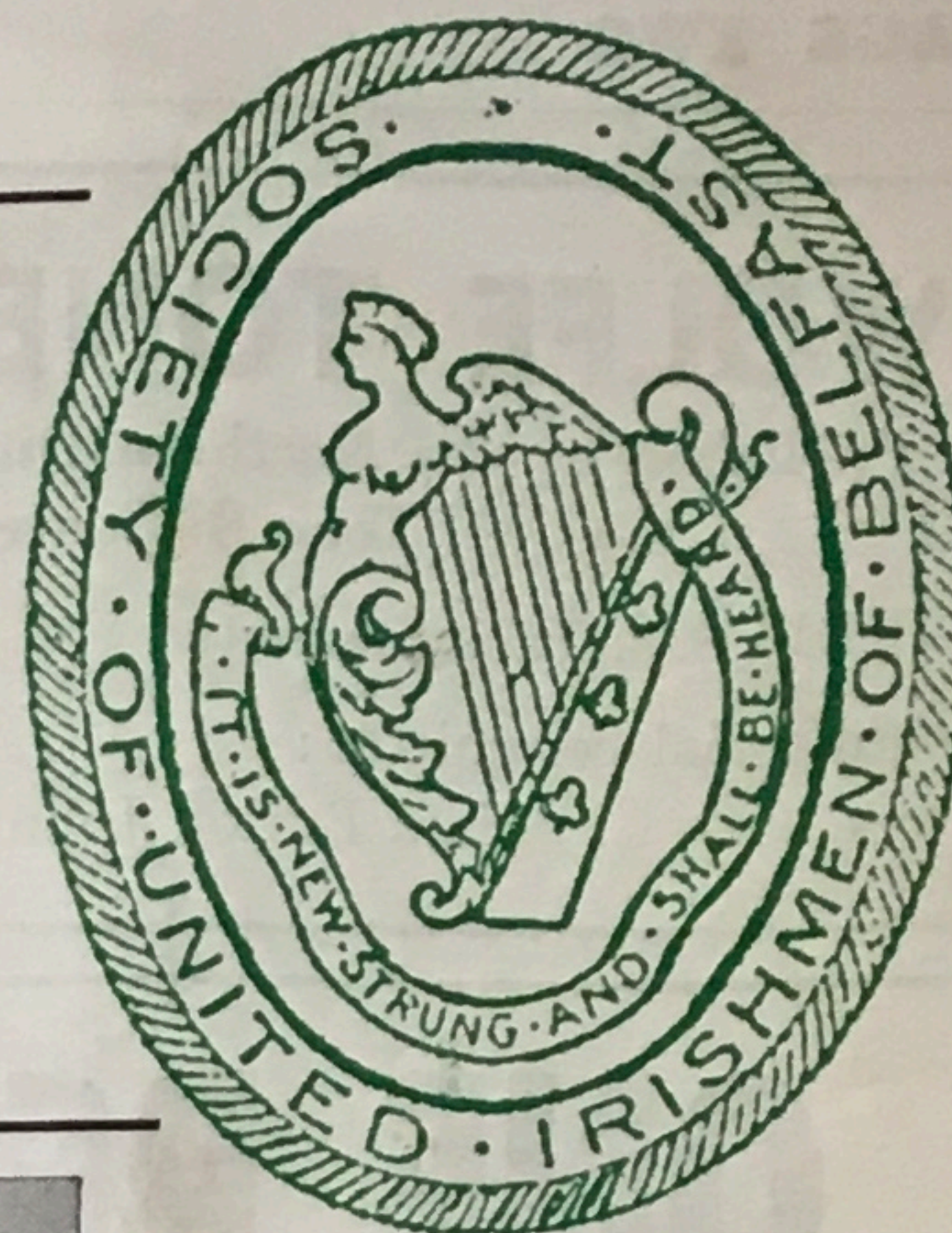


# WOLFE TONE TODAY

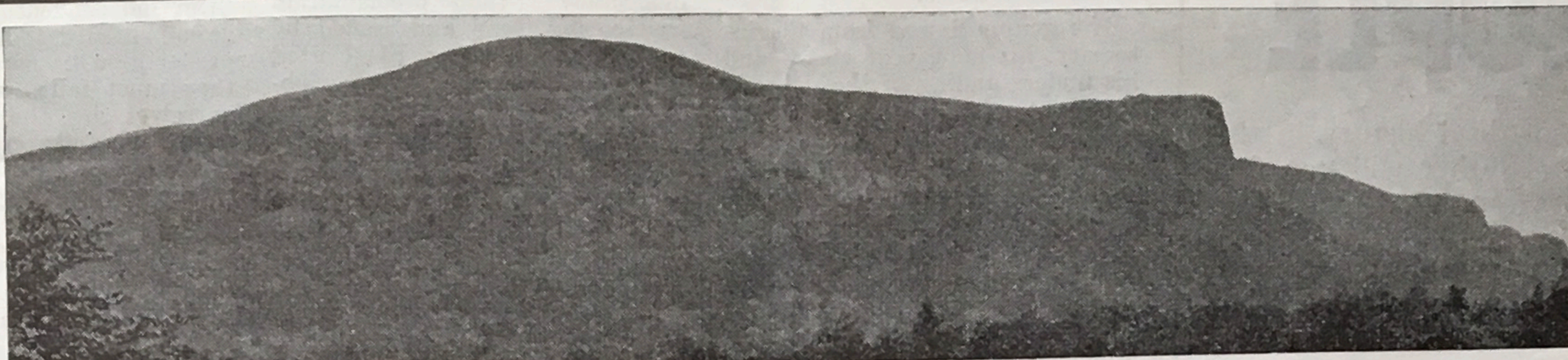
Issued to mark the 1963 Bi-Centenary of the birth of the father of Irish republicanism, to reassert his principles and to relate his teachings to the position in Ireland today.

PRICE ONE SHILLING



## HILLS OF BELFAST

The familiar outline of the mountains to the north of Belfast, like the Cave Hill on the right with its distinctive McArt's Fort, or "Napoleon's Nose," has associations with every generation of northern patriots who have followed Tone's footsteps to the summit to renew his pledge to work for the independence of their country.



## WHO WAS TONE?

# IN BROTHERHOOD TO CLAIM OUR COUNTRY

### Out-of-date?

WHAT'S this all about? A lot of ancient history? Far from it.

It is about one of the greatest Irishmen who ever lived and whose ideas were so far advanced in his own times that history has not even yet caught up with them.

Many points from the programme of Tone and the United Irishmen are still unfulfilled.

For example, they demanded universal suffrage and the abolition of all property qualifications—One Man, One Vote.

In the British-controlled area double voting by the propertied people is still allowed in parliamentary elections. In local government, one man can have six votes, while 250,000 are denied the right to vote at all.

So who is out-of-date? Certainly not Tone.

The Unionist regime is the greatest anachronism in Ireland to-day.

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE was a young Dubliner whose honesty and conviction of Ireland's need for independence led him to undertake one of the most remarkable ventures in our country's history.

He was born on June 20, 1763, and was brought up in the Church of Ireland faith.

He studied law in London and Dublin, and, becoming a barrister in 1789, he quickly made an impact on Dublin society with his lively and intelligent mind.

Because self-interest had no place in his character, he saw the truth and spoke it bluntly while others resorted to hypocrisy and compromise.

The corruption of the government and the oppression of the people convinced him that Ireland could prosper only under an independent government of its own.

### ARGUMENT

Tone threw himself wholeheartedly into the cause he held dearest all his life—securing Protestant support for the emancipation of the Catholics and thus obtaining freedom for all.

He wrote a powerful "Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland" and was appointed the first Protestant secretary of the Catholic Committee. His untiring work brought a new vigour and dynamism to this body.

In 1791 he went to Belfast to help form the first Society of United Irishmen. He then returned to Dublin to start the movement there.

Warned in 1794 that he was in danger from the Government, he arranged with his comrades to set sail for America and seek the French Minister's support for military help for the projected rebellion.

He put his amazing request to the Minister, but was kept waiting so long for an answer that he almost gave up hope.

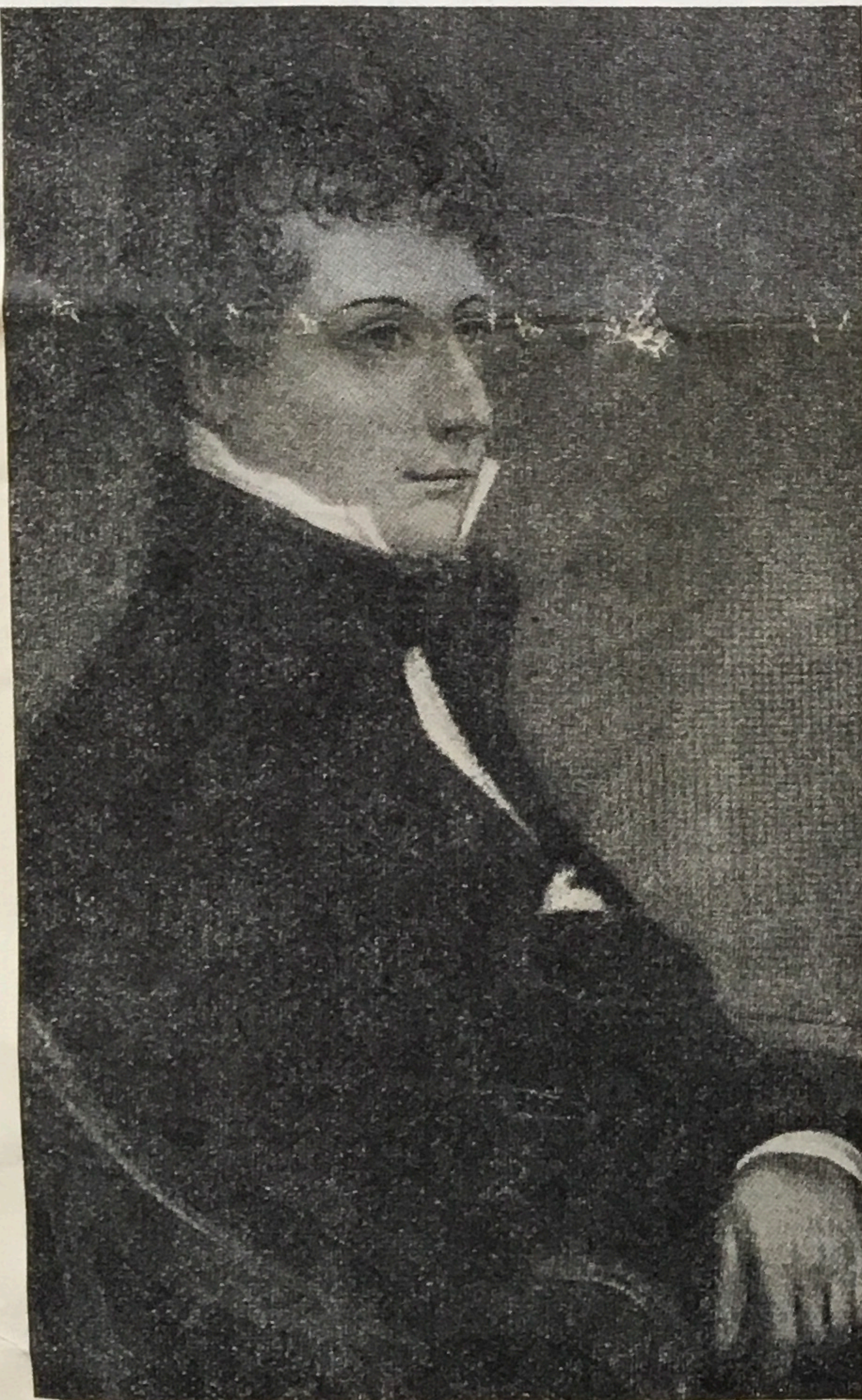
### EXPEDITION

Eventually he was given an introduction to leading members of the French revolutionary government, and sailed for Paris on January 1, 1796.

By his energy and persistence, he persuaded the French to equip an expedition to Ireland. A first fleet with 15,000 men was defeated by bad weather, as was a second smaller expedition also.

On a third attempt, Tone sailed as an adjutant-general of the French Army with a force of 3,000, but the ships were again scattered by storm and four of them were attacked by a British squadron in Lough Swilly.

Tone fought bravely in the battle, but was captured, taken to Dublin in chains, and sentenced to death by court-martial. He died in his cell on November 19, 1798.



FOR those seeking hopefully to-day for some "new way" to break the stalemated politics of a divided Ireland and to cure the ills of a divided people, Wolfe Tone had an answer which was both clear-sighted and brilliant.

Yet it was a simple and obvious answer. Tone's great enjoiner was that all Irishmen, irrespective of religious differences, should form a common bond of brotherhood to run their own country for themselves—free from the harmful interference of another nation.

Tone's answer is still the answer to-day. There is no other way forward for Irishmen in the nineteen-sixties—whatever their religious beliefs, whatever their political or social outlook, or whether they live, north, south, east or west.

The solution to all Ireland's exceptional political and economic problems, the solution to mass unemployment and emigration, the solution to sectarianism in the north—all this requires the raising again of Tone's grand concept, a brotherhood of Irishmen to claim our country.

There can be no other objective for any movement which aims at uniting the people—no purpose other than to obtain the unity and independence of our country under one sovereign government.

The division of Ireland and the divisions in the north arise from efforts by Britain to influence Irish affairs in a way that gives her continued control and domination.

### The source

Our divisions are a device created by Britain to prevent the total expulsion of British government from Ireland. (See "Orangemen," page nine.) Since sectarianism in the north

is thus the product of British interference, it cannot properly be fought other than by attacking its source—British power in Ireland.

### Reversal

Since sectarianism was created for a political purpose, the fight against sectarianism cannot but take the form of a fight to reverse that political purpose.

Instead of divisions to "justify" British control, there must be unity to break that control.

The problem in the north is not a mere matter of "group relations" in a religiously-divided community, as two academic gentlemen tried to make out in a recent "study" called "The Northern Ireland Problem."

The sectarian problem is a

## ONE WAY FORWARD FOR ALL IRISHMEN

political problem. The divisions are political divisions which are artificially related to religious matters by one Party chiefly—the Unionist Party.

Unionism, and only Unionism, maintains and succours political sectarianism as the only basis upon which it can justify continued control by Britain.

Tone saw clearly in his day that discrimination against the disfranchised Catholic people was the means by which England kept the Protestant people enslaved as well, for as long as they acquiesced in it they made themselves the instruments of British overlordship.

He wrote that "Catholic and Protestant had but one common interest and one common enemy," and their bondage was "perpetuated by the divisions between them."

### The question

The issue is as clear and simple as it was in Tone's day. But deliberate confusion is being spread by those who profit from the status quo.

The issue is as clear as it was to Samuel Neilson of Belfast, a founder of the United Irishmen, who once expressed astonishment at any political matter being called "the Catholic question."

"It is no more a Roman Catholic question than a Church question," he declared. "Or a Presbyterian question or a Quaker, an Anabaptist or a mountain question."

"The true question is—whether Irishmen shall be free."

## News — pictures — articles — poems

Topical articles and photographs, rarely-told stories from Ireland's dramatic past, modern poems and favourite ballads in the pages of "Wolfe Tone Today" make this a publication which most people will want to keep for years to come. The contents include:

ONE PEOPLE,  
TONE'S GENIUS. —Page Two

THE NORTH AFLAME.  
ROSSLEA RAID. —Page Three

RUSSELL THE TRUE.  
McCRACKEN. —Page Five

THE "CONNECTION" NOW.  
JAMES HOPE. —Page Six

OLD BELFAST.  
CASTLEREAGH. —Page Seven

NEGLECTED GRAVES. —Page Eight

A MODERN PRESBYTERIAN PATRIOT. —Page Nine

BETSY GRAY. TWO IRELANDS.  
CAUSE OF LABOUR. —Page Ten

THE NORTH BEGAN.  
TONE THE MAN. —Page Eleven

HOW MUCH FREEDOM?  
TONE'S DEATH. —Page Twelve



WOLFE TONE TODAY

Published by the Northern Directory of the Wolfe Tone Bi-Centenary

EDITOR: Jack Bennett

Editorial committee:

Liam Burke, John Irvine, Fred Heatley

ONE PEOPLE

YOU will not find one word of dead history in the pages of this publication. Rather will you find presented here the living story of an uncompleted and undying cause—the cause of uniting all Irishmen, irrespective of creed, in a common bond of brotherhood to assert—and to achieve—the unity and independence of their country.

We believe that this cause was never more vital to the well-being of the Irish people than it is to-day. We believe that all the exceptional political, social and economic problems from which Ireland, north and south, to-day suffers are due directly to our failure to achieve the unity and independence of Ireland, and to our failure to end the interference in our affairs by the government of another country.

We assert that the so-called "connection" with Britain is still the curse of Irish politics, as it was in Tone's time, and that Irish politics are in a state of petrified abnormality as a result of the partition of our country and the continued control and domination over the six north eastern counties by Britain.

Free development

We believe that there can be no full, free, normal development for any section of the Irish people, whether in the cultural, political or economic spheres, until the objective of the United Irishmen is finally attained; and that only in the attaining of this objective can all political groups, whatever their social outlook, find the fullest opportunity for self-development. Thus, and only thus, can we be rid for ever of the curse of "partition politics," the restrictive bonds of British-imposed legislation, and the cramping encumbrances of the Government of Ireland Act.

In putting forward these convictions, we again assert that the people of Ireland, north and south, constitute one people and one nation—the Irish nation.

We believe that the Irish nation springs from a fusion of peoples of a variety of racial origins as a result of their sharing an exclusive common history upon the common territory of Ireland.

We believe that Pict and Gael, Danish and Norman invader, English and Scots settler have all blended in the crucible of history into one vigorous and resourceful people with its own distinctive characteristics—characteristics which, while varying in places, set the Irishman recognisably apart from other peoples.

Common ways

We refute the story told by politicians that different sections of the Irish people adhere to vastly differing ways of life, and declare instead that the Irish people, with their common characteristics and in their common way of life, differ as a whole more radically from the peoples of Britain than they do among themselves from region to region.

We declare that it is a self-evident falsehood to state that there are two nations in Ireland. We believe that even the Orangemen, in the very nature of their dispute with fellow-Irishmen, are talking politics which are Irish politics alone, and of no consequence, and of very little interest, to any other nation.

We believe it to be a self-evident absurdity to claim that there is an "Ulster" nation—for the division which divides Ireland also divides Ulster. It is not a division of race or religion, despite efforts to make it appear so, but is a division of political opinion among Irishmen. And the political issue in dispute, the crux of all Irish politics, is simply whether another nation should have a right to rule over Irish territory.

The truth to-day requires to be re-stated bluntly—that, while the Irish nation embraces people with a number of regional and religious differences, there is, in fact, no real conflict of interest between any section of the common people, either between north and south or within the north itself.

Common problems

On the contrary, as a result of the common history which we have shared together in this island, we to-day share in common similar economic and political problems, as well as a vital identity of interest in advancing the well-being of the country as a whole.

Propaganda which depicts imaginary causes for division, which fosters artificial conflicts, or which exaggerates regional variations in character in order to justify the control by Britain over the six-county area, is false propaganda and is treacherous to the true interests of all the people.

We assert that any religious, philosophical or political differences between sections of the Irish people are the business of the Irish people alone, and none is of such a nature as to require the "protection" by another power of any one section from another—or of such a nature as to require the direction of Irish affairs, or the interference in Irish affairs, or the administration of part of the national territory by another nation.

(Continued on Page eleven)

Revolutionary, republican, democrat . . .

