggested in last week's edition of EIRE, I wrote to the Editor of the *Daily Herald* re his silence on Irish Republican matters, enclosing a copy of your paper and marking the paragraph in question for his attention.

I enclose for your interest his reply, which in my opinion is most disappointing.

I might mention that the exclamation marks are my own.

Do Chara,
(Signed).

8th October, 1923.

Dear Madam,—It is quite untrue that the *Daily Herald* has refused publication "to resolutions of Irish organisations because they expressed strong views about the release of Republican prisoners."

We have said very little about Irish matters, because it seems best to us now that Ireland has the management of her own affairs!! and of course we have always advocated leaving the Irish people to settle their affairs as they please without advice from outsiders.

Faithfully,

THE EDITOR.

NOTE.—EIRE has received and published resolutions of the nature mentioned above, which were informed by those who sent them the *Daily Herald* had refused to publish.

The second paragraph is the copperplate Imperial Labour lie which can be stamped on the face of anything. It might have come from Lord Birkenhead's Secretary or from the *Times*.

Why should Irishmen buy this paper?

Thoughts in a Hospital.

The early autumn sunlight—a thing of luminous air rather than any radiance shed from the sun—is making the city roof-tops beautiful, washing a few here and there with splashes of silver, veiling all the rest in a gilded haze; white smoke-wisps are blowing about every way, sea gulls float in the watery light as on a translucent sea. . . . Shall we ever watch sea gulls again without memories of Mountjoy?

Very contenting to the spirit it is, after the implacable closeness of prison walls, to lie abed near this wide window and look down on the life of man, a life remote and hidden enough for nerves that shrink a little from the prospect of traffic and crowds. This is a good room to rest in, too—odd-shaped, low-ceilinged, painted the soft green that seems nature's key-note, bare enough for eyes that would be fretted, after the bleakness of iron and whitewash, by any multiplicity of things.

The last time I was in this room it was to welcome Mary Comerford from Kilmainham after her hunger-strike of twenty-nine days; I remember the wondering happiness that made her thin, flushed face look like a child's; it had seemed so likely they would let her die, and she was so glad to live. In rooms below, other hunger-strikers struggled out of the valley of the shadow—Mrs. O'Callaghan, Miss MacSwiney, Miss Costello. . . . Who that was in Kilmainham then will forget that long, dark month of whispering and dread and helpless waiting while six of Ireland's bravest women drew daily nearer to the grave?

In one of those rooms now Dan Breen is lying, exhausted but victorious, from the conflict in Mountjoy. Quite suddenly the attempt came, a week ago, to destroy the discipline and organisation which the prisoners had made for themselves, and with the co-operation of the prison authorities, carried on for more than a year. Suddenly and violently the attempt was made, with revolvers and batons and rifle butts, by beating prisoners to the yard and locking them out all night in the rain, beating them to their cells and locking them in to lie in saturated clothes, by hosing them with cold water, flooding their cells and beds, driving them out into the rain again, keeping them for a week numbed and soaked and frozen, night and day.

Dan Breen received a blow over the heart. When he became conscious, choosing a quick death rather than a slow one, he refused food and drink. He had been for nine days again unconscious when they brought him here. He is unable to speak, but he scrawled for the nurses on a slate, "Mountjoy is Hell."

Still weak, recovering from a grave operation, is Cissie O'Doherty, who lies in the bed by the other window, dreaming the days away. It was through a reckless act of her own that the misfortunes began which so nearly cost her, her life. One day last spring, in Buncrana, she came upon a Free State Brigadier who had arrested a boy and was mercilessly beating him. Cissie was too young for caution. She rushed forward and cried out to him to stop hurting the boy. The answer was a heavy kick, which caught her in the side and stretched her in agony on the road. She was put into the local prison, then taken to Kilmainham, where, all summer, she lay in the prison hospital. In the hospital at Kilmainham there is no means of making a sick prisoner well. The internal bruises and torn muscles did not heal, and the attacks of pain passed all endurance; to drug her with morphia was all the doctor could do. Every effort of her fellow-prisoners to secure medical treatment for her failed, until at last, in the desperation of their pity, they resorted to that terrible two-edged weapon, a hunger-strike. Eighty girls and women were allowed to hunger-strike for eight days before Cissie was taken to be X-rayed. No one could believe they would imprison her again. When she was brought back on the stretcher to her prison bed even the wardresses broke down and cried. It is only now, weakened by months of agony, still uncharged with any crime, unsentenced to any punishment, that she has been unconditionally released.

Even younger than Cissie, and even more unoffending, is Lily Kiernan, who is being nursed in a little room on the ground floor, looking on to the garden. The sound of a man's voice in the hall drives the blood from her cheeks still, so shaken were her nerves in the Union by soldiers who broke into the dormitories at night, flashed lamps in the girls' faces, and held revolvers to their heads.

It is nine months since she was taken in a raid on the mental hospital at Portrane. She was nineteen years old, motherless and lonely, broken with grief for her brother's death, and she was trying, through nursing, to win a hold again on life. She and Seaghan had lived only for the Republic and for one another, he fighting under McKeown, she doing all a girl could do. Ballykinlar and the hunger-strike in Wornwood Scrubbs left Seaghan in ruined health, but it was a Free State bullet that gave him his death-wound in July, 1922. He lay dying in Kilmainham, refused medical treatment because he would not sign the form. When Lily was taken to Kilmainham she found his name, carved by a comrade, on his cell door. When she became dangerously ill there from an internal malady she was asked to sign the form. Fainting attacks, fits, hæmorrhage from the throat, and devastating pain developed. The doctors were powerless, and could only stand over her imploring her to sign.

There was no charge against her. She had taken no part in the civil war, but she knew that she was condemned, like many others, because her activities against the Black and Tans were so well known to those who had undertaken to complete their work. Her enemies were reinforced by her own father, who, angry because she would not save herself by renouncing the Republic, sold the home and went to Australia, leaving her to her fate. She had no dread of death and no great desire for life. In August an old priest visited her, questioned her sorrowfully, and told her that she was dying and should think only of preparing herself for the next world. "When I die," she said, "they'll release some of the sick girls." The doctor at the Union was kind. He vehemently urged her release and renounced all responsibility for the case. The reply was the detention form. Richard Mulcahy, being of opinion that the release of the prisoner would be a danger to the public safety, ordered her to be detained in custody. So Lily Kiernan was detained in the cold, dark shed that serves for hospital in the North Dublin Union, prostrate, often lapsing into unconsciousness, suffering attacks of scarcely bearable pain. The priest anointed her: he could do no more.

At last, one morning, wardresses came to take her to the Governor's office. "The prisoner and her belongings." The Governor told her she was to be released immediately if she would sign the form. She turned to walk back to the prison hospital but fainted at the door. They put her in a motor car, then, with a wardress, and sent her to hospital—unconditionally released.

She is very weak still, and there is a big operation that should have been performed months ago, to be faced, and after that this derelict little rebel will have to confront a rigorous world; but she is happy and at peace.

"A danger to the public safety." . . . Lying awake at night, revolving that phrase in my mind, remembering the broken, helpless girls that we left in jail, I wondered what "safety" Richard Mulcahy is so zealously guarding, what "danger" he so much fears. Now, in the windy daylight, I understand. Republicans have ceased armed warfare, but no victory has been won by the Free State yet. The freedom of Ireland still lives, invulnerable as the air; Ireland's resistance to Empire still stands, impregnable as Kilmainham walls; Death, sent against us, has become our ally; truth and time are upon our side. No surrender has been made, no least act of submission, no shadow of a symbol of acknowledgment of Imperial rule has been wrested from de Valera yet. And for that surrender the Free State is fighting desperately, insanely now. They hold thousands of prisoners at their mercy, and through those prisoners they think they can make it come.

Tortured men, starved women, sick, agonizing, drug-stupefied girls—from these they hope to extort little acts of submission that would be the beginning of the end. The saluting of Free State officers, the disintegration of the prisoners' discipline, the signing of a form—through such rifts as these in the bulwark of the Republic its enemies hope to see destruction flooding on.

So much these ministers and governors have forgotten, so far has their crazy self-delusion gone; but it cannot last much longer; they will learn their lesson very soon, learn that this war against the prisoners is as futile as any war ever waged by an enslaved and fool-ridden State. For these prisoners are men and women, boys and girls, who are quite simply and calmly ready to give their lives for the Republic at any time. De Valera is their leader, chosen and approved; his dauntlessness is theirs; all that tyranny, fear, and hatred can inflict is less than they, in their love and courage, can endure.

Those who have set themselves to break that proud allegiance in which Ireland's freedom lives, have set themselves to an age-old, fantastical task, foredoomed for ever to fail. They war against a spirit all-pervading as the sunlight, untameable as the wind that is blowing the smoke-wisps every way, free and fearless as the sea gulls that wheel in the sunny air.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

Demand in America for Release of President de Valera and the Prisoners.

(From a Letter.)

"Mass meetings are now being held all over the United States demanding the release of President de Valera and all the other 10,000 Republican prisoners in the British jails in Ireland. We are having a great mass meeting in this city (Chicago) to-morrow, Sunday, September 30. Professor Gonnolly, of the Chicago University, will preside. Charles E. Russel, who has lately been in Ireland, will be the principal speaker. From this meeting will be sent requests for the release of the President and all other Republican prisoners, to Washington, London, to the Pope, and to various other governments."

From a Distinguished Irish-American.

(Continued from page 4.)

Austin Stack or Robert Barton. It should be understood that while the commission under which I was acting did not specifically require these two witnesses to be produced, it permitted the production of any witnesses upon whom both sides would agree. I then demanded that the Free State give assurance that they would safely produce these witnesses before a new Commission, should the Court issue one. After long consideration they finally refused to do this. Therefore, before sailing from Southampton, I cabled Martin Conboy, who is our Attorney of Record in New York, asking him to make immediate application for the issuance of a Commission, returnable this fall, to take the depositions of both Stack and Barton, and to have the order provide, as that in the case of O'Mara, for the dissolution of the injunction should the Free State fail to so produce them. Such an order is highly necessary because of the imminent danger of further reprisal executions. I will therefore have to return to Dublin some time in the fall to complete the depositions of all parties, and it is hoped that a trial of the case can be obtained not later than the first of the year.

Only imperative necessity warranted the President in attempting to arrange for a personal interview with me. Orders have been issued to shoot the President on sight, since even the Free State would fear to execute him were he merely taken prisoner. They, therefore, are trying to do what they did to Liam Lynch—shoot him in cold blood under the pretence of attempting a capture. On the other hand, because of the inevitable publicity connected with the case, I afforded a ready decoy, since I was known to every C.I.D. (the Free State Secret Service) in that part of Ireland. Nevertheless, four meetings were actually arranged, but all of them had to be abandoned at the last moment because of the certainty of discovery. In fact, in two instances I was actually discovered, but, being personally immune, was not harmed. In both instances, however, one of the President's chief lieutenants barely escaped. Nevertheless, we made a final attempt to meet the night before I sailed, but this also had to be abandoned. We were, however, from the time I arrived in Ireland until I left, in direct and constant communication, and the dispatch, a portion of which is quoted at the beginning of this report, was received from the President only half-an-hour before I left Dublin. The remainder of that dispatch, and, unfortunately, all other dispatches are so closely concerned with the litigation and its relation to the present political situation that their contents cannot be made public.

You will be glad to know that, notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, the President is in excellent health, and that the Cabinet and the army are in entire harmony.

[NOTE.—The shooting at President de Valera, which occurred long after this was written, shows how accurate was Mr. Finerty's information.—ED. E.]

The Acts of an Idle Army.

What the Taxpayer Pays For.

(To the Editor, EIRE.)

October 8, 1923.

A Chara,—The case of the attempted assassination of M. J. O'Mullane, M.A., published in your issue of October 6, is by no means an isolated one, as you are too well aware. The week proceeding the General Election I had painted on a dead wall the names of the Republican candidates for the guidance of the people. An attempt was made to deface it at 2 o'clock in the morning, but, being on guard, I chased the warrior. A couple of days after a sergeant of the Free State force came to my house and ordered me to take it down and threatened he would take me down and my house with it. I refused. He went to his quarters, some distance outside the village, and returned with his rifle, but did not further interfere. He had been under the influence of drink.

Some months previous a large portrait of de Valera, posted outside my door, was fired at out of a lorry by another warrior, the bullet glancing off the wall and killing a cat some distance away. I am sending you a snapshot with the bullet hole marked with an X.

Of course these are only little playful incidents, done to impress the people with the majesty and power of our defenders. It would be useless reporting the matter to the so-called authorities, as it is evident that "President" Cosgrave and his Ministers have given free rein to the lowest passions of their military dupes. The moral aspect of the present Free State Army disorder calls for immediate action before the destruction of our young womanhood becomes a national calamity. It were time the Hierarchy took notice, as this is a graver menace than is generally supposed. An investigation on this matter would be illuminating, as I am told on reliable authority, that

upwards of 100 young girls in this county alone are in Unions and Homes as a result.

What are our Labour members doing about it? What are the Clergy doing about it? These girls all belong to the working class.

As a delegate to the forthcoming Ard Rheis I intend to bring this matter before the conference. Some means must be found to combat this abomination.

Is mise,

(Signed) —

Keeping the Free State Alive by Atrocities.

The following is an official report from Tintown, No. 2 Camp:

Volunteer Michael (Ted) McCormack, a member of the Four Courts garrison, was arrested at the surrender and detained in Mountjoy. While there, a tumour developed in his left leg. Later he was transferred to Camp 2, Tintown, and when the forced labour began he was put on trench digging, although he protested on account of his leg, in addition to protesting on principle. His protest was unheeded. On or about May 20, for some petty cause, he was taken to the prison known as the "Glass-House," where he was pummelled and kicked, and detained there for ten days, being compelled to do all orders at the double. He asked to be allowed to see a doctor, but his request was refused. He was sent back to camp and four days later, on the orders of a Free State doctor, he was transferred to the Curragh Hospital. His leg was amputated whilst there. McCormack states he was not told the leg would be amputated before he was given the anaesthetic and knew nothing about it till he woke up afterwards.

On August 31, he was sent back again to the Camp. Lieutenant Lamb, Intelligence Officer Free State, asked him on his way back if he would sign the form. He replied that "they ought to let him go now," to which Lamb answered, "yes, you'd make good propaganda."

McCormack is a native of Corradrahid, Five-Mile-House, Co. Roscommon, and lived at 6, Sir John Rogerson's Quay, Dublin. He joined "D" Coy. 2nd Battalion Dublin Brigade, in 1917, and took an active part in the Black and Tan war. After the Truce he entered Beggars Bush Barracks. After the Convention he was attached to Fowler Hall, and later went to the Four Courts.

A Tribute Worth Having.

The following is a copy of a letter of congratulation sent by a distinguished American Catholic to the Republican T.D.'s.

September 17, 1923.

Republican Member Elect to Dail Eireann, Ireland.

My Dear Sir,—I take this opportunity of congratulating the people of Ireland for having elected you as a Republican member to Dail Eireann.

By your election the people of Ireland have proven to the world that they are neither slaves nor a subjected people.

I wish you, your colleagues and the great number of your liberty loving people every success in all that you may undertake, to the end that you may hold your rightful position among the nations of the earth.

Sincerely Yours,

J. J. CASTELLINI.

Welcome the Prisoners.

Released Prisoners' Committee,

6, Harcourt Street, Dublin.

A committee to welcome home the prisoners released has been formed, and ladies attend every day from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in No. 6, Harcourt Street.

Men's clothes, boots, socks, shirts, underwear, overcoats, and suits, in fact, clothes of every description are most urgently needed.

Subscriptions can be sent to Mrs. O'Kelly, 91, St. Stephen's Green. All willing to help should get in touch with the Committee.

SAMHAIN FETE.

IN AID OF IRISH REPUBLICAN DEPENDENTS' FUND. COMMENCING OCTOBER 27.

MANSION HOUSE, DUBLIN.

CATHAL BRUGHA STALL.

Bicycle ridden by Cathal Brugha to be raffled in aid of above fund. Book of tickets, 2s. 6d., can be had on application. The presidents of this stall earnestly appeal for donations and gifts. CAHLIN BEAN C. BRUGHA, (Mrs.) A. CLERKIN, Mansion House, Dublin.

DO YOU SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS?

On the Tops of the Old Bens.

(Tragedies of Kerry 1922-1923.)

By Dorothy Macardle, B.A. Price 1s. 2d. by post, The Emtan Press, Ltd., 6b, Moore Street, Dublin.

We hope that when a little time has passed we shall have many such records as this from every county in Ireland, where heroes and martyrs have shed their blood for the Republic. When one thinks of Wolf Tone or Emmet, it is in their vision work and suffering one glories, but who remembers the names of their executioners. So let us hope it will be these stories of our soldier patriots of Kerry—the nation will glory in their work and sacrifice, and grow strong on the thought of their vision and destiny, and grow indifferent to their executioners, consigning their names to the obliquity of complete forgetfulness. Read in this spirit, the book will be of great value. For thrilling adventure and for the interest of human pity it is very fine in its simplicity.

What words could have been better chosen than those quoted from the Irish poet, Angus Mac Daighre O'Daly, as expressing what must have been in the hearts of every soldier of the Republic during this last struggle for the sovereign right of the nation.

"Better to be on the tops of the old Bens keeping watch, short of sleep yet glad some, urging fight against the foreign soldiery that hold your fathers' land."

The little volume records the fate of many of our soldiers in Kerry, first placing in its right perspective the war of 1922-23, as a mere sequent to the Black and Tan war which had failed. Thus, "The terror failed. The Empire resorted to a more subtle policy—Divide and Conquer—a motto as old as Rome." And this is the key to all the horrors of civil war which followed.

The following picture of the people of Kerry is so arresting that we cannot but quote it.

"Starved as the stony soil is, the people are. They live anxiously by fishing or on farms—little farms won by the bitter labour of generations out of the mountain-side. When a hundred sunken boulders have been wrenched and uprooted with iron bars and piled along four sides, a man's field is made; the son that is growing up will have strength, God helping, to add another field before he is old. They have staked out claims for their descendants up to the very summits of the stony hills. The farm keeps as many of a family as it can feed; the rest go to America and break their hearts there very often, for a breath of the Kerry air, for the life that is lived at home.

"For, if there is hardness in the land and in the life of the people, there is no meanness in it. They look out over wide spaces; God's world is before their imagination; the past and the future of Ireland are in their daily thought. There is grace and kindness in their homes, and they give hospitality, as their forefathers gave it in the days of their chieftainship in the land. There is wisdom in them that should be shaping their mind of their generation; bravery and freedom are in their spirit, and unyielding pride.

"They are of the nobility of Ireland, the clans who, because they would not surrender their faith and nationhood, were cast out by the conqueror into the wilderness.

"Not from gathering in crowds and listening to orations the men of Kerry have stored up the passion for Ireland's freedom that is in their blood. From their mothers—proud-spirited Kerry women, and from their mother Eire, that passion seems to be born.

"The men who spilled out their lives there for Ireland were kindly, and gentle men; everywhere the same tale is told. But they were brave, and they lived under foreign rule which would make a crime of a man's native valour and a virtue of acquiescence in evil things.

"It would have been the destiny of these young Kerry men, in a free Ireland, to live vigorous, well-reputed, achieving lives, to serve their generation a little and die, and be remembered a little while.

"It was their destiny to live a score or more of poverty-bitten years, burdened and obscure; to rise up in their passionate valour and hurl themselves against Ireland's enemy; to die violent deaths; to become the awakeners and redeemers of their nation, and to be remembered while Ireland lives."

The story of Clashmealcon Caves, where "Aero" Lyons and his comrades met their fate is typical of the volume, and the quoting of the story may induce many readers to buy it to read for themselves:

"The story of 'Aero' Lyons and his five companions and how they stood siege for three nights and days in Clashmealcon Caves, will be told in Ireland while men praise the fighters for freedom—'while grass grows and water runs.'

Aero Lyons, christened Timothy, won the name by which he will be remembered by dropping out of the sky, as it seemed, wherever he was at least expected and seeming to be in a dozen places at once.

"A light, lean, hardy man" in build; he delighted in activity and danger. He had a child's love of

going about, where he was most keenly hunted, in disguise, and there was laughter in nearly every adventure of his, whatever the peril. His was a name of power: while an invisible outlaw, marked out to be shot at sight, he would rule his district as a potentate and be obeyed. He had the light-hearted bravery of spirit that leads Irishmen to early death.

The story tells how after defeating the enemy in ambush and checking the march of the Free State forces Aero Lyons went into the caves and was followed. The last scene had best be quoted from the writer:

Dumfort's Cave was named, it is said, after a Fenian who used to hide there in '67, or, maybe, from some fugitive of penal times.

It is a small, shallow hollow at the base of the rocks at the apex of the horse-shoe-shaped creek.

Great boulders lie piled in front of it; the tide flows almost to the hole; half-way up the cliffs jut over it in an arch and the grassy edge above shelves out over that arch again. From no point, except one, far out on one butt of the horse-shoe, can the cave be seen. There is no way to it save a slippery path where only one man at a time can go, and he must cling on with his hands; the path is commanded, the whole way down, from the cave. It is a position from which one man, had he provisions, might defy a besieging host: the high rocks above are his allies, and the deep ocean below.

Not one of them blamed Jim McGrath (who through a mist led the soldiers. They took him into the cave. A soldier tried to follow him, shouting "Come out!" A bullet fired from the cave killed him instantly, and he fell on the flat rocks below. One more tried and was shot and fell into the sea. No soldier would go down after that.

Officers went into the village and sent wires: "Prominent irregulars in cave. Come on!" They believed de Valera and Humphrey Murphy were there.

They sent soldiers to every cottage to take out the hay and brought it to the cliff's edge and bundled sods of turf into it and threw it down, flaming and smoking, to the mouth of the cave.

They wired to Tralee for paraffin oil and tar. Lorries came tearing out loaded with oil and petrol and something that seemed like sulphur.

They got sheets from the houses and saturated them with the sulphurous stuff and set fire to them and flung them down. They made a choking smoke with a poisonous fume. They poured oil and tar and petrol into hay and turf and flung it all, flaming, down to the cave. A roaring blaze rose and a yellow smoke. The people thought that the rocks themselves would be consumed. But the wind changed and blew the flames out to sea.

It was the season in Kerry of "the rough weather of the cuckoo"—the weather called "scoriveen." At nightfall torrents of rain came down.

The officers talked of rushing the cave under a shield of iron shutters, or attacking it from a boat, but the soldiers would make no such attack.

They were cold and wet and their efforts subsided during the night.

They tried once to lower a lamp, but a shot from the cave smashed it, and they tried no more.

The night was hung with thick impenetrable darkness; the tide, at midnight, was far out; the elements were with the men in the caves.

One by one, they crept out, like snakes, from the narrow mouth of the cave and walked, barefoot, over the boulders, to the right, along by the friendly overshadowing rock wall. They moved stealthily, for fear of stirring a pebble, between the lonely pinnacle and the cliff, out of the creek and along to the flat rock over which hung, they knew well, a ledge they would be able to climb to and, above it, another cave.

They came to the flat rock and stood there, cold and wet, hungry and victorious; their ruse wholly successful, their going unheard.

It seemed, the enemy were so idle in the wet night, that if only aid could be summoned one little company ambushing above might save them now.

Tommy McGrath and Patrick O'Shea volunteered to go father, to try to make their way out and get help.

For a little distance they groped their way safely, but the night was black and the rocks baffled them; there was no pathway now, no escape; only rocks jutting everyway overhead and slippery masses of seaweed below; they had come within reach of the breakers that flung themselves like monsters against the rocks and dragged the shingle back with a grinding roar. They were torn from their hold in the darkness and drowned.

With daylight on Tuesday lorry after lorry came tearing out from Tralee with troops and munitions, bombs and grenades and mines. A machine gun was placed on the point that commanded the cave. An armoured car was run out to the edge of the cliff. The soldiers were swarming above the cliffs like green-flies, the people said.

The bombardment of the cave went on all day. The crackle of the machine-gun and the thunderous concussion of bursting shells, the rending explosion of mines and grenades, shook the houses in Cause-

way and Ballywilliam, shook the listening people, fathers and mothers, wives and sisters of the besieged Republicans, to their hearts.

All day it went on and all day there was no answer from the silent cave.

Aero Lyons was laughing, no doubt.

That night darkness was routed from Clashmealcon. The white beam of a search-light crept over the rock-face, making every ridge and hollow stand out clear. Crimson flame and smoke from burning tar-barrels mixed with yellow, choking, sulphurous fumes, made the creek below look like the pit of Hell. The roar of the ocean and the roar of the fire, the pounding of breakers on rocks and the crash of explosions filled the night with a fiendish din. Rage and fury grew in the defeated horde of soldiers above the cliff.

In the grey dawn, exhausted, they began to say the Republicans must be dead. Soldiers volunteered to go down. There was hesitation for a long time and disputes arose. The people from the cottages began to venture out. For some hours nothing was done. At ten the people heard it had been decided to send down a scout.

What would the scout find? Were they dead in the cave, or drowned? Was the cave empty? There had been no sign from it for thirty hours. Could they—it would be like Aero Lyons—could they, by some miraculous feat of daring, have got away? . . . How Aero would laugh! . . . If the cave was empty what would the soldiers do?

Make sure they were drowned, maybe, and go away. . . . And, then, supposing they had escaped!

While the soldiers were making ready to go down a call was heard below, away to the right; then a savage, triumphant yell from the cliff's edge.

Lyons had come out on the ledge below and put up his hands.

They had been starved out. The tide rose to the foot of the second cave and the waves swept in. Saturated with salt-water and parched with thirst, weak and trembling from cold and want of food, they would have sunk into delirium very soon.

The thought of McEnery's wife and child was troubling Lyons. "What will we do," he kept saying, "about your wife and child?"

He knew well what fate awaited him if he were taken. He was going over plans in his mind.

"It would not be right for me," he said, "to slip into the sea."

There was joy like the joy of fiends above, when Lyons was seen at last, living and trapped.

"We'll butcher him!" some of the soldiers screamed.

Notes were passed up and down by cords. Lyons was trying to make terms. He would surrender himself and the rifles on condition that the rest should go free.

His enemies would hear of no terms.

