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An Irishman's way to make love,
"Keep me in thy memory
'Tis all the boon I ask."

Dugout
Near the Galtees.

To

16. 10. 22.

The Roman Catholic Archbishop
Dublin.

Your Grace

I am not one of Mr Healy's youths,
giving an Autumn on the hill side, I am a
Father and a Grandfather, fifty years ago
in a storm, I watched the waves of the Atlantic
washing sly ~~the~~ Head, I stood on the Hill of Howth
and looked down on the Bailey, and I went around
Ireland's Eye in a yawl. I am sure I was a
Roman Catholic and saying my prayers before
Your Grace was baptised. I must now ask is
it the will of the Irish Bishops, is it the
"supreme will" the "sovereign will" of the
Irish people, that their Deputies should go
into Leinster House and pledge their faith.

and swear their allegiance to the King of England, and then sit down in contented blasphemy. That unmannerly boy the Home Secretary, could hardly give your Grace a true return of all the murders that are recorded against the King of England during the past few years, every Irishman executed for love of Country was murdered, Roger Casement, was murdered, the King of England's responsible hands are black as the 'hol of hell', himself, his heirs and successors are damned from Ireland to the last generation. If the King of England went to Rome and kissed that part of the Pope's body that he shouldn't turn to friend or foe, he would still be damned from Old Ireland for ever.

I have heard it softly said that Ireland is to ^{be} joined to England by the link of the Crown only. Is Shaun McKeown going to forge that link of damnation? Your threats of deprivation, excommunication + suspension are only making the young Republicans more

solid in their faith, you will not succeed where the old persecutors and Priest hunters failed, you will go down unwept unhonoured and unsung. In this awful cloud of misfortune that has shrouded the lost Hierarchy, I see the hidden hand and red shirt of the greasy Italian, may the Jackdaw fly away with his ring, "let Rome and England do its worst." I believe that if the young Redeemer came to Ireland today, the High Priests - the Hierarchy - would give pieces of silver to every Judas to betray him, if he was found on the side of De Valera and the young Republicans, and he would not be found on the wrong side.

Saint Patrick will judge the Irish, and He will judge them here in Ireland. He will not be waiting for the last day, the Dead who died for Ireland will get first Call, and first place, I am strong in my belief that ~~that~~ Saint Patrick will never send an Irishman

to hell, and that he will find a resting place
 for that raggedy rascal Michael Collins,
 Collins died in tatters fighting for a blasphemy.
 I have ^{been} trying, searching, to find some man or Saint
 that I could compare with Saint Patrick, from
 Adam down to this day I can ^{find} no one, In comparison
 all the Apostles, with all their Acts and Epistles,
 were not worth a thraeneen, All the Decrees of
 all the Popes could not deprive Saint Patrick of
 the victory he won on the Summit of Croagh
 Patrick, Angels or Demons couldnt knock a shake
 out of him, he held his ground on the top of
 that mountain in Commaught, and he sent his
 wireless messages up to the Throne of the High God,
 he gave them no rest in Heaven until an Angel
 was sent down to tell him that all his requests
 were granted, then Saint Patrick came quietly down,
 as unmoved as if he had not gained the greatest
 Victory that man ever won under Heaven

The Irish Bishops are so high in the
 Apostolic Succession, that they must go elsewhere
 to be judged, with bell book and Candle they

may go to the Valley, to bunk with the Anglican
and the Italian, there I leave them to the
Mercy of God.

It is necessary that you should
give this letter prompt publicity,

To show how I appreciate the true men
in Ireland today, I subscribe myself
An Old Irregular.