TONE'S GENIUS

WOLFE TONE was no political fanatic. He was not motivated by "hostility to England" as some historians try to tell us. An anglican by faith, he took his stand on his knowledge of what was good for Ireland, based on a rational, clear-sighted judgment.

Tone was a political genius whose ideas were far in advance of his own times.

His genius flowed from his integrity, his clarity of vision and his understanding of the political forces at work in the Ireland of his day.

He was a revolutionary, a republican and a democrat. But more than that, he was a brilliant political tactician who had an unerring sense of the best way to advance the cause of liberty in the conditions under which he had to work.

FOR ALL

His greatest and most inspiring concept was that which established the understanding that there could be no freedom for Ireland without freedom for all the people in it — and that meant freedom from political and economic oppression.

He helped the northern Protestants to realise that they could secure their own freedom only by fighting for the emancipation of their Catholic fellow-countrymen.

He wrote: "They and the Catholics had but one common interest and one common enemy; the depression and slavery of Ireland was produced and perpetuated by the divisions existing between them; and consequently to assert the independence of their country, and their own individual liberties, it was necessary to forget all former feuds, to consolidate the entire strength of the whole nation, and form for the first time but one people."

Tone was an ardent democrat in times when it was dangerous to be a democrat—and he understood the meaning of the word

better than do many politicians to-day.

Patrick Pearse hailed as "Ireland's first great charter of democracy" that proclamation written by Tone and issued by the Dublin Society of United Irishmen declaring their objectives to be "the greatest good for the greatest number."

Tone described the French revolution as "the morning star of liberty in Ireland," and wrote:

"As the revolution advanced, and as events expanded themselves, the public spirit of Ireland rose with a rapid acceleration. The fears and animosities of the aristocracy rose in the same or in a higher proportion. In a little time the French revolution became the test of every man's political creed, and the nation was fairly divided into two great parties, the Aristocrats and the Democrats . . . It is needless, I believe, to say I was a Democrat from the beginning."

AMAZED

In his negotiations with French officials in Paris, Tone was amazed to find that even some of those revolutionaries "had a leaning towards co-operation with the aristocracy."

"I answered," he writes in his journal, "that if the attempt were made, it would be made by the people, and the people only," and that "the Irish aristocracy . . . trembled for their titles and their estates."

When he proposed details of how the French troops in Ireland could be sustained by "requisition in kind of all things necessary," he was asked: "Might not that disgust the people of property in Ireland?" "I answered," wrote Tone,

"that the revolution was not to be made for the people of property."

Elsewhere Tone had written: "Our independence must be had at all hazards! If the men of property will not support us, they must fall; we can support ourselves by the aid of that numerous and respectable class of the community, the men of no property."

TACTICS

Tone's genius as a political tactician is seen in the programme with which he launched the first Society of United Irishmen in Belfast.

Although all his objects and hopes were to break the connection with England and assert his country's independence, he saw the way to rally strength to the popular cause was in advancing an immediate programme limited to the democratic reform of Parliament, with equal rights for the Catholic people.

Of the first resolutions he drafted himself for the Belfast society, he wrote to a friend:

"The foregoing contain my true and sincere opinion of the state of the country, so far as in the present juncture it may be advisable to publish it."

"They certainly fall far short of the truth, but truth itself must sometimes condescend to temporise."

"My unalterable opinion is that the bane of Irish prosperity is the influence of England; I believe that influence will ever be extended while the connection between the two countries continues; nevertheless, as I know that opinion is for the present too hardy, though a very little

time may establish it universally, I have not made it a part of the resolutions.

"I have only proposed to set up a reformed parliament . . . I have not said one word that looks like a wish for separation, though I give it to you and your friends as my most decided opinion that such an event would be a regeneration of this country."

This tactic by Tone was not adopted with an intention to deceive. Tone simply understood the ways in which political affairs naturally develop.

He saw that the popular movement could be rallied around what were obvious, immediate points of grievance. He knew that once the popular movement developed, it would come to see by itself the need to march further along the road to freedom.

As Tone put it himself, in reference to his view on separation, "a very little time may establish it universally."

Tone, while thus careful to nurture and mould the movement along the correct lines, found cause for concern, too, at the other extreme. Some of the statements issued by the Dublin Society he judged to be over-bold and endangering the safety of the cause.

MISTAKE

He regarded as a mistake a premature proclamation by the Dublin Society in 1792, calling "Citizen soldiers, to arms."

As Tone's widow wrote afterwards: "Tone laboured in vain to check this folly . . . this honest, generous enthusiasm and young excitement." He felt some of the leaders "were acting revolution before it was made."

Tone's personal views—as well as his political ideals—have been distorted by many hostile writers down the years in order to turn the Irish people away from his objective of achieving Ireland's freedom.

He has been called an atheist, although his writings reveal a fervent trust in God. Tone hailed Thomas Paine's book, "The Rights of Man" as a great manifesto of democracy, but he scorned the crude "rationalism" of Paine's later work, "The Age of Reason."

TRUE FRIENDS

Despite his personal admiration for Paine, he recognised in him when they met a bumptious and conceited person who imagined that the world struggle by peoples for liberty arose from a spark from his own brain.

Tone has even been called "anti-Catholic" because many aspects of the Catholic faith did not appeal to him. But it was his greatest greatness that, despite this, he became the most ardent champion of the Catholic people as secretary of the Catholic committee.

The last words he spoke contained a warm tribute to the Catholic people. At his trial, he declared:

"When the friends of my youth swarmed off to leave me alone, the Catholics did not desert me. They had the virtue even to sacrifice their own interests to a rigid principle of honour."

Wolfe Tone was a man with a truly-liberated mind and a vast humanity and understanding. It was not a mind that could exchange one form of darkness for another, or a mind likely to become cluttered with the crackpot notions of some schools of so-called "free-thinkers."

Níl bealach ar bith eile . . .

IS amhlaidh atá muintir na hÉireann ar an bhfódin mearúil an lá atá inniu ann, idir Ghaeilgeoirí agus Béarlóirí. Tá muinín ag Gaeilgeoirí áirithe thuaidh is theas, as Rialtas na 26 Contae, in ainneoin na bhfaillí ar theanga is ar thír. Seans nach dtuigeann siad an difríocht idir stát is náisiún.

Náisiún sea Éire ach tá dhá fóstáit inti agus is puipéid de chuid Shasana iad. Ar na rudaí is tábhachtaí ag náisiún tá ananam (teanga agus cultúr i gcoitinne) agus a chorp (maoin, idir thalamh is thrácht).

Déantar stát de náisiún le hanam agus corp a chaomhnú; nuair a dhéantar cos-ar-bolg ar náisiún, ionsaitear a anam le seilbh a ghlacadh ar a chorp. Níl aon bhrí ná ciall le stát mura ndéanann sé anam agus corp an náisiúin a chaomhnú.

Is léir do gach uile Ghaeilgeoir, nach mór, go bhfuil an teanga á tréigean ag na húdaráis sna 26 Contae, agus an talamh chomh maith céanna. Tá áiteanna ar fud na tíre faoi láthair ina bhfuil an Ghearmáinis i réim, agus gan cead ag Éireannach trá Éireannach a shíúil.

Ba cheart go mbeadh sé sách léir gur in Éirinn shaor aontaithe amháin sea slánófar an teanga, caomhneofar an talamh, an trácht agus an mhaoin i gcoitinne, agus a chuirfear deireadh leis an eisimirce.

Ní rud so-roiante an tsaoirse. Is léir an fhírce seo ó staid na 26 Contae, an teanga á tréigean, an eisimirce ag bánú na tíre agus eachtrannaigh ag glacadh áit na hÉireannach.

Ba é bunú Conradh na

LE REX MAC GALL

Gaeilge a spreag sprid na saoirse agus i gcúinní san áit thuaidh tá daoine fós ann a bhfuil an sprid sin láidir iontu. Dá mbainfi feidhm as an sprid sin agus dá scaipfi an ceo, d'fhéadfaí gluaiseacht nua a eagrú a dhéanfadh maith don náisiún. D'fhéadfadh an áit thuaidh an náisiún a athnuachain.

Um tús na haoise seo bhí an teanga ina droichead idir Caitlicigh agus Protastúnaigh, fé mar atá an Fhleadh Cheoil i láthair na huair. Dá ndéanfaí iarracht leis an seandroichead sin a athbhunú, ba chéim ar aghaidh é.

\* \* \*

An té a bhfuil grá aige don teanga, ná ceapadh sé go mbeidh sí slán sábháilte riamh go dtí go mbeidh an náisiún saor, theas is thuaidh, faoi aon rialtas amháin.

Fíú an t-am sin ní bheadh sé cinnte dearfa go bhfuil an tír saor ar fad mura ndéanfar anam is corp an náisiúin a chaomhnú. Le sin a chur i gcrích caithfeair aird a thabhairt ar a ndúirt Wolfe Tone, tá, an ceagal le Sasana a bhriseadh—teanga, geilleagar agus snaidhm pholaitíochta.

Más amhlaidh atá an scéal caithfeair féachaint chuige go mbeidh cothrom na Féinne ag gach uile dhuine, na pribhléidí fé leith a chur ar ceal, agus an tír a rialú go daonlathach, ní ar mhaithe le dream beag nó mór, an aicme seo nó an aicme síúd, ach ar mhaithe leis na hÉireannaigh i gcoitinne, nó

saoirse bhréige a bheas ann, agus feofaidh an náisiún, scaipfeair a dhaoine agus beidh an dara staid níos measa fós na an staid atá anois ann.

Is leis an nGaeilge—an rud dúchas—agus an daonlathas, an phoblachtachas, a bhronn Tone orainn, a dhéanfar an náisiún a shlánú, agus ina dhiaidh sin tíocefaidh a bhfuil de dhíth ar an tír.

Ná bíodh dul amú ar aon duine faoi seo — le dhá scór bliain tá sé sin cruthaithe dúinn. Níl bealach ar bith eile ann.

Orainn féin atá an dualgas. Sinn féin a dhéanfas an beart, ach muid a bheith léir faoina bhfuil i gceist, muid a bheith aontaithe i gcónaí, agus tabhairt faoi.

REMINDERS

RELICS of the 1798 rebellion are still being discovered as bogs are drained and old houses pulled down throughout the countryside.

Quite recently a pike was found at the bottom of a lake near Ballynahinch — thrown away, perhaps, by a fighter in retreat.

Last year a sword and a pike were found in a fine state of preservation in the thatched roof of a cottage near Stewartstown, Co. Tyrone.

The pike is thought to have been made by a Presbyterian family who had a blacksmith's shop near Lissan, Cookstown, in '98, and who were prominently associated with the United Irishmen.



# THE OUTLAW

(After the battle of Antrim, 1798)

Cold blows the wind on Mullaghdoe  
A strong wind from the sea,  
And I shall say a prayer to-night  
For those who fought with me.

I dare not go within a church  
I dare not show my face  
But wander as a hunted thing  
This wild and lonely place.

For I have fought against the king,  
And shot the yeomen down  
Behind the flaming barricades  
That day in Antrim town.

And when the moon is on the wane  
And morning lights the vale  
Four men will dangle on a rope  
In Carrickfergus gaol.

Cold blows the wind on Mullaghdoe,  
The small sword glitters bright,  
Four men shall die to-morrow morn  
But one shall die to-night.

JOHN IRVINE



This bridge on the old road from Belfast to Antrim was probably crossed by pikemen on their way to battle in 1798. Just above Glengormley, it is on the old road which was once the continuation of the Whitewell Road where it joins the Antrim Road today, and which continued past what is now a laundry to join the Roughfort Road at High-town.

## THANKS

THE EDITOR expresses his gratitude to those who contributed in various ways to make this publication possible.

Thanks are especially due to officials and staff of the Ulster Museum, the Belfast public reference library, the Linenhall library and Queen's University library for their courtesy and helpfulness.

Particularly appreciated was the co-operation of the printers, "The County Down Spectator", of Bangor, whose employees helped to make this publication a fine example of their craftsmanship.

# The North aflame

"ALL Ulster o'er the weemen cried for the standin' crops on the land," says the famous ballad. But the men of Ulster were up in arms and, encouraged by their womenfolk, marched to the fields of battle from Broughshane to Ballynahinch, from Larne to Maghera, from Toomebridge to Kilkeel, from Ballymoney to Portaferry, and from every townland and village.

The north was aflame with the spirit of liberty in May and June, 1798. Some modern historians would like to belittle the size and significance of the popular uprising and to dilute the ideals which inspired it, but they are refuted by the living tradition that is still with us.

There is hardly a family in the north to-day, outside the descendants of the aristocrats, whose forefathers did not play a part in those dramatic events. In many places virtually the entire population, Catholic and Protestant, was involved.

The signal for a simultaneous rising throughout Ireland was to

be the stopping of all mail coaches on May 23. On that day the mail coaches were seized and burned and, although the men of the north were waiting and eager for action, the colonels of the Northern United Irishmen delayed striking the first blow when they learned that the Adjutant-General for Antrim, Robert Simms, had resigned his post.

But Henry Joy McCracken (See Page Five) was called to take his place, and he determined to proceed with plans for a general rising in Antrim and Down on June 7.

Meanwhile, on the eve of the day, the Adjutant-General for Down, the Rev. Steele Dickson, was arrested, and McCracken found himself Commander-in-Chief of the United Irish Army in Ulster.

## OBJECTIVE

He made Antrim his chief objective because it commanded the communications of Down, Tyrone and Donegal. Simultaneous attacks were to be made on Randalstown, Ballynahinch, Saintfield, Newtownards and Portaferry.

On June 6, he issued orders to the "Army of Ulster":  
"To-morrow we march on Antrim—drive the garrison at Randalstown before you and hasten to form a junction with the Commander-in-Chief. — Henry Joy McCracken. The First Year of Liberty, 6th June, 1798."

On Thursday morning, June 7, McCracken, with Jemmy Hope (See Page 6) and the other leaders, met at Cregarogan, near Mallusk, on the old road to Antrim, that which to-day runs straight from the Hightown Road above Glengormley to Templepatrick. There they raised the standard—the green flag Hope had smuggled out from Belfast a day or two before under the eyes of the yeomen.

"By Friday, June 8," wrote McCracken afterwards, "all this

county was in the hands of the people, Antrim, Belfast and Carrickfergus excepted."

But the British Commander in Ulster, General Nugent, knew of McCracken's plan. The plan had been sent by express to all the United colonels of Ulster, each of whom was to command 500 men.

## BETRAYAL

Three of the leaders betrayed the people. They sent their orders on to General Nugent. Others declined to act, and in many areas the armed people were left leaderless.

"The rich always betray the poor," wrote McCracken to his sister.

Despite the taking of Ballymena by several thousand United men, despite the assembly of thousands of others at Larne and elsewhere and the scattering of the garrison at Randalstown, the British commander thus had the advantage and was able to concentrate his forces first on Antrim town.

After almost achieving their objective of seizing Antrim, the United Army was forced to withdraw and disperse.

The leaders retreated and prepared to rally the people for a counter-attack, for, as Hope writes, "although the people were dispersed by treachery, their spirit remained unbroken, and men were calling to us to learn if there was any hope, for the burning of houses and scouring of the country still continued."

## DESERTED

On Slemish mountain, however, the leaders learned that the Ballymena men had been sent home by their "colonels", and that the men from Kells were similarly deserted.

They decided to march for Belfast, and across the mountains to County Down, where from June 7 the people were massed in strength in various places.

After unsuccessful attacks on Newtownards and Portaferry on June 10, and a battle at Saintfield on June 9, the main body of the United Army assembled at Ballynahinch on June 11 under the command of Henry Munro of Lisburn, who decided to take possession of the town.

The battle which began about 3 a.m. on June 13 is the subject of an article on Page Ten. Again the objective was almost achieved.

Henry Munro escaped into hiding, but was betrayed and taken and hanged before his own front door in Lisburn. His head was cut off and stuck on a pike on the wall of the market house.

## The martyrs of Blaris

FOUR young men of the Monaghan militia, betrayed by the informer Newell as members of the United Irishmen, chose to die rather than turn informer themselves.

They were William and Owen McKenna, Peter McCarron and Daniel Gillan, and with others of the same regiment they attended United Irish meetings in Peggy Barclay's Inn in Sugarhouse Entry, Belfast.

Tried and convicted, they were

promised their lives if they would inform on others, but refused. The father of Owen McKenna was urged to induce his son to make disclosures, but he said:

"The life of a son is of great value to a father, but if my son is spared to become a traitor, I will shoot him with my own hand."

The four were shot at Blaris camp, near Lisburn, on May 16, 1797.

## Advice to a pikeman

THE advice of a brave wife of Ballyclare to her husband on the morning of the battle of Antrim was still quoted among people of that village, near Belfast, in recent times.

Ballyclare, like all the townlands around, turned out a good muster of menfolk for the fateful day. The good wife spread the breakfast table with the best—bacon, tea, oaten and potato bread, and filled her husband's big coat pockets with provisions for the day.

As he grasped his pike to go, she uttered this encouraging address in the local Scottish accent, which was even more pronounced in those days than it is now:

"Ye hae got as guid a brekfast as ony mon in Ballyclare; sae kill naebody till they kill you, and then dae for yersel, Billy Morrison."

## HANGMAN

GENERAL Clavering, who commanded the Monaghan militia at the battle of Antrim, was described by a contemporary as an "unprincipled and merciless man."

He threatened the people of Randalstown that he would "put man, woman and child to the sword and burn all their dwellings" if they would not give up their arms. He promised amnesty if they would.

The people surrendered their arms. General Clavering replied by marching his troops into the town, allotting the soldiers two hours to plunder the place, and then burning it down.

He went to Ballymena, and because he could find no man there to act as his executioner, he levied a fine of £50 on the inhabitants.

## THE RAID AT ROSSLEA

AN arms raid at Rosslea by a column of United Irishmen on April 5, 1797, led to the most impressive demonstration of the popular will of a united people that County Fermanagh has ever seen—before or since. At the same time it was occasion of great grief and sorrow.

The Rosslea district was visited early in 1796 by "a good man from Belfast" who called together the leaders of the community, both Catholic and Protestant, to form an organisation of United Irishmen.

Who was the "good man"? Neilson, McCracken, Russell, Teeling? It was almost certainly one of these.

The spirit of unity took deep root, and throughout 1796 and 1797 almost the entire adult male population, recruited to the cause, marched and drilled along the roads nightly.

Well supplied with muskets and pikes, they took to the custom of "raiding" the few unfriendly homes for arms, and on April 5, 1797, a body under Owen Hultagan of Aughnashammra raided the house of Samuel Mayne, Tattymorean, near Rosslea.

On their way home they were noticed by a body of yeomen who,

however, fled when the first shots were fired.

