

SAOIRSE

FREEDOM

na h-Éireann

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REVENGE FOR THE BLOOD OF EMMET NOW

NOTES.

"Le Roi le Veult."

Because these words were spoken in the House of Commons in London, and because a gentleman at Buckingham Palace scrawled the words "George R. & I." on a piece of parchment, we are told that Ireland's age-long travail is ended, and that we are a nation once again. We are told that the wonderful, the apocalyptic thing which has inspired the glorious songs of our poets for seven centuries, and for hope of which a thousand thousand heroes suffered bereavement, exile, torture, death, has come at last. This, which the age has brought forth, is Liberty, they tell us. We answer that it is still-born.

Liberty, Moryah!

Nothing, perhaps, could be more grossly insulting to the intelligence of the people of Ireland, than the impudence of the politicians who are talking of "the battle won," "justice done," and "liberty achieved." They have won a Home Rule Act the provisions of which are as mean and niggardly as jealousy could make them, an Act which fends about our future liberty of action with insolent "safeguards," as if we were a nation of savages, and denies us control of our resources as if we were a nation of imbeciles. Even this paltry measure of freedom is not to be granted us till an unknown future date. The small privileges it offers us we may not use at this critical time when we so sorely need control of our affairs: we are only to have them when England is free of distraction and can guide our tottering baby-steps. But we may not even take comfort at the thought that this precious Act will, after all, be ours **some** day. If it is ever ours, it will only be so after it has been mutilated beyond recognition, for it is only written to our Credit subject to the Debit of the Amending Bill, the provisions of which may be anything that malice can contrive. In short, the situation is this: There is a Home Rule Bill on the Statute Book, but before it comes into operation, there is to be a General Election, which is more than likely to result in Repeal. If, by some accident, the Liberal Party is again returned, the Act will possibly come into operation, but only after Ulster has been excluded from its scope, whilst other amendments will further deface what is left of the original Act. Could there be anything more farcical than that this ridiculous situation should be described as Liberty?

"An Unrealisable Ideal."

This is how Unionists regard the situation:

In its present shape the Act is admittedly incapable of being put into force. The demand of the Nationalist Party for the inclusion of Ulster is one that everybody must now see to be as incapable of gratification as a demand for possession of the moon. Home Rule remains an unrealisable ideal.

These words appeared in the Dublin "Daily Express" the day after King George signed Redmond's Bill. They were not written by an indignant Nationalist who might be suspected of trying to belittle Mr. Redmond's triumph. They were written by a Unionist presumably anxious for his cause and ready to give warning if it should be in danger. There is no note of warning, but one of calm confidence. In the hour of Mr. Redmond's success, his opponents speak of the Home Rule he pretends to have

won as "an unrealisable ideal." He has won one trick, but they know they hold trump cards that will win them the rest of the game. "An unrealisable ideal"—for this Mr. Redmond bids us sell our allegiance and offer our blood.

Madman or Traitor?

Nothing could be more insulting than the miserable farce offered us in lieu of our rights inasmuch as only a nation of imbeciles would accept the offer, or be deceived by so transparent a trick. Is Mr. Redmond himself deceived? Is he as far-gone an imbecile as England seems to think is the national type? If not—if, indeed, he knows the value of the thing that is offered us—he is as vile a traitor as any Dante found in the deep ninth Hell. For is he not conspiring with those whose aim and hope is to see Ireland's name taken forever from the roll of the nations? Is he not aiding those who would partition our nation so that the unity by which it lives would be destroyed? Is he not party to the plot to disarm us so that we shall be defenceless against whatever treachery or tyranny may devise? Has he not helped to promulgate the lying propaganda by which the issues of the iniquitous continental war have been disguised? Has he not urged young Ireland to give the life our country needs to a foreign quarrel? Has he not immolated Ireland's honour, and betrayed her great opportunity to achieve her ancient dream? We know he has done all these, and we know they are the work either of incredible stupidity or of damnable treachery and sacrilege.

Bartering in Blood.

How unspeakably brutal is this recruiting campaign. Here is Ireland—as Redmond himself said in his much-quoted speech—sorely depopulated and enfeebled, unable to spare one life if she is to revive her fainting strength and regain her old-time prosperity, with her national fortunes undecided and her political prospects desperately critical. She has already a vastly disproportionate number of her sons at the front as compared with men from other parts of the so-called United Kingdom: and she is asked for more! Young Irishmen are urged to enlist, to shed their blood (so precious to Ireland) under the Commanders who lost 15,000 men in as many minutes in the retreat from Mons, so that the Englishman's attention need not be diverted by soldiering from the important business of the Cup Final. No more callous spectacle could be seen than the recent bartering in Irish blood that won us King George's autograph on Redmond's Bill. For weeks the chaffering went on: the English politicians cutting the price as low as they could, and threatening not to pay at all: Redmond eager enough (apparently) to close the bargain, but afraid of Ireland. At last the thing is done, and Redmond comes to Ireland with the Home Rule Bill—a cheque he can't cash, and liable to be countermanded—and bids us in return hand over the goods, fine hale young Irishmen, to be slaughtered like cattle for England.

Good Enough for the Guns.

In the English theory of the Universe, a theory that Redmond and his party seem to have accepted, Ireland's only object of existence is to provide cattle to be slaughtered for English stomachs, and men to be slaughtered for English quarrels. Just now, Ireland is a

recruiting ground first and last, and if anyone wants an example of the English conception let him read this:—

17th Sept., 1914.