Catherine McEnery heard of the surrender at eleven o'clock. She knew what had to be done then: she sent two cars away for the priests.

It was just mid-day when a rope, brought out in a lorry, was lowered to Lyons from the cliffs, and he knotted it and began to climb up.

Mrs. Lyons, his mother, tells of a strange thing that happened at that time in the house in Killflyn.

The cottage is remote from the roads, and they had heard no word at all of the siege at the caves. She was sitting in the kitchen. Her young son and daughter were about the house; the father was mending the fence outside the door.

A round pendulum clock hangs on the wall, an heirloom, long past work. Its one hand had been hanging at the figure six, motionless, for fourteen or fifteen years.

At mid-day they heard the clock strike. The four of them gathered round it, staring, counting the strokes. The hand had moved up to the figure twelve and it struck twelve times.

What happened on the cliff's edge is not known. Soldiers boasted afterwards to their prisoners that some of them cut the rope; other people say this is not true; the rope was thin and rotten, it is said. All that is known is this: when Lyons had almost reached the top the rope snapped and he crashed on the rocks below.

The people heard a dreadful cry below and a wild yell of triumph above. Sea-birds flew up madly into the air. Then came the sharp, rapid crackle of the machine-gun.

Lyons lay on the ridge of the rock below, maybe a hundred feet down. Greaney and McEnery and Hathaway sprang to him out of the cave, but he was riddled by the gun-fire while he lay. When they lifted him he was dead.

The firing went on and on.

Father Cahill stood with his arms lifted on the edge of the cliff.

"Savages! Stop shooting!" he cried.

He gave Conditional Absolution, standing there on the ridge, to the man below. Then all was quiet for a while.

The story then continues to recount the fate of the comrades of Hero Lyons, and the volume concludes with the thought that the treachery to the nation has made all this sacrifice necessary to the fulfilment of the destiny of EIRE.

Kathleen Barry and Miss O'Rahilly. Miss Barry was released after hunger-striking. Miss O'Rahilly is still in gaol. Her only crime is that she was treasurer of this fund.

Nor has the Free State Government contented itself with the seizure of money only. In the course of a recent raid parcels of children's clothing, which had been collected for the little ones, were seized by the raiding party, who declared they had widows and orphans of their own.

These occurrences have on each occasion been reported to the Free State military authorities, but no acknowledgment of our communications has been received. On the contrary, it has been repeatedly stated in the course of raids that the Free State Government intended to smash the work of relief.

This is evidently the policy of this Government, who hope that by bringing their dependents to the verge of starvation they may succeed in forcing Republican prisoners to sign against their conscience the form for release.

2. The Committee protesting against the action of His Lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan, of Cork, in publicly forbidding collections for this fund at church doors in his diocese, wish to draw attention to the fact that a collection to relieve distress of starving children in Central Europe was held at all the churches at the order of His Holiness. It may be recalled that a higher percentage per population was contributed by Ireland on that occasion than by any other country.

3. The Committee, therefore, relying on the sympathy always shown by the Holy Father for the suffering women and children, victimised through no fault of their own—a sympathy testified to by generous contribution to and constant interest in organisations for relief purposes—request respectfully that Your Excellency bring these facts to the notice of His Holiness, and ask his mediation to secure:

(i) That interference on the part of the Free State Government with the fund and its administration shall cease;

(ii) That their Lordships the Bishops order, or at least allow, a collection to be made at all church doors in their diocese, to replenish by this means a fund which, in its present condition, is able only to afford the meagre dole of £1,500 a week among the poorer families of close on 16,000 prisoners, which it tries to save from starvation.

From a Lady Prisoner in Kilmainham Jail.

NB

A CHARA, April 14, 1923.

I wonder whether we shall all be commemorating the Easter Rising here on April 24. It would be a sad and strange occasion for the women whose men died for the Republic in this prison seven years ago.

The sense of accumulated tragedy, endless sacrifice, the never-ceasing persecution of those who stand for Ireland's freedom, has been terribly oppressive in this gloomy and evil-reputed jail. The very stones of our exercise yard speak to us always of the blood that stained them in that awful week of May, 1916—the blood of TOM CLARKE, TOMAS MACDONAGH, PADRAIG PEARSE, JOSEPH PLUNKETT, EDWARD DALY, MICHAEL O'HANRAHAN, WILLIS PEARSE, CON COLBERT, SEAN HEUSTON, MICHAEL MALLIN, EAMON CENNT, MAJOR MACBRIDE, SEAN MACDERMOTT, and JAMES CONNOLLY.

Mrs. JOSEPH PLUNKETT is here now, a Republican prisoner of war. She was here once before, when at midnight on May 3, 1916, she was married in the prison chapel to the man who was led out from his wedding to his execution by the forces of the English Crown.

NORA CONNOLLY was brought here from Mountjoy on February 5. The men who seized these women and drove them here wore the uniform of Ireland's green—the uniform in which Joseph Plunkett was married, in which he and his comrades were buried.

I heard Nora Connolly's low voice, full of pain, as the lorry stopped outside the prison gate: "The English killed my father here in 1916, and now the Free Staters are putting me in prison here." One of our guards was very young—he turned his face away as though he feared to cry: "I was in the North when the split came," he whispered, brokenly, "I didn't understand." They do these things for three and sixpence a day. Nora is in the prison hospital now—a poor little ghost of herself. She never quite recovered from the agony of Easter Week, and in this prison she cannot sleep.

LILY O'BRENNAN has been here before; she was a prisoner herself in Easter Week, and heard those executions: the cell she is in was that of her brother-in-law, EAMON CENNT. The sister of THE O'RAHILLY was here then: his two sisters are here now: one has been wounded by the Free State troops.

Madame GONNE MACBRIDE, arrested on April 10 while working for hunger-strikers, is now here, on hunger-strike herself. Her imprisonment in Holloway and her incessant labour for the people of Ireland have almost worn her out; long imprisonment in this dark, airless, jail would kill her: she is hunger-striking for her life.

To-day, the whole prison, over-crowded with nearly three hundred girls and women, has been as quiet as a house of death. Miss NELL RYAN and Miss O'NEILL,

of Wexford, have been on hunger-strike for twenty-three days, and even Miss Ryan's wonderful vigour has given way: they are both terribly weak—Miss COSTELLO's hunger-strike has lasted eighteen days, but she was always very delicate, and is so weak that we are afraid she cannot live beyond to-night. The charge against her is that copies of a Republican newspaper were found in her possession. She has been refused the Sacraments.

The last blow fell on Thursday, the twelfth, when Mrs. MICHAEL O'CALLAGHAN, the widow of the murdered Lord Mayor of Limerick, and Miss MARY MACSWINEY, the sister of the martyred Lord Mayor of Cork, were brought here, both on hunger-strike since their arrest. For those of us who nursed Miss MacSwiney through her twenty-four days' hunger-strike four months ago, it is heart-breaking to see her facing all that suffering again.

But these women are dedicated to the Republic. They inherit the task and the tradition of TERENCE MACSWINEY and MICHAEL O'CALLAGHAN and the men of 1916. They love the cause as profoundly, and have laboured for it as faithfully. If they, too, die for it, in Kilmainham Jail, they will die as serenely as their men.

But the unbearable things are the green uniforms of our jailers and the tri-colour, stained and faded, flying over the jail.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

The Persecution of Dr. Con Murphy—The Reason.

Dr. Con Murphy, M.A., D.Ph., was arrested on March 22 last. He immediately went on hunger-strike as a protest. No charge was preferred against him until he had been twenty days on hunger-strike. Then, because they could not give the real reason for his imprisonment, nor for the threat to murder him, which had previously been made, the King's Ministers had to frame a charge. The real reason for the persecution of this Irish gentleman was that he had appealed to His Holiness the Pope against the political pronouncement of the Free State Bishops. On April 11 a charge was drawn up and Dr. Murphy's crime, according to this Charge Sheet, was a threefold one, namely:

- That he had in his possession a draft notice of a trial by Court Martial upon a charge of negligence, addressed to a civilian person unknown. This document is a forgery.
- That he had in his control a copy of the *Daily Bulletin*, No. 106. This issue of the *Daily Bulletin* detailed the incidents of the war against the Sinn Féin organisation waged by the Free State political party which calls itself a Government, and stated that such war against the one organisation which more than any other reflected the true will of the people during the past six years, showed that the Free State party were fighting, not to uphold the will of the people, but to defeat it.
- That he had in his control a copy of the *Daily Bulletin*, No. 106. This issue of the *Bulletin* contained a copy of a letter written by President De Valera to the editor of the *Irish World*, stating that of all the crimes committed by England against Ireland, the greatest was that of December 5-6, 1921, when Lloyd George, under threat of immediate and terrible war, forced the Irish delegates to sign a Treaty which made civil war in Ireland inevitable.

These copies of the *Daily Bulletin* are described in the Charge Sheet as "containing matter calculated to be prejudicial to the safety of the State." The phrase makes familiar reading to all those who have had bitter experience of England's ways in Ireland, but the real offence committed by Dr. Murphy is not stated in this Charge Sheet. It is that of helping to tear the mask of hypocrisy from the English King's Ministers in Ireland by appealing to the Pope against the political and partisan pronouncement of the Free State Bishops.

It is now falsely stated that Dr. Murphy signed an undertaking before being released. He did nothing of the kind. On the night of his release he was unconscious, and on regaining consciousness he saw standing beside him the Deputy Governor of the jail and the prison doctor. The latter had a stimulant in his hand, and Dr. Murphy refused to take this until he got an assurance that he was being released unconditionally. The Free State Ministers had had a report to the effect that he would not live through the night in the prison, and that it was even doubtful that he would live to reach the Mater Hospital. The King's Ministers, who solemnly state that the nineteen prisoners who were butchered in Kerry were not deliberately murdered, are also apparently equal to forging an honourable man's signature to a dishonourable document.

The Murder Gang's Latest Victim.

Captain Martin Hogan, O/C. 1st Battalion, A.S.U. Dublin Brigade, I.R.A., was taken out of a house in Dorset Street on Saturday night by Free State troops. His dead body, riddled with bullets, was found in Drumcondra on Sunday morning. He is the latest victim of those who, in the words of the *Irish Times*,

"refuse to wait upon the law's normal processes." We expect that Mr. Mulcahy will issue the usual notice stating that such work cannot be attributed to the army, as it is not in accordance with the high traditions, etc., etc., and that he will, at the same time, send Mr. O'Bryne, B.L., to the inquest to shield the murderers.

A Murdered Man's Brother.

A brother of the late Capt. Thomas O'Leary, I.R.A., who was murdered by Free State forces on March 23 outside Tranquilla Convent, Rathmines, was arrested on April 14, and taken to Oriel House, where he was beaten beyond recognition. A priest who was brought in to attend to him expressed horror at the state of the man, and at being asked to administer the sacraments in such unholy surroundings. It will be remembered that Captain O'Leary's body was found lying on the roadway, riddled with bullets, and that Mr. O'Bryne, B.L., for the Free State, claimed privilege at the inquest, when asked to assist the jury in the matter of helping to find the Free State forces who murdered him. We expect that Mr. Mulcahy, if questioned about the beating of this man, will treat the public to the usual cant about high traditions, etc., etc.

When will Mr. Mulcahy admit that the reason he does not deal with the murder gang is because if he attempts to do so, the murder gangs will deal with him? The King's Ministers will find that it is easier to create murder gangs than to control them.

A Raid on the Priests in Cashel.

(From a Letter.)

"They arrived about 10 p.m., poured into the house to search, as we soon discovered, for President De Valera, who was supposed to have come here in the garb of a cleric, or dressed as a lady. They routed up the priests and brothers, and searched in every nook and corner, not, however, without hearing some plain truths expressed in terms to which they were evidently not accustomed. 'Only doing our duty!' 'Aye,' said one of the Fathers, 'Judas probably thought he was doing his duty when he sold our Lord for thirty pieces of silver.' The English never interfered with the fathers at night, and they respected them when they visited them by day, but the Free State brave warriors acted like bloodhounds—brandishing their pistols and holding them to the heads of the boys as they passed along. They remained till after midnight, and returned next morning with their armoured car keeping watch, and raiding the house again during Masses. They need not Mass or fasting. Anyway they got it hot and heavy from the tongues of the priests, and they certainly did not enjoy their visit. You have read the fate of the poor lad—and some others of them in to-day's paper. An uneducated individual, who was nothing in pre-truce days, but has since made himself remarkable by his ferocious pursuit of the I.R.A. of this, his own parish, is here responsible. One priest was told by one of the officers that the raid was ordered by Mulcahy. When he could allow his minions to desecrate the homes of the sacred dead of Ireland why should the priests be surprised?"

Mr. Kevin O'Higgins Explodes the "Constitutional Action" Myth.

"The Man from Pim's."

Speaking in the Colonial Parliament on April 20, Mr. Kevin O'Higgins stated that the raid on Mr. Gavan Duffy's house was carried out with his (Mr. O'Higgins's) consent and authority.

Mr. Gavan Duffy's description of the raid showed that:

- (1) Early in March his house was raided in broad daylight by men who were not in uniform, and who arrived in a lorry (with the consent and authority of the King's Minister).
- (2) On March 27, at 5-30 a.m., twenty men, not in uniform, entered the house, carrying revolvers and flash lamps (with the consent and authority of the King's Minister).
- (3) When informed that it was Mr. Gavan Duffy's house, and that he was away, one of the men stated: "We know it is, and we will do him in when he gets back" (with the consent and authority of the King's Minister).
- (4) Various small articles were purloined (with the consent and authority of the King's Minister).
- (5) A certain amount of wreckage was done (with the consent and authority of the King's Minister).
- (6) The raiders went through all Mr. Gavan Duffy's private papers (with the consent and authority of the King's Minister).
- (7) A pocket diary was taken by the raiders (with the consent and authority of the King's Minister).
- (8) Later in the day a man brought to the house some of the abstracted papers wrapped in brown paper, with block letters printed on it so as to prevent identification of hand-writing (with the consent and authority of the King's Minister).
- (9) This man, when questioned, stated that he came from Pim's (with the consent and authority of the King's Minister).

Éire

THE IRISH NATION

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SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1923.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

The Horrors of the Curragh Camps.

The following extracts from the diary of a prisoner in Tintown Camp bear out accounts previously published concerning the brutalities practised on the prisoners by the Free State soldiers and their Auxiliaries.

April 22nd—The real troubles started on the night of April 21—22nd, when 72 men escaped from No. 1 Camp. Seven of these men were recaptured and subjected to horrible tortures in the Glass House.

April 23rd—Last night sentries were informed by officers that they would be shot if any prisoners escaped. Eamon Enright, O/C, Prisoners' No. 2 Camp, taken to Glass House and tortured for three nights and days before being removed to Mountjoy. Besides being beaten, he was handcuffed and hung up by the hands, with his toes barely touching the ground, for three nights in succession.

April 25th—This day began with the flashing of the guns by the police. The men were pulled out of bed and kicked in the ribs and back. Prominent in this work was Sergt. Fitzsimmons (or Fitzgibbon), ex-member of the English army. Brigadier McCormick and Vice-Brig. Lynam beat the prisoners on their heads, faces and chests, the former using his cane, the latter his gun. Breakfast at 2 p.m., dinner at 5-30 p.m. Capt. O'Reilly fired into several of the huts.

April 26th—Much the same. About half a dozen heads cut. Forced labour began. Twenty-six men picked out, and on refusing to work were beaten by the Brig., Vice-Brig., Sergt. Fitzsimmons and several Police, including McClusky, a C.I.D. man whose father, a peeler, was shot in the Tan war. This man displayed a pair of pliers in his pocket. Liam Stack, of Kerry, was badly beaten, his glasses being smashed on his eyes. Sean Healy, of Cork, was beaten with revolvers, jumped on and choked into a state of insensibility. Paddy Darcy, Galway, was beaten with a shovel and rifle and jumped on. Dolan, Galway, was prodded with a bayonet several times. William Heavey, from near Athenry, was beaten, dragged along the ground and kicked to the censor's office, where he was nearly kicked to death. In his case this was repeated next morning and the next night. As a result he lay for two weeks at death's door before he could be moved into the hospital. He was with Liam Mellows in 1916 and fought all the time since. Martin Moran, of Galway, was smashed across the face by Lynam with the butt end of a pool cue. At the same time the Governor, Boylan, took a rifle and fixed bayonet from one of the guard and plunged it into Moran's leg several times. He was then thrown into the same room with Heavey and beaten again. This man resigned from the D.M.P. in 1916 and joined the Republicans, and has been with them since.

April 29th—Sergt. Fitzsimmons and an Englishman whom we call "Cockney," entered huts and used guns freely, battering the prisoners on the head and face. Kicked men in back and ribs. "Cockney" shot a prisoner named Rattigan, of Sligo, in the arm.

May 1st—Not much rest during night as they were searching for tunnels. Capt. O'Reilly discovered, pasted on the wall a cartoon from "Dublin Opinion," which he interpreted as a reflection on the "National army." The two boys sleeping under the cartoon were awakened and removed to the censor's office, and afterwards transferred to the Glass House, given 14 days' hard labour with the usual punishment.

The hospital came in for rough treatment last night. Sergt. Fitzsimmons tore down the screen which served for patients' examination room. Made patients get up and stand to beds. One dying man, Paddy Maher, Tipperary, had been appointed and screened off. They asked who was in there, and being told it was a dying man, Brig. McCormick said: "It's taking the — a long time to die."

May 5th—An epidemic of flu, 185 cases in one night. Medical supplies inadequate. A doctor and a

medical student amongst the prisoners working very hard, but handicapped by shortage of medicine.

May 15th—John Clarke, American citizen, and soldier in the American army, was struck in the chest and face with a revolver by Sergt. Fitzsimmons because he did not take his hands out of his pockets quickly enough.

May 24th—This being a Holy Day, the Free State soldiers amused themselves by drawing their guns and chasing the prisoners down the field. They then stripped the huts of all the things the prisoners were making to relieve the tedium—picture frames, mats, etc. This is part of the policy to break the men and not allow them to have a moment's peace of mind or comfort.

In a covering note accompanying this diary, the writer says: "I have only noted the outstanding acts of brutality, but it must be remembered that every day since the beginning of this savagery has been one of nerve-racking strain and uncertainty. You can realise the feelings and state of mind of the prisoners, not knowing what may happen at any minute. This uncertainty exists up to date. The men in Huts 1 to 18 lost most of their personal belongings and were left without mugs, plates, knives, forks, etc., after being barred from the huts on the 23rd April. The officers who proved themselves proper brutes have all been promoted; Quartermaster Dunne was promoted to Deputy Governor, Brig. McCormick to Adjt., Vice-Brig. Lynam to Brig. McCormick, Lynam and Boylan the Governor, all come from the neighbourhood of Dunboyne."

The Suffering of Our Women.

Mary Comerford—and the Climax.

Her friends have feared for a long time for Mary Comerford that she would not survive this fight, the rancour of the enemy against her seemed to be as strong as is the affection of her friends. She was fired at more than once while cycling and driving—on one occasion a bullet pierced her hat. Her relations felt actually relieved when she was arrested, thinking that in prison her life would be safe.

She was arrested in January last and brought to Mountjoy Prison, where a protest against overcrowding was being made at the time. She co-operated in this protest, helping to throw out a bed. As a punishment she and Sheila Humphries were removed to the criminal wing. There they found themselves forced to associate with syphilitic convicts and to use the same vessels; they demanded to be separated from these women and to be given their rights (including letters) as prisoners of war.

No notice was taken of their demands and they started a hunger strike. During the hunger strike Mary Comerford, for waving her hand to a comrade in the political wing, was fired at by a sentry and wounded in the leg. The great loss of blood which resulted, in conjunction with the continued hunger strike, reduced her to a very weak condition. Then their rights were restored and for a while the two girls were treated well.

But Mary's battles were not over. On March 26th came the removal from Mountjoy to the North Dublin Union. Women from Oriel House, of a degraded and brutal type, were sent to strip and search the prisoners. Prisoners who resisted any part of their disgusting proceedings were attacked by them with violence. Miss Nora Spillane, one of the deportees, gave the following account of their behaviour:

"Maire Comerford was so badly beaten about the head that she had to have three stitches by the medical officer. Maire Degan received a black eye. Sheila Gaughran and Peg Delany were flung down stairs. Eileen Barry's (Kevin's sister) clothes were dragged off her and she was treated very roughly. Rose Killen's (London deportee) dress was cut off her and she was subjected to great indignities. Siorcha MacDermott (London deportee) was knocked on the floor by five Cumann-na Saoirse women and stripped of her shoes and stockings and dress; held down by Harry Mangan (Prison Adjutant) who knelt

on her while the women beat her with her own shoes. Two other military men, whom she afterwards identified in the presence of the Governor then took her in a corner, forced her to her knees while they twisted her wrists till she fainted. When she recovered consciousness she was out in the passage, lying on the floor partially dressed, and her clothes were saturated with water which they had flung on her. Her face is bruised and her lip cut, and her body covered with bruises. Her wrist is badly sprained, her arm in a sling, and she is in bed in a helpless condition, suffering severely from the strain and shock."

I saw Mary Comerford in the North Dublin Union and saw the scar on her head. The day after my release (May 6th) she made a daring escape.

In spite of the cessation of all hostilities by the Republicans she was hunted down and was re-arrested on . . . last (i.e. two weeks ago) and taken to Kilmainham, the worst of all prisons.

She has been on hunger strike since her arrest. Her mother's request to see the Governor, Doctor, or Chaplain of the prison has been refused.

If the war is not over, Mary Comerford is a prisoner of war and should be allowed to communicate with her friends. If the war is over, her re-arrest is an act of wanton aggression by the Free State troops, and her continued detention, on hunger strike, a most provocative action on the part of the Free State Government, and one calculated to aggravate the growing feeling that the Ministry are determined to have "war at any cost."

They have boasted of a complete victory; but it seems they cannot yet afford to cease the persecution of this girl. Should she die on hunger strike in Kilmainham gaol the campaign against the Republican women of Ireland will have reached a climax long threatened and foreseen.

Mulcahy Takes Responsibility.

Richard Mulcahy, speaking in the Free State Parliament on June 1, said there was nothing that the Free State Army had done that he was not fully and completely associated with. This is not surprising from the man who shielded the miscreants responsible for the Clondalkin and Thatch murders, and the ninety other murders committed by his murder gangs in Dublin and throughout the country, who publicly backed a lying report that the hideous work of that army in Kerry in tying seventeen prisoners to mines and blowing them into eternity, was a series of accidents, and who deliberately wages an unrelenting war against women and children in an endeavour to break the spirit of men who have been true to the cause he betrayed.

He takes responsibility for

THE WORK OF HANDCOX IN KERRY.

some particulars of which are given in the following report:

"A Free State Officer who has returned from Kerry was telling me of some terrible things done by Comdt. Handcox in his area (Tralee). Handcox tied a prisoner's feet with a rope, fastened one end of the rope to a lorry and drove off at top speed for 21 miles. There was hardly anything left of the prisoner at the end of the journey, bits of his flesh being scattered in all directions. On another occasion Handcox went to a house to arrest a supposed Irregular. There was no one there but the man and his mother. Handcox fired and wounded him in the leg. The mother screamed and shouted to Handcox that he had wounded her son. Thereupon Handcox fired six more shots into the man's body as he lay on the ground, saying: 'I've killed him now.'"

He takes responsibility for

THE BLACKGUARDISM IN DROGHEDA.

Including the destruction of the Boyne Obelisk, concerning which the following is a report from the Adjutant of the 6th Brigade, 4th N. Div., I.R.A.:

"Re destruction of Boyne Obelisk, I find there is no doubt about the identity of the parties responsible,

In reading down the picked extracts alleged to be taken from prisoners' correspondence, one meets such sentences as, "We have plenty of everything—don't trouble to send anything in." I expected to see some such extract from one of my letters to my mother. How often, when I was absolutely starving, have I written in a similar strain, knowing how hard it was for my mother to provide for herself and my young brothers and sisters. Many a time have I assured her that I was comfortable and in the best of health when I was forced to lie in lice-infested blankets, refused medical attention when ill, and kept awake at night by the groans and screams of tortured comrades and the drunken shouts and laughter of their inquisitors. (This was when I was undergoing solitary confinement in the famous, or infamous, basement of "B" Wing, Mountjoy.)

Later, I was transferred to the Curragh. From there I wrote in the same heartening vein, though 120 of us were packed into stables built for 50 horses; though good men died from want of proper treatment; though scabies raged, and the hospital was kept filled because it was almost impossible to get simple medicines such as Epsom Salts, Bismuth, etc.

Like some of the extracts published, I wrote of the games we enjoyed and the classes we attended, though the authorities would not allow proper facilities for either one or the other. But we managed. The propelling idea being to make ourselves more efficient soldiers and better citizens, so that at a moment's notice we could take the field again in defence of the Republic.

The first extract quoted by the "I.I." is one taken from a letter of Eamonn Enright. I was in the same hut as he in Tintown Camp, Curragh. It reads: "We have some five acres of ground about which, from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m., 1,500 gentlemen of various sorts and conditions may be seen promenading." Yet from this "Harrogate ar an Curragh," seventy-one soldiers of the Republic risked life and limb to escape on the 22nd of April last. I was one of them, and know what I'm talking about.

Mise, le meas mór,

EADBEARD P. AN MORDAUNT.

"E" Coy., 1st Battn., Dublin Bdge., I.R.A.
Late No. 10,
No. 1 Camp, Tintown.

Mary Comerford's Challenge to the Free State.

The British Empire has achieved a notable victory, it seems. On Irish soil, through an army of Irishmen, "with an economy of English lives," it has destroyed the Republic which withstood its terror for seven incredible years. Cathal Brugha, Erskine Childers, Rory, Liam, and a hundred others, "bright candles of the Gael," are dead; the men who remain, as the English boast, are in prison or hunted in the hills. It seemed almost that Ireland might enjoy the Pax Britannica again.

Out of Kilmainham Prison, that proud fortress of the Republic, a single desperate challenge rings, in spite of the "collapse of the revolt," in spite of the "Government" that would let hunger strikers die, in spite of the triumphing Empire, Mary Comerford is hunger striking for release.

"It is like her!" that was one's first thought; the second, "They will let her die," and the third, bitter and sorrowful, "Ireland needed this."