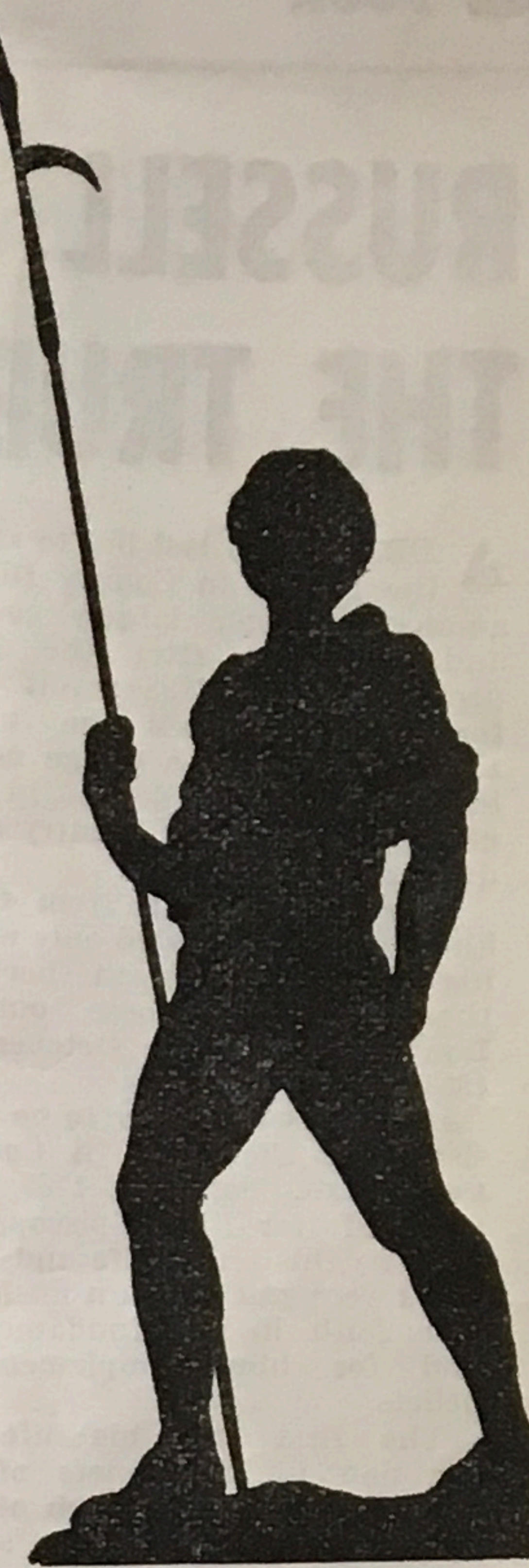
So popular was the united cause with all in the district that those who participated in such exploits discussed them freely in public houses, but in this case the details were overheard by a government spy.

The result was the arrest of five United men, John Connolly, Potyeach, McMahon of Drummerheave, John Lynchy and James Scholes of Rosslea, and Patrick Smith of Mullaghbrady.

Warrants were issued for Pat Greenan, Rosslea, Felix McCaffery of Bulleagh, William Whiteside of Islands, and others, but they escaped.

Connolly, McMahon and Smith were sentenced at Enniskillen summer assizes "to be hanged by the neck until dead at the common place of execution, the Gallows, on Thursday, the 12th day of October next."

Visited by government officials in prison, the three refused to turn informer in exchange for their lives. By their stand they may have saved the life of James Trimble, the most prominent United Irishman in Enniskillen, who was tried at the Lent assizes next year but who escaped execution.





# RUSSELL THE TRUE

A DRAMATIC last bid to raise the banner in County Down among a people largely cowed and terrorised after the suppression of the 1798 revolt was for Thomas Russell the fulfilment of the solemn pledge made in 1795 "never to desist" in his efforts to assert his country's independence.

Russell, "the man from God-knows-where," desisted only when his last breath was cut short by the hangman's noose outside Downpatrick jail on October 13, 1803.

It was his character to be consistent to the end. A County Cork man, born in 1767 and intended for the Episcopalian ministry, his entire life and activities were guided by an unshakable faith in two fundamental, and for him complementary, beliefs.

The first was his life-long devotion to the tenets of his religion. He was Church of Ireland and, receiving the sacrament before his execution, he declared "in the awful presence of God and at his Holy Table" that he had "ever been guided by what reason, the result of deep meditation and laboured reflection have shown me to be the Right."

His second faith, which was seen in his close friendship with Wolfe Tone, Neilson and McCracken, was an unswerving conviction in the justice of republican and revolutionary principles.

Joining the British Army when 15 he was posted as a young officer to Belfast in 1791 where he formed a close friendship with the democrats — later United Irishmen — of that city.

Resigning his commission, he was appointed a magistrate in the County Tyrone, but soon quit this because of the practice of the Orange magistracy in inquiring a person's religion before meting out a biased "justice."

He brought Tone up from Dublin on October 11, 1791, and at a meeting in Peggy Barclay's tavern in Sugarhouse Entry they laid plans for the formation of the United Irishmen with Neilson, McCracken and others. Later he was appointed Librarian of the Linenhall Library.

Appointed to the Supreme Military Command of County Down in 1796, he was arrested and kept in jail for six years. Released after the rebellion had subsided, he went to Paris where with Robert Emmett he drew up plans for a new insurrection.

Back in Ireland in 1803, he made his way north where, in hiding in the Castlereagh hills, he was succoured by Henry Joy McCracken's sister, Mary Ann.

Before leaving his hiding place to raise the standard of revolt at Loughinisland, Co. Down, he wrote to Francis McCracken: "I go this moment for the purpose of . . . rectifying the mistakes that have taken place. Whether I fail or succeed is in the hands of God, but the cause I will never relinquish. I am going to join any body I can find in arms in support of their rights and those of mankind . . ."

Before his project could meet with any success, however, he learned of the failure of Robert Emmett's rising in Dublin, and determined to rescue his "young hero." Returning to hiding, he was sheltered for some weeks by John and Nelly Rabb at Ballysallagh, near Newtownards, and with the never-failing financial aid of Mary Ann McCracken he eventually escaped in an open boat from Bangor.

Landing in Drogheda, with a price of £1,500 on his head, he was sheltered by a friendly Orangeman by the name of Markey, and later made his way to Dublin.

Betrayed there, he was arrested on September 9, and returned to Downpatrick under a heavy military escort to meet his martyrdom.

# THE MAN FROM GOD-KNOWS-WHERE

*Into our townlan', on a night of snow,  
Rode a man from God-knows-where;  
None of us bade him stay or go,  
Nor deemed him friend, nor damned him foe,  
But we stabled his big roan mare:  
For in our townlan' we're a decent folk,  
And if he didn't speak, why none of us spoke,  
And we sat till the fire burned low.*

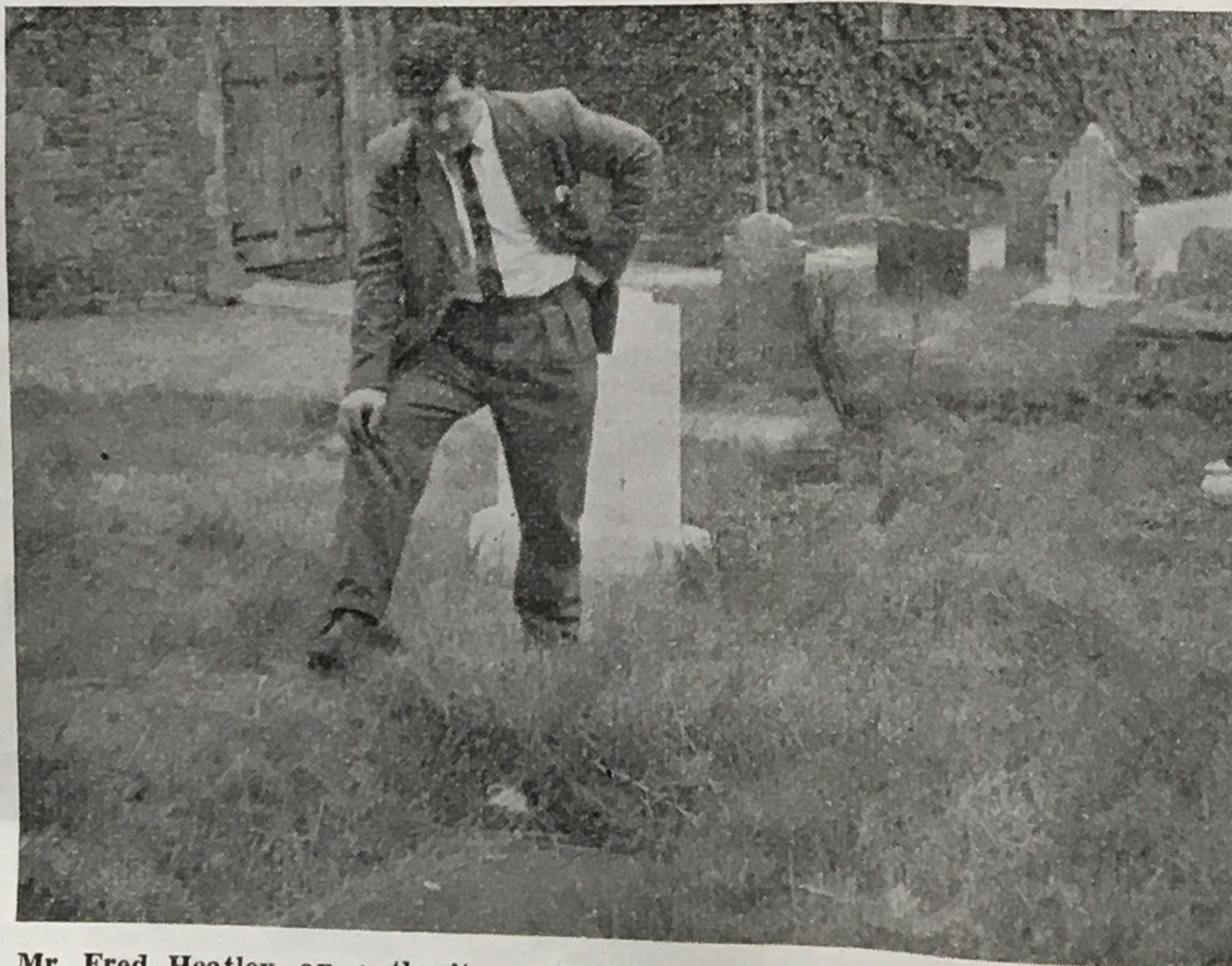
*We're a civil sort in our wee place,  
So we made the circle wide  
Round Andy Lemon's cheerful blaze,  
And wish the man his lenth o' days,  
And a good end to his ride.  
He smiled in under his slouchy hat—  
Says he, "There's a bit of a joke in that,  
For we ride different ways."*

*The whiles we smoked we watched him stare  
From his seat fornenst the glow.  
I nudged Joe Moore, "You wouldn't dare  
To ask him, who he's for meetin' there,  
And how far he has got to go."  
But Joe wouldn't dare, nor Wully Scott,  
And he took no drink—neither cold nor hot—  
This man from God-knows-where.*

*It was closin' time, an' late forbye  
When us ones braved the air—  
I never saw worse (may I live or die)  
Than the sleet that night, an' I says, says I,  
"You'll find he's for stoppin' there."  
But at screek o' day, through the gable pane,  
I watched him spur in the peltin' rain,  
And I juked from his rovin' eye.*

*Two winters more, then the Trouble Year  
When the best that a man could feel  
Was the pike he kept in hidin's near,  
Till the blood o' hate an' the blood o' fear  
Would be redder nor rust on the steel.  
Us ones quiet from mindin' the farms,  
Let them take what we gave wi' the weight o' our arms,  
From Saintfield to Killeel.*

*In the Time o' the Hurry we had no lead—  
We all of us fought with the rest—  
An' if e'er a one shook like a tremblin' reed,  
None of us gave neither hint nor heed,  
Nor ever even'd we'd guessed.  
We men of the North had a word to say,  
An' we said it then, in our own dour way,  
An' we spoke as we thought was best.*



Mr. Fred Heatley, an authority on local history concerning the '98 period, looks at the sunken stone slab in Downpatrick parish churchyard bearing the words "The body of Russell."



There are few people who have never heard this fine ballad by Florence Wilson of Banger, Co. Down. It is to meet the wishes of those who feel the full words should be better known that it is reproduced here by kind permission of The Candle Press, Dublin.

*All Ulster over, the weemen cried  
For the stan'in' crops on the lan'—  
Many's the sweetheart an' many's the bride  
Would liefer ha' gone till where HE died,  
And ha' mourned her lone by her man.  
But us ones weathered the thick of it,  
And we used to dander along, and sit  
In Andy's side by side.*

*What with discourse goin' to and fro,  
The night would be wearin' thin,  
Yet never so late when we rose to go,  
But someone would say: "Do ye min' thon snow,  
An' the man what came wanderin' in?"  
And we be to fall to the talk again,  
If by any chance he was ONE O' THEM—  
The man who went like the win'.*

*Well, 'twas gettin' on past the heat o' the year  
When I rode to Newtown fair:  
I sold as I could (the dealers were near—  
Only three-pound-eight for the Innish steer,  
An' nothing at all for the mare!)  
I met McKee in the throng of the street,  
Says he, "The grass has grown under our feet  
Since they hanged young Warwick here."*

*And he told that Boney had promised help  
To a man in Dublin town.  
Says he, "If ye've laid the pike on the shelf,  
Ye'd better go home hot-fut by yerself,  
An' polish the old girl down."  
So by Comber road I trotted the gray,  
And never cut corn until Killyleagh  
Stood plain on the risin' groun'.*

*For a wheen o' days we sat waitin' the word  
To rise and go at it like men.  
But no French ships sailed into Cloughey Bay,  
And we heard the black news on a harvest day  
That the cause was lost again;  
And Joey n' me, and Wully Boy Scott,  
We agreed to ourselves we'd as lief as not  
Ha' been found in the thick o' the slain.*

*By Downpatrick jail I was bound to fare  
On a day I'll remember, fethl;  
For when I came to the prison square  
The people were waitin' in hundreds there,  
An' you wouldn't hear stir nor breath!  
For the sodgers were standin', grim an' tall,  
Round a scaffold built there fornent the wall,  
An' a man stepped out for death!*

*I was brave an' near to the edge of the throng,  
Yet I knowed the face again,  
An' I knowed the set, an' I knowed the walk,  
An' the sound of his strange up-country talk,  
For he spoke out right an' plain.  
Then he bowed his head to the swingin' rope,  
Whiles I said, "Please God" to his dying hope,  
And "Amen" to his dying prayer,  
That the Wrong would cease, and the Right prevail,  
For the man that they hanged at Downpatrick jail  
Was the MAN FROM GOD-KNOWS-WHERE!*



# McCRAACKEN

IN the political controversies over Catholic rights and national liberty which agitated Belfast in the seven-teen-eighties and nineties, there was one young man in the linen business who maintained a clear and honest stand-point and who regarded with scorn the hypocrisy of those half-hearted reformers who proclaimed their belief in democracy but balked at any effort to advance it.

The young man was Henry Joy McCracken, a member of one of the most notable Belfast commercial families of the day. Once convinced of the rights of the Catholic people and the cause of national freedom, he set out firmly to achieve his ideal.

He turned out to be one of the noblest and devoted of the leaders of the United Irishmen in the North.

Born in High Street, Belfast, on August 31, 1767, his family were attached to the Rosemary Street church of Rev. Sinclair Kilburn, an eloquent preacher who expounded the doctrines of political liberty, social responsibility and religious tolerance.

McCracken became a firm friend of Thomas Russell, a kindred spirit, with whom he would make long excursions to the country, to the Cave Hill and along the Antrim coast.

In his exertions on behalf of the United Irishmen, he came to have great influence over the "Defenders", an organisation of the Catholic peasantry, whom he recruited for the Republican Army of Ulster.

## Burning in the Ards

THE role of British justices of the peace in Co. Down after the defeat of the people there is described by one of them, Colonel Atherton, in a letter to General Nugent, British commander, dated, "Newtownards, 20th June, 1798":

"I have had tolerable success today . . . We have burned Johnston's house at Crawford's-Bourn-Mills — at Bangor; destroyed the furniture of Pat. Agnew; James Francis and Gibbison, and Campbell's (not finished yet) at Ballyholme, burned the house of Johnston — at the Demesnes, near Bangor, the houses of Jas. Richardson and John Scott—at Ballymacannel-Mills, burned the house of McConnell, miller, and James Martin, a capt. and a friend of McCullough's, hanged at Ballynahinch.

"We hope you will think we have done tolerably well. Tomorrow we go to Portaferry . . ."

## Pitch-cap torture

THE North Cork Militia won a notorious reputation as the introducers of pitch-cap torture.

Skull-caps of coarse linen or strong brown paper were prepared, the inside liberally coated with moulten pitch, and it was then compressed on the cropped head of the victim.

The effect was to drive the sufferer insane or to cause him to take his own life.

The official history of Orangeism, published by Thynne & Co., London, describing the growth of Orangeism, says the system "found its way into many of the regiments of Ireland . . . One regiment, the South Cork militia, was famous in this service (of spreading Orangeism) and in this work it was well helped by the North Cork Militia."

*When the frightened Rich betrayed the Poor in '98, he sprang into action to command the people's Republican Army of Ulster.*

## When others failed . . .

When many of the northern "respectable" leaders defected and deserted on the eve of the rebellion, the remaining stalwarts turned to McCracken to take command.

After the battle of Antrim, and the defeat of the people in Down and throughout the country, McCracken left his hiding behind the Cave Hill, hoping to make his way south. He was arrested on his way to the coast and imprisoned in Carrickfergus jail.

His father and sister Mary went to Carrick but were refused permission to see him.

### SHAMROCK

"We saw him, however, through the window of his cell," wrote Mary, "when he gave me a ring, with a green shamrock engraved on the outside, and the words 'Remember Orr' on the inside."

McCracken was in the same prison-house where the first martyr to the United Irish cause lay for twelve months before being executed in September 1797.

A week later McCracken was brought to Belfast and court-martialled in the Exchange, which was on the site of the present Belfast Bank at the junction of North Street and Donegall Street.

He was sentenced on July 17 to be executed at five o'clock that same day on an improvised gallows in front of the Market House at Cornmarket.

His sister Mary walked arm-in-arm with him to the gallows, but was dragged away by the soldiers.

He attempted to speak to the people, but the noise of the trampling horses and shouts of the soldiers drowned his words. Jemmy Hope said afterwards: "Henry Joy McCracken was the most discerning and determined man of all our northern leaders, and by his exertion chiefly the Union of the societies of the north and south was maintained.

"I had an opportunity of knowing many of our leaders, but none of those I was

acquainted with resembled each other in their qualities and their principles, in the mildness of their manners, their attachment to their country, their forgetfulness of themselves, their steadiness of purpose and their fearlessness, as did Henry Joy McCracken and Robert Emmett."



## A 'rebel' link with the White House

THE memory of Rev. James Porter, who was executed outside his own Meeting House in Greyabbey, and William Orr of Farranashane, who perished on the gallows in Carrickfergus with the words, "I die for a persecuted country; Great Jehovah receive my soul; I die in the true faith of a Presbyterian", remains ever fresh in the minds of those Presbyterians who know their history.

But do not let us forget the thousands of unsung patriots who rallied to the flag of freedom, and fought for Ireland and liberty in the dark and troubled year of 1798.

Such a man was James Bones. Born in 1767 in the parish of Duneane, the third son of John Bones, a prosperous farmer, he became a linen-bleacher and farmer at Ballygarvey, near Ballymena. About 1790 he married Mary, daughter of John Adams of Chequer Hall, a member of a famous radical family.

James Bones and a younger brother Samuel joined the United

movement, as they believed passionately in civil and religious liberty for all Irishmen, whatever their creed.

James soon became a government suspect, and in 1797 his name appeared in a list of Co.

years, Bones, with his wife and family, returned to Ireland. Here he remained until 1810 when, as a result of Tory persecution, he was again forced, as an old American press-cutting tells us, "to emigrate and to

BY AIKEN McCLELLAND

Antrim marked, "Bad in every sense of the term."

The judicial murder of William Orr convinced them, and thousands others, that force was the only thing England understood, and in June 1798 the brothers took part in the capture of Ballymena.

After the insurrection was crushed the brothers were arrested and imprisoned. Samuel Bones was tried by court-martial in Broughshane Court-house and sentenced to receive 500 lashes.

James Bones was luckier. He escaped and made his way, like several other exiles, to Jamaica.

