

FROM THE "NEW YORK AMERICAN" OF MAY 1916.

THANK GOD FOR FREEDOM'S MARTYRS IN EVERY AGE AND LAND.

Among Irishmen in America there were, up to a few days ago many who, if not loyal to England, were at least loyal to the cause of the Empire and wished it to be victorious in its war.

To-day we think that the Irishmen in America who are not burning with resentment against the British Empire and praying for its defeat and humiliation are very, very few.

It was evident to any man of sense the moment the British Government began its bloody work of reprisal upon the Irish prisoners of war that it was making a blunder as stupid as it was cruel.

We hoped then that the outburst of horror in America, as well as among humane Englishmen, would open the eyes of the British Government and cause the shooting of Irish Prisoners to cease. But the hope was disappointed.

The British Government has kept its military murderers steadily at work, and each day's cables have brought word of fresh executions, of killings that would shame savages, of wounded and shot-shattered prisoners being ptopped up on their broken limbs long enough for the executioners to riddle again with bullets the poor mangled bodies.

No wonder that every Irish Heart thirsts for vengeance.

No wonder that the British propagandists who have prostituted American journalism and free speech to the unpatriotic object of dragging their own country into this war to do England's fighting have been shamed into temporary silence.

We should think that even one of these bootlickers, to say nothing of decent Englishmen, would blush to pronounce the name of Belgium again, would never open his mouth to talk of atrocities of "Humanities" again.

With the blackened walls and tumbled ruins of Dublin echoing the volleys of firing squads shooting down surrendered prisoners whose crime was to love their native land and yearn for its independence and liberty, we hope for decency's sake, that we shall hear no more snivelling in American over broken stained glass of shattered statues at Rheims and Louvain,

With the blood of Irish Prisoners and patriots reddening poor Ireland's soil in streams, we hope, also for decency's sake that we shall hear no more cant about England's passionate and heroic sympathy for the rights and liberties of little peoples.

With the spectacle of sorely wounded men propped up on their broken and shattered limbs to be shot to death, we hope, again for decency's sake, that there will be a final end of the cant about Britain's waging warfare for "Humanity's" sake.

We trust that from Mr. Wilson down to the Providence Journal - an all-embracing descent from the zenith of dissembled unneutrality to the nadir of indecent propaganda - there will be an end of the snivel and cant and humbug which have been so effectively belied by the Governmental and military reprisals and cruelties and murders in unhappy Ireland.

We hope that the American people will never again be deluded to the point of willingness to waste American wealth and shed American blood in the contemptible role of catspaws to pull England's chestnuts out of the fire and ashes of a selfish and unsuccessful war fought under the pretence of protection of the independence of little peoples and of the rights of neutrals and of the humanities.

Those Irish scholars, poets, patriots, and martyrs for freedom's sake whose mangled bodies lie in bloody graves there in shot-riddled and flameswept Dublin are the witnesses who give the lie to all the cant and humbug which England's American tools and propagandists have dinned in American ears to win America to plunge into England's war. In that sense these martyrs have done a noble service to America, as well as to Ireland, by the sacrifice of their lives.

In the very instant of their deaths America drew back from the insidious and unpatriotic propaganda of armed alliance with England. We are confident that from this on that wicked and morally treasonable propaganda has no further power of mischief.

The American people will now never permit themselves to be dragged into Europe's war as the ally and savior of the murderers of Ireland's patriots and martyrs.

The very stones in the streets would cry out against such an alliance with a Government that has shot down men for doing exactly what our own forefathers did when they pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honour to the support of the Declaration of American Independence.

The signers of that Declaration would have met the same merciless fate at the hands of the same British Government that the signers of Ireland's Declaration of Independence have just met, had the British armies been able to overpower our fathers in arms.

One could almost believe that those fathers of ours would rise from their graves to rebuke their degenerate sons who would ally

themselves with the slayers of men who were brave enough and devoted enough to risk their lives and their fortunes and their sacred honor in the great cause of human liberty.

The American who applauds these butcheries, the American who has no sympathy for these victims, the American whose heart does not go out in compassion for Ireland, and whose heart does not burn with indignation against those who have again trampled her liberties under foot and poured out the blood of her children as a sacrifice to subjection and oppression, is not fit to enjoy the liberties and to wear the bright badge of free citizenship which our rebel forefathers gained for us with arms in their manly hands.

Thank God that such men are not many among us, that the degenerate crew is far more evident by its noise than its numbers.

Thank God that the real heart of America still beats true to the cause of human liberty everywhere, that it sympathises and applauds above the graves of Irish martyrs for freedom's dear and holy sakes of all those who on many fields of battle and through many years of agony and endurance bought with their blood their children's glorious heritage of American freedom.

Thank God for freedom's soldiers and freedom's martyrs in every clime and every age, for Washington, for Danton, for Emmet, for Tone, for Garibaldi, for Kossuth, for Bolivar, for Lincoln - for Pearse and those who died with him.

And shame befall the false American who cannot repeat that invocation to freedom and to freedom's soldiers and martyrs with all his heart and all his soul.