Has a lethargy so deep fallen upon the people that Ireland may be bought and sold, betrayed, enslaved, dishonoured, before they wake? Like the curse of Macha, the "Kesh" of the Red Branch heroes, this terrible sleep takes the people now and again. While it is over them they will delude themselves with any childish fantasy, believe any coward lie that gives them peace. It is the crack of the rifles of the firing squad only, the sight of their champions lying dead, that can rouse them again to life. And they have become satiated with blood—sacrifice at last—so many loved them well enough to die, so many in all the centuries, so many in nineteen-sixteen, so many this autumn and winter and bitter spring. They have learnt to shut their hearts against even the execution of brave men. "Maybe they'll begin to understand," I have heard girls say wistfully in prison, "when a woman dies in jail."

"The logic of unjust tyranny is brutality and more brutality," a writer in Eire said when Mary Comerford and Sighe Humphries were on hunger strike in Mountjoy. It is true; that is why Mary is on hunger strike in Kilmainham now. Tyranny should be resisted no matter what suffering resistance costs—that has always been her creed. To her mind, every arrest by the usurpers was illegal; it was not her own wish that made her last January accept the status of a prisoner of war—that status she accepted, but she resisted all attempts to infringe it without counting the cost, although she knew, as every prisoner helpless among ruthless enemies knows, that resistance brings only punishment, and further resistance punishment again, until the ultimate weapon, hunger strike, wins victory for the prisoner, or death. She resisted overcrowding and was removed, with Sighe Humphries, to the criminal wing. They resisted, by hunger strike, the

enforced association with criminals; while they were hunger striking, Mary, for waving her hand to us, was shot by a sentry through the leg. Then came an unsuccessful effort to escape and the punishment—solitary confinement for a certain number of days. For the specified days they submitted; after that they demanded the regulation exercise and association again, and day after day they were dragged by soldiers, struggling, to their cells.

When on March 28 the prisoners were to be transferred to the North Dublin Union, and coarse, drunken women were called in to search the girls, Mary Comerford resisted personal search. Five women attacked her, armed with sticks, and she received a cut on the head which had to have three stitches, and took long to heal.

But it takes more than a battered head and a wounded leg to keep Mary in jail. In the North Dublin Union she planned an escape so perilous that only my knowledge of her stubborn spirit kept me from imploring her to give up the attempt. Over the wall, in daylight, where sentries swarmed—men who were for ever firing, threatening they would "shoot to kill." But she had thought of everything. She was the first to go over the top. She got over the wall and away.

Then, while she was living concealed, impatient, hungry for work in Dublin, came the order to our army to dump arms—our military campaign was at an end. Not so, however, the Free State military campaign. It continued with impunity to the perpetrators, that was the only difference. They continued to hunt down the unarmed men and women whose faith might help to keep the flame alight. They recaptured Mary Comerford on June 1.

She went on hunger strike at once.

She meant to fight her battle herself. She let no one know. For twelve days her mother could not find out the truth. Ireland knows it now.

Though our guns are silent, the Republican fight goes on: unarmed, we can still resist. She is proving this. She has challenged the Free State Government's cynical resolution to let uncharged prisoners die. She has challenged their presumption to continue war-making now that we have laid down arms. She has challenged the might of the Empire to destroy the Republic of the people's will.

The people of Ireland who have given up their will, miserably, and let these things happen. The Free State soldiers who, shame-faced and heavy-hearted, do these things, what are they but the victims of a monstrous lie—that the treaty is freedom, sovereignty, and peace?

The logic of this unjust treaty is "brutality and more brutality." Mary Comerford is proving that—proving it for the people of Ireland, on her own body, bruised and wounded and starved. How soon will the people of Ireland understand? Do they need her death?

D.M.

A Hunger Striker's Opinion of the Weapon from a Moral Standpoint.

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

In this sentence of Our Divine Lord is contained the whole justification of the hunger-strike as a moral weapon in the fight for freedom. In all ages the man who lays down his life voluntarily for his country, his friend, for his religion above all, has been venerated. He can show no greater love. We note that Our Lord does not specify any particular method of laying down his life. No way is specially praised, none is condemned.

But willingness to lay down one's life for a good purpose is not the same as taking one's own life. It is not even desiring death. Fasting, in itself, is not an evil act, it is generally a meritorious act; and while death is a possible effect of a hunger-strike, it is not a necessary effect. There is another possible and more probable effect—the release of the hunger-striker and the consequent triumph, to that extent at least, of the protest against unlawful authority.

What theological ground had the Bishop of Cork for maintaining, as he did from the pulpit in November, 1922, that a hunger-striker was guilty of the crime of self-murder, and therefore of a grievous sin against the Fifth Commandment?

Suicide and Hunger-strike: The Difference.

The difference between a suicide and one who adopts the hunger-strike is fundamentally a difference of motive. The suicide is either insane, and therefore irresponsible, or, in the rare cases where the act is really one of *felo de se*, his aim is to put an end to his life because he finds the troubles of life insupportable. He takes the life which is not his to take, but which he is bound to use *ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*.

He aims at death, not at some higher good through death; his motive is selfish, relief from pain; his action is sinful, denying the sovereignty of his Creator.

The Hunger-strike.

The person, however, who undertakes a hunger-strike as part of a fight in a war of liberation is in a totally different position. In this case death is not a

motive, it is not the end in view any more than a soldier going bravely into battle aims at his own death. Death may result in either case, but it is not purposed.

A good deal of controversy took place during the hunger-strike of the late Terence MacSwiney in Brixton Prison. Some priests like Father Bernard Vaughan took the view that it was suicide, but then, as an Englishman, he was naturally prejudiced. Many Jesuits in America also wrote on the subject, and I have been told that it was the subject of an article in "Civiltà Cattolica." I did not see many of these articles. I was not much concerned with controversial discussions on the subject at the time. I knew that he suffered for Ireland's independence, and that he was prepared to suffer to the end.

But as the religious persecution to which Republicans at present are subjected is bringing this, among other matters, to the fore, it is well to show that the hunger-strike is not used by us without due thought for the moral aspect underlying all such actions, and that we find our justification in the sentence here quoted. "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend"; whether that life is laid down on the arena, on the battlefield, in the prison cell, or on a Kerry roadside does not matter.

The man who jumps into the river or under the wheels of an onrushing train to save a fellow-creature does not aim at his own death; if he dies in the act he is not guilty of the "crime of self-murder," and just as that man may have a chance of escape, so the hunger-striker has a good chance of release.

One of the visitors in Brixton in 1920 was the Right Rev. Dr. Shanahan, Bishop of Nigeria, with whom I had a long conversation. He had just returned from Rome. He told me that in an interview with the Holy Father, the late Pope Benedict XV., His Holiness questioned him about Ireland, which the Bishop had lately visited, and asked very particularly about the hunger-strike of the Lord Mayor of Cork, what his aim was, what he hoped to effect by it, and many other questions.

Some time after that His Holiness sent my brother a special blessing on his death-bed.

The Holy Father surely would not have done that if there were any doubt about the morality of the hunger-strike as a weapon in the fight for freedom.

MARY MACSWINEY.

Questions for Free State Candidates.

Now that some, at any rate, of the Free State party are seeking re-election, we suggest below some questions that might be put to them:

- (1) Will you produce the written orders sent by England ordering your "Ministry" to attack the Four Courts?
- (2) Were the guns at the Four Courts worked by English soldiers specially sent from the Phoenix Park for the purpose?
- (3) Did Mr. Cosgrave bring back from England on November 11 definite orders that Capt. Erskine Childers was to be executed?
- (4) If the Treaty is the will of the people, why not hold a plebiscite on this question alone?
- (5) How many Freemasons are there in the Senate?
- (6) If the people voted for the Pact, why was it not carried out?
- (7) If the Pact was wrong, why did you not speak against it or vote against it on May 20, 1922?
- (8) Why was not Parliament called together before the Four Courts were attacked?
- (9) Is it true that the King clauses in the Constitution were supported by only twenty-nine per cent. of the possible membership of the House?
- (10) Is it true that Mr. Mulcahy connived at Rory O'Connor's occupation of the Four Courts on the grounds that any action taken in Ulster would be attributed to the Republicans and not to the Free Staters?
- (11) If the Treaty was the will of the people, why did not the plenipotentiaries bring it back to Dail Eireann before signing it?
- (12) Was not the Pact the law of the land since it had been unanimously decreed by Dail Eireann?

Credo.

So green the hills of Ireland shine under the Eastern sun,
So wildly, sweetly, through the glens her living waters run,
That I can dwell, for love of them, where is nor wind nor sun.

Freedom is such a holy thing to make a people brave,
Fashion a wise man from a churl, a hero from a slave,
I can abide, for love of it, in prison, or the grave.

S.M. Kilmainham.

which were overcrowded. He proceeds, one should expect some remonstrance from the English Government against excesses which are opposed to justice, humanity, and the most elementary conceptions of civil and religious liberty. . . . This is the most striking when we consider how ready our statesmen and politicians are to respond to the calls of humanity in every part of the world. . . . Interest in Naboth's Vineyard may have inspired the outcry in the one case (Belgium), while political expediency stifles it in the other. . . . What a contrast to the action of those generous humane English residents in Portugal, who with great risk to themselves—for the vengeance of the Carbonari (Portuguese for C.I.D.?) is swift and pitiless—have formed a Committee and drawn up reports of the atrocities. . . .

When the laws of humanity and civilisation are outraged in Portugal, it is a matter of intimate concern to the Head of the Catholic Church in Ireland. When things far more abominable are done to his own fellow-countrymen and co-religionists almost at his own gate, it is a matter of indifference to him.

Richard Dowling—Prisoner.

To the Editor, "Irish Independent," Dublin.

June 5, 1923.

Sir,—I should like to express my sincere sympathy with those who write indignantly about the continued detention of Richard Dowling in an English prison.

The real reasons for that continued detention lie in the nature of the "Treaty" itself; the fast-bound British citizenship of the Free State; the fact that the Free State Army is in very truth His Majesty's Free State Army; and that the release of Dowling would, from that point of view, set a grave precedent for the future. The release of Dowling, like the omission of the Oath, might be giving what Dr. MacCartan calls an Irish interpretation to the Treaty.

I had begun this letter before I noticed that of "Non-Politician" in your issue of last week. He may call it a "plank in a platform" if it so pleases him. The "platform" I am interested in is the safety of the Republic. That being the greater, will include the less—the rescue of Dowling and the exclusion of British exploiters of Ireland among many other things.

Meantime, if in an endeavour to prove that their "Free" State is free, His Majesty's Free State Ministers will secure poor Dowling's release without further delay, the whole country will rejoice. Would it not be better for them to have it as "a feather in their caps" than a "plank in their platform."

MARY MACSWINEY.

Protests to the Pope.

June 25, 1923.

The following telegrams have been sent to His Holiness the Pope:

"I have two sons, two daughters in prison. Bishop of Cork incites Free Staters to murder them by praising clemency in filling prisons instead of graveyards. —BARRY."

"As mother, strongly protest against use made of Sacrament of Confirmation. My little boy scandalised by Bishop of Cork's attack on all he is taught to respect. Will Your Holiness stop politics in Church. —O'MAHONY, Western Road, Cork."

"Most Holy Father, we claim justice from you in the name of God and the Catholic Church. Bishop of Cork made four political speeches at Confirmation ceremonies diocesan. Openly incited Free Staters to more murders by praising their clemency in filling jails instead of graveyards. How long are Catholics to bear injustice and insults?—Signed for Republican Women of Cork, NORA NI BERRIAN."

"To whom shall we go but to you for redress. Bishop of Cork slanders my dead brother in address to Confirmation children from altar. Powerless to answer him there. —MACSWINEY."

Lord Mayor MacCurtain on the Bishop of Cork.

Extract from a letter of Thomas MacCurtain (R.I.P.), the Lord Mayor of Cork, who was murdered by the Black and Tans. Dated May 6, 1917, to Peg Doyle, 18, McDowell's Avenue, Ceanní's Fort, Mount Brown.

"Re the Bishop of Cork.—This is no time for double-meaning phrases, and I can't say I admire anything of the kind in a Bishop. Bishop Coholan I once believed had better stuff in him, but he didn't exercise it if he had, and apparently he isn't improving. Might is not right, but it sometimes appeals even to

Catholic Bishops as we, of all people, know. Bishop O'Dwyer for me. I pass from Dr. Coholan. I have no business for wishy-washy attitudes. When Ireland is strong, Bishop Coholan and all those people will be entirely on our side, but not till then; therefore, our business in future is to get on with the work—everything else will follow, and God is not always on the side of the mighty, even if some Bishops are."

The Death Dance.

The following excerpt comes from the last issue of *Young India*, edited by Mahatma Gandhi before his arrest and sentence to six years' imprisonment last spring:

"It is the same thing whether it is done with the kid glove or without it. The Councils (Colonial Parliament and Senate) are the kid glove. We must pay for the glove. It would be a thousand times better for us to be ruled by a military dictator than to have that dictatorship concealed under sham councils and assemblies. They prolong the agony and increase the expenditure. If we are so anxious to live, it would be more honourable to face the truth and submit to unabashed dictation, than to pretend that we are now slowly becoming free. There is no such thing as slow freedom. Freedom is like birth. Till we are fully free we are slaves. All birth takes place in a moment. . . . The councillors (members and senators) want their fares and extras, the ministers their salaries, the lawyers their fees, the suitors their decrees, the parents such education for their boys as would give them status in the present life, the millionaires want facilities for multiplying their millions, and the rest their unmanly peace. The whole revolves beautifully round the central corporation (the King's representative and his ministers). It is a giddy dance from which no one cares to free himself, and so, as the speed increases, the exhilaration is the greater. . . ."

The Curse of Macha.

Cuchulain speaks at the Ford, leaning on his spear.

Bitter to me the day of your sharp slaying,
Bitter the dawn, that you rose in your headstrong love
Crying "We only are free of the curse,
"We and Cuchulain: he stands in the gap alone:
"Cuchulain, we come!"—and fell on the spears of death

As you'd run to your mother's arms!
"Would be well I to be dead and you living;
It would not trouble me,—Young lads that never
Learnt the wisdom of fear or the use of a lie,—
Chiefs' sons that should have been strong towers,
Torches of war, songs in the mouths of ollavs,
Every one with a hundred triumphant battles
Sounding about his name!—You to be dead,—
Conn of the tangled locks,—impetuous Niall,—
All the boy-host, like stars.

There are no stars
In the wide sky: a mist crawls on the hills:
The hosts of the foe lie far-spread, very mighty:
There is no sound from the valleys I guard: my heart
Is without joy.

My heavy curse on the black curse of Macha,
That left proud warriors, heroes of Eire,
Weak and shuddering, crouch'd low on the ground;
Weeping in dream, "We are faint with the pains of women!"

Moaning, "Lo, we are spent!"—They sleep! They lie
As dead stones, and the whelming host on the road
That will conquer and laugh!—My grief! . . .

I have a wound
Close to my heart: my right arm is weary,
Night and day taking their powerful blows,
I alone, in the gap: I am heart-sick
Listening for a stir out of the valleys,
Hearing the eagles cry

My wounds bleed
I am heavy and faint with my pain . . .
If I fall
There is none to be guarding the Pass. . . . In the
still night
They will steal like shadows and make the valleys their
own.
Now must the Hound be faithful. . . .
I will not sleep!

It was light itself,—it was glory itself came to me,
Beautiful!—Strength and wonder and sweet rest
Were over me like a dream. . . . It was the God!
He bade me sleep. . . . It was my father, Lugh! . . .
He watched awhile and I slept on the kind hill.

The wild birds are astir and the air is blowing
Little fiery clouds about in the sky:
I have bathed in the dew: I will stand clean and naked
Out on the mountain under the wind and sun.

I see the hosts of the enemy making ready,
I too am ready: my spear is keen,
My shield is a nine-fold strength.

Day-long again
I will challenge them, one by one! I will meet their
blows
And take their wounds and guard the Pass of the Ford
Till my people sleep out their sleep.

The curse will break: They will wake: They will
know their fear
Was a druid swoon and their weakness a phantom
thing!
They will clash their swords on their shields till the
waves of Eire
Shout on the shores for joy!—I will hear the music
Of a rushing, tumultuous host and a mighty cry—
"Cuchulain, we come, we come!"—I will see their
faces
Brave and bright as of old. . . . They will praise me
then,
Maybe. . . . They will say I did well, maybe,
Holding the Ford alone.

DOROTHY MACARDLE, June, 1923.

NOTE.—Are we not impressed by a sense of destiny in this most ancient episode, so deftly retold, foreshadowing the glorious struggle of the finest soldiers of Eire, and the great-hearted patience of a chief waiting for the awakening of the people?—Ed. E.

Donegal and the Prisoners.

Peadar O'Donnell in Solitary Confinement.

Peadar O'Donnell is a prisoner in the Free State concentration camp at Finner, Bundoran; he is in solitary confinement. He is allowed "exercise," that is, he can walk up and down a small space with his thoughts and an armed soldier for company. The other prisoners suffer over-crowding, want of the decencies of life, etc., but at least they are not alone.

We feel certain Mr. O'Higgins would assure inquirers that his "Government" does not inflict solitary confinement on prisoners, nor choose one for victimisation from among many. Yet the fact is there, and Mr. O'Higgins may be assured it does not make the people love your "Government" a bit more. Nor are the people silent.

"The Age of Chivalry."

The Free State sympathisers in the towns of Donegal, Bundoran, Sligo, and other places through which girl prisoners passed on their way from Buncrana jail to Mountjoy some weeks ago, have now very little to say for themselves. Even the most enthusiastic Staters were ashamed to see the condition of the unfortunate girls who sat shivering in wet clothes, bespattered with mud, in open lorries. It was raining, and in some cases it was difficult to discover that the miserable figures were girls, so pitiable was their condition. Many of them had 'flu previous to removal, and two Sligo girls, Gretta Brennan and another, became so ill in Donegal town that they had to be taken to the district hospital, where they were detained.

These facts can be vouched for by the population of any of the towns through which they passed. On the way a halt was made at Finner Camp, near Bundoran, and the rousing cheer from the men prisoners' quarters was hearty enough to warm even the frozen girls.

The Shame of it all.

Miss Annie Coyle, Falcarragh, at present in the North Dublin Union, is in a poor state of health, having contracted a chill while being removed from Mountjoy. She was one of those who made a valiant attempt at escape recently, but luck was against her. Miss Coyle suffered during the Black-and-Tan regime, her treatment in jail then was far from gentle, but at least she had not to suffer the insult put upon her by the Free Staters who, on her arrest last August, kept her for six weeks in the Rock Barracks, Ballyshannon, without any female attendant or companion. The fact was unblushingly admitted in the South Ireland Colonial Parliament in answer to a question. Her release from the intolerable affront was only secured when she went on hunger strike, and even then she was four days on strike before she was removed to a women's jail in Buncrana. Her terrible ordeal alone and helpless among men can be imagined. The gentleman in charge of the Barracks at the time was one "Commandant" Harry McGowan, since dismissed the "army," and now, it is rumoured, preparing to contest a Donegal constituency as an independent candidate. The decent people of Donegal will give him his answer! There are things a man may live down, but this callous indecency will be ever remembered to Harry and his able lieutenant, Mick McGeehan.

First Fruits of the Public Safety Act.

Passing Clonskeagh Bridge late one evening recently, I saw a crowd gathered round a lorry and soldiers streaming out from a cottage, where they had been raiding, and where they had arrested a boy. I was told by the indignant onlookers that they had also raided Mrs. Handlon's cottage, where there were only half-a-dozen young children, the mother having been arrested at the

(Continued at foot of column three, page three)

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First Fruits of Public Safety Act—contd.

funeral of Volunteer McEntee in the morning.

It is a tiny cottage on the Dodder bank. A boy of about fifteen, who has been for a year in hospital, and lame, a brave little girl of about ten, seemed to be in charge; an indefinite number of tiny boys were nursing a rabbit by the fire. Jamie told me the soldiers had found nothing at all in the place; but they had told the boy that his mother was in Kilmainham, and would be kept because they had found copies of EIRE on her.

Nobody in the family is working; the father is dead; the people are very poor.

Thus the Free State army protects the people of Ireland from those who would endanger the Imperial connection.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

HOW RICHARD MULCAHY ENCOURAGED THE SECRET MURDER GANGS.

On September 12, after the bodies of eight of the victims of the Free State secret murder gangs had been found IN COUNTY DUBLIN ALONE, Mr. Mulcahy said, in the Free State Parliament:

"THEY (THE I.R.A.) HAD TO BE MET
VIGOROUSLY, AND THEY (THE FREE

837, and must have been a great deal older than Gorm-
fhlaithe.

(To be continued.)

A Correction.

To the Editor of EIRE.

A Chara,

The sub-title 1798—1923 added to my story "The Prisoner," which appeared in a recent issue of EIRE, is misleading. I described a purely imaginary hunger-strike supposed to take place during the Black- and-Tan campaign.

I must ask you to publish this correction as I should not like to be held guilty of a quite false picture of the hunger-strike of 1923.

Is mise le meas,

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

From the Mother of a Hero.

Republican Prisoners in the Six Counties.

Michael Collins, in his pact with Craig, undertook to make no claim of political treatment for prisoners taken by the Northern Government after March, 1922. The promise made by Sir James Craig to release the Republican prisoners then in his prisons was not kept.

In May the Belfast Parliament passed an Act suppressing the Republican organisations as illegal. Before the proclamations consequent on the enactment had been issued, a round-up was carried out, and scores of arrests were made. Some of the prisoners were tried and sentenced for being in possession of arms. Some were neither charged nor tried, but were detained as suspects; over fifty of these are prisoners still.

Michael McCartan, a veterinary surgeon practising in Omagh, was one of the Republicans arrested then. He is now in Larne Workhouse, a place built for the detention of tramps, bleak, unheated, with broken windows and leaking roof, where in wet weather nearly every prisoner falls ill.

Charles MacWhinney, Professor of Engineering in Derry Technical School, a Protestant and a good Irishman, a disciple of Tone and Mitchell, was arrested at the same time. Suspected while on the *Argenta* of conspiracy, he was transferred to Derry Jail.

The conditions in that "Orange Hell" have been described. The prisoners were at the mercy of warders who kicked and used batons at their own discretion on any man who treated them with less than cringing respect; their unsupported

(Continued on Column 3, Page 3.)

31 Exchequer Street,
Dublin,

October 7th, 1924.

To our Readers, Subscribers, Advertisers and Agents.

It has been decided to commence a New Series of the *Republican Weekly Press* which will take up the work

North Republican Prisoners in the Six Counties.

(Continued from Page 1.)

testimony, despite any denial on the prisoners' part, was enough to send a victim to the punishment cell. Three days' solitary confinement on bread and water, all reading matter removed, was the constant penalty for "insubordination" of any kind. *James Nolan* incurred it through leaning, overcome by faintness, in chapel, on the bench in front of him. *Nick Boyle* was sentenced to twenty-four hours in the punishment cell for smiling when a warder spoke to him.

It was here that *Dan O'Rourke*, of Dungannon, was lamed for refusing to wear convict clothes. His own clothes were taken from him, and his bed was removed; he was left without covering of any kind for days in his cell. Once warders poured cold water into the cell, then they kicked him until he was so injured that his left leg became half-paralysed. In December, 1923, when his sentence expired, he was interned in Larne, and is still a prisoner there.

It was in Derry Jail that three of the criminal prisoners, their endurance broken, tried to escape by gassing themselves, and a fourth attempted to cut his throat.

The conditions are a little less rigorous now, and the brutality of the warders has been checked, but the long monotony of misery, the numbing, bleak routine, with intervals only of starvation, goes on. And Professor MacWhinney, because he will not let it master him, and still champions the political prisoners' rights, has endured almost every kind of punishment, official and unofficial, in the catalogue of Derry Jail.

Tom Carrigan, of Enniskillen, and *James McKee*, a doctor practising in Banbridge, are together now in Belfast Jail, still uncharged and untried, after more than two years' experience of prison and the prison-ship. *Tom Larkin*, of Magherafelt, arrested by Craig's forces on that same 22nd May, 1922, is still interned; his brother, meanwhile, has been executed by Cosgrave's Government in Tirconail. *John Byrne* and *James Byrne*, and *John O'Rourke*, interned by the Free State, were released only to be interned again, last March, by Craig.

So life goes for Irishmen of the North, suspected of taking thought for Ireland's liberty.

There are prisoners to whom life outside the prison walls must seem a far-off dream. *Peadar Donnelly*, a man over fifty years of age, Gaelic League Organiser for the North, is awaiting his fourth Christmas spent in jail. With him in Larne Workhouse is *Michael Murney*. He was arrested in 1919, and escaped in December, 1921. Two brief weeks of freedom, and then he was taken by Specials, and sentenced to imprisonment for twelve months. The twelve long months came to an end at length, but not his captivity; instead of being released, he was interned. *Brian McKee*, a doctor practising in Banbridge, are an even wider experience of jails, having been in Frongoch and Wormwood Scrubs in 1916, in Belfast Jail and Ballykinlar from 1919 to 1921, and, since May, 1922, imprisoned in Omagh, Derry, Belfast, the *Argenta*, and Larne. His mother and father are dead, and eight younger brothers and sisters are struggling against poverty all the time. In Derry he was seventeen days on hunger-strike, and has since been very ill. When his sister obtained a permit for one visit, and saw him in Larne Camp, his hair had become grey.

The purpose of all this is sufficiently clear. It is not the wish of the Northern Government to keep hundreds of political prisoners: it is troublesome and costly, indeed. But it is the wish of the Northern Government to force the rebellious Irish into submission, to hold them by pledge and ticket-of-leave, by money-securities and oaths of allegiance, in subjection to the English King. The persecution of these men in their homes proved not enough to tame them: prolonged imprisonment on low diet, hardship, isolation, the rigours of Derry and the punishment cell may succeed where other methods have failed. There is always the Advisory Committee ready to consider applications from prisoners who will serve the Government by giving information, promise to be of good behaviour towards his Majesty's subjects, offer bail and securities, consent to confine themselves to within a three-mile radius of their homes, or leave the Six Counties—and therewith swear loyalty to King George.