After an exile lasting two

years, Bones, with his wife and family, returned to Ireland. Here he remained until 1810 when, as a result of Tory persecution, he was again forced, as an old American press-cutting tells us, "to emigrate and to

seek asylum in the hospitable shores of the New World." Choosing the South as his place of refuge, the paper reports, Bones "landed in Savannah in July, 1810, and there he celebrated his freedom from British tyranny, by participating in the celebration of the Fourth of July."

In 1825 John Bones, the eldest son of the patriot and a wealthy businessman, bought Cedar Grove near Augusta, Georgia, and gave it to his parents.

In a quiet little cemetery in Augusta lie all that remains of this forgotten patriot. His tombstone bears the following inscription:

## INSIGHT

DR. WILLIAM JAMES MACNEVEN, a member of the Dublin Society of United Irishmen, possessed a penetrating insight into human character. This probably saved him from the gallows.

The society was infiltrated by a mercenary Government spy, Thomas Reynolds, who betrayed many of its members. But he was suspected by Dr. Macneven.

"That villain did all he could to get evidence from me to convict me," he said later, "but I distrusted him, knowing him to be given to falsehood and inclined to gluttony. I never knew one who was a sensualist who was good for anything in public business."

## 'To the Friends of the People in England'

"We have addressed the friends of the people in England, and have received their concurrence, their thanks and their congratulations."

THUS ran an address to the Irish nation, issued by the Dublin Society of United Irishmen, in January, 1793.

The words reveal the liaison which existed between the revolutionary democrats of Ireland and their counterparts in England.

The leaders of the United Irishmen knew that the English Tory Government was the enemy not only of Ireland but of the English people as well.

As the historian Dr. Madden acknowledges, they looked with hope to England for a popular uprising there which could seriously have weakened English power in Ireland.

The spirit of democracy was burning bright among the English labouring poor during the seventeen-nineties, and democratic clubs, often under the name of "corresponding societies" spread like wildfire throughout the country.

There was a "London Corresponding Society" and a "Constitutional Society", a "Society of Political Inquiry", a "Friends

of the People" Society, and even a "Society of United Englishmen".

The last named had forty divisions in London, and extended to Wales and Lancashire, with eighty divisions in Manchester. It was said to be in correspondence with the executive of the United Irishmen, and it is known that the Belfast United Irishmen were in touch with both English and Scottish republicans.

But "democracy" was a dirty word to the Tories of the day—just as they have had their "dirty words" to frighten the ignorant in every succeeding generation.

Prime Minister Pitt determined to put down democracy by bringing the advocates of reform to trial as "traitors". Severe repression and persecution followed, and English democracy was all but extinguished.

There has always, however, been an advanced and enlightened minority among the English people which has been in active sympathy with the cause of Irish self-determination.

## FACE-TO-FACE

A HAPPY story of poetic justice is contained in the career of a Presbyterian licentiate who had the misfortune to be a near neighbour of "bloody Castlereagh." He escaped the hanging which this chief British gauleiter inflicted on other ministers of the Ards, but was exiled to America. Later he lived to shame his persecutor before the whole of Europe.

David Bailie Warden was born in 1772 at Ballycastle, a townland on the northern border of the Earl of Londonderry's estate at Mount Stewart, Co. Down.

Having obtained the degree of M.A. (probably in Glasgow University), he became a licentiate in the Presbyterian Church—that is, he possessed the right to preach, but not to dispense the sacraments while awaiting a "call". This was the normal procedure prior to formal ordination.

His name appeared in a list of those stated to be committee members of the Society of the

United Irishmen of County Down, and this led to his arrest near Killinichy, where he was living at the time. He was confined in the prison ship in Belfast Lough at the same time as William Steel Dickson.

Major General Nugent issued a proclamation on August 23, 1798, offering to those against whom it had been found impossible to find sufficient evidence to convict, the opportunity to expatriate themselves to America.

Of 36 persons named, only eight accepted the terms, and among them was D. B. Warden.

Before he left for America he applied to the presbytery of Bangor for a certificate of his licence to preach, but he was informed that "the presbytery from motives of prudence, un-animously refused to grant it".

This appeared to him so unjust that he issued to the presbytery a farewell address in which he declared:

"Everyone of you has both publicly and privately circulated republican morality—that religion is a personal thing—that Christ is the head of the church—that his kingdom is not of this world—that the will of the people should be the supreme law,—and now from terror . . . you have met as a military inquisition.

In America he obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine, but by that time the wide range of his abilities had been recognised and he was induced to enter the diplomatic service. He became secretary to the American legation in Paris and later Consul-General there.

When the Congress of Vienna met in 1814 Warden, by a remarkable coincidence found himself face-to-face with his old enemy, Castlereagh, and had the satisfaction of successfully opposing some of the designs of the man who was the cause of his expatriation.





THE BADGE OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN

"The Society is constituted for the purpose of forwarding a brotherhood of affection, an identity of interests, a communion of rights, and a union of power among Irishmen of all religious persuasions."

—Constitution of the Dublin Society of United Irishmen, November 9, 1791.

To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government; to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils; and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—these were my means. —THEOBALD WOLFE TONE

# THE CONNECTION NOW—HOW IT HARMS US

If ever a prophecy concerning a country's future came unhappily to be fulfilled, it was the prophecy uttered by Wolfe Tone at his court-martial in Dublin in November, 1798.

No spirit of rancour or prejudice caused Tone to declare that the connection with Britain was "the curse of the Irish nation" and that so long as it lasted "this country could never be free or happy."

Tone was merely stating a matter of fact. As he put it elsewhere, the connection was "the bane of our happiness and prosperity."

One hundred and sixty-five years have passed since his prophecy was made. And if ever proof was required of the wisdom of Tone's foresight, the history of those years and the position of Ireland today provides it in plenty.

Since Tone's time things have

"From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation; and felt convinced that, while it lasted, this country could never be free or happy."

—Wolfe Tone, speaking at his court-martial, November 10, 1798.

"improved somewhat" in Ireland, undoubtedly. We could not be members of the human race without some degree of improvement in all those years.

Many people may today feel content with their small jobs, their high rents and their heavy taxes. But who can look around and state that Ireland is "free, prosperous and happy"?

We are certainly not free of the curse of the "connection"—the curse of "partition politics" and all the interference in our affairs by Britain which this represents.

North and South, Ireland still

suffers from the blight of British domination and dictation in our economic affairs. The result? A still under-developed really national economy, poverty and mass emigration.

How did our present unenviable position, with all its political confusion and its exceptional economic problems come about?

As a result of the tightening of the harmful "connection" with England, permitting England to bleed this country white for another 100 years, giving the stronger and more highly-developed English economy a robber's charter of domination and suppression over the Irish economy.

When Wolfe Tone made his declaration on the "curse of the connection" in 1798, Ireland actually had a parliament of its own for the whole country. It was under British control, but possessed vastly greater powers than does the present Stormont administration.

Three years later, in 1801, this parliament was abolished under the Act of Union, and all Ireland came directly under Westminster. The connection was more firmly rivetted, and its curse became a hundredfold harsher.

## Suffering

The years that followed brought the Irish people nothing but suffering, bloodshed and oppression. Ireland was ruled by yearly-renewed "coercion" Acts and by naked force.

One of the most greedy and rapacious classes history has known—the British-Irish landlord class—drained every ounce of strength and wealth out of Ireland and its people, leaving us a legacy of economic devastation from which we have not yet recovered.

Those years saw the disappearance of many once-thriving Irish industries — both great and small. Forced to extinction was the great cotton industry of the North, and one-by-one the smaller enterprises vanished—sugar refining, leather works, etc.

Only in the North were two basic industries permitted to grow—linen and shipbuilding.

In every generation Irishmen, in desperate efforts to save the country of ruin, have struck a blow to break the shackles of the connection until, in 1916, an independent Irish republic was proclaimed in Dublin.

This republic received the votes of the vast majority of Irishmen in the 1918 election, and the people's war for independence began.

Frustration however, again arose from deception and confusion sown by Britain. The British Government set up two subordinate governments in Ireland.

The Government of the 26-county area, although given

more political power, found itself unable to develop the economy along natural lines because it lacked the industrial resources of the north. Thus weakened, it became economically dependent on Britain, and soon found that this made it politically dependent also in many matters.

In the six counties, the full political and economic restrictions of the "connection" remained, and the result was the accelerating sell-out of the economy to British interests.

## Gobbled up

The big employers, having sold themselves politically to British politicians, were soon required to sell out their own enterprises to British businessmen. Even the great Belfast shipyard has now passed entirely into the control of British interests. One-by-one the independent textile enterprises have been gobbled up by British monopolies, until today there is not one substantial or major industrial enterprise in the six counties left in the hands of local business.

This is a relentless process — under which Britain still drains Ireland of much of its wealth and its profits, which normally should be accumulated at home for re-investment and expansion. No wonder our economy finds it difficult to develop.

This is indeed the root cause of all our exceptional economic crises, our unemployment and emigration.

This is the misfortune we have endured under the "connection" with Britain.

The only force which can reverse this process and save our country for our children to enjoy is a united, independent Irish government which will have the power to direct the economy for Ireland's benefit — not for Britain's.

# THE MAS

THE chief terrorist of Hitler Germany, Nazi SS boss Heinrich Himmler, had an historical precursor in the person of "bloody Castlereagh", the British Government's acting Chief Secretary in Ireland at the time of the 1798 rebellion.

This cynical and cold-blooded politician was organiser of the British reign of terror in Ireland before, during and after the rebellion, sending troops around the country, burning, torturing, flogging and killing.

He later boasted of having, by these methods, "exploded" the rebellion prematurely and thus effectively suppressed it. On his hands was the blood of the 70,000 who perished in the carnage.

Yet this haughty aristocrat was personally sensitive to the sight of blood. Like some of the Nazi organisers of the Jewish massacre, he could not bare to witness his work being carried out.

He could smile calmly while ordering old personal acquaintances to be hanged, but could not look on at an execution.

## James Hope of Templepatrick MAN OF ACTION AND INTELLECT

WHEREVER there was an opportunity to strike a further blow for the freedom of the Irish people, the dauntless and incorruptible James Hope, weaver of Templepatrick, son of a Scottish Covenanter, was in the thick of it.

After the defeat of the rising in 1798 he went to Dublin to help Robert Emmett in his plans for another attempt in 1803, and helped to manufacture arms for the revolutionaries in Emmett's secret Thomas Street workshop.

Persecuted and hounded by British agents for many years afterwards, he refused to flee the country but lived and worked in hiding until the death of British Premier Pitt in 1806 brought a relaxation of the terror. He then returned to the North and worked for some years in Larne.

"Jemmy" Hope, born August 25, 1764, known as "The Spartan" to his comrades, was a self-educated working man and one of the most perspicacious and vigorous intellects the United Irish movement produced.

Personally courageous and straight-dealing in his relations with people, it is in his ideas and teachings, however, that we can trace that power of independent thought which gave force and conviction to his action.

"When I speak of myself," he wrote later, "I mean the survivors of the working classes who struggled from 1794 to 1806 when the State prisoners were banished and the Castle spies paid off."

Writing of the revolutionary times, he said, "Belfast was the cradle of politics in Ulster. The foundation of Ireland's freedom was laid there by a few master spirits."

Describing how in his early years his tutor "turned my attention to the

nature of the relations between the different classes of society," he commented:

"There were three parties — those whose industry produced the necessities of life, those who circulated them, and those whose subsistence depended on fictitious claims and capital and lived and acted as if men and cattle were created solely for their own use and benefit, and to whom a sycophantic clergy were ready to bow with the most profound respect."

"The struggle at that period, as at the present (1843) was merely between commercial and aristocratic interests to determine which should have the people as its property, or its prey.

"So complete was the concentration of aristocratic monetary influence that nothing but its own corruption could destroy it.

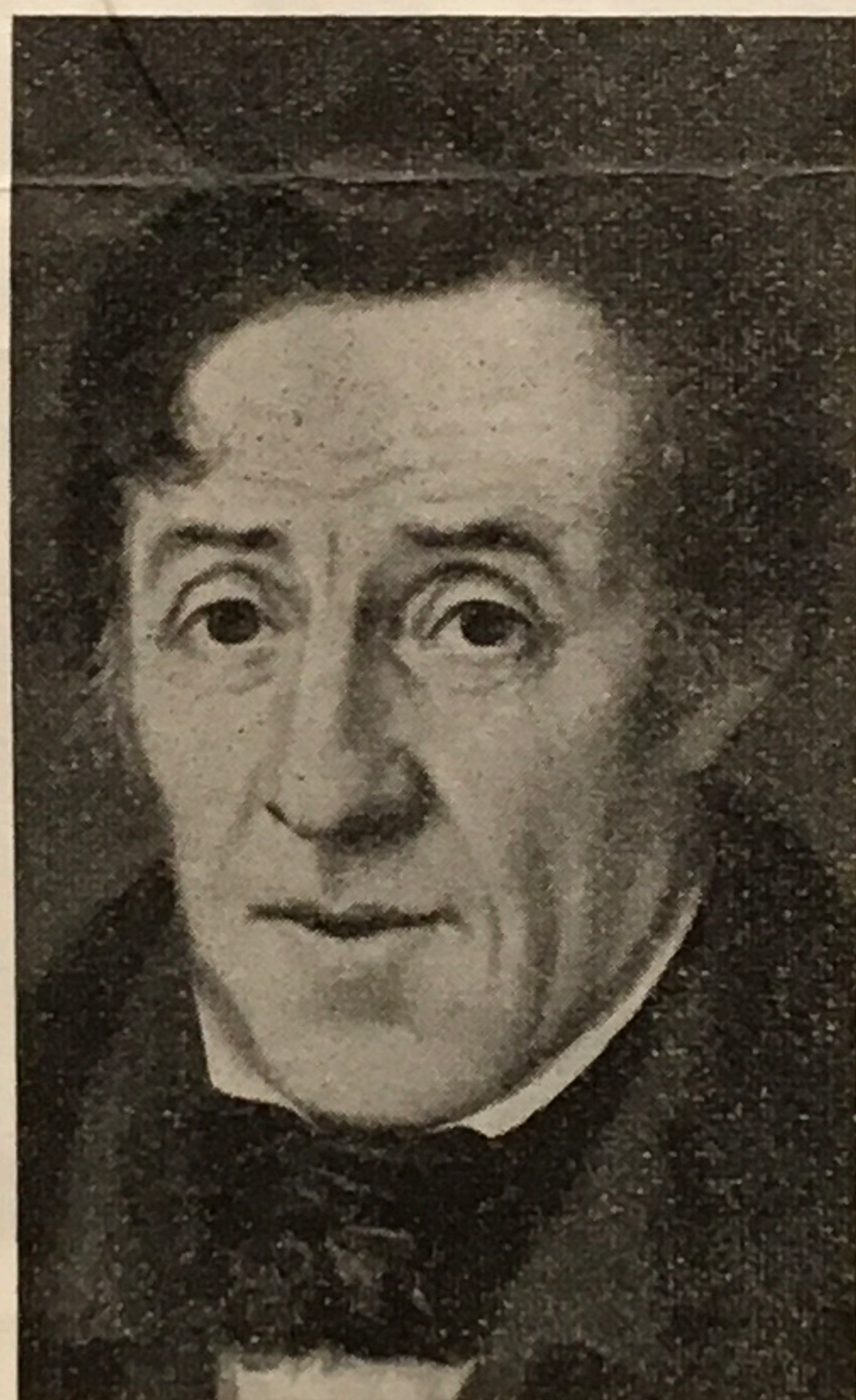
"The war commenced between the claims of the plough and the sword, fiction became arrayed against reality, the interests of capital against those of labour, and the rich lost sight of their dependence on the poor."

However "the progress of the revolution in France had excited the mass of the people and had put the aristocrats to their shifts. . .

"The appearance of a French fleet in Bantry Bay brought the rich farmers and shop keepers into the societies, and with them all the corruption essential to the objects of the British Ministry.

"McCracken, who was by far the most deserving of all our northern leaders, observed that what we had gained in numbers we had lost in worth. . . The aristocrats rushed into the societies, and . . . their plausible pretensions soon lulled the people into confidence."

Hope, however, expressed his con-



viction "that so long as men of rank and fortune lead a people, they will modify abuses, reform to a certain extent, but they will never remove any real grievances that press down on the people."

He said: "It was my settled opinion that the condition of the labouring class was the fundamental question at issue between the rulers and the people, and there could be no solid foundation for liberty till measures were adopted that went to the root of the evil."

Few more penetrating observations on the time could be ventured even today.

This advanced thinker and practical man of action died on August 25, 1846. The headstone on his grave at Malusk reads:

"Sacred to the memory of James Hope. One of Nature's noblest works: an Honest Man; steadfast in Faith and always hopeful in the Divine protection: in the best era of his country's history a soldier in her cause, and in the worst of times still faithful to it. Ever true to himself and to those who trusted him, he remained to the last unchanged and unchangeable in his fidelity. . ."

# THE

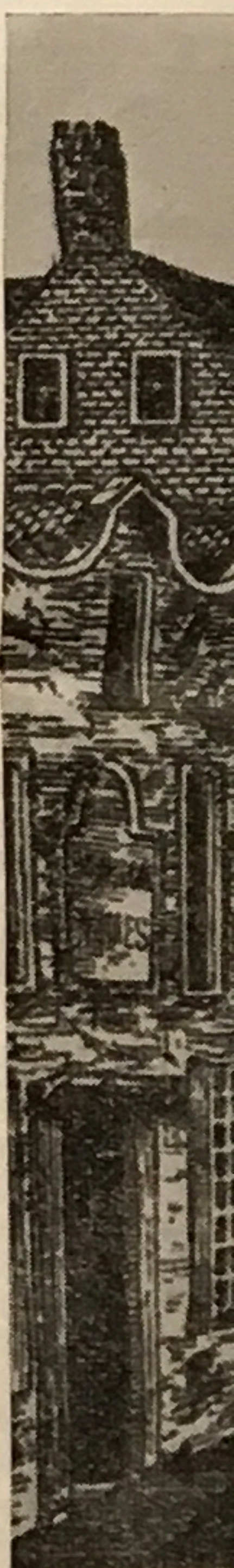
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# THEY CALLED IT THE 'ATHENS OF THE NORTH'

## Historic streets of old Belfast

WHEREVER you care to walk in the centre of Belfast to-day, your feet must take you amidst the ghosts and memories of many dramatic incidents in the city's historic past.

In the very throng of the traffic and crowds in present-day Bridge St. stood the shop from where Jemmy Hope, on the eve of the battle of Antrim, smuggled out a sack containing a green banner and some swords, under the noses of the yeomen and while the military were stringing people up for flogging in High Street.

Or even older, forgotten events. At the present blitzed site at St. Anne's Cathedral were "Buller's Fields" which in 1648 saw the bloody clash of arms between a Cromwellian army and royalist defenders of the town. It was the only real battle of this nature in which Belfast was directly involved.

In the seventeenth-century Belfast was known as "the Athens of the North", so famed were its citizens for their enlightened religious, cultural and social ideals.

High Street was then, as now, the hub of the town, and was composed of many two- and three-storied houses. The Far-

set river, which once had flowed openly down its centre, had been covered over as far as Church Lane some 30 years earlier.

The town's limits were bounded on the north by what is now Frederick Street; on the south by the White Linen Hall, on the site of the present City Hall. On the west was Carrick

through the fields to Sandy Row, Lisburn and Dublin.

Divis Street was called Mill Street, and Mill Field led off here, through Carrick Hill, past the Poor House, through Fisher's Row (now North Queen Street) to Carrickfergus. The artillery barracks in Fisher's Row was later renamed Victoria Barracks.