Lower castle Yard, Dublin,

To the Editor of the "Freeman's Journal."

Sir,—The Irish Press a few days ago stated that the standard of height of recruits for the Army had been raised from 5ft. 3ins. to 5ft. 6ins. **This did not refer to Ireland,** and conditions, etc., remain as before. . . .

W. KINSMAN, Captain,
Asst. Inspector of Recruiting.

Thus, a man measuring, say, 5ft. 4ins. would be rejected in England, but if he happened to belong to Ireland, he would be considered quite good enough for the German guns and would be another of the mere Irish conveniently got rid of. What a Moloch in its relations with Ireland is this British Empire of which we are told we have suddenly become loyal and happy citizens!

That Blessed Word "Louvain."

Not only is Redmond's recruiting campaign brutal and bloody, it is utterly unscrupulous. First, there are the stories of German barbarity, by title of which the war is described as a crusade against barbarism. Most of the stories have not even the semblance of probability about them, whilst those that are mildly plausible are put forward without any weight of evidence. A distressed woman's hysterical story is set down as sober truth, and we are presented, as a result, with the picture of educated German gentlemen bayonetting babies in their mothers' arms for sport. Evil imaginations of foul minds are printed as facts, and we are asked to believe that every German is a creature of indescribable vice whose blackness contrasts violently with the pure and chivalrous conduct of the French and English. Take also the instance of Louvain. News arrived of destruction in that glorious old city. At once our "Irish" pressmen looked up Louvain in the gazetteer to find out what country it was in, and reading with surprise that it had Irish associations, went into hysterics of well-simulated indignation. By burning Louvain, it seemed, the Kaiser had signed his doom. Then came the news that Louvain was not burnt—but only a part of it—that this part had been destroyed only in defence against a treacherous attack by the civil populace—that the Hotel de Ville, for which our journalists had shed such scalding tears, had only been on fire in print—that German officers had by brave and Herculean efforts, saved a section of the University kindled by adjacent houses. These facts, which change the whole story, were scarcely mentioned. His Imperial Majesty the Kaiser, having, like a soldier and a gentleman, expressed his chagrin at the unhappy affair, was ridiculed as a hypocrite by the ungenerous and little-minded people who are conducting the press campaign of lies.

The Religious Lie.

The Louvain bogey has been conveniently worked in with a subtle appeal to Irish Catholics to rally to the British arms on behalf of Catholic Belgium. Because Belgium, the Allies' tool, happens to be a Catholic country and happened to incur the brunt of the early fighting, Irish Catholics are being told that the war is one for Catholicity against German atheism. A more distorted picture could not be presented. Just a week before England

entered the war the English Catholic paper, "The Universe," in an able editorial, said that it would be disastrous alike to civilisation and religion were England to throw her strength on the side of Russia and France against Germany and Austria. Austria was the last Catholic power; Germany, though officially Protestant, was largely and increasingly Catholic. Against these two were ranged the covetous and semi-savage Russian Orthodoxy and the vicious French atheism. Then England declared war, and "The Universe" instantly changed its song and sang of England, champion of righteousness, freeing Europe from the wicked Teuton. Englishmen are wonderfully adaptable, but that first injudicious editorial let out the truth of the Catholic position, so carefully suppressed in Ireland. The truth is that anything like a decisive defeat of Germany will be a disaster, not only to Catholicity, but to the whole religious cause. In that case, Christendom will be handed over to barbarians and infidels. Russian treachery and despotism will straddle over eastern Europe, from Scandinavia (for that will be betrayed) to Constantinople. France, whose Government to-day is led by the man who boasted, when he had struck so terrible a blow against religion, "The lights of Heaven are extinguished"—France, that persecutes holy women, and sends priests to fight in the field—this nation will extend its materialistic rule over a fresh frontier, and teach its poisonous doctrines to new lands. England, now almost avowedly atheist, will, by the aid of black savages and yellow sorcerers, impose its anarchic principles on the future Europe, and there will be no place left where men may follow the old ideals of life—ideals of wholesome toil, sane worship, good fellowship, art, song and freedom. Everywhere giant soulless tyranny, brute competition and low earthly ideals will rule. Irishmen cannot go into this war for England on the religious and "save-civilisation" cry, whatever form of Christianity they profess.

Mr. Redmond's Enemies.

Mr. Redmond, who is so eager for us to enlist in our hundreds to fight for England, and who has not scrupled to use this false religious cry to get Catholic recruits, has during the past fortnight had a few words to say in reference to IRISH FREEDOM and other papers which have dared to uphold the ideals of Wolfe Tone and Thomas Davis against those of himself and Joe Devlin. Speaking in the British House of Commons he told the Englishmen he was addressing that Irish Nationalists are "a little group of men who never belonged to the Nationalist Constitutional Party at all, but who have been all through, and who are to-day, our (the Party's) bitterest enemies." There may be details in which we are not in agreement with writers and supporters of other national papers—those who advocate a certain economic policy towards England, those who specifically advocate a form of Socialism, those who tend to sectarianism and are a little faint-hearted, we think, as to the national prospects—but we know these differences to be insignificant, and we recognise in these bodies of men lofty and high-principled souls: we know them to be true lovers of Ireland, ready to work and suffer for her, unpurchasable men, honest men, brave men, and we are proud to have them of the nation. We salute them and call them brethren, and when we look at this man Red-

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