Sons of aged mothers are prisoners, and fathers of families, and husbands of young wives. Sometimes news so bad that it overwhelms a man's fortitude comes to him in jail; then the authorities have their chance. The father of five children received a telegram from his wife. She had been removed to a sanatorium. He knew what it meant; he signed the undertaking, and was released. A labouring man, the father of two little children, heard that his wife, left with no means of support at all, was to be evicted for failure to pay the rent; she was expecting a baby, and the anxiety was preying terribly on her mind. He would not sign—neighbours, he thought, would care for her. Neighbours did their best, but the next news that came to him was that the child had been born and his wife was out of her mind. The Northern Government had its victory then.

Patrick Nash, who was in Frongoch in 1916, is in Larne Camp now. His old mother had no one in the world but himself and a son at sea. One day he was sent for to receive a visitor; neighbours had brought his mother to Larne; she was

Two Prophecies.

Here are two prophecies worth keeping in one's heart:—

"If I were dead and gone to-morrow, the men who are fighting against English influence in Irish public life would fight on still; they would still be independent Nationalists; they would still believe in the future of Ireland a Nation; and they would still protest that it was not by taking orders from an English Minister that Ireland's future could be saved, protected or secured."—(Listowel, September 13th, 1891.)

"I agree to the fullest extent that Ireland's cause is independent of any man. Ireland's cause will live as it has lived, and we believe will live, despite the efforts of traitorous and cowardly seceders; and if the seceders swept us all out of public life to-morrow, Ireland's cause would still survive."—(Listowel, September 13th, 1891.)

THE CAUSE—SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.

dying of cancer, and had come to bid him goodbye. The Governor offered to release him if he would offer securities and sign the undertaking, but the brave woman would not ask her son to surrender. She went home and died three days afterwards, alone. The victory was Ireland's there.

For a time unconditional releases were made; then these ceased, and the gates shut fast again. Winter is coming, and cold winds and rain-swept winds, and sickness in Larne Camp, and dark, stone-cold days in Derry Jail. There are thirty-six Republican prisoners in Peterhead, and many in England, and one hundred and thirty-six in the prisons of the Black North. There, in the prisons, the centuries-old war is still being fought.

So often, in Ireland, the great battles are between a prisoner in his utter defencelessness and the whole organised brutality of Imperial force. So often, in Ireland, the prisoner wins, having right and all honest men's conscience upon his side.

For a long, sorrowful time the prisoners have felt themselves quite alone in an isolated struggle unshared by those outside. But the fight has been taken up outside the prison, and in all the Six Counties the jailers are challenged now.

Days of strain and excitement these must be in the jails! A man who has endured years of captivity, bitter hardship, hunger and sickness, the very denial of life, rather than make one act of submission to English authority—who has suffered a thousand enforced restrictions rather than consent to one ignoble act—what must his questioning thought be of comrades and friends outside? Will they be as staunch as he has been in the battle; as scornful of a selfish bargain, as fearless of punishment, as ready to endure, as resolute never to submit? Are they as faithful to Ireland in their hearts? Or will they, weakened by long suffering and deluded by "craven counsels," sell the victory he has endured so much to win?

Life-bringing news it is, in the prisons, surely, that the Empire is being challenged here again. Heart-lifting news it will be that the Republicans of the North have chosen as their candidates *Michael McCartan* and *Charles MacWhinney*, *Tom Corrigan*, *James McKee* and *Michael Murney*, *Patrick Nash* and *Hugh Corvin*, and *Pat McCormick*—faithful prisoners all!

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

LA NA RASAI.

Bhi boglach an tsamhraidh, an rainy season sin a nchionn iomradh air i Robinson Crusoe, agus i leabharthaí mar é, bhi sin ann, ach má bhí fhéin, is beag an aird a tugadh ar an fheartainn an lá a bhfuil mé ag tracht air. Bhi muinntir Bhaile an Chapaill go luath ar a geois. Bhi an mac seo go luath ar a chois, fosta. Agus cad tuige! Ní doiligh an cheist sin a fhreagairt—lá mór a bhi ann.—Lá na Rásai, an cúigeadh lá déag de Lughnasa, 19—.

Bhi againn le dhul 'un Aifriinn, i gcéadóir. Ann-sin bhi ar geuid le déanamh,—agus míle go leith de rudai beaga suaracha ar doiligh a n-aireamh annseo.

An rud is greannmhair fá Bhaile an Chapaill, sin nach bhfuil beathach ar bith capaill ar an bhaile, agus gur ar bádaí a chaithtear dhul chuig rásai Ceanaigh i Mhadaidh;—sin mura bhfuil dhul agat dhá mhíle dhéag de choir-bhealaigh a chur ort fhéin. Ach ná saoil, a léighthóir chneasta, gur dioghbhail beathach a bheir ar mhuinntir an bhaile oiread sin dúil a bheith acu in sna rásai. Ní hé, leóga, ná ní' insna beathaigh ach leithsgéal. Sé an fath ar cuireadh rásai ar bun le go mbéidh tarraingt an tsluaigh ar an bhaile a mbíonn siad ann, is go gceannochar na hearraí atá ag a leitheid seo d'fhear le díol. "Ach an ndéir tú liom," adéarfás fear intleacht, "gur i mbaithe le lucht siopa a théid daoine chuig rásai?" "Ní abraim, ach deirim gur sin an tuige a mbíonn rásai ann. Théid na daoine chuca le castail ar a chéile, nó leis an lá chur thart faoi'n fheartainn, nó—is iomhda sin leithsgéal a bhíos acu. Théid fir na mbeathach chuca leis na beathaigh fhéachaint,—amharc an bhfuigheadh siad a dhath as. Théid na seandaoine chuca le caint a dhéanamh. Théid daoine óga chuca le castail ar a chéile—agus le dhul na bhaile le chéile! Théid feirmeoiri chuca amharc an bhfuigheadh siad beathach maith a cheannacht. Achan nduine agus a thuighe fhéin aige!

Ach an lá seo a bhfuilim ag caint air, níor bhuair mé mo chionn le "tuige." Bhí mo fhath féin agamsa le dhul ann, agus ba léor sin.

An turas? Ní rabh sé ro-gec. Bhí an bád ag luascadh, agus daoine ann nar réidhtigh sin go mór le na ngoile. Bhí fear ann a rabh fideóg Fhrannach aige, agus bhí sé ag bualadh air i rith an ama. "Ambrán na Laoch," "Dúlaman na Beinne Buidhe," "Wrap the Green Flag," etc. Fá dheireadh shroich muid Ceann an Mhadaidh.

Bhí sluaigh mór millteanach annsin, cuid acu a thainic ar bádaí, cuid eile a thainic ar a geois, cuid eile a rabh gluisteáin leó. Bhí bakaigh is fir siubhail na hEireann ann. Bhí fear ann a rabh blas coimhthigheach aige agus é ag sfór scairtidh. "Four shots a penny—maith thú! Maith an gasur! Good lad! Ceathrar eile!—Sure I wouldn't cheat you though I'm in a foreign country. Maith thú! Good lad! Ní dhéan—luach pighne!" agus mar sin.

Níor stad sé ach ag cur i rith an laé. I dtrath-aibh an cúig a chlog d'eirigh troid idir dhá fhear ólta. Rinneadh dearmad de na rásai. Nuair a bhí an troid thart thosaigh na rásai arís, ach ba mhó an tsuim a cuireadh insna bothaí beaga a rabh mílseáin le díol ionntu na in sna rásai féin.

Fá dheireadh thainigeamar 'na bhaile, fliuch, báidhte, tuirseach. Ach, ar ndóigh bhí lá mór againn, mar a bhíos i geomhnaidhe Lá na Rásai!

DONN PLATT.

Irish Freedom League of Great Britain.

The Executive have issued instructions to the branches of the League in England and Wales to bring pressure to bear on Parliamentary candidates at the General Election to use their influence, if elected, to secure the immediate release of Irish political prisoners and deportees in Ireland, and in British jails and internment camps. In addition, communications have been sent to Irish voters in the constituencies asking them to take action themselves in reference to the matter; and it is also sought to extract written pledges and public pronouncements from candidates before their election. Members of the League and other Republicans are expected to raise the question of the prisoners at all meetings held by candidates and to vigorously heckle them.

WILL THEY MURDER THE REPUBLICAN WOMEN?

During the debates of Dail Eireann upon the negotiations which culminated in the de Valera-Collins pact, Padeen O'Keefe, in a lucid interval cried out, whilst appealing for unity: let us not be remembered in history as traitors. P. O'Keefe is now governor of Mountjoy jail, and his place in Irish history is not the place he would choose—in a lucid interval. He has amongst other prisoners under his charge some thirty to forty women prisoners. We do not profess to give the figures accurately at the moment. The numbers are not of such importance. That they *have* these Republican women in prison is the main fact. It is just the result of acceptance of the "Treaty." The logic of unjust tyranny is brutality and more brutality—its measure is the measure of the victims' courage. This time it is the women of Ireland who are brave.

When Nurse Cavell was tried and found guilty of a breach of the laws of the Red Cross and of espionage, she was shot and the world rang with the brutality of the Germans who shot her.

Ireland, of course, is supposed to be different to other countries, and there is a higher standard of chivalry and of delicate reverence towards women. There is truth in this statement, but when Irishmen turn against their own, and as the dupes or avaricious agents of England, they force the British Empire on the people—the best of them change for the worse. They grow demoralised; they develop a permanent hostility towards their own brothers—they call Irish farmers the dirty Irish, they talk among themselves of teaching these people to respect the law, they silence the nobler instincts of their conscience, and are literally driven from evil deed to evil deed, by the logic of Imperial tyranny. There is no escape for them. Cosgrave had orders from London to let Miss Mary MacSwiney die. Her sister, because she was refused admission to see her and attend to her, lay languishing outside the jail. It was like some great Greek tragedy, timeless in its anguish. But public opinion was too strong then. An important personage, without appealing to the decent feelings of Cosgrave and Mulcahy, merely wired that the feeling in America was so strong that it would be dangerous to the Free State to let her die. So she was finally released. The Free State had a narrow escape that time. The next time—what will happen if Mary Comerford or Sighle Humphries die? One thing is certain, that none of those now figuring prominently in the Free State Government will be tolerated in public life by the Irish people. It will be a fearful price to pay, but the execution or death on hunger strike, or murder of any of these women prisoners will bring a terrible ending to the Free State Government. That Government stands upon the brink of another great crime, and Kevin O'Higgins says, in his best Greenwood manner, we are at a stage when very grim decisions will have to be taken, etc.!

The following is the official Republican statement:—

Another tragedy is imminent in Mountjoy Jail.

Miss Mary Comerford and Miss Sighle Humphries have been on hunger strike since January 23rd as a protest against being treated as criminals. They are confined in the underground cells in the criminal wing of the prison, and Miss Comerford is, in addition, lying wounded as a result of being fired on by the Colonial soldiers.

Some time ago the women political prisoners in Mountjoy made a protest against overcrowding. As many as four or five were crowded into one cell. As their verbal protests proved unavailing, as a last resource they threw out of the cells the extra beds. For this Miss Comerford and Miss Humphries were singled out for punishment and were removed to the portion of the prison reserved for criminals, where they were informed that they were sen-

tenced to three months' hard labour for "destroying" Government property. These two ladies naturally refused to work with, or to associate with criminals, and they gave notice that if they were not accorded full political treatment, they would go on hunger strike on January 23rd. Meantime, on Thursday, the 18th, while they were exercising they saw some of their comrades, from whom they had been separated, and they waved their hands to them. At once the Colonial soldiers, without warning, fired on them, wounding Miss Comerford in the leg, and narrowly missing Miss Humphries. The hunger strike began on the 23rd.

There is no hospital in the prison, to which Miss Comerford can be removed. She is already very weak as she suffered from loss of blood.

These ladies are both aged only 21, and they have both been active and enthusiastic workers in the cause of Irish Independence since 1915.

Not once but many times during the Black-and-Tan Terror did these two ladies save the lives of various leaders, including Mr Richard Mulcahy. Miss Humphries is a niece of the O'Rahilly.

The Merrion Street Murder Gang have lost all sense of decency, since they have found that the enemy is not England but the men of 1916 and their nearest and dearest, and those who are following in their footsteps.

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THE YEOMAN TRADITION.

There is a type in Ireland which appears in all classes. In the poorest it made at one time the rank and file of the British (and called Irish) army in Ireland. A little higher up it supplied the colour sergeants and teachers; higher still it supplied officers from what was known as the county people; and then the families of greater influence supplied the generals. Examples of every grade will occur to any one familiar with Irish life. They had just one point of view in common, they all served England frankly and willingly, and forgot or were unaware that the only duty of an Irishman is to serve Ireland. Many of those who once held those views have learned the truth since 1916. Many have suffered for their faith in the Republic, and in Ireland's ancient right of Sovereign Independence. But many still regard England as the natural authority in Ireland, and regard Ireland as a colony of England. They have never served any but the Imperial interest in Ireland, and although they profess to be Irish they have never fought for any cause but that of the British Empire. In the present armed rebellion against the Irish Republic, naturally all these imperialists are fighting to destroy the Republic. Many of them have done well for themselves out of this war. Amongst them Mr William, now General William English Murphy, has done extremely well for himself. The press announces that he has been appointed to the G.H.Q. staff.

Now pause and consider his imperial career. On Tuesday, the 19th of December, "General" Murphy of the Colonial forces in Kerry, issued an announcement to the effect that four officers of the Irish Republican Army had been sentenced to death, but that the sentence would not be carried out unless there were further attacks on the Colonial forces in that area after the 21st December. These four Kerry officers are men who have been working for Ireland for years. They have long and honourable records in the Irish Republican Army. They were amongst the foremost of those who broke the Black and Tan Terror in Kerry.

The man who has the power of life and death under England's Imperial authority over these men in Kerry—the man who has charge of what is humourously called "the Army of the people" in Kerry area—never took part in any Irish movement, and was never heard of in any Irish military or political movement until the attack on the Four Courts.

William English Murphy, born in Wexford thirty-two years ago; early life spent in Bel-

fast; taught as a Monitor from 1904 to 1909 in Raglan Street National Schools, Belfast. Trained in Drumcondra Training College, 1909 to 1911. Taught as National Teacher in Raglan Street Schools, Belfast, from 1912 to 1915 when he joined the Officers' Training Corps in Queen's University, Belfast, and was gazetted 2nd Lieut. and sent to Newcastle-on-Tyne. He taught Elementary Mechanics to Cadets and reached the rank of Captain before going to France. At the end of the war, in November, 1918, he retired from the English Army with the rank of Colonel. He was appointed an Inspector of National Schools in the North of Ireland, and in March last he was transferred as an Inspector to Dublin. He was never a Volunteer, never a Gaelic Leaguer and never in the Sinn Fein movement. After the attack on the Four Courts, he was sent down by Colonial G.H.Q. to the Southern Command as Adjutant to Eoin O'Duffy, and when the latter joined the Civic Guard, Murphy was appointed in his place.

Such as he and Tony Lawlor are the "Generals" that Richard Mulcahy has found for "the Army of the people," and these are the men who fling the taunt of "truceleers" at the I.R.A.

General Sir Michael O'Dwyer, of Amritsar fame, should be a welcome recruit for Mulcahy.

After Eoin O'Duffy's promotion out of the army, English Murphy further distinguished himself by having four real I.R.A. officers "tried" and condemned to death. These men, unlike Murphy, had fought, not for, but against Ireland's enemy through the Black-and-Tan Terror. Then, just to show how little he cared about justice, he said he would kill these four unarmed prisoners of war if somebody else carried on the war against him. But why be surprised, after all, he is in the best tradition of yeomen and emergency men. The English always employed Irish agents of this type to hold Ireland in subjection, when she could not hold her down herself. The nice question is whether Ireland is on the side of the Yeomen tradition to-day.

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ONE OF TERENCE MacSWINEY'S RESOLUTIONS.

Our future history shall be more worthy than that of any contemporary State. We shall look for prosperity, no doubt, but let our enthusiasm be for beautiful living; we shall build up our strength, not for conquest, but as a pledge for brotherhood and a defence for the weaker ones of the earth; we shall take pride in our institutions, not only as guaranteeing the stability of the State, but as securing the happiness of the citizens. We shall arouse the world from a wicked dream of material greed, tyrannical power of corrupt and callous politics to the wonder of a regenerated spirit—a new and beautiful dream; and we shall establish our State in a true Freedom that shall endure for ever.

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WHICH ARE THE IRISHMEN?

Some particulars of the three men who were shot in Dundalk on Saturday, 13th inst.

THOMAS McKEOWN—C Coy, 2nd Batt. 1st Brig., Dundalk. Had been on active service since August, and rendered signal services to Q.M. to whose department he was temporarily attached.

JOHN McNULTY—4th Batt., 1st Brig., was lent to 6th (Boyne) Brig. On active service since February, 1922.

THOS. MURRAY—6th Brig. (Boyne). Was condemned to death by British for taking part in mutiny of "Leinsters" in India. Sentence would have been carried out but for truce of July, 1921.

Compare these men's records to that of Gen. Murphy of the Free State army—which are the Irishmen?

Éire

THE IRISH NATION

VOL. I. No. 24.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1923.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

The Horrors of the Curragh Camps.

The following extracts from the diary of a prisoner in Tintown Camp bear out accounts previously published concerning the brutalities practised on the prisoners by the Free State soldiers and their Auxiliaries.

April 22nd—The real troubles started on the night of April 21—22nd, when 72 men escaped from No. 1 Camp. Seven of these men were recaptured and subjected to horrible tortures in the Glass House.

April 23rd—Last night sentries were informed by officers that they would be shot if any prisoners escaped. Eamon Enright, O/C, Prisoners' No. 2 Camp, taken to Glass House and tortured for three nights and days before being removed to Mountjoy. Besides being beaten, he was handcuffed and hung up by the hands, with his toes barely touching the ground, for three nights in succession.

April 25th—This day began with the flashing of the guns by the police. The men were pulled out of bed and kicked in the ribs and back. Prominent in this work was Sergt. Fitzsimmons (or Fitzgibbon), ex-member of the English army. Brigadier McCormick and Vice-Brig. Lynam beat the prisoners on their heads, faces and chests, the former using his cane, the latter his gun. Breakfast at 2 p.m., dinner at 5-30 p.m. Capt. O'Reilly fired into several of the huts.

April 26th—Much the same. About half a dozen heads cut. Forced labour began. Twenty-six men picked out, and on refusing to work were beaten by the Brig., Vice-Brig., Sergt. Fitzsimmons and several Police, including McClusky, a C.I.D. man whose father, a peeler, was shot in the Tan war. This man displayed a pair of pliers in his pocket. Liam Stack, of Kerry, was badly beaten, his glasses being smashed on his eyes. Sean Healy, of Cork, was beaten with revolvers, jumped on and choked into a state of insensibility. Paddy Darcy, Galway, was beaten with a shovel and rifle and jumped on. Dolan, Galway, was prodded with a bayonet several times. William Heavey, from near Athenry, was beaten, dragged along the ground and kicked to the censor's office, where he was nearly kicked to death. In his case this was repeated next morning and the next night. As a result he lay for two weeks at death's door before he could be moved into the hospital. He was with Liam Mellows in 1916 and fought all the time since. Martin Moran, of Galway, was smashed across the face by Lynam with the butt end of a pool cue. At the same time the Governor, Boylan, took a rifle and fixed bayonet from one of the guard and plunged it into Moran's leg several times. He was then thrown into the same room with Heavey and beaten again. This man resigned from the D.M.P. in 1916 and joined the Republicans, and has been with them since.

April 29th—Sergt. Fitzsimmons and an Englishman whom we call "Cockney," entered huts and used guns freely, battering the prisoners on the head and face. Kicked men in back and ribs. "Cockney" shot a prisoner named Rattigan, of Sligo, in the arm.

May 1st—Not much rest during night as they were searching for tunnels. Capt. O'Reilly discovered, pasted on the wall a cartoon from "Dublin Opinion," which he interpreted as a reflection on the "National army." The two boys sleeping under the cartoon were awakened and removed to the censor's office, and afterwards transferred to the Glass House, given 14 days' hard labour with the usual punishment.

The hospital came in for rough treatment last night. Sergt. Fitzsimmons tore down the screen which served for patients' examination room. Made patients get up and stand to beds. One dying man, Paddy Maher, Tipperary, had been appointed and screened off. They asked who was in there, and being told it was a dying man, Brig. McCormick said: "It's taking the — a long time to die."

May 5th—An epidemic of flu, 185 cases in one night. Medical supplies inadequate. A doctor and a

medical student amongst the prisoners working very hard, but handicapped by shortage of medicine.

May 15th—John Clarke, American citizen, and soldier in the American army, was struck in the chest and face with a revolver by Sergt. Fitzsimmons because he did not take his hands out of his pockets quickly enough.

May 24th—This being a Holy Day, the Free State soldiers amused themselves by drawing their guns and chasing the prisoners down the field. They then stripped the huts of all the things the prisoners were making to relieve the tedium—picture frames, mats, etc. This is part of the policy to break the men and not allow them to have a moment's peace of mind or comfort.

In a covering note accompanying this diary, the writer says: "I have only noted the outstanding acts of brutality, but it must be remembered that every day since the beginning of this savagery has been one of nerve-racking strain and uncertainty. You can realise the feelings and state of mind of the prisoners, not knowing what may happen at any minute. This uncertainty exists up to date. The men in Huts 1 to 18 lost most of their personal belongings and were left without mugs, plates, knives, forks, etc., after being barred from the huts on the 23rd April. The officers who proved themselves proper brutes have all been promoted; Quartermaster Dunne was promoted to Deputy Governor, Brig. McCormick to Adjt., Vice-Brig. Lynam to Brig. McCormick, Lynam and Boylan the Governor, all come from the neighbourhood of Dunboyne."

The Suffering of Our Women.

Mary Comerford—and the Climax.

Her friends have feared for a long time for Mary Comerford that she would not survive this fight, the rancour of the enemy against her seemed to be as strong as is the affection of her friends. She was fired at more than once while cycling and driving—on one occasion a bullet pierced her hat. Her relations felt actually relieved when she was arrested, thinking that in prison her life would be safe.

She was arrested in January last and brought to Mountjoy Prison, where a protest against overcrowding was being made at the time. She co-operated in this protest, helping to throw out a bed. As a punishment she and Sheila Humphries were removed to the criminal wing. There they found themselves forced to associate with syphilitic convicts and to use the same vessels; they demanded to be separated from these women and to be given their rights (including letters) as prisoners of war.

No notice was taken of their demands and they started a hunger strike. During the hunger strike Mary Comerford, for waving her hand to a comrade in the political wing, was fired at by a sentry and wounded in the leg. The great loss of blood which resulted, in conjunction with the continued hunger strike, reduced her to a very weak condition. Then their rights were restored and for a while the two girls were treated well.

But Mary's battles were not over. On March 26th came the removal from Mountjoy to the North Dublin Union. Women from Oriel House, of a degraded and brutal type, were sent to strip and search the prisoners. Prisoners who resisted any part of their disgusting proceedings were attacked by them with violence. Miss Nora Spillane, one of the deportees, gave the following account of their behaviour:

"Maire Comerford was so badly beaten about the head that she had to have three stitches by the medical officer. Maire Degan received a black eye. Sheila Gaughran and Peg Delany were flung down stairs. Eileen Barry's (Kevin's sister) clothes were dragged off her and she was treated very roughly. Rose Killen's (London deportee) dress was cut off her and she was subjected to great indignities. Siorcha MacDermott (London deportee) was knocked on the floor by five Cumann-na Saoirse women and stripped of her shoes and stockings and dress; held down by Harry Mangan (Prison Adjutant) who knelt

on her while the women beat her with her own shoes. Two other military men, whom she afterwards identified in the presence of the Governor then took her in a corner, forced her to her knees while they twisted her wrists till she fainted. When she recovered consciousness she was out in the passage, lying on the floor partially dressed, and her clothes were saturated with water which they had flung on her. Her face is bruised and her lip cut, and her body covered with bruises. Her wrist is badly sprained, her arm in a sling, and she is in bed in a helpless condition, suffering severely from the strain and shock."

I saw Mary Comerford in the North Dublin Union and saw the scar on her head. The day after my release (May 6th) she made a daring escape.

In spite of the cessation of all hostilities by the Republicans she was hunted down and was re-arrested on . . . last (i.e. two weeks ago) and taken to Kilmainham, the worst of all prisons.

She has been on hunger strike since her arrest. Her mother's request to see the Governor, Doctor, or Chaplain of the prison has been refused.

If the war is not over, Mary Comerford is a prisoner of war and should be allowed to communicate with her friends. If the war is over, her re-arrest is an act of wanton aggression by the Free State troops, and her continued detention, on hunger strike, a most provocative action on the part of the Free State Government, and one calculated to aggravate the growing feeling that the Ministry are determined to have "war at any cost."

They have boasted of a complete victory; but it seems they cannot yet afford to cease the persecution of this girl. Should she die on hunger strike in Kilmainham gaol the campaign against the Republican women of Ireland will have reached a climax long threatened and foreseen.

Mulcahy Takes Responsibility.

Richard Mulcahy, speaking in the Free State Parliament on June 1, said there was nothing that the Free State Army had done that he was not fully and completely associated with. This is not surprising from the man who shielded the miscreants responsible for the Clondalkin and Thatch murders, and the ninety other murders committed by his murder gangs in Dublin and throughout the country, who publicly backed a lying report that the hideous work of that army in Kerry in tying seventeen prisoners to mines and blowing them into eternity, was a series of accidents, and who deliberately wages an unrelenting war against women and children in an endeavour to break the spirit of men who have been true to the cause he betrayed.

He takes responsibility for

THE WORK OF HANDCOX IN KERRY.

some particulars of which are given in the following report:

"A Free State Officer who has returned from Kerry was telling me of some terrible things done by Comdt. Handcox in his area (Tralee). Handcox tied a prisoner's feet with a rope, fastened one end of the rope to a lorry and drove off at top speed for 21 miles. There was hardly anything left of the prisoner at the end of the journey, bits of his flesh being scattered in all directions. On another occasion Handcox went to a house to arrest a supposed Irregular. There was no one there but the man and his mother. Handcox fired and wounded him in the leg. The mother screamed and shouted to Handcox that he had wounded her son. Thereupon Handcox fired six more shots into the man's body as he lay on the ground, saying: 'I've killed him now.'"