Smithfield was then an open

gall Street and Rosemary Lane.

At the corner of Cornmarket, where Burton's now is, stood the Market House in which Henry Joy McCracken taught Belfast's first Sunday school for the working-class children of the town. In front of it were later erected the gallows on which he died.

The other corner of Cornmarket, where Leahy, Kelly & Leahy now is, was known as "Paddy Gaw's Corner" from the name of a gentleman who once had a shop there. Opposite, across High Street, was the town's principal hotel, the Donegal Arms. Part of this structure is now incorporated in the premises of Robb's.

In a house in High Street, facing down Bridge Street, Henry Joy McCracken was born. Four entries connected High Street with Ann Street—Pottinger's Entry, McKittrick's Court (now Joy's Entry), William's Entry (now Wilson's Court), and Crown Entry.

### BY FRED HEATLEY

Hill, and houses extended a short distance above Peter's Hill.

Brown Square was already there, and so was Barrack Street, where a military barracks stood on the present site of St. Mary's secondary school. At the south-west corner of Barrack Street was the "Pound", from which the present Pound Loney gets its name.

From this point a road ran

field where booths were erected when required, and the entrance to North Street was through Hudson's Entry, now Gresham Street. In Hercules Lane, off Garfield Street, still stands a house which was there in 1798.

The part of the town most vividly associated with memories of the United Irishmen is undoubtedly that most historic area around High Street, Waring Street, North Street, Done-

Many of the United Irishmen used to meet in the Crown Tavern in Crown Entry, and in Wilson's Court Samuel Neilson produced Ireland's first republican newspaper, "The Northern Star". The office was later wrecked by the military.

Ann Street was a narrow thoroughfare leading to the old Long Bridge, and close to Littlewood's was the barrack in which McCracken was imprisoned before his trial.

Across the bridge a road led to the village of Ballymacarrett, and roads from there led through the fields to Newtownards, Bangor and elsewhere in County Down.

On the site of the old Royal Cinema, where a clothing shop now is, was the Theatre Royal, opened five years before the '98 rebellion and closed 78 years later.

Donegal Place was then called Linen Hall Street, and Royal Avenue was Hercules Lane and John Street. The junction of Donegal Street, North Street, Waring Street and Rosemary Lane was known as "The Four Corners", and the present Belfast Bank there was built as the Exchange, in which McCracken was court-martialled and sentenced to death.

The facade has been altered, but some of the features of the old Exchange can still be discerned in the present building.

In Sugar House Entry connecting Waring Street to High Street, was Peggy Barclay's famous tavern, a favourite rendezvous for the United Irishmen. A public house still stood on the site until destroyed in the air raids during the war.

### Wrecked

At the corner of North Street and Rosemary Street was the "Stag's Head", another meeting place of the United Irishmen, and at No. 6 North Street was the jeweller's shop of Thomas McCabe, father of William Putnam McCabe.

After the shop had been wrecked by soldiers in March, 1793, the undaunted Thomas refused to have the windows repaired and put a sign above his door announcing: "Thomas McCabe, an Irish slave,

Licensed to sell Gold and Silver."

McCabe, a Lisburn man originally, lived at The Vicanage close to where St. Malachy's College now stands, and then outside the town. Monsignor O'Laverty wrote in 1897: "Thomas McCabe's house was directly in front of the college door. The house faced down the avenue to the present Antrim Road.

In Rosemary Lane was the first Presbyterian Church, built in 1781, and in which preached the indomitable Rev. Sinclair Kelburne who suffered imprisonment for his republican beliefs. This old church still stands, behind the newer one, and is now a furniture workshop.

### The same

The McCracken family lived in this street at the time of the Rising, and with them lived for many years the famous collector of Irish melodies, Edward Bunting.

Donegal Street finished opposite the Poor House, still belonging to the Belfast Charitable Society and in general appearance much the same as to-day. Brewery Lane, now Frederick Street, also ended here.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, chief of the Leinster directory of the United Irishmen — who preferred himself to be called "Citizen Fitzgerald" — was safely hidden between the roof and rafters of an old cottage in Brewery Lane in 1798, and this cottage was still in existence in comparatively recent years.

To the south of the town, where May Street now is, was May's Fields, and the late Cathal O'Byrne in his fine book on Belfast mentions having been told of a spot there called "the croppies' grave" where victims of the military after the rising were buried.

This, then was the Belfast of the United Irishmen. We are often told to forget the past, but from the past evolves the future, and if those citizens of to-day who unknowingly tread where strode Hope, Neilson, Tone and Russell, could recapture the great spirit and ideals of their predecessors, what a better, richer and more cultured place this city of ours would be to live in.



On the left, High Street, Belfast, in 1791, showing the old Market House in front of which Henry Joy McCracken was hanged.

# THE MASK OF CASTLEREAGH

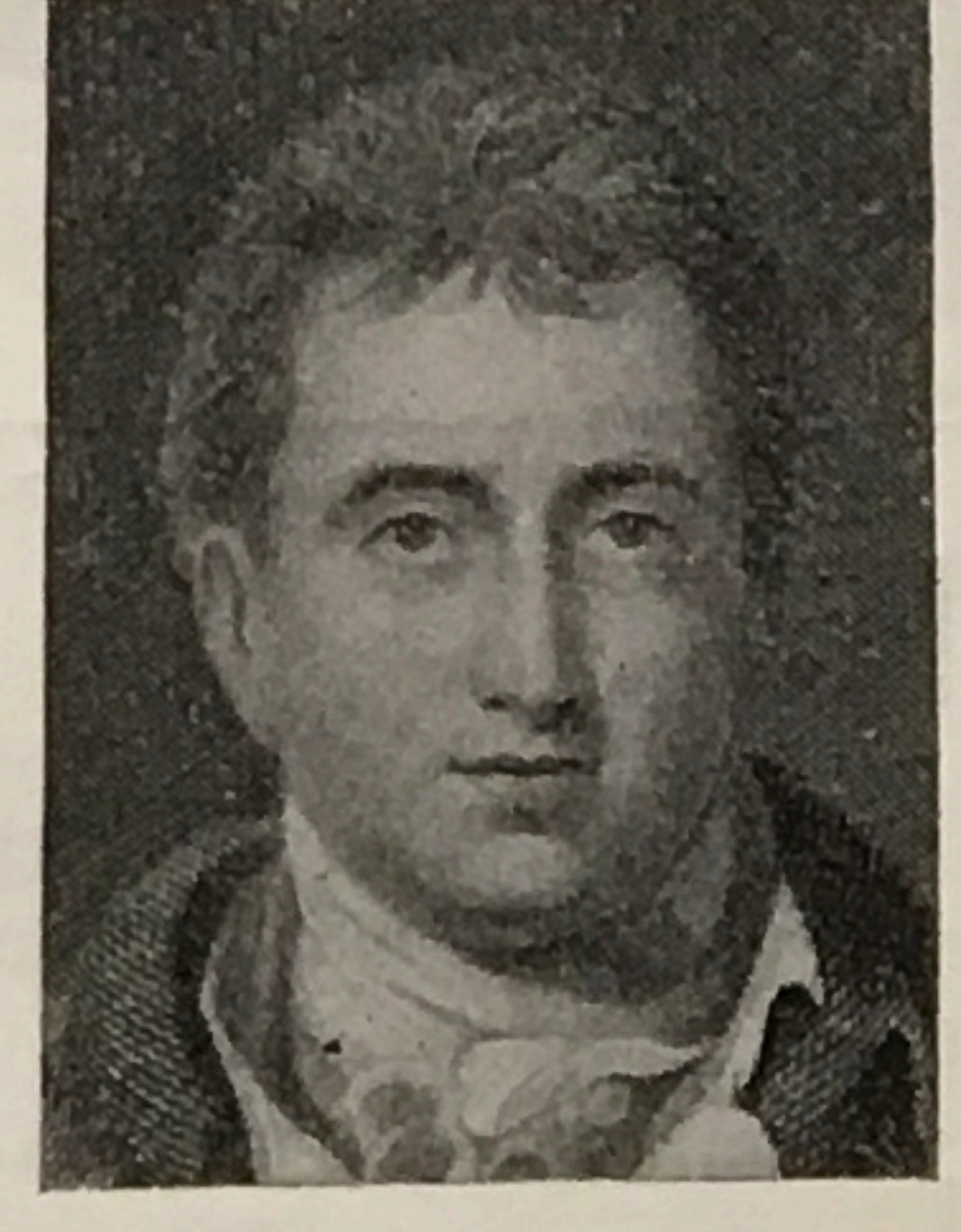
## AN ECHO FROM THE PAST

### Who wears it now?

Son of the first Lord Londonderry, of Mount Stewart, County Down, young Robert Stewart, as Lord Castlereagh then was, got himself elected to the Irish Parliament in 1790 on a radical, reform and popular ticket. He pledged his "attachment to the liberty of his country and his ardour for reform", and made a solemn declaration that if elected "he would use all his efforts to obtain it." Once in power he turned his coat rapidly, and with the hatred of an apostate began a remorseless persecution of the men who had worked to secure his election. He was particularly merciless to those who had been old friends and neighbours, and insisted on the execution of two Presbyterian ministers in his neighbourhood. Rev. James Porter and Rev. Archibald Warwick, despite personal appeals by members of his own family. The ferocity of his reign of

terror is perhaps to be explained by a desire to demonstrate the "sincerity of his perfidy" to his British masters, who had a distrust of employing any Irishman in a top position in Ireland at that time. He was further to prove the depths of his treachery when he later organised for British Premier Pitt the bribery and corruption of the members of the Irish Parliament to induce them to abolish that Parliament and accept the "union" with Britain. Castlereagh was the paymaster of those "slaves who sold their land for gold." After drowning Irish democracy in blood and corruption, Castlereagh joined the British Cabinet as foreign secretary and in that role became equally as arduous in suppressing any movement among the English working people for democratic reform. His influence was believed to be responsible for the

notorious Peterloo massacre near Manchester in 1819. He became the most hated man of his own times. Castlereagh cut his own throat in 1822. He had by then succeeded to the "Londonderry" title. At his interment at Westminster Abbey a vast multitude gathered outside, and with ringing cheers of thankfulness they consigned the tyrant to his tomb. His most fitting epitaph was written by the English poet, Shelley: I met Murder on the way. He wore a mask like Castlereagh. Very tall he was, yet grim, Seven bloodhounds followed him. All were fat, and well they might. Be in admirable plight; For one by one and two by two He tossed them human hearts to chew Which from his wide cloak he drew. The Mask of Castlereagh has descended down the years and



was worn in recent times by the late Lord Londonderry, former Stormont Cabinet Minister and friend and admirer of Hitler and Carson alike. This man tried to justify the Nazi persecution of the Jews which was eventually to lead to the massacre of six million. Today the Mask of Castlereagh, the architect of the "union", is inherited by our Unionist Government, who are the last defenders of the system he instituted.

WORKMEN digging the foundations for new buildings in Church Lane, Belfast, last year, were repeatedly reported to have unearthed numbers of human skulls and bones. Behind their discovery lies an unpleasant story in the history of Belfast's oldest church, St. George's, which adjoins Church Lane. It is a story which can best be told by Mary Ann McCracken, sister of Henry Joy McCracken, who was buried in the church's graveyard after his execution. "A most daring outrage, several years after my brother's interment, was committed on the feelings of the inhabitants by the Rev. Edward May," she told Dr. Madden, the famous biographer of the United Irishmen. "This churchyard, where the departed friends of the principal inhabitants of the town were interred, the rev. gentleman took it into his head to convert to other uses. "The graves were levelled, the ashes of the dead were scandalously disturbed, and the tombstones torn up. This sacrilege, however, excited such painful and indignant feelings that the

shameful proceedings were stopped, and it was then proposed to plant the levelled yard with trees, and this in some measure tranquillised the public feeling for a time. "Mr. May, however, contrived to get a bill hurried through Parliament, which gave a power to certain parties to dispose of part of the ground. "This was done, and large yards were thus given to several of the houses in Church Lane; and the burying ground of my family, where my poor brother's remains now lie, thus disposed of, is now built over." And so, in 1962, when new building operations began, there came to light the evidence of this drama in the city's past. The Rev. May referred to was a brother-in-law of Lord Donegall. Some years later, what are believed to be the remains of Henry Joy McCracken were removed from the old churchyard site by Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger and re-interred with his sister's in Clifton Street burial ground.



Some sleep in Ireland, too . . .

# NEGLECTED GRAVES OF ULSTER'S BRAVE

ONE of the aims of the Wolfe Tone Bi-Centenary is to have marked the burial places—or to clean up any that have already been marked—of those connected with the eventful period of 1798.

Many of those brave men and women sacrificed all, even life itself, in attempting to unite Irishmen of all creeds and establish a free, independent democracy in which the talents of all could flower to the full, for the benefit of all in equal brotherhood and equal nationality.

A shame it is to think that today the last resting places of many of them are known to but a few and many are not known at all.

Throughout the years there have been various attempts to mark

BY FRED HEATLEY

their graves, but there have been many obstacles to overcome.

One obstacle was lack of funds. Another, and I think perhaps the most formidable, was opposition from those on whose lands the graves are, or from those in charge of the various graveyards.

The former problem is still with us. The latter, I trust, has largely disappeared. With the better understandings and enlightenment prevalent today, we will, I trust, have little difficulty, when funds permit, in carrying out our project.

Many of those graves which have already been marked were done so through the efforts of such men as the late **Francis Joseph Bigger** of Belfast.

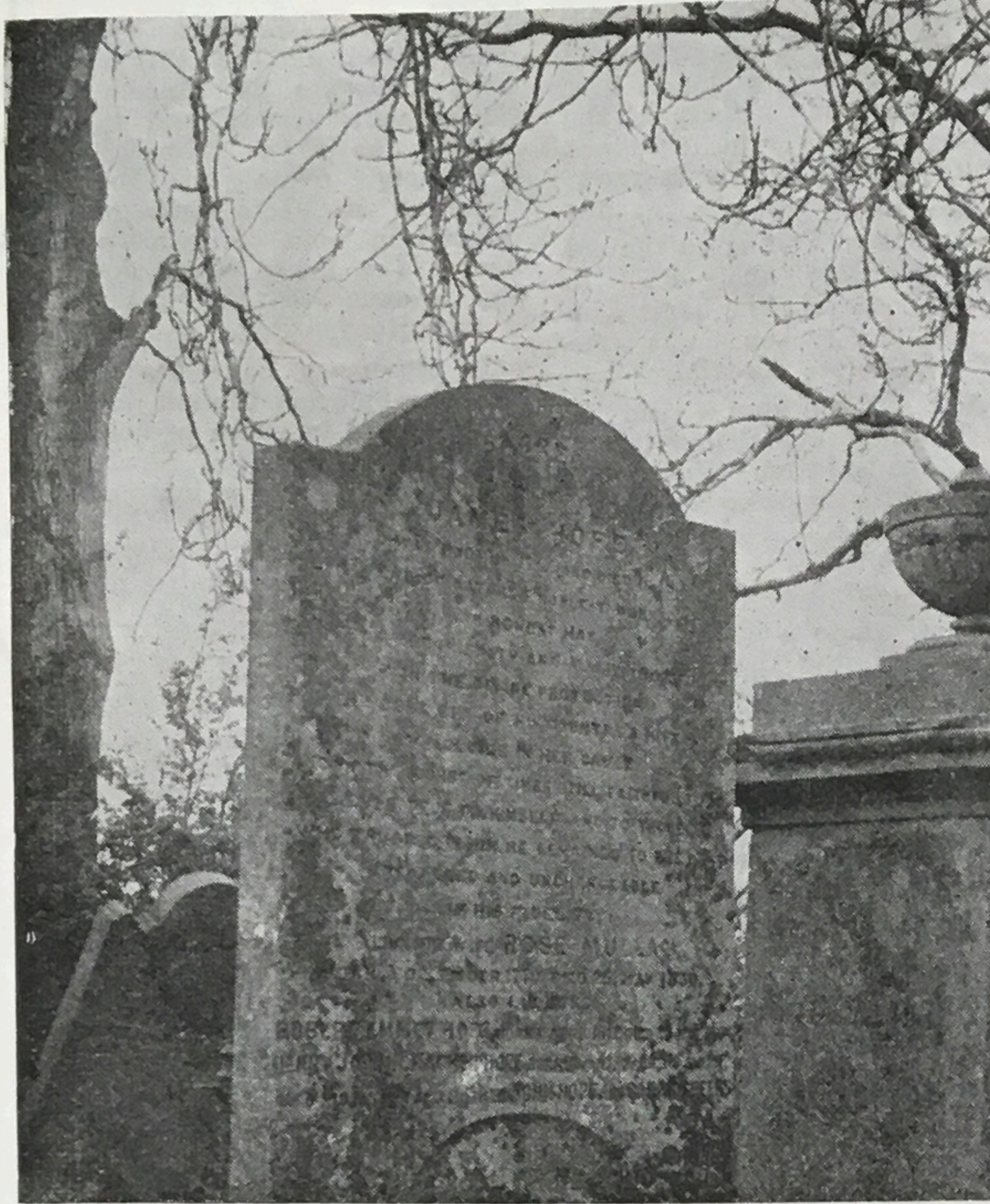
In the early years of this century he, with some others, had headstones erected on many graves.

In 1909 the burial place of **Rody McCorley** at Duneane, and the graves of the **Rev. William Steele Dickson** and **Mary Ann McCracken** in Clifton Street Cemetery, Belfast, were marked through their efforts.

The latter grave is also believed to contain the remains of **Henry Joy McCracken**, the brother of Mary, and it is hoped to have an inscription inscribed there to that effect.

Close by rests **Dr. William Drennan**, an originator of the United Irishmen.

**Jemmy Hope**, the Templepatrick weaver—"one of nature's noblest works, an honest man" as the stone says—is buried at



Mallusk. Incidentally, behind his grave is that of **F. J. Bigger**.

A few miles away at Templepatrick rests **William Orr**, hanged at Carrickfergus on October 14, 1797, and one of the first United Irishmen to suffer execution.

**Henry Munro**, leader of the insurgents at the battle of Ballynahinch, is buried at Lisburn in the Cathedral grounds.

The young Presbyterian licentiate, **Archibald Warwick**, hanged at Kircubbin, is buried in Movilla churchyard.

**The Rev. James Porter**, who also suffered hanging at Greyabbey, lies buried in the Abbey churchyard where a stone, lying flat, marks his grave.

At Ballycree, near Ballynahinch, in an unmarked grave are **Betsy Gray**, heroine of the famous battle, her brother **George** and her lover **Willie Boal**.

In 1898 a memorial was erected on **Betsy Gray's** grave by a descendant of the Gray family, then living in England, but it was destroyed by intolerant persons who perhaps objected to it taking the form of a cross.

**Thomas Russell**, "the man from God knows where", is buried in the parish churchyard at Downpatrick. A native of Co. Cork with, as Florence Wilson's poem puts it, "his

strange up-country talk", he is nevertheless always remembered particularly in Ulster hearts.

These are just a few of the revered spots in Antrim and Down sacred to those who love their native land and who desire to further the well-being of all Irishmen in common brotherhood, and whose hope it is that Irishmen of all denominations will some day march together to pay homage to the ideals of '98.

"By the stranger's heedless hands their lonely graves are made . . ." But at home in Ireland the last resting places of the Northern patriots are also neglected, like that of **William Orr**, first martyr for the modern Irish republic, at Templepatrick (above), and **Jemmy Hope's** at Mallusk (above left). Compare them with the well-tended grave of **Tone** at Bodinstown (below).



## WHO ARE YOU?

—ASKS CATHAL MAC CRIOSTAIL

THE question "What is he?" rather than "Who is he?" has come to be accepted in our northern community as a normal means of identifying someone not familiar to the speaker.

The answer to the query is not expected to be "an engineer", "a doctor", "a bus conductor", but rather "a Protestant" or "a Catholic".

The question is often asked merely to ensure that nothing is said in the stranger's presence to cause offence. Thus, over the years, we have become strongly inhibited in what is known as "mixed company". No wonder literature, music and art are stifled in such an atmosphere!

Yet in this self-same community are to be found the many descendants of those politically-minded Protestants of 1798 whose revolutionary sentiments gave courage and hope to the rest of Ireland and who became the most fearless leaders of the United Irishmen.

Recalling the heroism of those days, who would not be proud to claim kinship with such fighters for freedom?

In seeking to identify each other, should the question not

AS a practical gesture of sympathy towards their oppressed and disfranchised Catholic fellow-countrymen, the enlightened Protestants of the north in the late 1780's subscribed generously towards the building of many Catholic churches.

The Rev. Dr. P. Conway, of St. John's, Belfast, referred in a recent sermon in St. Mary's, Chapel Lane, to mark Belfast's "Charter Week", to the fact that this oldest Catholic church in the city had then been built almost entirely by the subscriptions of Protestants.

There was little rancour and bitterness towards the Catholics then. How did the poison of hatred begin?

Through bribery, corruption and fear, all carefully nourished by British government agencies. And perhaps through the efforts of such outstanding bigots as Sir Boyle Roche.

This Knight, in the British Commons in 1792, accused the northern Protestants of using "every stratagem to debauch the lower order of Catholics." He said that "for this purpose they went to Mass with them, built chapels for them throughout the country for the mere purpose of corrupting them."

The intolerant remarks of this man are quoted favourably in a recently published official history of Orangeism.

now be "Who is he"? Is he a descendant of **Samuel Neilson, McCabe, Digges, Bryson, Jordan, Orr, McCracken**, the leading spirits of early Belfast democracy?

Does he bear the name of **Cuthbert, Sayers, Boyce** or **McCoe**, named at the trial of United Irishmen at Carrickfergus in 1797? Does he claim as forbears any of the Ballyclare baronial committee of the United Irishmen, **James Hope, Joseph Williamson** and **William Orr**?

Is he proud to bear the name of any of those patriots from the north who were confined with **McCracken** in Kilmaham Jail—**Rev. Sinclair Kilburn, James Burnside, William Speers, J. Greer, Wm. Kane, W. Templeton, J. Kennedy, H. Kirkwood, J. Harrison, J. Barrett**?

### DAUNTLESS

Yes, it would be worthwhile knowing who is descended from the **Porters**, the name borne by the Minister of Greyabbey who was hanged in sight of his own church.

Another name to be proud to bear is **Armstrong**, for it belonged to that dauntless patriot of Lisburn who, when the authorities, in order to extract information from him, brought his wife and child to plead with him to save her from widowhood, cried out with a bursting heart:

"Ah, Jane, were I to become a traitor, think how many orphans that would make!"

Who are you? The truth in all probability is that, if you are a Protestant, no matter what your name, you are descended from one of those countless named and nameless heroes who left you an undying tradition of struggle for real freedom, those early Protestants of the north who struck the first blow in the fight to break the connection with England.

## THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

BY JOHN KELLS INGRAM

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight? Who blushes at the name?  
When cowards mock the patriot's fate who hangs his head for shame?  
He's all a knave or half a slave who slights his country thus;  
But a true man, like you man, will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave, the faithful and the true—  
Some lie far off beyond the wave, some sleep in Ireland, too;  
All, all are gone, but still lives on, the fame of those who died;  
All true men, like you, men, remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands their weary hearts have laid,  
And by the stranger's heedless hands their lonely graves were made;  
But, though their clay be far away beyond the Atlantic foam,  
In true men, like you, men, their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth—among their own they rest;  
And that same land that gave them birth has caught them to her breast;  
And we will pray that from their clay full many a race may start,  
Of true men, like you, men, to act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days to right their native land;  
They kindled here a living blaze that nothing shall withstand;  
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—they fell and passed away;  
But true men, like you, men, are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be for us a guiding light  
To cheer our strife for liberty and teach us to unite!  
Through good and ill be Ireland's still, though sad as theirs your fate;  
And true men be you, men, like those of Ninety-Eight.



# BALLYNAHINCH AND BRAVE BETSY GRAY

IN County Down ten thousand men answered the call of General Henry Munro whose immediate objective was to capture Ballynahinch and establish communications with McCracken in Antrim and the men of Dublin and Wexford.

At the time the North arose, the whole of Wexford, with the exception of Ross, was already in Republic hands.

At Ballynahinch throughout the day of June 13 one of the most ferocious battles of the rising was waged, and eventually the town fell to the irresistible onslaught of the pike-charge.

The tragic event which followed reversed the tide of victory.

## REVERSE

The blast of retreat blown by buglers of the routed British forces was mistaken for a call indicating the arrival of reinforcements, and the republican army, caught unawares and thrown into confusion, suffered a severe reverse and the day was lost.

Around them the countryside was in flames. The British commander, Nugent, had burned all before him on his march to Ballynahinch, and James Hope, who had crossed the hills with the other leaders after the battle of Antrim, was on the summit of Divis. He records how he surveyed the north Down countryside, and could see blazing homesteads everywhere.

After the battle of Ballynahinch, says a leading Presbyterian historian, "bands of soldiers and yeomen scoured the country, burning houses, destroying furniture and committing the most unspeakable outrages on

both the innocent and the guilty."

The best known incident of this kind relates to the deaths of three young people — Elizabeth (Betsy) Gray, her brother George and her lover, Willie Boal.

Fleeing from Ballynahinch along the road to Lisburn, they had reached a place called Ballygreen where Betsy, some distance ahead, reached a piece of high, rocky land where she could hide and await the arrival of George and Willie.

A party of yeomen were in hot pursuit, and before the young men could reach Betsy's hiding place their foes were upon them. The Crown forces fell on the two unarmed men with their swords, and Willie Boal, receiving a stab in the neck, uttered a loud cry.

## DYING

Betsy heard the cry and recognised the voice, and, springing from her hiding place she bounded over a hedge to the scene. She found her lover dying upon the ground and her brother struggling with a fellow by whom he had been wounded.

One of the yeomen was about to plunge his sword into George's body from behind when Betsy grasped the weapon in her bare hands and strove to wrench it away, crying out for mercy for her brother.

The story of the battle of Ballynahinch and the fate of "lovely Betsy Gray" has often been told. But it is a story which deserves retelling for each generation, for it should never be forgotten.



## Where still they lie . . .

A young Irishman (above, right) looks at the spot, in a secluded marshy hollow surrounded by whins, rushes and hawthorns, where the bodies of Betsy Gray, her brother George and her lover Willie Boal were buried on that grim day of the people's defeat in June, 1798.

She was set upon by three of the King's men. One, striking her wrist with a sword, cut her hand completely off. Another put his pistol close to her eyes and sent a bullet through her brain.

At the same time her brother was shot, and as the three lay bleeding on the ground their butchers hacked and hewed at their bodies, desecrating Betsy's corpse, tearing off nearly all her clothing and pulling off her rings and earrings.

The names of the three murderers, who were from Anahilt, were known and remembered, and their families were shunned for generations afterwards.

The murders took place on the farm of Samuel Armstrong of Ballygreen, and the mutilated bodies of Betsy, her brother and her lover were found by a lad, Matthew Armstrong.

## TWO STONES

With the help of two farmers, Anthony Orr and William Graham, they lifted the bodies and carried them to a nearby, secluded hollow and buried them there together.

In the same marshy hollow, surrounded by rushes and whins, and accessible only with some difficulty, the spot where they were buried is still marked today by two crude stones—all that is left of a memorial erected nearly fifty years ago, but destroyed by those who would have the people forget the cause of freedom.

The grave was originally marked by a log of black oak, and neither spade nor plough has disturbed the hallowed spot ever since.

# THE TWO IRELANDS . . .

WE are told that there are two Irelands. That Britain controls one and the Irish themselves control the other.

The Imperial mandate may seem to be confined to six counties, but socially and economically Britain still controls all of Ireland. Some people understand this. The majority do not.

Men of commerce understand it quite well. The Irish banks recognise no border and their final authority is the British Treasury.

In fact the two parts of Ireland must put up with British economic policies which are inapplicable here for obvious reasons and have no bearing at all on the problems of this country.

*They must put up with this whether they like it or not. It is a crazy situation, but a very real one. We all suffer because of it.*

## THE FACTS

The E.E.C. negotiations underlined the harsh truth that the south is as much a subsidiary of the British market as is the north. Mr. Lemass, discomfited by the turn of events, blurted out the facts. Putting the best face on the situation he said: "We are part of the

British economic system." Britain must find this situation quite satisfactory — and of course quite "Irish." For her there is no longer an Irish problem.

The Government of Ireland Act (1920) brought partition and Stormont into being. The Treaty (1921) established the Free State and reinforced the border. These arrangements did not endanger Britain's stake in Ireland; they protected it. A more pliant method of control had been found.

We have had more than 40 years' experience of the "new method". Does it differ greatly from the old? Hardly. It strengthens the old stranglehold and confuses the problem.

Has the time come to ask have we had enough?

The men who talked so loudly about independence before they abandoned the struggle, and the men who would not give an inch of the British connection because their privileges were bound up with it are now in partnership for all practical purposes.

## AGREED

They want the *status quo* maintained. They are agreed on that.

They continue to delude the sections of the Irish people on which they base their strength. By beating drums, by raising flags, by singing songs and by mouthing worn catchphrases they are able to drown out the questions of the sceptical.

This then is the Irish problem. It has a solution. The solution is not as baffling as some would have us believe, nor is it as simple as others seem to suggest.

For the vast majority of the Irish people, north and south, foreign control has had disastrous economic effects—poverty, unemployment and emigration.

Those who gain by the *status quo* have an interest in maintaining it. It has made them powerful, prosperous and privileged. Why should they want a change?

Wolfe Tone in his day believed that the solution to Ireland's problems lay in unity of the people, in democracy and in independence. His ideas have power and relevance still. There is no other way forward for Ireland. . . .

SEAN CRONIN

No tombstone marks that humble grave,  
No tree nor shrub is planted there;  
And never spade disturbs the spot  
Where sleeps the brave, where rests the fair.

Shame on the cruel, ruthless band  
Who hunted down to death their prey!  
And palsy strike the murderous hand  
That slew the lovely Betsy Gray!

—An Old ballad

# HOPES AND REGRETS

THE Editor regrets the omission of many glorious stories and biographical notes of many great men associated with the '98 period.

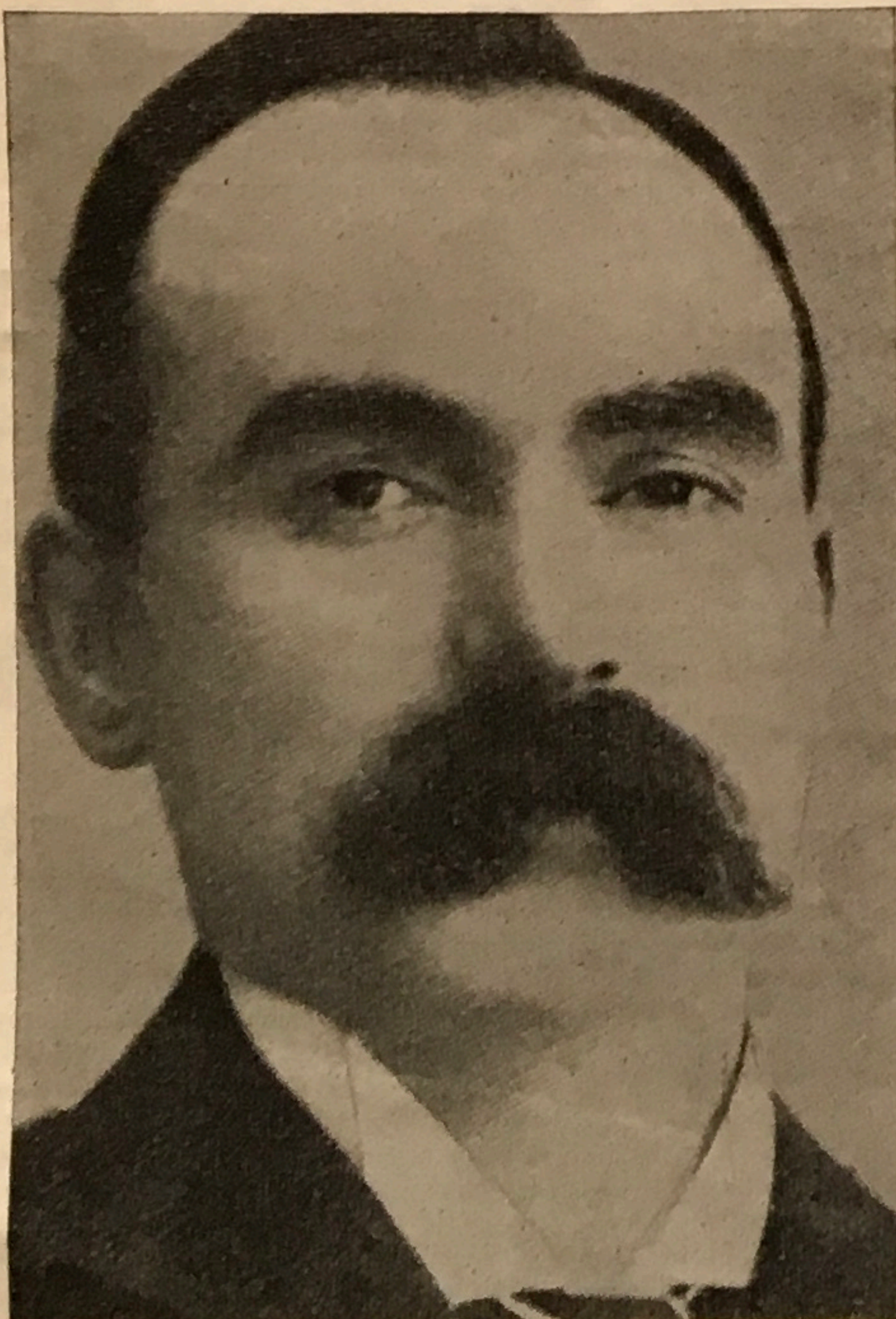
There was no room. It would all have taken volumes. But it is hoped that the few aspects here dealt with will stimulate particularly the younger genera-

tion to take a deeper interest in both the men and events of the times, and in the ideals which gave them strength.

There is no satisfactory bibliography for the period. Were it available, the books themselves would be mostly unobtainable.

At a time when publishers are

manufacturing tons of rubbish, unworthy even of the pulp from which it comes, it would be a commendable venture were some publisher to collate and re-issue in several volumes, and in popular-priced editions, all the chief works concerning the lives and times of the United Irishmen.



## A Golden Jubilee this year

A TRAGIC contrast between the spirit of the working people in two Irish cities—Belfast and Dublin—was seen just fifty years ago this autumn.

On the one hand, a grim, prolonged and heroic battle for Labour rights and human dignity was being waged by the workers of Dublin led by James Larkin and James Connolly.

The 1913 Dublin strike and lock-out, beginning in August and lasting for more than six months, was the first great struggle which put the Irish worker on his feet.

The contrast in Belfast, on the other hand, was a black one. Labour was decimated and divided; the power of the trade unions undermined; and union wages rates everywhere were cut.

How was this? It arose from the spirit of bigotry and hatred injected into workplaces by the Unionist organisers of the so-called "Ulster covenant." A terrorist minority ruled the roost with pogroms and violence directed against anyone who would not join the Carsonite bandwagon.

On the one hand, in Dublin, the

On the left—JAMES CONNOLLY

# THE CAUSE OF LABOUR

proud, defiant and independent spirit of Labour, with the slogan, "One for All, and All for One;" on the other, in Belfast, the spirit of slavery, surrender and intimidation with the slogan "One against the other."

It is not surprising that the Dublin workers, who had organised the Irish Citizen Army for their self-defence during the great 1913 struggle, should later throw in the weight of the workers' guns in the fight for an Irish republic in 1916.

James Connolly, whose labours on behalf of the working people of Belfast are still remembered, led the armed trade unionists out to seize the G.P.O. in Dublin on Easter Monday.

On May 12, while a prisoner and badly wounded, he was propped up on a stretcher in Dublin castle and shot on the orders of the British authorities.

In the contrast between Belfast and Dublin in those days lies the most vivid illustration of the truth of Connolly's own dictum—"The Cause of Labour is the Cause of Ireland."

The Dublin workers found dignity and self-respect in linking those causes. In Belfast the enemies of Irish independence, by use of terror and bigotry, defeated not only the Irish cause but the cause of Labour, too.

In Belfast the spirit of Labour was so far submerged in the general anti-democratic reaction that it is only beginning to show signs of recovery to-day — fifty years after.

But the lesson of the years it still that Labour will never recover except in vigorous opposition to anti-Irish Toryism and in close association with the cause of achieving a free, united, democratic Ireland.



RESOLVED

That the weight of English influence in the government of this country is so great as to require a cordial union among all the people of Ireland to maintain that balance which is essential to the preservation of our liberties and the extension of our commerce.

—First declaration of the Belfast Society of United Irishmen, October 1791

# For Ireland—and for Mankind

THAT great song of the Wexford men, "Kelly the boy from Killane," contains the inspiring exhortation: "Glory oh, glory oh, to her brave sons who died, in the cause of long down-trodden Man."

The cause of Man. That has ever been the cause of Ireland, too, down the ages. Irish Nationalists and Republicans have always seen the struggle for freedom and democracy at home as part of a world-wide struggle by oppressed peoples everywhere to assert their right to self-government.

Irish nationalism has never harboured hatred towards any other nation or people—only towards the rulers and exploiters of the English.

Rather have patriotic Irishmen always rejoiced in the actions of peoples elsewhere to throw off oppressive regimes—in the belief that the more free nations abound on the earth the greater the strength of Ireland's claim to full freedom.

Thus Wolfe Tone hailed the overthrow of European tyrannies; thus John Mitchel in 1848 likewise greeted the downfall of many crowned heads in Europe. "Dynasties and thrones are not half so important as workshops, farms and factories," he wrote.

Thus, too, did Fintan Lalor, in propounding his doctrine of social

revolutionary justice in 1848, declare:

"The principle I propound goes to the foundations of Europe, and sooner or later will cause Europe to uprise. Mankind will yet be masters of the earth."

**Mankind will be masters!** The tradition was carried into our day most strongly by Patrick Pearse and James Connolly, who gave their lives for "long down-trodden man," as well as for Ireland, in 1916.

It is a tradition which descends directly from the United Irishmen. Thomas Russell (See Page Four) wrote in a letter from prison:

"In promoting the good of my country, I am certain I was promoting that of mankind; for the true interests of nations, any more than of individuals, never depends on the ruin of others.

"A contest which embraces every quarter of the globe, which embraces the fate of the human race, is not a contest for relative power or riches, but is a contest between the two principles of despotism and liberty."

These are the men of great humanity who gave their lives for the sake of their country and their people. What are the traditions of those who killed them, and who held the country in "loyal" subjection to Britain?

The tradition of the ignorant and the blood-thirsty; the tradition of the pitch-cap torturers, the floggers, the scourgers and the hangmen; the tradition of landlord cruelty and oppression; the tradition of the bully and murderer still reflected in their songs: "The South Down Militia is the Terror of the Land."