He takes responsibility for

THE BLACKGUARDISM IN DROGHEDA.

Including the destruction of the Boyne Obelisk, concerning which the following is a report from the Adjutant of the 6th Brigade, 4th N. Div., I.R.A.:

"Re destruction of Boyne Obelisk, I find there is no doubt about the identity of the parties responsible,

How the War is Carried On.

(The Statement of an Eyewitness.)

On Thursday morning, May 8, a raiding party of Free Staters from Ballincollig, in charge of "Captain" Murry, raided Rockbone House, Inniscarra, and aroused the occupants by hammering at the door. It was not 7 o'clock. No one was up. When the door was opened Murry and three Staters rushed through the house and upstairs into the room occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Kelleher and their little son. Murry rushed at Mr. Kelleher with pointed revolver, and said, "Ah! my fine gentleman, caught at last." Mr. Kelleher, who for some months past has been with the 1st Southern Division, I.R.A., was at home for a few days. Murry minutely searched the house and took away some papers and private letters. Mr. Kelleher was then taken to Ballincollig, thence to Kinsale and there tried: the charges being "looting and destruction," and on Friday landed in the Female Prison, Cork City.

On Saturday morning, the 6th, two men in civilian dress called to see Mrs. Kelleher, who came downstairs at once. Those men said they were sent to remove any stuff that may be left after Mr. Kelleher's arrest. When asked who sent them they said the O/C. 2nd Battalion. Miss C. Kelleher then came on the scene, and at once became suspicious. The men were only five minutes in the house when a lorry of Free State troops was seen coming towards the house. Being told the men made no move whatever, and had to be pushed out.

In a few minutes the house was again in the hands of the most repulsive-looking men imaginable (the C.I.D.). Murry was again a member of the party, but a creature named "Captain" Tony Nunan was in charge. The house was again searched and left in a very disorderly condition. More papers were taken, and a memorial card of Captain T. Kennefich, murdered in Coachford, taken away. This card was in a locked box, the property of Miss M. Kelleher, who told them they were worse than the Black and Tans. They were very indignant at being compared with the Tans.

In the meantime the two men were arrested, armed with loaded revolvers, but their plan had failed, and they did not even ask us if those two men were in the house.

We recognised one of Saturday's raiders as a Black and Tan who raided this house during May, 1921. One was an Englishman, who said "Thank God, I am not Irish," even though he wore the green uniform of the so-called "National Army," also a Belfast demon. The whole party numbered twenty-five.

Our suspicions were later confirmed that those two men were C.I.D.'s, but who failed in their old stunt of gaining information.

Another Statement by Woman Prisoner on Kilmainham and North Dublin Union Brutalities.

(Continued from last week.)

PART II.

It was now 4-30 a.m. The scenes in the room with the women searchers were so dreadful that even the wardresses tried to interfere on behalf of the prisoners, and one of them got a cut on the face from one of the ladies temporarily in charge. One girl who resisted search by these creatures was searched with the help of one of the men and was flung out of the room, some of her garments and her shoes flung out after her, and the door banged to the accompaniment of some lurid language from the females' C.I.D. In spite of their ill-treatment the prisoners were conveyed to the lorries singing "Let Erin Remember." We heard after that the whole neighbourhood was awake and thought the C.I.D. were singing to drown the shrieks of the prisoners.

We went to bed at 5-30, relieved that the ghastly thing was over for the present but anticipating a renewal that night. However, Miss McSwiney was released at 3-30 that afternoon and we had gained our point. Miss McSwiney's condition had not been improved by the barbarities of the night and she spent the day in an agony of suspense, thinking that the remainder of the prisoners would be removed in the same way; but we were determined to go through it again sooner than leave her alone without a protest. However, her release was gained as the events of the night had been published from the window, and Portobello was afraid that the "will of the people" could not be conveniently stretched to embrace a combination of such frightfulness.

After Miss McSwiney's departure we were informed that 50 girls were to be moved that night. They were

to be ready at 8-30 p.m., but the convoy did not appear till 11-30. Several of the prisoners asked the governor why they were not removed in the day-time. He replied that they would not "behave themselves." The Free State authorities are evidently ashamed to bring large numbers of women prisoners through the streets in the daylight. At about 11-30 p.m. the C.I.D. and their female colleagues appeared. Some of the girls objected to being searched by these women, who were of the lowest class and used very offensive language and made the search as humiliating as they possibly could. They had not even the sobering effect of a uniform, and it was most painful to the Republican prisoners to be "handled" by chits of girls, flashily dressed, who spend their "off" moments making up to the soldiers. Most of the women subjected to search were people who had not spared themselves in helping some of the "authorities" who now turned loose on them a pack of loose-tongued women who would have done the same service for the Black and Tans two years ago.

Search by the prison wardresses would not have been objected to, as they are respectable women accustomed to obey regulations strictly and bound not to annoy prisoners. However, from the Free State point of view these outside women were more "efficient" than the wardresses, as they were bound by no regulations except that of insulting Republicans to the best of their ability. The wardresses resented the intrusion of these women, but were powerless to prevent it. Outside the surgery door was a guard of five or six C.I.D. men, one of whom (Jerry Grace) was most obnoxious. The prisoners awaiting search were lined up in the compound near the barred window opposite the surgery door, and this man kept up a running fire of taunts to irritate them. "Very quiet tonight! No fun at all—they got enough of it last night. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. Oh! we tamed them all right last night," etc., etc.

In the search-room the prisoners were handled most violently. Anyone who resented being mauled was handled violently, and at the least sound this Jerry Grace rushed to the door and burst into the room whilst the girls were being undressed. His conduct was so disgraceful that the deputy-governor on one occasion came along and ordered him out. Once the deputy went away, however, Jerry returned to the attack with renewed vigour. Next day one of the prisoners asked Capt. Begley (the deputy) what he thought of this man's conduct. He said he thought it most improper and had interfered. "You considered his conduct indecent?" "Yes." "Did you do your duty, then?" "What was that?" "Did you report him to his superior officer?" "No." The deputy—evidently a man with some remnant of decent feeling—did not add that he knew it would be useless, and in the Free State Army it does not pay for an officer to show his superiors that he thinks brutality to women can go too far. With the exception of these few outbursts on the part of the women searchers the proceedings on Tuesday night were, as the C.I.D. man said, very tame.

Next day Comdt. O'Neill came from the N.D.U. and interviewed some of the remaining 61 prisoners. He told them that the N.D.U. was full, but that Portobello wanted him to put all the women in. Himself and the M.O. considered that the dormitories were quite full as they were, and they had made representation to this effect to Portobello. They hoped to succeed in gaining their point, and if they did we would not be moved for about a month, when a new wing would be ready. Next afternoon, however, we were told we were to be ready to go that (Thursday) night. As usual, we did not start till about 11-30 p.m., and by the time the last batch was called out it was 2-30 a.m. When we emerged from the hall of the jail we had a thrill of pride to see the precautions taken to hold us. No chance of making a dash for it! Up and down the road as far as we could see foot patrols and the display of armed men round the gate were worthy of a better cause. If they never recognised women before, I thought, they are doing it with a vengeance now. Three lorries already pretty well full of armed "knights" were waiting, and into these we got, and off with us through the deserted streets by tortuous ways to the N.D.U. We passed the time singing, shouting "Up the Republic!" scattering pamphlets—printed in the obscurity of the jail hall—and generally misbehaving ourselves from a Free State point of view. Arrived at the gates of the N.D.U., our lorry entered and the one behind took up guard outside the gate. A long delay here was explained by one of the soldiers. "The Kerry girls won't let you in." Fiercely from some of the Kerry contingent: "The Kerry girls are here." After some time we were ordered to dismount, and then we were escorted by two long files of men bristling with weapons up the long avenue to a barbed-wire palisade. "No men to go beyond this gate," said a voice. The gate was opened and we passed in. This was the part of the grounds reserved for the prisoners. It seems incredible, but it is true, there was not an official of any kind to receive the "bodies"—no governor, no matron, no wardress. Sixty-one women turned into the exercise ground and left to do what they pleased. A voice from a window told us that the dormitories were already packed and the doors had been barricaded so as to prevent further overcrowding, so we picked out soft places in the gravel and tried to sleep. At 7-30 in the morning the prisoners removed their barricades and

we went in to survey the dormitories. How 61 extra beds were to be put into these dormitories it was impossible to see. As it was, there was just a yard between each bed. As the beds were placed by authorities there would have been no room to get out at the sides. The prisoners had measured the space and taken down the beds that did not fit. As it was, there was overcrowding and no possible chance of privacy, so the prisoners who arrived on Friday morning had to sleep out. Fifty prisoners were still sleeping out when I left on Monday, and the governor, who had told us and the prisoners in the N.D.U. that he considered there was no room in the dormitories, refused to see us and refused to get another wing opened. Parcels, letters and papers were stopped till the prisoners submitted to overcrowding. This, in spite of the fact that there were acres of empty buildings. Conditions in the N.D.U. were rather appalling: dirt, overcrowding, lack of privacy, three baths for 321 prisoners, huge iron-bins at the dormitory doors which had not been emptied since the arrival of the prisoners. The proximity of the soldiers who appeared in the building at all hours of the day and night made things unbearable. The wardresses had no authority: we were given no sheets or blankets, and on asking the wardresses for them we were told we had to apply to the soldiers for them.

The soldiers were, on the whole, decent fellows—had they not been decent of their own accord the authorities had certainly given them opportunities for making the women's life a hell. Every window in the building was overlooked by a military post. It was impossible to move in the dormitories without being under observation. Solitary confinement has disadvantages, but on the whole I think there is an amount of privacy which compensates for everything.

When one saw the Tommies in the dormitories where the girls had to sit during the day, one thought ironically of the virtuous indignation displayed by the officials in Kilmainham at the suggestion that a soldier should be allowed to leave a bucket of coal at the compound gate.

A Few Memories.

By Constance de Markievicz.

II. THE FIANNA.

It was in 1909 that we started out to organise the Fianna. The inspiration to do so came from reading in the Dublin daily papers of how a number of Boy Scout organisations and Boys' Brigades had been reviewed at Clontarf by an English Viceroy and addressed by him. Reading this I realised vividly and suddenly that Ireland was being attacked at her most vital point, the minds of her children.

The early impressions that a young mind receives become part of his subconscious self. These impressions create the instincts that guide him and make him; the driving forces, that, quite unrealised by him, goad him into action, made him voice opinions. The grown person is moral or unmoral according to the emotions and principles that moved his youth. His class prejudices grow out of his childish experiences, his religion is usually much the same as that which he was taught almost before he could speak. The same love of country and the same respect for laws and rulers inspire him as those which inspired the people amongst whom he grew up and the teachers by whom his impressionable mind was first cultivated. It is only the rare exceptions among human beings who, when they reach maturity, go through their mental equipment and discard or change any of the ideas or beliefs that they find themselves voicing.

It was therefore horrible to me to read of regiments of little Irish boys learning to salute and to respect the flag that has been for so long the emblem of foreign rule, misery and oppression in Ireland.

I could vision them listening to the hypocritical kindly speeches from the mouth of the representative of a foreign king, each little man's eyes growing round with admiration at the sight of so much wealth and pride and military state all displayed for his own benefit and for the benefit of the cringing awestruck little lads marching beside him. Cringing and obsequious organisers herded them deftly, carried on the work of inspiring admiration for a tyrannical Empire, and forgetfulness of their country's and their class's needs. I could see these children growing to manhood and gaily enlisting in the British army or Police forces, and being used either to bathe their own class into submission in a class war at home, or giving their lives in an Imperial war made to hold Ireland as a slave State within the British Empire, fighting always the battles of the International Financier to hold in subjection India and Egypt and to fight other capitalist Empires and States for the Right to Steal the valuable properties belonging to defenceless and undeveloped peoples.

Yet another thing was troubling my mind. Already I had sensed the coming war with Germany. War with Germany must bring trouble in its train for England. The words, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity" kept beating in my brain, and the question ever arose, how are we going to profit by this opportunity; will it slip by as did the Boer War with no man ready to strike a blow for Ireland's Freedom?

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Another Statement by Woman Prisoner on Kilmainham and North Dublin Union Brutalities.

On Monday afternoon, May 7, word was sent to the Republican women prisoners in Kilmainham that eighty-one of them were to be removed that night to the North Dublin Union. Miss McSwiney, T.D., and Mrs. O'Callaghan, T.D., were on hunger strike and the prisoners, fearing that they would all be removed and the hunger strikers would be left alone, told the governor that they would refuse to go till the hunger strikers were released. Miss McSwiney and Mrs. O'Callaghan had been 19 days on strike and were very weak. The authorities had provided two nurses, but the hunger strikers depended on the other prisoners for many little attentions which alleviated their sufferings to some extent. Through one of the windows daily reports were sent out as to their condition, and we feared that if we were removed the Free State would have these two women at their mercy as they would be cut off from all communication from the outer world.

At 9-30 that evening Mrs. O'Callaghan was released, and the deputy-governor asked one of the representatives of the prisoners would that satisfy us. This made a very sinister impression, as we knew the feelings of Kevin O'Higgins and his colleagues towards the sister of Terence McSwiney—we were convinced that they meant to hold Mary McSwiney, already weakened by one hunger strike, till her condition was such that she would be released only to die, so we replied that we would not go without protest till she was released. After much palaver with the deputy, the Governor, Comdt. O'Neill, was summoned from the North Dublin Union. He sent for the prisoners' representatives, Mrs. Gordon, Miss Bowen, and Miss O'Millane, and tried to persuade them to get the prisoners to go quietly.

Eventually, seeing they were not to be moved, he promised that if eighty-one went quietly no others would be removed till Miss McSwiney was released. They believed Comdt. O'Neill to be sincere in this promise, but as himself and the deputy were never tired of assuring us that they could do nothing without orders from Portobello, we felt quite sure that Portobello would not be greatly impressed by any promise he might give, and we anticipated that if the eighty-one were allowed to go the governor would very likely be turned down by his own H.Q. We decided, therefore, that we must make our protest, feeble though it might be.

The governor seemed greatly distressed and implored them not to resist as anything might happen, and I am sure he anticipated nothing worse than the reality. To appreciate what followed it must be emphasised that Kilmainham was at this time a women's prison and that under the old prison régime no man was allowed into the compound but the governor or his deputy, the chaplain, and the doctor. The Free State is not so particular, but a few weeks previously coal was required one evening for a fire in an invalid's cell. One of her companions went to ask for some and was told it couldn't be got as the "locals" (criminals), who brought up the coal, were locked up at 5 p.m., and after that there was nobody to bring coal from the coal-house.

Several soldiers were wandering about at the other end of the passage beyond the barred gates and the prisoner suggested that one of these could bring the coal to the gate of the compound and we would bring it up ourselves. Horror of horrors—a soldier to come to the gate. The deputy-governor was so appalled at the thought that several days later he mentioned it in tones of shocked surprise to one of the prisoners' representatives. A prisoner had actually suggested that a soldier should come to the compound gate! His superiors and their stalwarts from Oriel House were not burdened with any such delicacy of feeling!

However, it was now getting late, and the "attack" was expected any minute. The prisoners, 192 in number, went to the top landing. They did not blockade the staircase as they could have done quite easily and very effectively. Each prisoner was asked not to go voluntarily, but the others were not to attack the people who came to take her. We lined up here at 11 p.m. and waited, singing. At 12 midnight the iron gate at the inner end of the compound was opened, and Miss Higgins, the chief wardress, appeared carrying a candle as the light in the compound was very dim. We thought she had come to show the way to the attackers. We were surprised and indignant, as Miss Higgins, though a wardress, was not considered capable of such an act. Nobody followed her, however, and she proceeded alone up the central staircase and spoke for a minute or two to some of the prisoners. We learnt afterwards that she had come to beg the prisoners to give up their protest as the people who were waiting outside to remove us were so dreadful looking. Poor Miss Higgins had refused to let them in till she made one last desperate effort to save our lives.

Our feelings may be imagined. Miss Higgins, as a wardress, was not overflowing with sympathy for the prisoners, but even she was appalled at her imaginings

of the fate before us. She retreated almost heart-broken and we waited a little longer. At 12-30 "the clank of armed men" was heard—the gate was opened and in rushed a mob of "men" in multi. How many were there we could not tell, the rush seemed never ending. After them came soldiers, who took up positions round the compound. The men in multi clattered up the spiral staircase inside the gate and reached the top only to find the gate on to the landing locked. Curses and shouts to the wardress below, "You locked this gate—you'll lose your job."

After unsuccessful efforts to burst the gate they turned and sullenly descended, and soon discovered the central staircase. Towards this they rushed pell mell, falling over each other in their eagerness, rubbing their hands in glee. Like a pack of hungry wild beasts they rushed the staircase; one could almost see them lick their lips. Would they have been so impetuous if not defenceless women but armed men awaited them? We think not. The courage that rushes to attack unarmed women is not the courage that reveals itself in the face of a well-armed adversary, and the hirings of the Free State have displayed an astounding amount of the Oriel House brand of valour.

The girls awaited their coming calmly, though the sight of them was enough to strike terror in the bravest. Arrived at the top of the staircase they cast their eyes avidly around for victims and then followed a scene like a scene from Dante's Hell—the flickering gaslight far below serving to exaggerate the horrors.

Huge, hulking renegade Irishmen dragging the women from the railings to which they clung. It was a matter of moments till each woman was dislodged and pulled to the staircase to be kicked, pushed, dragged down. Mrs. Gordon was the first to go and she was dragged down the iron stairs by the hair, across the compound and flung out to the women searchers, waiting like jackals outside the gate to batter out what strength was left to the Republicans.

Ten or twelve were attacked in turn, each one set on in the same disgusting way by four or five of these fine manly specimens from Oriel House. Dorothy McArdle was dragged by the feet and hands. Mrs. Stewart was half strangled. One girl was so badly kicked that she was walking doubled-up with pain for at least a week afterwards. The shrieks of the girls as their thumbs and arms were twisted. "My God! he's breaking my arm." The dull noise of the kicks and cuffs, and then the thud as each new victim was hauled down the stairs was ghastly. Impossible to believe that Irishmen should have sunk so low as to absolutely relish the disgusting work. That they did relish it their jeers and curses and the fiendish glee in their faces showed. When enough had been brought down to occupy the "lady" searchers, a halt was called. A gentleman below in the compound blew a whistle, and the C.I.D. retired to the compound, and soldiers were posted at the top of the staircase to prevent escapes. Downstairs in the surgery we could hear continued shouts and screams, and now and then one of the C.I.D. would rush out to help their female assistants in their congenial task of pulling the clothes off Republican women. One of the girls who protested against being searched by these women was searched and then flung out of the room, some of her garments and her shoes flung out after her with a few appropriate remarks from the lady in charge, as she banged the door in her face.

Those of the men who were not engaged in this pleasant occupation amused themselves smoking, inspecting the empty cells, passing vulgar remarks, and jazzing round the compound to the tune of the hymns and patriotic songs sung by the prisoners upstairs.

When the lady searchers had finished with the first batch the signal was given, and the C.I.D. rushed with renewed ardour to the attack, and the sickening performance was repeated. Several girls fainted and were hauled down with "None of your mock faints or I'll kick the heart out of you." All round the compound girls were lying dazed and unconscious, and several of these after the ministrations of the C.I.D. women had to be attended by the nurse on duty with Mary McSwiney. One of the wardresses who remonstrated with these women on their treatment of the prisoners got a blow on the jaw for her trouble. Several of the men in uniform helped with the ghastly work, but most of them only held the passage and took no active part.

When several batches had been brought down there was a lull for about half-an-hour, and then a fresh onslaught. Several girls having been beaten down the central stairs got up the spiral to the second landing. These, when caught, were attacked with even greater savagery. One girl was being so set upon by five C.I.D. men that the officer had to blow a whistle to call them off. It was like a football scrum where not a ball, but Republican women were the object of attention. Four soldiers at last came to our groups and asked us to go down with them. They were very young and seemed rather ashamed of themselves, said they did not know what kind of work they were coming out on, etc. They were ordered out and came in lorries, and if they made any fuss they would be shot. We said we could not go—they might take us if they wished. Seeing it was useless they walked away, saying,

"Well, if you won't come with us, the C.I.D. will come and take you." Even to the Tommies the threat of the C.I.D. seemed to be the last word in awfulness. We waited—not joyfully—for the gallant Oriel House men, but before our turn came they discovered that already 81 had been "captured" and the performance was over.

(To be continued next week.)

The Press-Doped Public.

Sir,—No better justification of what I wrote in your last issue (No. 18) is required than the recent conduct of the English Press with regard to Mr. Art O'Brien.

On April 16 the *Daily Mail* gave its reading public their daily "thrill" by announcing in half-inch letters:

GREAT IRISH PLOT THWARTED."

"O.C. BRITAIN'S MURDER-AND-FIRE GANGS."

"THE FULL STORY."

Two columns followed beginning "The Irish menace to England, the extent and gravity of which *The Daily Mail* is now in a position to expose for the first time, may with reasonable certainty be regarded as at an end.

"There may, of course, be sporadic cases of crime, but the vast, complex, and determined organisation which had for its aim the widespread devastation of this country has been flattened and battered out of existence," etc., etc., for two columns, only broken with "minor thrill" headlines, "An Hour of Terror," "Companies of Reds," "Staggering Blow," and "Motive of the Plot."

Within a month this same paper, which had thus warned England of her almost miraculous escape from utter ruin, treated its readers with the sublime contempt it feels for their intelligence and memory to the following announcement of the release of the "Arch-Conspirator":

"Mr. Art O'Brien."

"Body" produced in Court."

"Rearrest Outside."

"Sedition Charge."

"Mr. Art O'Brien, secretary of the Irish Self-Determination League, was released by the Appeal Court yesterday as a result of the Court's decision last week that his deportation to Ireland was illegal."

In view of the *Daily Mail's* announcement of April 16 one feels almost inclined to ask if H.M.'s Judges have also joined "The Great Irish Plot"?

The *Daily Chronicle* more cautiously informed their readers (March 12) of the averted danger by such headlines as:

"Big Irish Round-up in England and Scotland."

"Wholesale Arrests All Over the Country."

"Taken in Three Warships to Unknown Destination."

In neither paper was any word uttered against this flagrant breach of *Habeas Corpus*. The victims were mere Irish, so what did it matter?

Now that the Court of Appeal has, by its decision, crushed this tyrannical act on the part of Government, English papers are eloquent on the subject of the glories of the British Constitution and the manner in which, by it, the liberty of the subject is guarded.

But none has had the honesty to remind their readers that their liberty has been vindicated by the "Arch-Conspirator" who (to quote another half-inch headline from the *Daily Mail* of March 12) was engaged in a "Plot Against the Crown."

The *Daily Mail* offers no explanation to its readers for the "thrill" it gave them on April 16, in view of the fact that only about a dozen of these most dangerous men and women who had brought England to the very verge of complete and utter ruin are being rearrested by the Government on a (again to quote the *Daily Mail's* sub-heading on May 17) "Sedition Charge," and that over 100 of them are allowed full liberty to pursue their "nefarious practices."

What can one think of a public who can put up with such a Press?

It justifies the view a former American Ambassador at the Court of St. James took of them when he wrote in *Americanese*:

Of all the sauce that I can call to mind
England does make the most unpleasant kind.
It's you're the sinner always, she's the saint;
What's good's all English, all that isn't ain't;
What profits her is always right and just—
And if you don't read Scripture so, you must.
Ain't she the Ten Commandments in her purse?
Could the world move forward, 'thoughten she went
too, as nurse?

She ain't like other people—that's a fact—
She never stopped the *Habeas Corpus Act*,
Nor specie payment, nor she never yet
Cut down the interest on her Public Debt.
She don't put down rebellions; let's 'em breed,
And's always willing Ireland should secede;
She's all that's honourable, just, and fair,
And when the Virtues died they made her heir.

Mise,

BUAÐHACH Ua COILEÁIN.

Brutality to Women in Buncrana.

There are altogether fourteen girls in Buncrana, among them Miss Blake, N.T. (late Cashelnugor), N. S. Gortahork, Rose O'Donnell, Cissie Doherty and Mary McBride (Dungloe), Rosina Kelly, Mary McGee, and Katie McGee (Creelough), and Miss McGeehan (Fintona). Just a week ago Miss Blake and Miss McGeehan were dragged off from the others and put in solitary confinement in cells, and are being treated as criminals. The other girls as a protest broke the hut windows. The water hose was turned on them and the place flooded. They were put on rations—bread and water. Then eight of them went on hunger strike. Miss McGeehan sent them word to come off and they did so. The prisoners are very badly treated—at least Miss Blake and Miss McGeehan. Miss Blake can see Miss McGeehan by leaning out of the window of her cell and chancing the sentries' attempts at shooting.

And at Loughlinstown.

There are two girls (prisoners) in Loughlinstown for some time with no female attendant. L.O.D.

A Letter from Kilmainham.

April 25, 1923.

We were not altogether unfortunate to be in this prison on April 24. It was a good place and day to take again—some of us for the first time—the oath of allegiance to the Republic: it was good to be prisoners where the men of 1916 were prisoners, and to know that it was because we had been faithful to their deed and would not waste their sacrifice that we were here. Even the agony of watching the long hunger strike of some of the women we love and honour most became, yesterday, easier to bear. In the morning there was a requiem mass, in the afternoon the prisoners—nearly three hundred—went in procession to the place of the executions and said the rosary there. In front marched the women of Easter week—Mrs. Humphries and Miss O'Rahilly, Nora Connolly, Lily O'Brennan, Grace Plunkett, and others; it was Grace Plunkett who laid our laurel wreath on the stone.

In the prison compound then Mrs. Plunkett unfurled the tricolour, while "Faith of our Fathers" was sung by all the prisoners. Then Lily O'Brennan spoke in Irish, and afterwards in English on "Kilmainham in 1916," and the life and death of Eamonn Ceannt; a paper on "Joseph Plunkett" by Mrs. Plunkett was read—a paper that made us realise again how wide and deep and high was the thought for which he and his great comrades lived and died. Then Nora Connolly spoke. She read the Proclamation of the Republic and James Connolly's last statement—it was as if the voices of our dead leaders were speaking to us again—no one who was here will forget. Then we took the Republican oath.