**Which tradition do you prefer? Which cause? The cause of "long down-trodden Man" — or the "terror-of-the-land" tradition?**

## No war of Religion

WE can still find "historians" to-day willing to lend credence to the prejudices about the rebellion in Wexford by repeating the charge that the uprising of the southern peasantry was in the nature of a religious, sectarian war.

Some Catholic priests in Wexford indeed played a noble part as leaders in the rising, just as their Presbyterian counter-parts did in the north. In the death of Father Murphy in the field of battle at Arklow, and the execution in the Ards of Rev. James Porter we see two men of God, far removed from each other geographically, who shed their blood in a common martyrdom for the salvation of their country.

The patriot priests were frowned upon by the Catholic hierarchy, just as the Presbyterians were by their Synod.

The Sunday after Father Murphy had taken the field, the Archbishop of Dublin sent a circular letter to the priests in his arch-diocese "to be read distinctly at each Mass until further directions."

It viewed "with grief and horror the desperate and wicked endeavours of irreligious and rebellious agitators to overturn and destroy the constitution."

Equally false is it to assert that '98 was a "Protestant" rebellion.

It was Catholic blood which drenched the plains of Kildare, just as Protestant blood stained the gullies in Belfast and dyed the slopes of Ballynahinch.

The rebellion was neither Catholic nor Protestant, but a national rising of the great common people of Ireland.

# ARMOUR OF BALLYMONEY

OF those magnificent spirits in the Presbyterian tradition who carried the intense democratic sentiments of the United Irishmen down into recent times, the Rev. J. B. Armour of Ballymoney is perhaps the most outstanding representative.

He stood forth as a beacon light for truth and sanity in the darkest days of Unionist reaction in 1912, when Lord Carson and English Tory politicians were whipping the Protestant people into a frenzy of imaginary fears about 'Popery.'

To the Rev. Armour falls the honour of having organised a great demonstration of Protestant people in favour of Home Rule in Ballymoney in 1913, at a time when the Orange reign of fear had silenced all but the bravest Protestant democrats.

It was a meeting held amidst threats from the Tories to summon Orange drummers in force to drown free speech, a meeting to which he invited only Protestant speakers, including Captain White of Connolly's Irish Citizen Army and Roger Casement, later hanged at Pentonville, England, for his efforts to secure Irish self-determination.

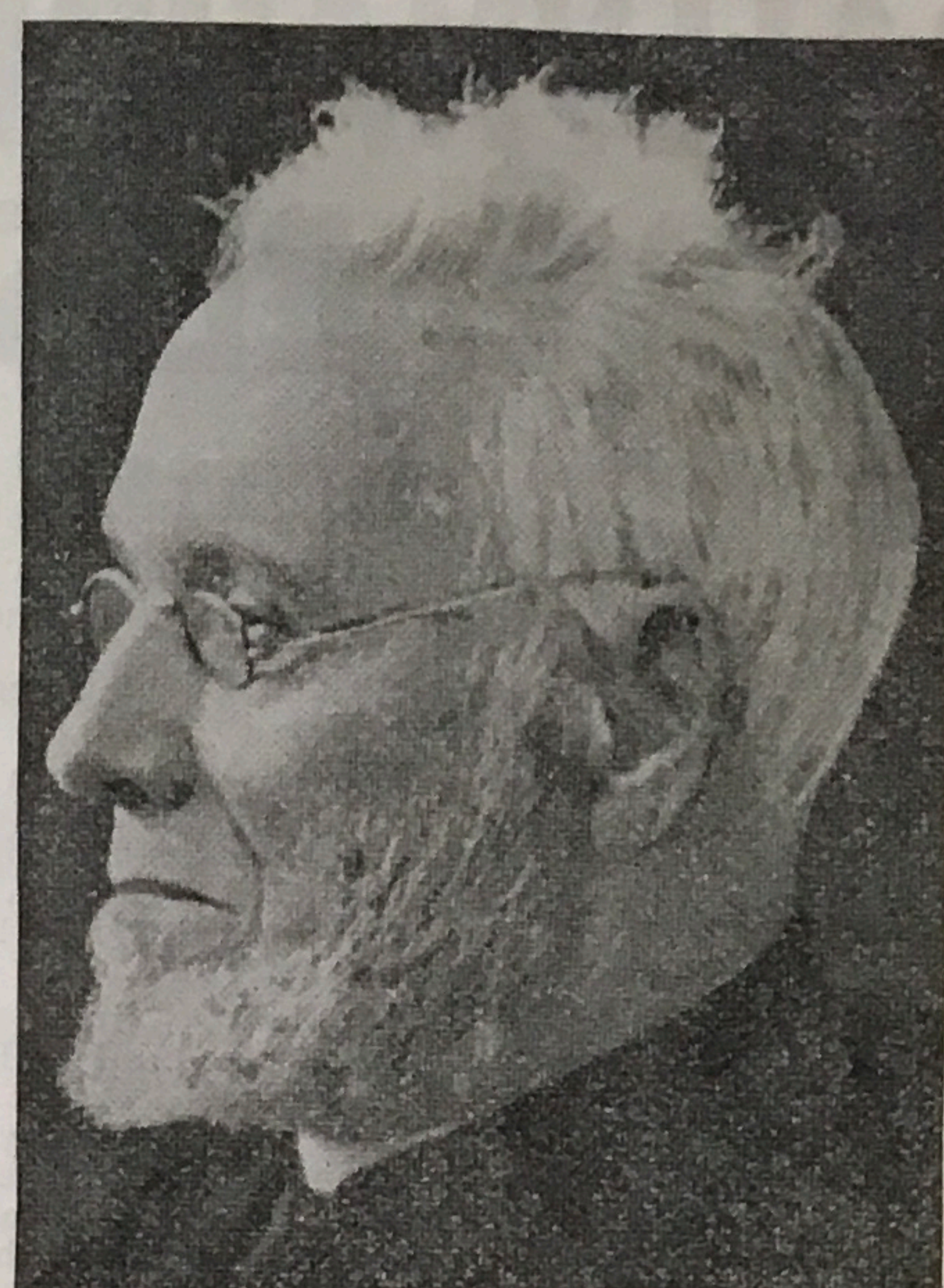
The Rev. Armour, who fought with a fiery tongue and a biting eloquence for the rights of the people, and who took that fight into the heart of the Presbyterian General Assembly to be hooted down amidst shrieks of "Put him out! Put him out!", saw in the Unionist anti-Home Rule campaign a "reign of political cant and prejudice."

He called the Carsonites "troglydites" and "scalliwags," and in an article headed, "The Ulster comedy — God's Silly People," he declared that "Ulster Day" when the Unionist Covenant was signed "ought to be called the Protestant Fools' Day".

Holding that the so-called "dangers" to Protestantism were imaginary, he declared: "The Belfast people are suffering from a bad attack of delirium tremens... Many sane men are listening to the ebullitions of furious folly with amazed pity. Political insanity is in the ascendant..."

Although the Rev. Armour differed considerably in outlook from many republicans and

# DEMOCRAT IN THE UNITED TRADITION



## SALUTE!

*Soldier of Christ, you served your Master well  
And Ireland too, that high courageous stand  
For a lost cause, the leader of the few,  
When strife and enmity bestrode the land.*

*True democrat whom Lincoln would have loved,  
Yours was the lonely spirit, yours to know  
The same fierce love for which our martyrs died—  
Orr and McCracken, Porter and Monroe.*

JOHN IRVINE

Irish democrats from Wolfe Tone onwards, that the struggle for Catholic rights was part of the struggle to liberate the Protestant people themselves; that by acquiescing in the oppression of their Catholic fellow-countrymen Protestants could only succeed in rivetting on more firmly the chains of their own bondage.

The Rev. Armour steadfastly opposed the partition of Ireland as commercial suicide and as "an unnatural thing." He said it was anti-Unionist "in the sense that it made two Irelands, and apparently intended that two Irelands should remain to the end."

Many of his words, since his death in 1925, have proved to be prophetic. Perhaps we will yet see his most hopeful prophecy fulfilled:

"I am sure that a race of Presbyterians and Protestants worthy of the best traditions of our faith will arise in the near future, with their minds cleared of Unionist cant, and blood purified from the rust of serfdom—and that they will claim to dwell in the land, not under the protection of the Saxon, not by permission of the Celt, but in virtue of the services they will render to a country we love and for whose welfare we pray."

separatists, it was no accident that he should see in the achieving of self-government for Ireland the extension of that popular political and social democracy for which he fought all his life.

Born at Lisboy, near Ballymoney, in 1841, he associated himself with the cause of the people from the earliest days of his ministry there.

In 1798 the town of Ballymoney had been burned by the British soldiery, and as the Rev. Armour's son writes in his father's biography, "the hanging of alleged rebels, including the great uncle of President McKinley, in the town and neighbourhood was still a living memory to some of its inhabitants."

Throughout the early years of his ministry, the Rev. J. B. Armour appeared frequently on Tenant Right platforms, defending the small farmers against the exactions of the landlords, at a time when the Tory-landlord-Orange alliance was shrieking that justice for the farmers was a "Molly Maguire" plot.

Abused from all directions and accused of "consorting with priests," this intrepid and courageous clergyman calmly met the irrational hysterics of the rabble-rousers with penetrating logic and truth.

Always an ardent champion of the rights of the Catholic people, he also saw, like all true

# ORANGEMEN and IRISHMEN

THERE is nothing so Irish as an Orangeman. His attitudes to life, his traditions and even his very politics—not to mention the stout he drinks—are characteristically Irish.

Outside Ireland, an Orangeman is a fish out of water. In those few places where Orangeism has been organised in other countries, the Orangeman is regarded by the general public as a crank and an oddity.

When removed from his native land and its politics, which gave birth to him as an exclusive Irish phenomenon, his very existence comes to have no meaning.

To the Englishman the Orangeman is as much a foreigner as an Arab tribesman. And the rank-and-file Orangeman, on going to England, finds that place to be to him, just as much a foreign land as it is to the bricklayer from Cork to Kerry.

He is "Paddy" with the rest of his fellow-countrymen over there, and in his political outlook—however mistaken—he has always been led to believe the policies his leaders advocate are the best FOR IRELAND.

The Orangeman is a truer Irishman—and a better Irishman—than that class of narrow-

minded, pseudo-intellectual "displaced persons"—the brain-washed products of certain grammar schools—who go about in a dream world, actually imagining that they are "part of the British nation."

These are the lost band—rootless, cultureless, countryless. They do not even have "Ulster", for Ulster can never be theirs. They scorn to be Irish, and are not English, Scottish nor Welsh. They are neither fish, flesh nor fowl.

But because Orangeism has been so characteristically Irish, it has been easy for the British rulers in Ireland to hide the fact from Orangemen that the movement, as an organised political force, was initiated by British power and influence, and carefully nurtured by Britain to be used, not for the good of Ireland, but against Ireland.

## ALARMED

The "Orange card" was played originally in Ireland after 1790 when the growing "dangerous union", as it was called, alarmed the British Government, with the prospect of Irishmen uniting in a common cause to throw off their common shackles.

The answer was to foment dissension, and the Government set to work with determination. There had previously been a few spontaneous outbursts of sectarian rivalry in Co. Armagh, but within a few years this had been turned into an organised regime of Orange terror, assisted and encouraged by the full weight of British State power, funds and arms, through the exertions of British officials, magistrates, landlords, army and militia.

The first fires of a furious bigotry were then lighted. Even the humane British Governor of Armagh, Lord Gosford was horrified. What he called a "lawless banditti" were let loose upon the country in a "merciless persecution" of those guilty of holding the Catholic faith.

With the protection of the magistrates 7,000 Catholics were burned out in Co. Armagh in 1796. Many of the Protestant leaders of the United Irishmen in Belfast exerted themselves on behalf of the Catholics, the McCrackens particularly paying large sums of money for their defence and their relief.

But it was found—as Thomas Russell found when he was made a magistrate himself—that no magistrate would act against an

Orangeman. It is significant that the only Tyrone magistrate close to the Armagh persecution who would take information against an Orangeman, a Mr. Thomas Richardson, later found himself in Kilmainham jail along with other northern patriots.

## FURIOUS

So integrated did the Orange system become with Government policies, and so essential to its tyranny, that British Chief Secretary Edward Cooke was furious when the informer Newell told him he had not yet joined the Orangemen, demanding to know why he had "so long neglected so necessary a qualification."

The British rushed arms to so-called "Protestant" associations all over the north, and a modern official history of Orangeism tells how these British-sponsored bodies became a basis for the organised Orange order, boasting how they were invariably led by landlords and "titled gentlemen."

Orangemen to-day are reluctant to believe that their very Irish organisation could have been a trick organised from the start by British politicians. Their

Order at various times since has been neglected, scorned and banned by British Governments, who have always, however, rushed to revive it when it suited their political purposes.

The Order's origins were described by an eye-witness, Jimmy Hope, son of a Scottish covenanter, a staunch Presbyterian and United Irishman:

"The character of the Orange lodges was such," he said, "that no man who had any regard for his character would appear in them—At first (they) consisted of persecuting yeomen, renegade 'croppies', hangers-on about landlords—the bullies of certain houses in garrison towns, and those of fairs and markets in the rural districts."

Mary Ann McCracken, describing the times, said: "A licensed horde of ruffians, under the denomination of Orangemen, were allowed, unpunished, to commit atrocities which humanity recoils to think on..."

There may always be Irishmen who will want a separate organisation for Protestants, but while they allow their sectarianism to make them a catspaw of their English and semi-English aristocratic political patrons, they have little hope of an honourable future.



# The North began...

BY  
R. DE ROISTE

SO often has the North given a lead in national affairs that one looks automatically towards that historic part of Ireland when there is talk of the need for change or when a new ideal is sought to rally Irishmen in the cause of their native land.

So many movements for freedom and independence have begun in the North that it can well lay claim to the title "cradle of Irish independence," for nowhere else in the land was the spirit of liberty, equality and unity nourished and maintained so dearly.

Here, in the fastnesses of Uladh, that spirit first found expression in the organisation of the Red Branch Knights, in the patriotism of Niall Glundubh of Aileach who drove an early invasion of Norsemen back into the sea, in the sturdy independence of the great clans like the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the Maguires and the O'Caahans.

Later still there was the Great O'Neill, Shane the Proud, probably the first true nationalist whose vision saw more than a collection of clans keeping an uneasy peace but rather a nation, united and free.

Nor had Ulster to depend on its Catholic sons alone. From the ranks of the "Old Scots" and the "New Scots" rose many imbued with the same high feelings.

To them, indeed, Ireland today owes an immense debt, for they were the first true Republicans.

In Belfast in 1783 the Irish Volunteers were founded by Presbyterians. In Antrim and Down the first "Patriot Clubs" were formed some years earlier. In Belfast, too, the Society of United Irishmen began.

The North gave Ireland her first martyr in the cause of the republic. He was William Orr, a Presbyterian farmer from Co. Antrim, who was executed in 1797.

Ulstermen first set the flame of

freedom burning in other lands, too. The American Declaration of Independence signed on July 4, 1776, was in the handwriting of Charles Thompson of Derry. It was first printed and published by John Dunlop, formerly of Strabane, County Tyrone.

Of the signatories to the Declaration, eight were Irishmen "and a majority of Irish-Americans at that time were Ulster Presbyterians," driven from their native land by harsh measures.

The common enemy of all the people—the English power—knew that a united Ireland would mean the end of English domination. In the 18th century, Lord Justice Hugh Boulter said: "If that reconciliation (between Catholic and Dissenter) takes place, farewell to English influence in this country."

The policy was then, as it is to-day, divide and conquer. "Let us therefore connive at their disorder; for a weak and disordered people never can attempt to

detach themselves from the Crown of England," it was stated at the time of Elizabeth I.

Or, "We hold it a very good piece of policy to make them cut one another's throats, without which this Kingdom will never be quiet," as an official English announcement put it in 1601.

Yet Ulster was still to produce liberty-loving patriots of the Presbyterian and Protestant faiths in every generation. There is hardly an Irish nationalist movement of note in any period of history, recent or remote, which did not receive much of its vigour and inspiration from Protestant Irishmen.

To-day there are signs that the North may again be the seed-bed of a new movement to bring about a free, united Ireland. Today's descendants of the United Irishmen are casting about for a new ideal and a new banner. Whatever form this may take, it must surely incorporate the immortal ideals for which their forefathers fought.



The old cottage in Frederick Street, Belfast, in which Lord Edward Fitzgerald was safely hidden between the roof and the rafters while on the run in 1798. It was demolished some years ago.

## THE MAN CALLED TONE

WHAT was he like, this man whom the Duke of Wellington described as "a most extraordinary man... his history is the most curious history of those times"?

Physically Tone was slender and thin-faced, with an aquiline nose and keen, lively eyes. The two existing portraits show him at the ages of 29 and 34.

Even if we had no other evidence we could not help deducing something of his gay and lively nature from his bright, penetrating eyes and slightly mocking smile. But we have portions of his diaries and his fragmentary autobiography to confirm it.

Leave aside for a time his political life. He never, of course, lost sight of his objective—to secure the independence of his country—but that was not the whole man.

He was never the gloomy fanatic, the political puritan who considers it a crime to interest himself, even temporarily, in other matters.

One of the earliest and most abiding of his interests was the drama. While an undergraduate at Trinity, he acted in a private theatre run by an Irish M.P., Richard Martin.

At times during his lonely exile in France his only resource, to cheer himself up, was in going to a play, opera or ballet.

Shakespeare was his favourite dramatist; many an appropriate quotation from the playwright enlivens the pages of his diary.

He was a great booklover. When he went into exile to

America his luggage included a selection of 600 volumes from his library—a notable amount for an emigrant of limited means. Among his favourites were Goldsmith and Henry Fielding, whose broad humanity appealed to him.

Indeed, his own efforts to improve the conditions of the poorer emigrants on the ship were in the best tradition of the two writers.

His diaries contain many a perceptive comment on French architecture and landscape gardening, for there was scarcely any of the arts that did not interest him. He shows his natural good taste by preferring the simple to the ornate.

He was an enthusiastic opera and ballet lover, and an amateur musician himself. He was for ever whistling airs, singing snatches of songs or playing

tunes on his flute.

When he and the Dutch admiral De Winter waited in vain at the Texel for a wind that never came, they passed the time playing duets. At Rennes, where he was stationed before the Bantry Bay expedition, he amused himself by composing airs for the regiment he was to lead.

Politics were but one of his major interests; no wonder he wrote in a moment of truth that politics are fine things—when they are over and done with.

Behind this reformer and revolutionary was an intensely social being who, had he become the first president of an Irish republic, would have infused into its politics the humour it has so sadly lacked.

WILLIAM THOMPSON

## Three classes of citizens

EVERYONE but government politicians and writers of newspaper editorials will readily acknowledge that Catholics in the British-controlled area still suffer considerable disadvantages in matters of housing and in obtaining a share of the better jobs.

Catholics are discriminated against as well in the gerrymandering of electoral boundaries.

Here we see the last vestiges of the old ascendancy system in Ireland, under which the Catholic was very much the underdog. We also see the operation of the old

divide-and-conquer policy which seeks to obtain Protestant support for British rule on the promise of continued "special privileges."

Protestants are undoubtedly favoured to some extent. But how much? They also suffer from the mass unemployment and emigration which is a feature of British rule.

Catholics are frequently called "second-class citizens." But are they?

Present trends suggest that Irish Protestants in the six-county area are the second-class

## A contribution to understanding

**B**IGOTRY is an unreasoning and irrational hostility towards the religious beliefs of a neighbour or a neighbouring group or community.

It is an unthinking prejudice which strikes its deepest roots in petty minds. It causes intolerance or suspicion of other persons who happen to hold beliefs differing from one's own.