In the evening there was a performance of "The Singer," staged and dressed simply, as had to be, acted with a quiet understanding of its prophetic truth that redeemed the inexperience of the young players. There were songs of 1916: "The Battle Hymn," "Easter Week," "The Foggy Dew," and recitations: "MacDonagh's Address to the Jury," Joseph Plunkett's "Treason," "The Wayfarer," which Pearse wrote while awaiting his execution in this jail. We ended, for the sake of the men executed since last November, with that noble poem of Father Brown's:

"Lord, for the grave we pray
Of dying as they have died . . ."

It was a day full of great sorrow—sorrow to have lost those leaders whose heroic, gentle spirits seemed so near us, so much to be loved, heavy sorrow that their own countrymen have betrayed them and desecrated their place of martyrdom, but it was a sorrow full of pride, full of hope—a sacrament of confirmation in the Republican faith. We are glad to have been here. . . .

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

Lily O'Brennan's speech.

(Continued from page 4.)

remember well, for with him died, I believe, the famous tune, "That Battle of Aughrim." I think unless times change, Irish music has lost a great heart in the death of Eamonn Ceannt. As you know, the stories and poems and the great literature of the language have been preserved through the efforts of the Gaelic League. But the beautiful airs from which the coming Mozarts and Beethovens of our race should get their inspiration—if we are to have a true Gaelic musical revival—will be lost unless some true heart attuned to the "Gaeltacht" like Eamonn Ceannt's, finds his way in our midst again.

He adjudicated on the language, step-dancing, whistling, fiddling, singing, and on the pipes at feiseanna, Oireachtas, and féis ceoil. I mention all these details to draw the simple moral of how completely he had surrendered himself to the national education.

But he was growing nearer manhood, and a desire for bigger things stirred within him. He joined the only political movement of the day, "Sinn Féin," and, strangely, was the only one of the 1916 leaders on the Standing Committee of Sinn Féin. From this he laboured for the revival of Irish industries, and was one of the pioneers of the Aonac. I remember poor

Alderman Tom Kelly's references to him on the first opening of the Aonac after the rising.

The biggest event about this period was his marriage, which took place when he was 23 years. Some time after this Tom Clarke returned from America, and of the revolutionary party, Shaun MacDermott and Eamonn Ceannt were amongst his first pupils. He brought back to them the old spirit of Fenianism—the belief in the physical force movement—which was lacking in Sinn Féin. The I.R.B. was at this time revived, and both were soon members. By the time the Volunteers were started Eamonn was fit to drill and use a gun.

The rest is simply told. When the time came he led his men to fight for the great, holy thing he had travelled the long road to achieve, and when death met him he welcomed it as the greater eternal freedom from which springs true liberty.

To one who knew him as I, I would like to add just one or two things. His heart was ever in the Gaeltacht. On the top of a tram I would know he was on the way home before me, because I would hear the whistle of a hornpipe or some old Irish air carried on the breeze to me. He was thorough in everything; boyish in character and yet serious, a great story-teller, and even in his hardest revolutionary days he loved the pipes, and played them, if only for fifteen minutes at night. He had a great contempt for hearsay, and was a great lover of truth. He worked for Ireland quietly, and loved, after all his labours outside, his quiet home fire-side and his pipes. He was not known until his death, and, even then, little known. That is why I say his greatest virtue was humility.

To-day we who are left to scatter the seed he and his comrades scattered a little distance from us this time seven years ago must remember that the harvest we are preparing for is a great and glorious harvest; that we must scatter the grain nobly, generously, and we must be ready and fit to plough the soil, as he was, if it is barren. We must prepare and we must be patient.

The 1916 patriots kept their dreams fixed on Ireland for the people, with the heart of Ireland holy; the language of the Gael on her lips and the music of the Gael in her ears.

They did not enter battle for the sake of the glory of fighting. They faced it as another task on the long road they had travelled. The road to freedom is slow. We must get back to their dreams. Padraig Pearse, just before facing his last dawn, wrote that beautiful poem of Connemara; the vision of the Gaeltacht was before him—Iosagain, Barbara, and the Saggart Og.

We must keep their vision before us if we are to reach the consummation of their dreams: all Ireland for the people, with the heart of Ireland holy, the language of the Gael on her lips and music of the Gael in her ears.

Commandant-General Joseph Mary Plunkett.

(By Mrs. J. PLUNKETT, April 24, 1923, Kilmainham Jail.)

Of the varying characters of the seven signatories of the Proclamation of the Irish Republic, Joseph Plunkett and Thomas MacDonagh were the most like each other, and from this fact resulted the inseparable friendship which existed between them. Both were warm, kindly, and essentially human, but to Joseph Plunkett the love of his friends, the beauty of nature, the arts and sciences stood for one thing only—the expression of God's divine power.

Ireland's wrongs touched his heart, but his fight to make her free was not so much that she might have meat and drink as that she should mirror God's face as splendidly as she did in the old Gaelic times. The narrow insularism of the present day was detestable to him—he wanted Ireland to appreciate all that was great in the arts and ideals of other nations, and so form a spiritual brotherhood of man.

At the age of 28 was lost to Ireland one whose intense pride would have led the people to look beyond the actual fight for freedom to what a free Ireland should be. One of the most striking things about him was his courage. Ill-health was not allowed to be a burden to him or a hindrance to his work, and the fact that most of his short life was spent wintering in Egypt, Spain, and Italy, did not prevent his herculean labours for anything that tended to advance the cause of Ireland.

He invented many things (including an aeroplane), so that the fight which he knew as inevitable would not fail for want of proper appliances. For several months before Easter Week he worked from a sick bed—attending to the improvement of instruments of war, and often inventing them, and he also made the plans of the rising which were afterwards used.

As to his personal character, he was a rare mixture of vivacity and repose, and his conversation was full of lightning wit. He had great moral courage, and friendship would never prevent him rebuking profanity or from tolerating slackness in national work. While being friendly and gentle to all, he was, at the same time, reserved to an extraordinary degree—in fact, a connoisseur in friendship—wanting only a few for intimates, and these he kept to the end.

Political expediency he abhorred, and would not touch the Irish Parliamentary campaign as a stepping-stone, so that the fight of Easter Week, with its

inevitable ending, had his complete approval. About this he wrote to me from Moore Street on the day of the surrender, "I have made my deeds as right as I could say and make them, and I cannot wish them undone."

Glorious and unconquerable to the end, and passionately content at having with his own hands set the hall mark of freedom on his country, he stretched out his arms to his God.

Speech by Nora Connolly O'Brien

To-day we have had the great honour and privilege to visit the place of execution of the men who died that the Republic might live. We had hoped that that visit might be made when the hopes of those men were realised. To our sorrow that has been denied us. The enemy has not left us, and we, to-day, are prisoners in the same prison which held them, and are imprisoned because we are true to their cause and have striven to bring about the realisation of their dream. We have striven to follow in their footsteps and to be worthy of their sacrifice. And though it be hard, we must strive to emulate them, though well we know that because their nobility was so great, and is so great, for they are among those who though dead still live, that few, if any, can rise to their great eminence.

We must remember that the men who worked and planned, and finally proclaimed the Republic were men with a God-like love of their country and fellow countrymen. And though endowed with those qualities which make men great and win them fame in the world as writers, poets, thinkers, and workers, they willingly, nay without a selfish thought, relinquished that fame and its resulting prosperity. Ireland was too poor to give them that prosperity, and they knew they could only win it if they made use of their gifts in and for a foreign country. But they had that vision which came from their God-like love of their country.

They saw their country enslaved, they feared their countrymen were becoming unconscious of their enslavement. True nationalism, true patriotism, was at the ebb-tide in Ireland. They saw their countrymen following men who taught them that their freedom could be won at the seat of the enemy's government; that they had been led astray and were, in their mistaken loyalty, following men, not principles. They saw where that mistaken loyalty was leading their countrymen. They saw that the men whom their countrymen were following were inducing them under false promises to fight for the freedom of another country, even though the fight should lead them to death. They mourned that their countrymen should die for the freedom of a land not their own. And with their clear vision and wonderful foresight they saw that it required a blood sacrifice to bring them back to the path of true patriotism. They were prepared to make that sacrifice though they knew that by so doing they must renounce all that made life dear to men in this world. Let it not be thought for one instant that they did not foresee all the anguish that would follow the call they must issue.

The call was sent forth on this day seven years ago. We know the story of the answer to that call too well to make it necessary for me to speak of it. But it would be well to read that call which was sent forth to Ireland in the Proclamation of the Republic. (Read Proclamation.) And let it not be forgotten that these seven men knew that by signing their names they were signing their death warrants.

We know what followed Easter Week, 1916. When force of circumstance compelled the men of the Republican Army to surrender they were taken away and lodged in the different military barracks in the city and left there to await whatever fate their enemy should decide for them. We know too well the fate that awaited the leaders of those men and was meted out to them. Fourteen were executed in this prison, one in Cork, and one in the heart of the enemy's country. They died—but they died in the firm belief that they had succeeded in their object. Tom Clarke, in his last interview with his wife, said, "We are not defeated—this is but the beginning." James Connolly said, "Remember, this is not defeat—it is but the beginning of our victory."

And from these two men we got a glimpse of the wonderful foresight vouchsafed to them. It was as if they saw the wonderful rebirth of nationalism and patriotism in the following years. And from that we know they died believing the cause of Irish Freedom was safe.

We have been wont to regard 1916, and all the agony it caused, as Calvary. But we were mistaken; 1916 was not Calvary but Gethsemane, and the agony has remained with us all these long years. Never in the history of Ireland has such anguish been spread over so long a time. Wives have lost their husbands, lovers their loved ones, sisters their brothers, and children their fathers. And even the glory of the cause for which they died could not dim or assuage that anguish of those left behind. They loved the causes; they loved their lost ones. They did not grudge them to Ireland. But, oh, the sorrow-stricken hearts through the long empty years.

Through all that agony we have come to Calvary, and to-day we have the Crucifixion. We have experienced shame; we have seen and heard treason;

(Continued on page 8.)

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he got hold of me by the collar, taking the fistful of clothing right out in the struggle, even part of my underclothing which got caught. I need not go into details, they are not pleasant, but none of us escaped unhurt. Of course I got most, seeing they had to bring me all the way across to the hospital from the back hut. The blackness and bruises are still quite visible, but (D.V.) my health is none the worse. My cell contains absolutely nothing but my bed and a chair. The first two days my food was a piece of bread and tea thrice daily. I should have mentioned that Miss Blake got weak in the beginning and thus escaped injuries. The girls demanded our being returned to them on the grounds that we were their Gaelic teachers, and that it was unfair to punish us, seeing that we had their approval in every word and act. They were merely insulted with bad language, etc., as a response. Whereupon they smashed the windows to make themselves felt. The water hose was turned on them and their food reduced to a minimum.

We know we are to be here for the remainder of our imprisonment. For my own part I am quite equal to it, but Miss Blake is absolutely off her head. She is not used to loneliness, nor does it suit her, poor girl. One thing that is very depressing, our windows are blinded with green paint. The beds we had were taken from us and worse ones substituted, together with dirty blankets. Both of us got rashes from them immediately. I complained to Holmes, who is in charge here now, but he never bothered about it since. Dr. McCormack treated us so rudely on another occasion that we have refused to have him attend us. In that case I have to attend myself. I'm nearly all right, though most of the Free Staters here are very hostile towards us. It surprises me beyond words how my own countrymen could treat me so harshly. That's what hurts more than the actual punishment—the thoughts that the Irish of whom I was so proud are (such a number of them) so low. God forgive me, I feel very bitter, but I'll get over that when I come back to my own comrades again, namely, those that survive the fight. Some of the finest are already gone. May they rest in peace. Poor Daly. It was partly because I charged the cowards openly with his murder that I'm in cells, but it was hard to be silent.

Le meas mor iss gradh.
(Signed).

"This Losing Day."

Memory goes back to-day, drearily, to that dark week after the treaty was signed. I remember wandering about at the Aonach, turning over books of Irish history, books of Gaelic songs, Michael Scott's little volume of "Stories of the Times," and trying to believe, since I had been told it by those who were my prophets, that the treaty meant freedom and all was well. I tried to believe it, but every pulse of my body, every emotion of my soul, gave that attempt the lie. Why, if all was well, did those histories, once resonant with heroic promise, seem a mockery tale of the tragic folly of man? Why had those stories that seemed yesterday afire with life become records of a dead and futile mood? The orchestra was playing Irish airs—"Let Erin remember the days of old." Why did it make one laugh—make tears and laughter strangle in one's throat?

I remember coming home that night very late, and sitting at my open window, looking over the blue shadowiness of Saint Stephen's Green and the lights in the city windows beyond. Those lights had been ever, to my imagination, the midnight lamps of eager labouring men "weaving at all times Eire's good to-morrow." I sat and watched them go out, one by one.

The night grew as heavy as my heart. I could not see a single star; a thick cloud-pall had shut Infinity away, and lay close, impenetrable, overhead. It looked as though no ray could ever break through it again.

Suddenly, luridly, light did break: blood red, spanning the city, an arc of ghastly fire hung and vanished again, and after it came a radiation of intense, pure, tremulous white. It was the Aurora Borealis, the wild fire that illuminates so weirdly the black winters of the frozen zone. It was as beautiful as dawn.

In the morning de Valera's great repudiation came: all was not well; the treaty was not the end; we stood for freedom still. It was as if the pall that had been stifling Ireland had been rent by the spear of Lugh.

To-day there is no laughter mingled with our grief, no mockery in our defeat. We have striven and we have failed. But we have not given the lie to the songs and histories and brave sayings of the Gael—we have proved them true. And once more, like a pre-visioning of dawn at midnight, comes the message of our undefeated chief.

We have lost the battle: our adversaries found allies where we could not seek them, and used weapons we can never use. We have lost noble and beloved men. We know that for those who stand now unarmed among armed enemies, "Vae Victis" will be the only

law; yet, strangely, there is no great darkness in men's hearts. A phrase of Shakespeare's Brutus haunts my mind—a thing he said after Philippi, when it was time to die:

"I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius or Mark Antony
By this vile conquest can attain unto."

Our enemies have fought, through fear only, for a thing they hate, and for an end calamitous to their own secret hope. In order to make this war they have had to lie to the world, lie to the people of Ireland, lie violently to their own souls. Their victory is founded upon a shifting sand of lies: it will soon be overwhelmed by time and tide.

There is a monstrous force of tyranny in the world, and it is on our enemies' side. But there is in the universe another force, quickening, strengthening, inspiring, controlling man and nature by the same law. Truth is one with it; equity is its law; the sin of hubris, which is the sin of domination, it abhors; its fulfilment is nemesis. By that law justice wins at last allegiance to itself; sacrifice bears fruit a thousandfold; empires crumble and bondsmen are made free. That force is at work, and our fight is one with its working; so long as we are loyal to that Holy Spirit in faith and hope and love we need despair at no reverse, for we are one with an unconquerable power.

May 31, 1923.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

The League of Nations.

Mr. Fitzgerald's False Statement.

(From the "Daily Bulletin," No. 205, Tuesday, May 29, 1923.)

On Thursday, April 19, 1923, the Free State Senate adversely criticised a proposal to join the League of Nations, and decided that no application should be made by the Free State Executive without consultation with the Senate. On April 25, Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald stated that application for admission to the League had been sent in prior to the discussion in the Senate.

This statement is a falsehood. According to the Geneva exchanges, the application was handed in by Sergeant MacWhite, Free State representative in Geneva, at 5 p.m. on April 20, twenty-four hours after the Free State Senate had expressed disapproval of the proposal. The accounts state that Sergeant MacWhite "s'est présenté brusquement au siège de la Ligue et a demandé à parler au Secrétaire Général." The fact that Sergeant MacWhite brusquely presented himself at the office of the English Secretary of the League at 5 p.m., instead of before noon, shows that he acted on a telegram sent him by Mr. Fitzgerald after the Senate's decision was taken.

The men who broke faith with the nation over the Republic, and with their colleagues over the Pact, can hardly be expected to keep faith with their own Senate.

No Delusions on the Continent Regarding Status of Free State.

The Russian Government in a recent reply to the British Government stated that "Britain would not brook Soviet interference with British justice in Ireland."

The following extract from *Le Temps* of the 12th inst., which expresses official opinion in France, shows that the French Government, too, appreciated the fact that the "constituted authorities" in Ireland are controlled by the British Government.

"Yesterday in the (British) House of Commons the French were taken to task. There was a debate on the question of the Sarre. Members of repute roundly criticised the Commission governing this territory because it had acted as France had a right to hope it would act. . . . Those who attacked the Sarre Commission pose as the apostles of peace. They cannot be naïve apostles. They have experience of politics and administration. They know, for example, the precautions which the British Government is accustomed to take at home. They know how the constituted authorities make themselves respected in Ireland."

The Free State Can Have No Consuls Abroad.

On April 13 the Irish and Foreign Trading Corporation, Ltd., Dublin, wrote to the "Agent General, Irish Free State Consulate, Paris." The postal authorities in Paris applied to the French Foreign Office for the exact address of the Irish Free State Consul. At the Foreign Office the reply was marked "N'existe pas." Subsequently, the letter was sent to the British Embassy and returned to the Post Office. Ultimately it was delivered at the Consulate of the Irish Republic. Neither the French nor the British authorities are willing to facilitate the Free State subjects by calling their trade agents "Consuls." The Free State agents in France and elsewhere never use the term Consul, knowing that the Free State Executive have acquiesced in Britain's denial of the right of the Free State to have Consuls abroad.

Monster Republican Meeting in Kilkenny.

Miss McSwiney's Speech.

Last week we told our readers something they did not know from the daily press. We reported the truth about Mr. Cosgrave's meeting in Kilkenny. It was a fiasco. On Sunday, 10th June, another meeting took place. This time it was a Republican Meeting, and Miss Mary McSwiney, T.D., and Eamonn Dea, T.D., were the principal speakers. The following is an accurate report. We only wish we had more space to give a more complete account of all the speeches.

The meeting on Sunday night was timed to commence at 8 o'clock, but long before that hour large contingents began to arrive from all parts of the county. Callan and surrounding districts were strongly represented, a char-a-banc and two motor buses, touring cars, and bicycles being used for conveyance to the meeting place. All the districts surrounding Kilkenny were well represented, and when the meeting opened it was computed that between five and six thousand people had assembled. Impartial, or "neutral," observers declared that it was the largest gathering seen at a public meeting in Kilkenny for the past 25 years.

There were two bands in attendance, namely Instige Brass and Reed Band and the newly-formed Castle Kelly Pipers' Band.

When it became known that Miss Mary MacSwiney was staying in the Club House Hotel an enormous crowd surged round the building. As Miss McSwiney emerged from the Hotel deafening cheers were raised, and the headgear of the male members of the crowd soared through the air like swallows, the owners apparently being disregarded as to whether they recovered their property or not. The subsequent demonstration to the meeting was most enthusiastic. Mr. Patrick Bryan, T.O., presided.

Mr. Eamonn Dea, T.D. (Dungarvan), said, as they knew, an order was issued by the Chiefs of the Republican Army and Government, on the 30th April, for the suspension of all offensive operations. He need scarcely point out that that order, on their side at least had been loyally abided by ("That's right.") He regretted to say with regard to their opponents on the other side that things had happened since the 30th April which were not to their credit; armed men had hunted and shot down numbers of Republicans and many others had been clapped into prison. They came there that day in the hope of bringing something to bear on the movement for peace that had been evincing itself throughout Ireland to-day—west, south, and east. Since the order to cease fire on the 30th April that desire had taken definite shape and the people were beginning to ask, "What is the reason? Something is wrong somewhere." He thought it was time the people called a halt to the action of the Government in power, and compelled them to come to some settlement in that matter (hear, hear).

MISS MCSWINEY'S ADDRESS.

The next speaker was Miss Mary McSwiney, T.D., who was introduced by the Chairman as "The sister of one of Ireland's noblest martyrs" (cheers).

Miss McSwiney, who received a great ovation, speaking in Irish, said she was very glad to be there that night. Continuing in English, she said: "I have come to you to-night to ask you to return to your allegiance to the Republic, if you have wandered from it; and to ask you to take care that never again will one of those men—the Murder Ministry that has sat there since the last elections—never again will they have the chance given them by the people of Kilkenny of murdering the best and bravest of Irish patriots. I have come to you this evening to do some plain talking and to tell you the truth of the position to-day and a little of the history of the last twelve sad months. You have been told that we have made a genuine effort for peace. There has been no month, no week, since that dreadful 7th January, 1922, when 64 men, pledged to the Republic, turned their backs on the Republic and swore themselves—there has never been a week or a month that we Republicans have not tried and tried our hardest for an honourable peace. It is not, as I shall prove to you—it is not the Republicans that have stepped Ireland in a fratricidal war, a war worse than any war that England could or has ever threatened us with. A fortnight ago Mr. Cosgrave stood in this place and asked you to re-elect him to represent Kilkenny. He asked you to put in the people that had 'delivered the goods' (laughter). Ah! people of Kilkenny, I ask you what goods has Mr. Cosgrave delivered to you? He has delivered to you fifteen thousand men and women in gaol; he has delivered to you the dead bodies of Cathal Brugha, Harry Bowland, Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellows, and Joseph McKelvey, Dick Barrett, and the noble Erskine Childers, who gave his money, time, and life to this land that he had learned to love; he delivered to you the dead bodies of over one hundred Irishmen, slain because they were true to the oath that Cosgrave broke (hear, hear, and cheers). He has delivered the goods! What goods has he delivered? He has taken this land of ours, this land that we had made so glorious in the eyes of the world by the fight since 1916; he has taken that land and handed it over to England to be carved in two; he has taken this land of Owen Roe, of Shaun the Proud and Wolfe Tone, and given it to be a part of Great Britain and to cut it off from the rest of Ireland. He has delivered the goods! He has taken this Republic which we made so proud, this Republic that we were sworn to defend, the Republic for which the bravest have died, and handed it over as a paltry British Colony to an English King. He came down here to you six years ago and he asked you to elect him because he stood for the Republic. Before he came to Kilkenny he was pledged and he swore to be true to that Republic. Now he comes down to you and tells you he has delivered the goods. Where is the Republic to-day, as far as he is concerned? In the gaols and on the hillsides and in the lonely graves. When Cosgrave talks to you about delivering the goods, go tell him that; and ask him for the bodies of Cathal Brugha, Liam Mellows, men whom Ireland misses sorely to-day. He has delivered the goods! Yes, as far as he has taken this land of ours and delivered it bound fast by oaths and financial restrictions into the hands of English Enemies. Does he think that he has delivered the goods now? Some of those men who sit in Merrion Street to-day and talk about representing the will of the people—some of those Irish army men—think of one thing only, and that is to get jobs for themselves and their friends. That is not our conception of Irish freedom—that those who will work will get jobs. No; we want true freedom (hear, hear). Ah! we have tried so hard to prevent this disunity! They tell you, those men that want to stir up enmity between the soldiers and President de Valera, they tell you that he threatened that brother would wade in brother's blood. It was not de Valera that threatened that, it was not de Valera that caused it. No; that wading through brother's blood was inevitable once one set of Irishmen signed that Treaty of allegiance with England. They told us they had got the last ounce out of England. But they had

not got the last ounce out of England, and there are many more, because in October, when President De Valera wired to the Pope and told the Pontiff that Ireland was not subject to the English King, and would not be subject to England's King, then and there the English threatened that they would break off negotiations unless De Valera withdrew that telegram. De Valera did not withdraw that telegram (cheers). What happened? A week afterwards three of those statesmen made speeches in the House of Commons and one—Lord Birkenhead—said that the war with Ireland could not be launched except at a cost of 100,000 men and £250,000,000. Now, they would not have made those speeches if they were not prepared not to get that allegiance. Of course they said that Ireland should remain within the Empire, but that was all eye-wash for the English people. In December, 1921, when we discovered that Irishmen, misled by the false idea of using the Treaty as a stepping-stone, were going to fight for the Treaty, it seemed impossible that they could get a majority for it, and the majority was got in one way only, and that was because Michael Collins told his friends—his young soldier friends in the Dail—that he would bring in a Republican Constitution; that there would be no oath, and no Governor-General. He pledged his word to that, and it was because they took his word that they voted for the Treaty. Those of us who knew England better, who knew history, perhaps, better and who knew that England never yet made a Treaty, which she did not break, unless it was in her favour, we knew that if we voted for that Treaty we would be handing Ireland over, bound hand and foot, to England. One of the men who voted for that Treaty and the man who above all others is guilty of the murder of Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellows and the other men, is Richard Mulcahy, who was once a friend of mine. I waited on him one day in December, 1921, before the Treaty vote was taken, and asked him to consider the way he was going, and what would happen if he voted and got a majority for that Treaty. I said to him: "Dick, as sure as you vote for that Treaty, as sure as you get a majority for that Treaty, you are bringing civil war on this country." I said, "Dick, as sure as you vote for that Treaty, and as sure as that Treaty goes through, and you become one of his Majesty's Ministers, so surely will you send your soldiers one of these days to arrest me or arrest de Valera." "If you arrest me I will go on hunger strike against His Majesty's Ministry. I will go on hunger strike against you, the same as Terry went on hunger strike against Lord French." I said that, and I meant it. Twice he sent his soldiers to arrest me, and once he sent his soldiers to arrest my sister. The two of us have been on hunger strike. I am told by my doctor that if I go on hunger strike for the third time I go to my death. If I am arrested a third time, I shall go on hunger strike (hear, hear). If they think that I am going to abate one hour's work for Ireland through fear of arrest, they are greatly mistaken. They were warned before ever they passed the Treaty that there would be civil war if it were forced on us, but still they went ahead. They promised to keep the army of the Republic a Republican Army, but they broke their words about that and the army was split. When the country was drifting more and more towards civil war and when at the April Session of Dail Eireann one great final effort was made and they were implored to drop the treaty rather than have civil war, and we asked them was the Treaty worth civil war, but they dare not say "Yes." They retorted, "Is the Republic worth civil war?" We then answered without hesitation, "Yes, a thousand times yes." (Cheers.) Civil war, they were told, was inevitable if they tried to force the Treaty on the people. Then better counsils prevailed and the "Pact" was signed. Oh, those hours of agony, hoping and praying that an honourable way might be found by which we might unite our forces against the common enemy and stand shoulder to shoulder for a united and undivided Ireland. When the pact was made, that Pact, if it had been faithfully kept, would have done all we claimed for it. Remember what I told you: they got a majority for the Treaty in January on the promise, the faithful promise, that there would be no oath of allegiance to the King of England, and we knew perfectly well that if the people through Dail Eireann, discussed the Constitution, that there would be no oath of allegiance in the Constitution, and so we signed the Pact. On the adjournment of the Ard Oireachtas in May 1922, Michael Collins sat there on the platform and he declared that that Pact was of far more importance than the Treaty, because it meant stable conditions for Ireland, and that stable conditions for Ireland were more important than any other agreement, and that if the agreement made that day by the Chairman was threatened by any other, that other agreement would have to go. Michael Collins was a great man that day—greater than he had ever been in his life before. It was the last day of his life that Michael Collins was great, because that night he went over to England, and at the bidding of England, he broke the Pact which he himself had declared was more important than the Treaty; he broke the Pact which would mean stable conditions for Ireland; he broke the Pact which would have averted civil war; he broke the Pact which would have united us shoulder to shoulder against the one and only enemy Ireland has ever known (cheers). That was the last day of his life that Michael Collins was a great man. The people who "fired" the war party with Michael Collins at the head, to some extent they too broke the Pact. All of you know that over 75 per cent. of the people of Ireland, and 75 per cent. of Republican representatives, were Panel candidates. They, farmers and labourers who went forward, told you afterwards that they recognised their mistake in going forward. If the Parliament had been called on the 1st July, as it was agreed to it should be called, that Parliament would not have agreed to civil war. The representatives of the farmers, labourers, Republicans, and the majority of the Treatyites would sit shoulder to shoulder against civil war and against the oath of allegiance to the King of England (hear, hear). We could—even at that Parliament—have drawn up a Constitution without a king, without a Governor-General, and without an oath of allegiance to Ireland's enemy, which would have saved the situation for Ireland and which would have prevented civil war. England knew perfectly well that if those 125 representatives met in that Parliament on the 1st July, that not five per cent. of them would have declared for civil war on the Irish people. But, at England's bidding, and at England's orders, I might say, and with England's guns, Michael Collins made war on the Four Courts, attacked the Republican Army, and started civil war before ever the Parliament met. The world cannot excuse men who obeyed England's orders, took England's guns, and murdered Cathal Brugha—murdered their own countrymen. But, remember this, people of Ireland, and men and women of Kilkenny, that the real enemy is England still. These men have become so bad, and have become so wicked as to go on a dark December morning and take four of Ireland's best and bravest men who had been prisoners for five months, and murder them in cold blood! It is hard to forgive these men, but remember that the real enemy is England still, and it is because these men have become England's Ministers and because they have taken the oath of allegiance to England—that is the reason why they have become so demoralised and so wicked. And such men call themselves Irishmen. There are amongst them men who fought a gallant fight in 1916, and against the Auxiliaries and Black and Tans in 1919 and 1921. They are not the majority of the Irish Republican Army, but there are a great many brave and good men; I know several of them and some of them believe the silly story that they are Republicans and that they are working towards the Republic. Will you show your love for your mother by killing her? They think that by killing the Republic they are saving the Re-

public! These men are mistaken; they believe the silly stories that have been told them; they are told that the Republic was let down in July 1921, when the Truce was signed. The Republic was not let down until five men disobeyed the orders of the Cabinet and signed a document giving allegiance to England's King. The Republic was not let down by the Truce, or by the negotiations; but it was let down by the Treaty. Many of the rank and file of the Free State army were once in the I.R.A. and they honestly believed that they are still Republicans. They told me every time they came to arrest me that they were Republicans and that I am only a "Die Hard." What is a "Die Hard?" A "Die Hard" Republican is a Republican who never will die (cheers), because the Republic is immortal and you cannot kill it. These poor foolish men when they are told that the Free State army is his Majesty's army and that they are his Majesty's soldiers, they become very indignant and they say, "No, we are nothing of the kind," and that they have never taken the oath of allegiance to the King of England and never will. Now, I am delighted to hear that they never will take the oath; but they are working and they are marching for the King of England when they let Dick Mulcahy take the oath for them, just as they would if they took it themselves. Now, I ask you, supposing I steal a fifty pound note and you took five pounds of that from me knowing that it was stolen, are you not as guilty of the crime as I am? Therefore, those men who foolishly say they are not His Majesty's soldiers and have not taken the oath are just as guilty when Dick Mulcahy takes it for them. But it is because they are foolish and because they are not taught, and are satisfied to let other men do the thinking for them, that they say such things. Now, it will not be very long before every soldier in the Free State and every policeman in the Civic Guards will have to take the oath of allegiance or resign. Why are they kept so long as this without taking the oath? Because England is agreeing with the Free State Ministers to keep them in the dark for a while, so that they will hoodwink the people into voting for the Treaty with their whole hearts. England wants to say to the world that the Irish people really love the British Empire, and that you would not go out of it even if you could (laughter). You may say that this is all past history, but it was only on the 27th April that President De Valera—who is still President of the Republic and will be (cheers)—issued proposals as a basis for an honourable peace. Mr. Cosgrave said and Mr. Johnson—the man who misleads himself the labour leader—repeated that Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of these proposals were in the Free State Constitution, and that de Valera was knocking at an open door when he asked to have those proposals accepted. Now I want to tell you very clearly the differences between Nos. 1, 2, and 3 as President de Valera announced them. No. 1 of the proposals stated that the sovereignty of the Irish Nation is inalienable, which means that it cannot be given away. No one can give away the sovereignty of the Irish Nation: You cannot give it away or I cannot give it away, and if the people of Ireland voted by 99 per cent. to give away the sovereignty of the people, then that vote would be illegal and immoral, because it would mean that they were trying to give away something that did not belong to them. That is not in the Free State Constitution because the Free State wants to give away the sovereignty of the Irish Nation to King George, his heirs and successors for ever and ever (laughter and cheers). No. 2 of the Republican proposals says that the Legislative Executive and judicial authority of Ireland is and must be derived—exclusively, mind you—from the people of Ireland. That is not in the Free State Constitution, because all legislators who sit in the Free State Parliament must take the oath of allegiance to the King of England and declare that they draw their authority from him. The executive authority, according to the Free State Constitution, is derived from the King, and everyone of the Ministers in the Free State is his Majesty's Minister and is so spoken of by England. The judicial authority of Ireland under the Free State Constitution is not derived exclusively from the people of Ireland, because every judge and every magistrate, before he can carry out his duties, must swear an oath of allegiance to the King of England. Therefore, Mr. Cosgrave told you one of his many deliberate lies when he said that Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of the Republican proposals were in the Free State Constitution. Now, what is No. 3? No. 3, said President de Valera, is that the court of the people is the supreme authority in Ireland. In all matters pertaining to and within the rights of the people of Ireland, their will must be supreme. But in the preliminaries, Nos. 1 and 2, which deal with the sovereignty of the Nation and the derivation of authority in the Nation are fundamentals and are not judicable. What does that mean? It means that you or any man cannot give them away; that the majority has no right whatever to vote away its own independence. If the majority wanted to do that, and voted to do so, it would be illegal. But Mr. Cosgrave and Company claim to represent the will of the people. They have said that the people wanted the Treaty because they were tired of war. Yes, the people were tired of war, but ask the men and women of Kilkenny which war they were tired of most?—which war broke your hearts—the war of 1919-21, or the war from June, 1922, to the present day? Which war has broken the hearts of every decent man and woman in Ireland? It was not the war which we had fought against England; but the war against each other. Could we go back to January, 1922, and could we who sat in the Dail on that fatal Saturday night have looked into the future—a short eighteen months—and have seen brother fighting against brother, and could we have seen the murder of Cathal Brugha and Harry Boland, and those wicked roadside and gaol murders—is there one man of that 64 would have voted for the Treaty? No; happy I am to think that not a fraction, not one member of the Dail would have voted for it. Could we, Republicans, have looked into the future and have seen the order to force the Treaty on the people, given by those men whom we loved and honoured, and could we have seen that they would take England's guns and shoot down or gaol the best of Ireland's patriots, and cause the deaths of the best of Ireland's madhoo? Ask yourselves one more question: Would we who voted against the Treaty have changed our votes had we foreseen what was to happen? No! Not one of the 57 would have changed their votes. We should have to vote against that Treaty even though knowing all the sufferings that it was going to cause. We could not have changed, because we were fighting for Right; we were fighting for the Republic; and we believed that we were fighting for the fame and honour of the dead; fighting for the safety and freedom of Ireland; and we would not have changed our votes even if we knew that the sufferings and sorrows were to be one hundred times greater. To-day, again, there is a breathing space; the Republicans have ceased fire and have dumped their arms; but let nobody think that because there is an order to cease fire that the Republic is beaten—the Republic is not beaten, and will not and cannot be beaten while Ireland lives (cheers).

Continuing, Miss McSwiney said that if the people stood up and said they would not have the harrasing and the arrests—such things would have to stop. Mr. Cosgrave had asked them to forget the past, and said they were willing to forget everything. The people who did wrong were always willing to forget; but before they would get forgiveness they would have to produce certain evidence that they had repented (cheers).

Miss McSwiney and other speakers, preceded by the Pipers' Band, and accompanied by wildly cheering crowds, walked to the Club House Hotel.

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Éire

THE IRISH NATION

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1923.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

Frank Aiken's Word of Courage.

Oglaigh na h-Eireann

G.H.Q., Dublin, October 25, 1923.

To All Volunteers on Hunger-strike.

Comrades,—This day three years ago 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. It is certain that our domestic enemies will test your faithfulness to the full. It is 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 other 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-clothed 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 examples of Tone, Pearse, MacSwiney, Barry, Mellowes, 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. Dhia oraibh,
FRANK AIKEN,
Chief of Staff.

The Living Republic Greets You.

ORDERS OF THE DAY.

Mountjoy Jail, October 24, 1923.

To all Ranks.

1. The living Republic of Ireland greets you on this the eleventh day of the strife in which you still maintain an unbroken front. You dashed first into the fray for her sake, and your sacrifices have not been in vain.

2. Eight thousand of your brother soldiers and gallant comrades have now reinforced you, and in another day further help will succour you.

3. The people of Ireland are behind you in this fight, and are rallying in multitudes everywhere to pray for you and insistently urge your right to victory.

4. Your pledge abides—release or death—and none of you will fail. You are not cowards or slaves or enemy agents in disguise. You will carry on.

5. You will not repeat the vile lies of enemy agents who slander your leaders and comrades in a futile effort to break your spirit and morale, neither will you listen idly to such defeatist propaganda.

6. Carry on—the fight is almost over, and complete victory is at hand. In a few days more we shall all be free, and Mountjoy men, having begun this historic battle, will march out with heads erect to freedom. (Signed) O.C.D. Wing.

Anniversary of the Death and Victory of T. MacSwiney.

Mountjoy Jail, October 25, 1923.

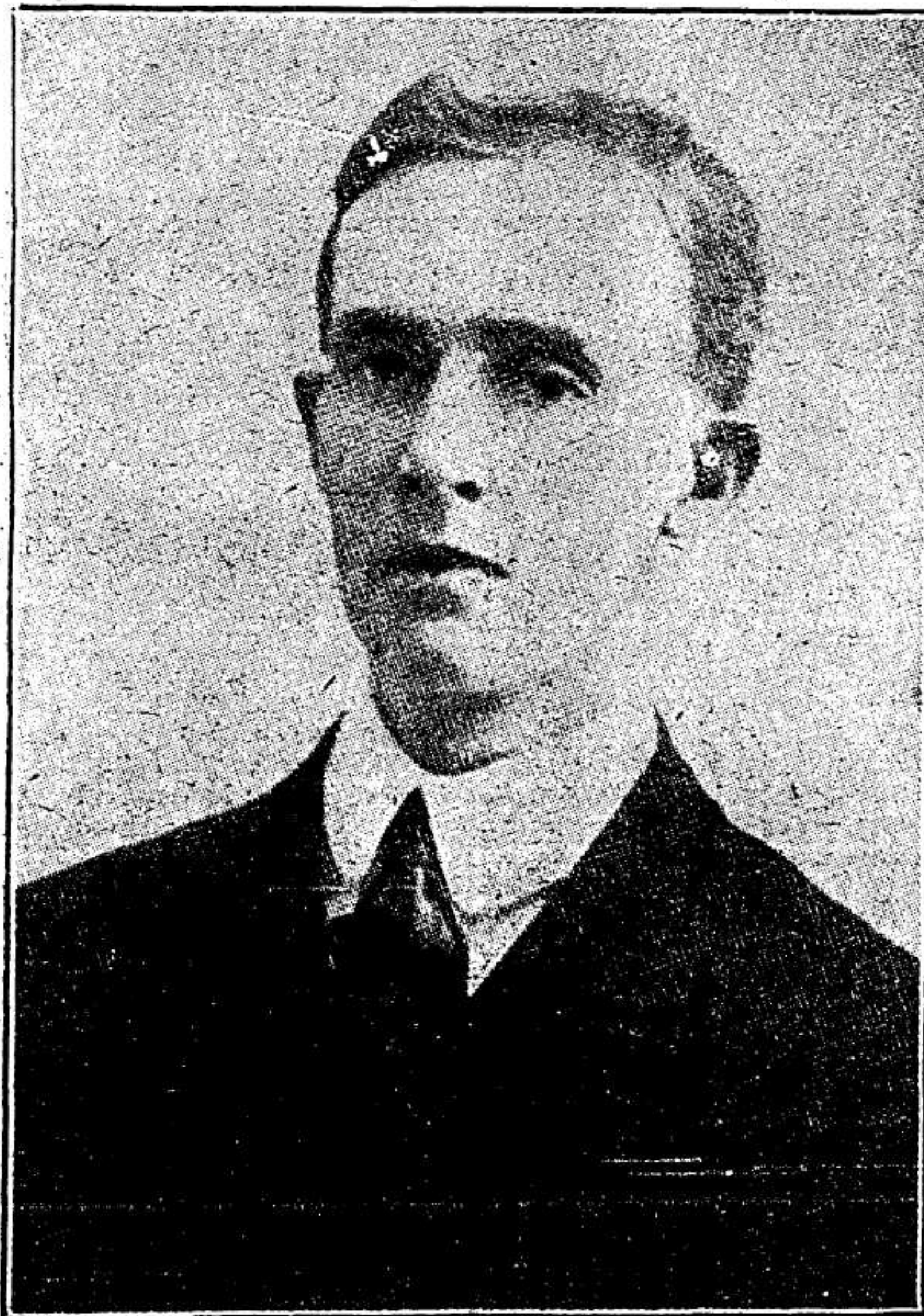
To all Ranks.

1. This is the twelfth day of your stern, noble fight for the God-given right of freedom. Nobly have you acquitted yourselves, and nobly do your comrades outside and the Irish people stand with you and pay tribute to your valour and unflinching courage.

2. Three years ago to-day Terence MacSwiney, one of Ireland's most gifted and gallant martyr-heroes, triumphed over his persecutors and conquered the mighty Empire oppressors of our nation and people. To-day it is the self-same enemy and the self-same struggle. His noble Republican spirit looks down and beckons us on, pointing out the rugged path of duty, and brightly illumining the way to freedom. His words are as true now as then: "It is not with those who can inflict most, but with those who can endure most, ultimate victory rests."

3. The struggle initiated by all of us in Mountjoy on the 14th has spread like the Baal fires of St. Patrick on Tara to all the sea-girt shores of Erin. A mighty tide of public opinion surges up and threatens to overwhelm the tottering usurpers who function as a Free State Government. Carry on—in a few days victory is certain.

(Signed) O.C.D. Wing.



Capt. ERSKINE CHILDERS

Minister for Publicity and editor of "Poblacht na h-Eireann," captured at Annamoe and "executed" 24th November, 1922.

From his last letters on eve of Execution.

"I have a belief in the beneficent shaping of our destiny and I believe God means this for the best; for us, Ireland and humanity.
"I see big forces rending and at the same time moulding our people in affliction.
"I die full of intense love for Ireland.
"My beloved country, God send you courage, victory and rest, and to all our people harmony and love."

Republican Women on Hunger-Strike.

The following is a list of Republican women on hunger-strike in the North Dublin Union since 12 noon, October 24, 1923. The majority have been in jail for the past 12 months, and have been on several hunger-strikes during that period:

Fifth Hunger-Strike.

Eithne Coyle, B.A., Tircennail; Eithne Tadhé, Dublin.

Fourth Hunger-Strike.

Sigle Humphries, Dublin.

Third Hunger-Strike.

Margaret Skinnider, Dublin; Anna Fox, Dublin (under medical care since her arrest); Gretta Coffey, Dunlaoghaire; Nellie Reilly, Dunlaoghaire; Mary Coyle, Dublin.

Second Hunger-Strike.

Eileen Barry, Dublin (sister of Kevin Barry); Annie Mulhern, Dundalk (aged 18 years); Kathleen O'Brien, Cork; Mrs. O'Carroll, Dublin; Lillie Coventry, P.L.G., Dublin; Nellie Merrigan, Dublin; Eileen Colgan, Dublin; Mary French, Ardee; Mrs. Rogers, Dublin; *Peg Cuddihy, Dublin; *May Ramsbottom, Dublin; Bridget Kelly, Castlebellingham; Lillie Dunne, Dublin; Peg Quinn, Dublin; Lillie Gleeson, Dublin; Peg Murphy, Dublin; Annie Synott, Kerry; Baby Bohan, Sligo; Eileen Garvey, Dundalk; Annie McKeon, Dublin; Dotie Barry, Cork; Annie Freeman, Dublin; Brigit Connolly, Artane.

First Hunger-Strike.

Mary Joe Power, Kilkenny; Sadie O'Connell, Athlone; Mary McDonnell, Dublin; Eileen Daly, Fanny O'Neill, May O'Kelly, Harold's Cross, Dublin; Annie O'Rahilly, Dublin (sister of The O'Rahilly); Deany Darcy, Dalkey; Mary Haybourne, Dublin; Kathleen Freeman, Dublin; Kathleen Falkner, Dublin; Maggie Timmons, Dublin; Eileen Master-son, Kildare; Maeve Phelan, Dublin; Melina Phelan, Dublin; Florrie Quinn, Galway; Mamie Lavery, Howth; **Christie Moloney, Dublin; **May Zambria, Dublin; Annie Moore, Kildare (under doctor's care since her arrest. Her brother and fiancée were executed in Curragh last December).

N.B.—Those marked "*" went on hunger-strike though medically exempt.

Those marked "**" are only 17 years of age.

October 26, 1923.

Gross Lie About Surrender in Tintown No. 1.

October 29, 1923.

A Chara.—The Press of the 29th contains the statement that on Saturday, October 27, and on Sunday, October 28, 1,493 prisoners went off hunger-strike, including all the prisoners in Cork to the number of 73, and 1,360 in Tintown "A" Camp, 20 prisoners in Gormanstown, and 20 at Newbridge.

The "Republican Bulletin" of October 23, No. 274, gave the number of hunger-strike in Tintown Camps, Curragh, 1, 2, and 3, as 3,200 men. The following letter, from Tintown No. 3, dated October 18, 1923, supplies the figure for that camp as 1,250. (Lists of names are being published in the Republican weekly Press.):

Government by Minority.

What the Official Figures Show.

Mr. William O'Brien's statement that the contention that the vast majority of the people supported the Treaty is notoriously untenable, is borne out by the official reports of the proceedings of the Southern Parliament.

These reports show by the division figures that on an average only 29 per cent. of the members entitled to be present supported the official Free State Party. This means that less than one-third of the elected representatives of the people have taken on themselves to frame a constitution and laws for the people. They have done this sheltered behind a huge mercenary army, raised and equipped with the help of England, and with the assistance of a corrupt and lying Press which conspired to hide the truth from the people.

The day is at hand when neither a hired army nor a hired Press can avail them to keep up the pretence that they represent the people, and this is the reason why the Free State Party endeavours to continue the civil war and stave off the election. They realise that in the next Parliament their supporters will be very much less than even 29 per cent.

The highest vote given in the Southern Parliament for the official Party was only 43 per cent of those entitled to be present—a clear minority of the representatives.

Below we give a table showing the figures for the divisions, taken from the official reports issued from September 11, 1922, to April 18, 1923. No divisions are omitted except those in which the whips were taken off.

There were 128 members elected. In order to be quite fair, we have allowed for the fact that two members died who would have supported the Free State Party, and the percentage shown, taken on the basis of 126 members, instead of 128, is higher, of course, than if we had allowed for the full membership.

Column (A) shows the numbers voting with the Free State Party; column (B) the numbers voting in opposition; and column (C) the percentage of the total membership voting with the Free State Party:

DATE.	SUBJECT OF DIVISION.	(A)	(B)	(C)
1922.				
Sept. 11.	Civil Servants' Strike	51	24	41
12.	Authority for Civil War	54	15	43
14.	Curtailling Liberty of Subject	50	21	40
14.	Postal Strike	45	20	36
18.	League of Nations	44	19	35
21.	Constitution, Second Reading	47	16	37
22.	Electoral Abuses	30	15	24
25.	Constitution, "Entering British Empire"	38	14	30
25.	" Political Rights	35	17	28
25.	" Private Property	34	14	27
26.	" Right to Work	45	15	36
26.	" "Retaining King in Parliament"	43	16	34
27.	Murder Bill	48	18	38
28.	"	47	15	37
Oct. 3.	Constitution, "King Not to Take Oath"	50	7	40
3.	" "King Summons and Dissolves Parliament"	46	8	37
3.	" "King Summons and Dissolves Parliament"	37	14	29
5.	" Referendum	36	20	29
5.	" People's Referendum for war	42	19	33
5.	" Exec. Authority Vested in King	42	16	33
6.	" Extern Ministers	35	21	28
6.	"	34	20	27
6.	"	35	19	28
10.	" Supremacy of English Privy Council	37	19	29
12.	" Establishing Governor General	34	12	27
18.	" Rights of Children	33	12	26
18.	" School Attendance	33	14	26
19.	" Executive Council	32	13	25
19.	" Title of Governor General	27	18	21
Nov. 1.	Consequential Damages	36	13	29
1.	Adjournment	34	14	27
15.	Electoral Bill	30	12	24
15.	"	37	11	29
Dec. 14.	Appropriation Bill	34	11	27
Jan. 4.	Governor General's Address	31	12	25
10.	Police and Voting	31	13	25
17.	Murder Bill	41	13	33
31.	Enforcement of Law	38	12	30
Feb. 1.	"	39	14	31
1.	"	29	11	23
1.	"	31	10	25
1.	"	32	10	25
1.	"	32	11	25
1.	"	35	10	28
1.	"	36	16	29
1.	"	38	13	30
9.	Electoral Bill	33	15	26
21.	District Justices Bill	28	19	22
21.	Local Government Bill	32	15	25
22.	Malicious Injuries	46	8	37
23.	Local Government Bill	42	10	33
27.	Malicious Injuries	40	10	32
28.	Local Government Bill	29	18	23
Mar. 2.	Malicious Injuries	29	17	23
6.	"	25	15	20
6.	"	27	13	21
7.	"	25	18	20
7.	"	32	16	25
7.	"	40	6	32
20.	District Justices	37	11	29
21.	Malicious Injuries	36	12	29
22.	Double Taxation	25	11	20

Apr. 12.—Electoral Bill	34	17	27
18.—Double Taxation Relief	36	11	29
18.—Employers Collecting Income Tax	31	15	25
Average for column (C)	29		

Savaging Women Prisoners.

When Mr. Mulcahy opened his attack on the Four Courts he was told by Comdt. Gen. Frank Aitken that if he persisted in his attempt to disestablish by force the Irish Republic he would have to use "rotten men and rotten methods."

We do not believe that even Comdt. Gen. Aitken then imagined that Mulcahy would have to use such unspeakable methods as are disclosed in the following statements from Mountjoy and Kilmainham Jails:

Mountjoy Jail,

Saturday, April 28, 1923.

During the removal of the Republican prisoners from Mountjoy to the North Dublin Union, Maire Comerford was so badly beaten about the head that she had to have three stitches by the Medical Officer. Maire Degen received a black eye. Sheila Gaughran and Peg Delaney were flung down stairs. Eileen Barry's (Kevin's sister) clothes were dragged off her and she was treated very roughly. Rose Killend's (London deportee) dress was cut off her and she was subjected to great indignities.

Sorcha MacDermott (London deportee) was knocked on the floor by five Cumann na Saoirse women and stripped of her shoes and stockings and dress, held down by Harry Mangan (Prison Adjutant), who knelt on her while the women beat her with her own shoes. Two other military men, whom she afterwards identified in the presence of the Governor, then took her in a corner, forced her to her knees while they twisted her wrists till she fainted. When she recovered consciousness she was out in the passage, lying on the floor partially dressed and her clothes were saturated with water which they had flung on her. Her face is bruised and her lip cut, and her body covered with bruises. Her wrist is badly sprained, her arm in a sling, and she is in bed in a helpless condition, suffering severely from the strain and the shock. As she is too bad to be moved she is still detained in Mountjoy.

Written on behalf of Sorcha MacDermott,

NORA SPILLANE.

Kilmainham Jail,

May 1, 1923.

A chara,—I wish to bring the following facts to your notice:

On April 30 our Prisoners' Council received notice from the Deputy Governor of the jail that 81 of us would be removed that night to the North Dublin Union. On this date Miss MacSwiney and Mrs. O'Callaghan had been twenty-five days on hunger strike. A large number of prisoners had already been taken away from their wing, and we foresaw that when we were removed the two hunger-strikers would be left all alone in this jail, at the mercy of their captors. So we refused to go until they were released. We considered this course of action absolutely necessary on account of the treatment received by previous hunger-strikers.

At 9 p.m. we were informed by the Deputy Governor that if we persisted in our refusal we would be removed by force.

At 10-20 p.m. Mrs. O'Callaghan was released, leaving Miss MacSwiney alone.

At midnight a large force of C.I.D. and F.S. soldiers rushed into the compound and up to the top landing, where the prisoners were. They caught hold of each girl in turn, kicking, beating, and dragging them along the landing to the top of the iron staircase. Down this they threw them in some cases, and dragged them in others. Several prisoners—notably Mrs. Gordon, of Dublin—were dragged to the foot of the stairs by their hair and along the stone floor to the door. Others were dragged by the feet, their heads beating each iron-bound step. One girl—a cousin of Liam Lynch—had her hand badly bitten. Many girls fainted, and were carried away in a condition of collapse. There was no doctor in the building, and only one nurse on duty, and as her time was mainly devoted to Miss MacSwiney, no medical attention could be had. The language and behaviour of these men surpasses description, and the effects on Miss MacSwiney of the cries and moans of the injured girls, and the shouts of the men, may be imagined. This torture went on from 12-5 a.m. until the soldiers were called off, having taken about 70 girls and leaving many of those behind in a condition of collapse.

I may add that as lights were turned out at midnight, we had to submit to the added terror of darkness, except for the light of the moon through the glass roof and the candles on the altar.

I testify on my word of honour that all I have said is true, without exaggeration.

You may use my signature, which I append.

ANNIE HOGAN,

Cratloe, Co. Clare.

[Copy of extract from another note received.]

I cannot give you any adequate idea of what we went

through last night. We can hardly believe it ourselves. Of course, we did not see any of the girls after they were dragged away, but we heard that one girl's leg was broken. We cannot confirm this yet. It was the Murder Gang from Oriel House and Portobello. Several of the heroes were recognised. They included Tom Flood (Frank's brother) and the men concerned in the Clondalkin murders.

How the Game is Worked.

The following is a copy of a letter addressed to the Free State Postmaster General by one of his constituents in Cork. It tells its own story:

To J. J. Walsh, P.M.G.

A chara,—I thought I would have an opportunity of going to Dublin as a delegate to Cumann na Gael, but it has been postponed and there were many matters I was anxious to discuss with you relating to the organisation here. There are many factors at work here against the Government and its supporters. The Labour Party are making propaganda about the contracts, so are others. But why I am writing to you now in particular is to get a recommendation from you for a job in the customs, as I am practically idle, and I think there would be jobs in connection with it to suit men of my age, etc. I am sure a line from you would make it all right. I am told he is more inclined to favour ex-soldiers.

C. Crowley is going to Dublin in a few days and I am sure he will give you some particulars.

Thanking you in anticipation,

Le Meas Mor,

HARRY LORTON

P.S.—In regard to my son's Scholarship Grant I am sure you done your part, but it looked that Mr. Blythe could not see his way to help the first Whitworth scholar, considering that they are proud to help in all parts of the British Empire.—HARRY.

Last Letter of Vice-Comdt. Patrick O'Reilly.

Ballybricken Prison, Waterford.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I am writing these few lines to thank you all very much for your support to my comrades and myself during the Anglo-Irish war and the present war.

I am going to meet my old comrades at 8 o'clock in the morning, so I will say good-bye now. May God bless you all and grant you the peace you deserve. Remember me sometimes as a soldier who died for Ireland. Good-bye.

Yours faithfully,

PATRICK JOHN O'REILLY,

Vice-Comdt. I.R.A.

Last Letter of Michael Fitzgerald to his Sister, Brother, and Aunt.

DEAR LENA, CATHY, AND PATTIE,—Good-bye now, and pray for my soul, for I will be before my God tomorrow. Weep not for Paddy and me, for we are only dying the way hundreds of Irishmen died before. We will get the last Sacrament at dawn, so we will be all right. I will know and see my father and brother now very soon. Cheer up, for this is their best.

Don't let my poor mother get down-hearted now, for even though it was I that made her hair grey, there is no one that repents it more.

Cathy, be sure and bring your children up rebels, and ask them to pray for me.

I will leave you now for good, hoping to meet you all in the next world.

I am, your fond brother,

MICKEY.

Be sure and remember that your brother will die a Geraldine and a man. Keep a look out on my mother.

Women Prisoners in Hospital and Miss Broderick.

"Hospital," North Dublin Union.

Saturday, May 5, 1923.

The Hospital for Political Female Prisoners at the North Dublin Union was opened on Wednesday evening, May 2, and six patients were moved in (among them the two signatories), while the floor was still quite wet.

At about 8-30, half-an-hour after we were installed, the military arrived in the hospital ward, carrying another prisoner whom we recognised as the Hon. Albinia Broderick. This lady was arrested in Galway after she had been fired at eight times by Free State troops, and wounded three times in the right leg. They afterwards pretended that they had fired because they did not know whether it was a man or a woman who was on the bicycle. But Miss Broderick distinctly heard them shout, "There goes Lady Broderick." She went on hunger strike immediately on her arrest—this is her ninth day—and had been dragged about from prison to prison till she arrived here. A doctor and two nurses were in attendance

"One black night the climax came. I thought I was dying and that 'twas a race between madness and death. I was striving to keep my mind clear till my heart would stop, praying to go sane to God. And the darkness was against me—the darkness, thick and powerful and black. I said to myself that if I could pierce that, if I could make myself see—see anything, I'd not go mad. I put out all the strength I had, striving to see the window or the peep-hole or the crucifix on the wall, and failed. I knew there was a little iron seat clamped into the wall in the corner opposite the bed; I willed, with a desperate, frenzied intensity to see that; and I did see it at last. And when I saw it all the fear and strain died away in me, because I saw that I was not alone."

"He was sitting there quite still, a limp, despairing figure, his head bowed, his hands hanging between his knees; for a long time I waited, then I was able to see better, and I saw that he was a boy—fair-haired, white-faced, quite young, and there were letters on his feet. I can tell you my heart went out to him, in pity, and thankfulness, and love."

"After a while he moved, lifted up his head, and stared at me—the most piteous look I have ever seen."

"He was a young lad, with thin, starved features and deep eye-sockets like a skull's; he looked, then bowed his head down hopelessly again, not saying a word. But I knew that his whole torment was the need to speak, to tell something; I got quite strong and calm, watching him, waiting for him to speak."

"I waited a long while, and that dizzy sense of time working in a circle took me, the circles getting larger and larger, like eddies in a pool, again. At last he looked up and rested his eyes beseechingly on me as if imploring me to be patient. I understood; I had conquered the dark—he had to break through the silence—I knew it was very hard."

"I saw his lips move, and at last I heard him—a thin, weak whisper came to me: 'Listen, listen, for the love of God!'"

"I looked at him, waiting; I didn't speak; it would have scared him. He leaned forward, swaying, his eyes fixed, not on mine, but on some awful vision of their own; the eyes of a soul in purgatory, glazed with pain."

"Listen, listen! I heard, the truth! You must tell it—it must be remembered, it must be written down!"

"I will tell it," I said, very gently, "I will tell it if I live."

"Live, live, and tell it!" he said, moaningly, and then, then he began. I can't repeat his words, all broken, shuddering phrases; he talked as if to himself only—I'll remember as best I can."

"My mother, my mother!" he kept moaning, and the name of shame! "They'll put the name of shame on us," he said, "and my mother that is so proud—so proud she never let a tear fall, though they murdered my father before her eyes! Listen to me! He seemed in an anguish of haste and fear, striving to tell me before we'd be lost again. 'Listen! Would I do it to save my life? God knows I wouldn't, and I won't! But they'll say I did it! They'll say it to her—they'll be pouring out their lies through Ireland and I cold in my grave!'"

"His thin body was shaken with anguish; I didn't know what to do for him. At last I said, 'Sure, no one'll believe their lies.'"

"My Lord won't believe it," he said vehemently. "Didn't he send me up and down with messages to his lady? Would he do that if he didn't know I loved him—know I could go to any death?"

"'Twas in the Duke's lawn they caught me," he went on; "'twas on Sunday last, and they're starving me ever since; trying night and day they are to make me tell them what house he's in—and God knows I could tell them. I could tell!"

"I knew well the dread that was on him. I said: 'There's no fear,' and he looked at me a little quieter then."

"They beat me," he went on. "They half strangled me in the Castle yard and then they threw me in here. Listen to me! Are you listening?" he kept imploring. "I'll not have time to tell you all!"

"Yesterday one of the red-coats came to me—an officer, I suppose, and he told me my Lord will be caught. Some lad that took his last message told him. He's going to Moira House in the morning, disguised, they'll waylay him—attack him in the street. They say there'll be a fight—and sure I know there will—and he'll be alone; they'll kill him. He laughed, the devil. Telling me that! He laughed, I tell you, because I cried."

"A priest came in to me then; a priest! My God, he was a fiend! He came in to me in the dead of night, when I was lying shivering and sobbing for my Lord; he sat and talked to me in a soft voice I thought at first he was kind. Listen till I tell you! listen till you hear all! He told me I could save my Lord's life. They'd go quietly to his house and take him; there'd be no fighting and he'd not be hurt. I'd only have to say where his lodging was. . . . My God, I stood up and cursed him! He a priest! God forgive me if he was."

"He was no priest," I said, trying to quiet him. "That's an old tale."

"He went out then," the poor boy went on, talking feverishly, against time, "and a man I'd seen at the Castle came in, a man with a narrow face and a black cloak. The priest was with him and he began talking

to me again, the other listening, but I didn't mind him or answer him at all. He asked me wasn't my mother a poor widow and wasn't I her only son. Wouldn't I do well to take her to America, he said, out of the hurt and harm, and make a warm home for her, where she could end her days in peace. I could earn the right to it, he said—good money and the passage out, and wasn't it my duty as a son. The face of my mother came before me—the proud, sweet look she has, like a queen; I minded the loving voice of her and she saying, "I gave your father for Ireland and I'd give you." "My God, my God, what were they but fiends? What will I do, what will I do at all?"

"He was in agony, twisting his thin hands."

"You'll die and leave her pride in you," I said.

"Then in broken gasps he told me the rest."

"The Castle man—he was tall, he stood over me—he said, 'You'll tell us what we want to know.'"

"I'll die first," I said to him, and he smiled. He had thin, twisted lips, and said, "You'll hang in the morning, like a dog."

"Like an Irishman, please God!" I said.

"He went mad at that and shook his fist in my face and talked sharp and wicked through his teeth."

"O, my God! I went down on my knees to him, I asked him in God's holy name! How will I bear? How will I bear it at all?"

"He was overwhelmed with woe and terror; he bowed his head and trembled from head to foot."

"They'll hang me in the morning," he gasped, looking at me haggardly. "And they'll take him and they'll tell him I informed! The black priest'll go to my mother—he said it! Himself said it! He'll tell her I informed! It will be the death-blow on her heart—worse than death! . . . 'Twill be written in the books of Ireland to the end of time. They'll cast the word of shame on my grave."

"I never saw a creature in such pain; it would break your heart. I put out all the strength I had and swore an oath to him; I swore that if I lived I'd give out the truth, get it told and written through Ireland. I don't know if he heard; he looked at me wearily, exhausted, and sighed and leaned his head back against the wall."

"I was tired out and half-conscious only, but there was a thing I was wanting to ask. For a while I couldn't remember what it was, then I remembered again and asked it: 'Tell me, what is your name?'"

"I could hardly see him; the darkness had taken him again, and the silence; his voice was very far off and faint."

"I forget," it said; "I have forgotten; I can't remember my name."

"It was quite dark then; I believe I fainted; I was unconscious when I was released."

Max Barry broke the puzzled silence with a wondering exclamation: "Lord Edward! More than a hundred years!"

"Poor wretch!" laughed the irrepressible Frank; "in Kilmainham since ninety-eight!"

"Ninety-eight?" Larry looked up quickly. "You weren't in the hospital were you, Liam? I was."

There's a name carved on the window-sill, and a date in ninety-eight. . . . I can't. . . . I can't remember the name."

"Was there anyone accused, Max?" Una asked; "any record of a boy?"

Max frowned. "Not that I remember. . . . But so many were suspect; it's likely enough. . . . Poor boy!"

"I never could find out," said Liam. "Of course I wasn't far off delirium; it may have been hallucination or a dream."

I did not believe he believed that and looked at him. He smiled.

"I want you to write it for me," he pleaded quietly. "I promised, you see."

A Clincher from President De Valera.

(Continued from page 1.)

and get the basis for representation in the All-Ireland Parliament agreed upon definitely.—And after that, the make or break question.

(Signed) E. de V.

"P.S. I think we should avoid any agreement which would compel Tyrone and Fermanagh to remain in the Northern Parliament without a definite vote of the people."

"These extracts from documents, which the Free State have in their possession, scarcely need a commentary. They prove quite clearly that the Cabinet policy and that policy as understood by the Delegation, was: a subordinate legislature with jurisdiction over such areas, and only over such areas in the North-East as by a vote of their inhabitants would definitely declare their desire for such a legislature."

"The dispatch quoted above shows that I was maintaining that policy, which was the policy of justice and fair-play to every section, even in private as late as October 26, 1921. The documents previously published show what my attitude was previous to that date."

"I repeat again. I never have at any time, in public or in private, proposed or agreed to, or had the intention of agreeing to, any proposal which would allow any part of Ireland to vote itself out of the Irish State. I have always maintained consistently, whilst admitting the claim of certain areas in the North-East for local autonomy, that the unit for national self-determination was the whole of Ireland. I maintain that now."

Mr. Devoy's Irish "Settlement."

(Continued from page 1.)

in Ireland arises as the offspring of alien propaganda and so illiberal a view of the Irish character is entirely foreign to its nature. The non-Catholic majority in "Northern Ireland" does not want to join the "Free State," but, in point of fact, their objection to such a union is not because they are non-Catholics, but because of certain factors of economics and commerce allied to a certain independence and a sense of commercial superiority, not wholly to be decried, together with the certainty of higher taxation and the suspicion that the "Free State" Government has no great love for them. We admit, as we regret, that their leaders, or rather a powerful section of them, proclaim that they fear religious persecution, but the average "Northern" Protestant has no such fear; the experience of his co-religionists elsewhere has convinced him to the contrary, but perhaps not altogether unnaturally, he is content to let his leaders indulge in whatever kind of propaganda seems most likely to prevent him being made a subject of the "Free State"; at the same time there is evidence that the more offensive propagandists are losing support. For Catholics the change would be an improvement on their present condition, but for the non-Catholics the change would entail the loss of their ascendancy in their own area and the prospect of increased taxation, with even a diminution of their industrial prosperity, so that their present position would be worsened; but there is no question or fear of Papal control, and their decision is based on the other factors mentioned, no matter what certain of their leaders may affirm to the contrary. We fail to see how Mr. Devoy's Protestant leader, when he is found, will find his religion an asset in his attempt to make "Northern" entrance into the "Free State" an economic gain to the former.

There is one aspect of the case bordering on religion that is not agreeable food for reflection, but because a mistake was made we should not seek to perpetuate it, but to remedy and, if possible, to forget it. The "Northern" Government cannot exist in a satisfactory condition if it loses the "Catholic areas," and consequently it has striven, and is still striving, to hold them; in that endeavour, partly owing to the advice of a group of self-seeking fanatics, and partly because of the influence of an ignoble political tradition, it made the mistake of making the political power of the Catholics it wanted to retain, negligible lest the exercise by them of their rights in that direction might lead to union with the "Free State." The methods adopted are well known, and no Irishman, whether from the North or South, can, nor wants to, defend them; in any case, they defeated their own object. Had the "Northern" Government given the Catholic minority a fair deal, that minority might to-day prefer to remain under its present Government, if the only alternative was the "Free State."

We are anxious for Irish unity, and we insist that there are not two nations in Ireland, but one, and we do not think that Mr. Devoy has rendered a service to our countrymen by playing the English game of endless reiteration of the falsehood that religion is the dividing line and bone of contention between the Irish of the North and their fellow countrymen of the South. Mr. Devoy himself says, "The boundary was created by Lloyd George on religious lines, for the permanent injury of all Ireland," and without accepting this statement quite literally, we may ask, why does he speak as though the religious factor was more than it really is in Ireland, a little unsavoury window-dressing by the "Northern" Government. Irishmen are not convinced by it to-day, and we doubt whether the average Englishman believes it all so readily as formerly. Finally, we might ask Mr. Devoy how his suggestions, if carried out without a hitch, could be termed a "settlement." The supreme issue for Irish patriots to-day is not whether the "Northern" area should join the "Free State," or even vice versa, but it is, how soon will Ireland enjoy her natural rights of independent sovereignty and start as a self-respecting nation a life of prosperity and educational development to which the qualities and character of the sturdy industrialist of the North will contribute no less than the more pliant idealist of the South. Ulster has never been backward in supplying patriots in the service of Ireland in the past, and when the confusion, due to the limitation of national vision by an imported "boundary question," has passed away, Ulster will not be found behind the other provinces in the march to freedom, for that is the only possible settlement. Mr. Devoy and his friends should ponder on the statement, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace.

Eoin.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

A Clincher from President De Valera.

Asked whether he would reply to the latest Free State Government statement as to his attitude on Partition, President De Valera said:

"My attitude throughout the whole course of the negotiations is clearly defined at every stage in the official documents. For example, when going to London our delegation took with them a skeleton draft-treaty outlining the general policy the Cabinet had agreed upon.

"The clause in relation to this treaty, defining our policy as regards the minority in the North-East, was as follows:

"The following constituencies of North East Ireland; viz., the Boroughs of Belfast and Derry; North, South, East, and Mid. Antrim; North, South, and Mid. Armagh; North and South Derry; North, South, East, West, and Mid. Down; North and South Fermanagh, and North East, North West, and South Tyrone, may by vote of their registered electors (or adult inhabitants) severally elect to be directly represented in the Irish Parliament; provided that if all of them or a smaller number contiguous and forming a territorially continuous group do not so elect, they shall be entitled to maintain a legislature possessed of the local governing powers set out in the Act of the British Parliament known as 'Government of Ireland Act, 1920' (10 and 11 Geo. V., Ch. 67.), and provided they shall be entitled to the same representation relatively to the rest of Ireland in the Irish Parliament as they would have been entitled to in the British Parliament under the provisions of the above-mentioned Act.

"Should the constituencies enumerated opt to be directly represented in the National Parliament, it is agreed that a convention be executed with their agreed representatives safeguarding any lawful interests peculiar to the area, and for this purpose a Commission shall be appointed consisting of — persons nominated by the National Government and — persons elected by the representatives of the area mentioned.

"To provide adequate and just representation for the political minority, the Irish Government agrees to take into consultation the representatives of this minority with a view to devising a scheme of proportional representation which will secure this object.

"That the delegation thoroughly understood the general policy, and in particular the policy involved in this clause, is clear from the communications sent me from time to time by the Chairman of the Delegation. Thus in a dispatch dated the 24th of October, 1921, and signed Art O'Griobhtha, the following occurs:

"... Told them (the British representatives) the only possibility of Ireland considering association of any kind with the Crown was in exchange for essential unity—a concession to Ulster.

"In a similar dispatch, date the following day, October 25, reporting to me the proceedings of a sub-conference on the North-Eastern question, we find:

"... 'The people must have at least freedom of choice,' we (the Irish delegation) replied.

"... Eventually they (the British representatives) suggested the Six County area remaining as at present but coming into the All-Ireland Parliament. This was a new proposal and while we did not hold any hope out that it might be a basis, we, between ourselves, thought it might be a possible basis.

"... In the end I told them that no Irishman could even discuss with his countrymen any association with the British Crown unless the essential unity of Ireland was agreed to by the decidants.

"To this dispatch I sent the following, obviously hurried, reply:

"Memo to A.G. No. 8. October 26, 1921.
From President:

"Dispatch No. 7 from the Secretary received with the accompanying memoranda; also your memo on the sub-conference on Ulster.

"The main thing now, it seems to us, is to clinch with them on the 'Ulster' question without delay.

(Continued on page 2.)

Mr. Devoy's Irish "Settle- ment."

Irishmen have been presented recently with a suggestion for an Irish "settlement" by Mr. John Devoy. We fail to regard his suggestion as one calculated to promote Irish unity or to hasten Irish freedom.

In many respects we can only regard Mr. Devoy's suggestions, as reported in the press, as somewhat out of date. Some of them breathe the spirit that emanated from the old Nationalist Party of John Redmond, a spirit that showed a lack of vision and of appreciation of the real end of the national movement, the restoration to Ireland of her sovereign independence; Mr. Devoy objects to English influence affecting Irish affairs, and he prophesies that whether the Tories win or lose the next election, they will still be powerful enough to influence the English Government to act on the old tradition in regard to Ireland—"Divide and conquer." Perhaps he is a true prophet, which we may doubt, but if so, he should remember that if English Governments may still affect and determine the domestic affairs of Ireland they can do so solely by reason of the dependent status of both the "Free State" and the "Northern" Parliaments. He goes on to say that the Boundary Commission cannot lead to a real or effective settlement because "its power is limited to a change in the boundary line, which would still leave an open sore and make it permanent. The only true solution of the boundary question is the abolition of the boundary and the constitution of a Government representing and responsible to the whole people of Ireland and controlling every foot of Irish soil." Thus Mr. Devoy; perhaps we are wrong, but we gather from the general tenor of his remarks that he is merely advocating the union of all Ireland in the "Free State," and it is very difficult to reconcile the two sentiments; the "Free State," in such a scheme, will still be affected by whatever attitude the English Government may choose to adopt towards her colony, so that there would be no abolition of English influence, sinister or otherwise, and we have failed altogether to reconcile the idea of that dependency with the constitution of a Government representing and responsible to the whole people of Ireland and controlling every foot of Irish soil.

Later Mr. Devoy likens Irish politics to "a game of Spoil Five—if you cannot win yourself prevent your opponent from winning." We seem to have heard of that game being played by certain Irish-Americans not so very long ago, but would have hesitated to believe it was as common in Ireland; however, we can only accept his authority for its existence; no doubt he knows more about such things than we do, and, in any event, we are not unduly perturbed. The Republic triumphed over such things before and will do so again, if necessary. What can have turned Mr. Devoy, not merely against his beloved "Free State," but against "my Ministers," who welcomed him so effusively? Not merely must we have a Government to control "every foot of Irish soil," but we must have a new leader, preferably someone we have never heard of before, and that someone is to be a Protestant; Mr. Devoy goes on, "a Protestant leader could easily dispel the unreasoning fears of his co-religionists of Papal control of Ireland under any form of self-government." Mr. Devoy has been abroad so long that we may pardon his ignorance of the mind of either the Irish of the six counties or of the twenty-six counties, as also his assumption that Irish Protestants are less liberal in their patriotism than Irish Catholics, but we cannot forgive him for falling into the old English trap and raising the spectre of religious differences in just that part of the boundary question where they do not exist.

Viewing the whole question solely within the somewhat narrow bounds of the "Treaty" position, we find that the mention of religion in connection with the boundary question, enters only in the fact that those in the "Northern" area who wish to join the "Free State" happen to be Catholics, but their reason for desiring that change is to be found in the fact that their condition under it would be at least an improvement of their present state, rather than because they happen to profess a certain religion. The "religion" explanation of domestic differences

(Continued on page 2.)

The Prisoners.

(1798—1923.)

It was on an evening late in May that Liam Daly startled us by strolling into Una's room, a thin, laughing shadow of the boy we had known at home. We had imagined him a helpless convalescent, still in Ireland, and welcomed him as if he had risen from the dead. For a while there was nothing but clamorous question and answer, raillery, revelry, and the telling of news; his thirty-eight days' hunger-strike had already become a theme of whimsical wit; but once or twice as he talked his face sobered and he hesitated, gazing at me with a pondering, burdened look.

"He holds me with his glittering eye!" I complained at last; he laughed.

"Actually, he said, 'you're right; there is a story I have to tell some time, somewhere, and if you'll listen, I couldn't do better than to tell it here and now.'"

He had found an eager audience, but his grave face quieted us, and it was in an intent silence that he told his inexplicable tale.

"You'll say it was a dream," he began, "and I hope you'll be right; I could never make up my mind; it happened in the gaol. You know Kilmainham?" He smiled at Larry, who nodded. "The gloomiest prison in Ireland, I suppose—goodness knows how old. When the strike started I was in a punishment cell, a noisome dungeon, right enough, complete with rats and all, dark always and dead quiet; none of the others were in that wing. It amounted to solitary confinement, of course, and on hunger-strike that's bad, the trouble is to keep a hold of your mind.

"I think it was about the thirtieth day I began to be afraid—afraid of going queer. It's not a pretty story, all this," he broke off, looking remorsefully at Una, "but I'd like you to understand—I want to know what you think.

"They'd given up bringing in food and the doctor didn't trouble himself overmuch with me; sometimes a warder would look through the peep-hole and shout a remark, but most of the day and all night I was alone.

"The worst was losing the sense of time; you've no idea how that torments you. I'd dose and wake up and not know whether a day or only an hour had gone; I'd think sometimes it was the fiftieth day, maybe, and we'd surely be out soon; then I'd think it was the thirtieth still; then a crazy notion would come that there was no such thing as time in prison at all; I don't know how to explain—I used to think that time went past outside like a stream, moving on, but in prison you were in a kind of whirlpool—time going round and round with you, so that you'd never come to anything, even death, only back again to yesterday, and round to to-day and back to yesterday again. I got terrified, then, of going mad; I began talking and chattering to myself, trying to keep myself company, and that only made me worse, because I found I couldn't stop—something seemed to have got into my brain and to be talking—talking hideous, blasphemous things, and I couldn't stop it. I thought I was turning into that. Ah! there's no describing it!

"At times I'd fight my way out of it and pray. I knew, at those times, that the blasphemous thing wasn't myself; I thought 'twas a foul spirit, some old criminal, maybe, that had died in that cell. Then the fear would come on me that if I died insane he'd take possession of me, and I'd get lost in Hell. I gave up praying for everything except the one thing, then—that I'd die before I went mad. One living soul to talk to would have saved me; when the doctor came I'd all I could do to keep from crying out to him not to leave me alone; but I'd just sense enough left to hold on while he was there.

"The solitude and the darkness were like one—the one enemy—you couldn't hear and you couldn't see. At times it was pitch black; I'd think I was in my coffin then and the silence trying to smother me. Then I'd seem to float up and away—to lose my body, and then wake up suddenly in a cold sweat, my heart drumming with the shock. The darkness and I were two things hating one another, striving to destroy one another—it closing on me, crushing me, stifling the life out of my brain—I trying to pierce it, trying to see. My God, it was awful!