Bigotry is a morbid, mental illness which feeds upon ignorance. It often appears as public hatred and violence directed against those persons or groups considered "offensive" to the bigots.

### INFLAMED

As such, it is frequently inflamed deliberately by reactionary governments which, by posing as champions of the bigotted party with its imaginary "religious" interests, can thus carry out unpopular measures unnoticed and unchallenged.

Of course, bigotry usually appears "on both sides" where there is a clash between religious groups. But in the north of Ireland its character has appeared chiefly as an aggressive violence against "Popery" by Unionist-Orange elements.

To state this fact does not imply a reproach either to the Protestant religion or to the Protestant community. It happens to be true simply because this was the only sort of bigotry which our British rulers found convenient to inflame deliberately for political purposes.

Those political purposes were to confuse the people, to prevent them uniting, and thus confound any hopes of forming a union of Irishmen to secure the independence of their country. Bigotry was used as a weapon to defeat the Irish demand for self-determination. "We will not have Home Rule for Ireland," said Carson.

### NO USE

Sometimes you find anti-Protestant bigotry among backward Catholic people. But it has never achieved any significant public expression. That is because it was never of much use to the British Government, and because it was contrary to the interests of nationalism to have any sort of quarrel between Irishmen. Republicans in particular have always fought against any sort of bigotry, whether "Protestant" or "Catholic".

To keep it all alive, politicians spread the story that Catholics might "do the same" to Protestants if ever they "got the upper hand". This is the guilty-conscience bigotry. But the fears here are equally unfounded.

For bigotry will only appear as a violent element in politics when and where it is needed to serve political purposes. And in Ireland the only need there has ever been for bigotry has been the need to use it to help maintain British rule.

Bigotry comes wrapped in many varying packages. There are different strains of the virus. On one hand you get the "vulgar" common type of bigotry—the mob bigotry. On the other hand you find a

# WHAT IS BIGOTRY?

"polite" type of respectable bigotry.

The polite, respectable bigots affect to scorn the vulgar—they pretend the "Kick-the-Pope" slogans (and worse) are beneath their dignity. They "regret" them. They wish the common crowd would not be so crude.

Their form of bigotry is more genteel, more refined, and in better taste altogether. They only shudder faintly at the thought of "having a Catholic around the place". Catholics are to them rather dirty, unreliable types.

But theirs is the kind of bigotry which creates and perpetuates that of the mob. They are the people who give a substance of reality to the ignorant and backward prejudices.

### CONSCIOUS

Don't they confirm the "vulgar" belief that it's best to be "loyal", best to "Kick the Pope"? Sure, they wouldn't give a doorman's job to a Catholic—they prefer one of their "own sort" who, accepting the religious terms of employment, immediately becomes conscious that his bread and butter depends on "kicking the Pope", and thus becomes by his shameful act the "humble servant" of his master, and his master is assured of a grateful Protestant slave at a nicely cut rate of wages.

It is the "polite" bigotry—that condescending, gracious acknowledgment that Catholics might yet be won around to proper ways and playing rugby—which feeds and nourishes the violence of the vulgar.

And then, we must admit, there are also degrees of bigotry—varying from "extreme" bigotry to "tolerant" bigotry. The "tolerant" bigotry finds unconscious expression among people who would hate to be considered bigots.

This is the sort of bigotry which whispers about a neighbour or workmate: "He's one of the other sort, you know." It is also seen in that "open-minded" type who knows the

fellow across the road is a Catholic. But does he mind? Oh, no! He even thinks the neighbour is a "decent fellow", nevertheless!

That's a variation of the old Nazi theme, "I hate Jews, but some of my best friends are Jews." It is the result of an unconscious but deeply-ingrained tradition which arises as a result of generations of brain-washing.

And let's admit it. It is an inherited poison which has affected most of us, to a greater or lesser degree, at some time or another. It is an attitude of mind which most of us would wish to shake off entirely.

We would need to shake it off for the good of our country. We will have to shake it off to enable Irishmen to co-operate together. Only those politicians who fear the prospect of Irishmen co-operating will cling to bigotry, seeing in it a means to keep Irishmen—and Ireland—divided.

You will know you have overcome the last vestiges of bigotry when you can stand upright, without fear or doubt, and declare you are ready to meet and accept any Irishman, whatever his religion, as an equal citizen in a united, independent and democratic Irish State.

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## ONE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page two)

The partition of Ireland, being imposed and maintained by the continuing authority of an Act of Parliament of another nation constitutes an infringement of Irish sovereignty and interference and control over Irish affairs by another nation.

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Since the British people themselves constitute an independent nation with its own politics, history, traditions and problems; since Irish politics, north and south, are in fact foreign politics to the British people; and since therefore no part of the Irish people can properly be considered as part of the British nation, we believe that the British people must be called upon to withdraw their government from a country where its presence is not required.

This, we believe, is the message of Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen, the spirit of the noblest leaders of our past history, translated into the requirements of the situation in Ireland to-day. We believe that the achieving of their objective of a united, independent Ireland still requires the means defined by Wolfe Tone himself—a cordial union among Irishmen and some measure of agreement between all who will pledge themselves to this common purpose.



# The North began...

BY  
R. DE ROISTE

SO often has the North given a lead in national affairs that one looks automatically towards that historic part of Ireland when there is talk of the need for change or when a new ideal is sought to rally Irishmen in the cause of their native land.

So many movements for freedom and independence have begun in the North that it can well lay claim to the title "cradle of Irish independence," for nowhere else in the land was the spirit of liberty, equality and unity nourished and maintained so dearly.

Here, in the fastnesses of Uladh, that spirit first found expression in the organisation of the Red Branch Knights, in the patriotism of Niall Glundubh of Aileach who drove an early invasion of Norsemen back into the sea, in the sturdy independence of the great clans like the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the Maguires and the O'Cahans.

Later still there was the Great O'Neill, Shane the Proud, probably the first true nationalist whose vision saw more than a collection of clans keeping an uneasy peace but rather a nation, united and free.

Nor had Ulster to depend on its Catholic sons alone. From the ranks of the "Old Scots" and the "New Scots" rose many imbued with the same high feelings.

To them, indeed, Ireland today owes an immense debt, for they were the first true Republicans.

In Belfast in 1783 the Irish Volunteers were founded by Presbyterians. In Antrim and Down the first "Patriot Clubs" were formed some years earlier. In Belfast, too, the Society of United Irishmen began.

The North gave Ireland her first martyr in the cause of the republic. He was William Orr, a Presbyterian farmer from Co. Antrim, who was executed in 1797.

Ulstermen first set the flame of

freedom burning in other lands, too. The American Declaration of Independence signed on July 4, 1776, was in the handwriting of Charles Thompson of Derry. It was first printed and published by John Dunlop, formerly of Strabane, County Tyrone.

Of the signatories to the Declaration, eight were Irishmen "and a majority of Irish-Americans at that time were Ulster Presbyterians," driven from their native land by harsh measures.

The common enemy of all the people—the English power—knew that a united Ireland would mean the end of English domination. In the 18th century, Lord Justice Hugh Boulter said: "If that reconciliation (between Catholic and Dissenter) takes place, farewell to English influence in this country."

The policy was then, as it is to-day, divide and conquer. "Let us therefore connive at their disorder; for a weak and disordered people never can attempt to

detach themselves from the Crown of England," it was stated at the time of Elizabeth I.

Or, "We hold it a very good piece of policy to make them cut one another's throats, without which this Kingdom will never be quiet," as an official English announcement put it in 1601.

Yet Ulster was still to produce liberty-loving patriots of the Presbyterian and Protestant faiths in every generation. There is hardly an Irish nationalist movement of note in any period of history, recent or remote, which did not receive much of its vigour and inspiration from Protestant Irishmen.

To-day there are signs that the North may again be the seed-bed of a new movement to bring about a free, united Ireland. To-day's descendants of the United Irishmen are casting about for a new ideal and a new banner. Whatever form this may take, it must surely incorporate the immortal ideals for which their forefathers fought.



The old cottage in Frederick Street, Belfast, in which Lord Edward Fitzgerald was safely hidden between the roof and the rafters while on the run in 1798. It was demolished some years ago.

## THE MAN CALLED TONE

WHAT was he like, this man whom the Duke of Wellington described as "a most extraordinary man... his history is the most curious history of those times"?

Physically Tone was slender and thin-faced, with an aquiline nose and keen, lively eyes. The two existing portraits show him at the ages of 29 and 34.

Even if we had no other evidence we could not help deducing something of his gay and lively nature from his bright, penetrating eyes and slightly mocking smile. But we have portions of his diaries and his fragmentary autobiography to confirm it.

Leave aside for a time his political life. He never, of course, lost sight of his objective—to secure the independence of his country—but that was not the whole man.

He was never the gloomy fanatic, the political puritan who considers it a crime to interest himself, even temporarily, in other matters.

One of the earliest and most abiding of his interests was the drama. While an undergraduate at Trinity, he acted in a private theatre run by an Irish M.P., Richard Martin.

At times during his lonely exile in France his only resource, to cheer himself up, was in going to a play, opera or ballet.

Shakespeare was his favourite dramatist; many an appropriate quotation from the playwright enlivens the pages of his diary.

He was a great booklover. When he went into exile to

America his luggage included a selection of 600 volumes from his library—a notable amount for an emigrant of limited means. Among his favourites were Goldsmith and Henry Fielding, whose broad humanity appealed to him.

Indeed, his own efforts to improve the conditions of the poorer emigrants on the ship were in the best tradition of the two writers.

His diaries contain many a perceptive comment on French architecture and landscape gardening, for there was scarcely any of the arts that did not interest him. He shows his natural good taste by preferring the simple to the ornate.

He was an enthusiastic opera and ballet lover, and an amateur musician himself. He was for ever whistling airs, singing snatches of songs or playing

tunes on his flute.

When he and the Dutch admiral De Winter waited in vain at the Texel for a wind that never came, they passed the time playing duets. At Rennes, where he was stationed before the Bantry Bay expedition, he amused himself by composing airs for the regiment he was to lead.

Politics were but one of his major interests; no wonder he wrote in a moment of truth that politics are fine things—when they are over and done with.

Behind this reformer and revolutionary was an intensely social being who, had he become the first president of an Irish republic, would have infused into its politics the humour it has so sadly lacked.

WILLIAM THOMPSON

## Three classes of citizens

EVERYONE but government politicians and writers of newspaper editorials will readily acknowledge that Catholics in the British-controlled area still suffer considerable disadvantages in matters of housing and in obtaining a share of the better jobs.

Catholics are discriminated against as well in the gerrymandering of electoral boundaries.

Here we see the last vestiges of the old ascendancy system in Ireland, under which the Catholic was very much the underdog. We also see the operation of the old

divide-and-conquer policy which seeks to obtain Protestant support for British rule on the promise of continued "special privileges."

Protestants are undoubtedly favoured to some extent. But how much? They also suffer from the mass unemployment and emigration which is a feature of British rule.

Catholics are frequently called "second-class citizens." But are they?

Present trends suggest that Irish Protestants in the six-county area are the second-class

## A contribution to understanding

**B**IGOTRY is an unreasoning and irrational hostility towards the religious beliefs of a neighbour or a neighbouring group or community.

It is an unthinking prejudice which strikes its deepest roots in petty minds. It causes intolerance or suspicion of other persons who happen to hold beliefs differing from one's own.

Bigotry is a morbid, mental illness which feeds upon ignorance. It often appears as public hatred and violence directed against those persons or groups considered "offensive" to the bigots.

### INFLAMED

As such, it is frequently inflamed deliberately by reactionary governments which, by posing as champions of the bigotted party with its imaginary "religious" interests, can thus carry out unpopular measures unnoticed and unchallenged.

Of course, bigotry usually appears "on both sides" where there is a clash between religious groups. But in the north of Ireland its character has appeared chiefly as an aggressive violence against "Popery" by Unionist-Orange elements.

To state this fact does not imply a reproach either to the Protestant religion or to the Protestant community. It happens to be true simply because this was the only sort of bigotry which our British rulers found convenient to inflame deliberately for political purposes.

Those political purposes were to confuse the people, to prevent them uniting, and thus confound any hopes of forming a union of Irishmen to secure the independence of their country. Bigotry was used as a weapon to defeat the Irish demand for self-determination. "We will not have Home Rule for Ireland," said Carson.

### NO USE

Sometimes you find anti-Protestant bigotry among backward Catholic people. But it has never achieved any significant public expression. That is because it was never of much use to the British Government, and because it was contrary to the interests of nationalism to have any sort of quarrel between Irishmen. Republicans in particular have always fought against any sort of bigotry, whether "Protestant" or "Catholic".

To keep it all alive, politicians spread the story that Catholics might "do the same" to Protestants if ever they "got the upper hand". This is the guilty-conscience bigotry. But the fears here are equally unfounded.

For bigotry will only appear as a violent element in politics when and where it is needed to serve political purposes. And in Ireland the only need there has ever been for bigotry has been the need to use it to help maintain British rule.

Bigotry comes wrapped in many varying packages. There are different strains of the virus. On one hand you get the "vulgar" common type of bigotry—the mob bigotry. On the other hand you find a

# WHAT IS BIGOTRY?

"polite" type of respectable bigotry.

The polite, respectable bigots affect to scorn the vulgar—they pretend the "Kick-the-Pope" slogans (and worse) are beneath their dignity. They "regret" them. They wish the common crowd would not be so crude.

Their form of bigotry is more genteel, more refined, and in better taste altogether. They only shudder faintly at the thought of "having a Catholic around the place". Catholics are to them rather dirty, unreliable types.

But theirs is the kind of bigotry which creates and perpetuates that of the mob. They are the people who give a substance of reality to the ignorant and backward prejudices.

### CONSCIOUS

Don't they confirm the "vulgar" belief that it's best to be "loyal", best to "Kick the Pope"? Sure, they wouldn't give a doorman's job to a Catholic—they prefer one of their "own sort" who, accepting the religious terms of employment, immediately becomes conscious that his bread and butter depends on "kicking the Pope", and thus becomes by his shameful act the "humble servant" of his master, and his master is assured of a grateful Protestant slave at a nicely cut rate of wages.

It is the "polite" bigotry—that condescending, gracious acknowledgment that Catholics might yet be won around to proper ways and playing rugby—which feeds and nourishes the violence of the vulgar.

And then, we must admit, there are also degrees of bigotry—varying from "extreme" bigotry to "tolerant" bigotry. The "tolerant" bigotry finds unconscious expression among people who would hate to be considered bigots.

This is the sort of bigotry which whispers about a neighbour or workmate: "He's one of the other sort, you know." It is also seen in that "open-minded" type who knows the

fellow across the road is a Catholic. But does he mind? Oh, no! He even thinks the neighbour is a "decent fellow", nevertheless!

That's a variation of the old Nazi theme, "I hate Jews, but some of my best friends are Jews." It is the result of an unconscious but deeply-ingrained tradition which arises as a result of generations of brain-washing.

And let's admit it. It is an inherited poison which has affected most of us, to a greater or lesser degree, at some time or another. It is an attitude of mind which most of us would wish to shake off entirely.

We would need to shake it off for the good of our country. We will have to shake it off to enable Irishmen to co-operate together. Only those politicians who fear the prospect of Irishmen co-operating will cling to bigotry, seeing in it a means to keep Irishmen—and Ireland—divided.

You will know you have overcome the last vestiges of bigotry when you can stand upright, without fear or doubt, and declare you are ready to meet and accept any Irishman, whatever his religion, as an equal citizen in a united, independent and democratic Irish State.

## ORDERS

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## ONE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page two)

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# WOLFE TONE TODAY

"We have no National Government; we are ruled by Englishmen and the servants of Englishmen, whose object is the interest of another country."

—Declaration of the Society of United Irishmen, 1791.

## How much freedom?

A YOUNG Unionist writing in a university magazine recently said, "We have a fair balance between local autonomy and central government."

Here we see the deep faith of some in that Great Crazy Delusion about the six-county "constitution."

Because the British Government built us a White House at Stormont, people imagine we must have governmental powers to go with it.

But Stormont has NO autonomy—not a shred of self-determination. The ONLY powers it has are strictly limited ones of an administrative county-council nature.

Stormont spokesmen are repeatedly pleading that they have no power to do anything worthwhile. Stormont has not even the power to abolish itself.

The "Government" of Ireland Act, Article 75, says: "Notwithstanding . . . anything contained in this Act, the supreme authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters and things in Northern Ireland and every part thereof."

The powers this Act grants are nothing like the powers it specifically denies. Stormont is expressly forbidden to legislate on 14 important matters.

These are: The Crown, peace and war, the armed forces, treaties with foreign states, treason, naturalisation, foreign trade, radio, air navigation, lighthouses, coinage, weights and measures, copyright and patents.

## UNITY—FOR WHAT?

THE growing spirit of friendship among the people of the north to-day, which is similar to that in Wolfe Tone's day, is in danger of being perverted to spurious objectives by glib-tongued politicians.

People mouthing the sentiments of the United Irishmen, pretending to denounce "sectarianism", and calling for a "new unity" are to-day out to cheat the people into supporting a position which is the direct opposite to that for which all real United men ever fought.

Politicians on both sides of the border are calling upon us to "become friendly" and "unite"—but what for? In order to maintain our country's division and recognise British authority over the north-east.

Their curious brand of "unity" is revealed by those who are crying for a "united" north-east six-county state in permanent separation from the rest of Ireland.

They seek, in fact, a fraudulent "unity" in order to justify our division. They seek, not a unity of Irishmen to claim their right to order their country's affairs

The British Governor can veto any legislation. The Post Office and radio stations are in the hands of the British Government. The armed forces are under the British War Office.

But even more significant, 90 per cent of the area's tax revenue is collected and controlled by the British Treasury.

It is the constitution of a country in bondage—drafted and imposed by the parliament of another nation.



# Foul play in a Dublin dungeon TONE'S DEATH: SUICIDE OR MURDER?

## SOLDIER IN CHAINS

AMONG those present in Derry City the day that Wolfe Tone was brought in from Lough Swilly as a prisoner was the mother of John Mitchel, the famous northern Protestant patriot of 1848.

She was but a little child, and was held up to see the soldiers, and particularly one of the "French soldiers"—Tone, the only one who wore fetters.

These were fastened from foot to foot underneath his horse to prevent any chance of his leaping from it and escaping in the crowd.

The little girl who witnessed this incident lived to have a son a captive and wearing chains for Ireland. John Mitchel, for writing a patriotic address to northern Protestants, was given a mock trial and transported to Tasmania.

When Mrs. Mitchel went to America, where her son later lived in enforced exile, she read "The life of Wolfe Tone" by his son, and used to like to recount how she had seen him on the first day of his captivity.

THERE is strong circumstantial evidence still available in old court records to suggest that Wolfe Tone was secretly done to death in a Dublin dungeon by government agents who were alarmed lest he should escape from their clutches.

A dramatic eleventh-hour bid by a prominent Dublin lawyer to prevent his illegal hanging by the military authorities may actually have sealed his fate.

It is believed that Tone's captors, faced with Dublin High Court moves to save his life and with the immediate prospect of intervention on his behalf by the French Government, may have decided to murder him quickly in his prison cell.

A startling sequence of events strongly supports this belief.

## Sentenced

Tone, now a French citizen in French uniform, captured along with other French prisoners at Lough Swilly, was brought to Dublin in chains, court-martialed and sentenced to death on Saturday, November 10, 1798.

Despite his last request as a soldier to be executed by firing squad, he was informed on the Sunday evening that he would be

publicly hanged in Dublin at one o'clock the next day, Monday.

**The British court-martial, however, had acted illegally, and his hanging was to be an illegal execution.**

The military authorities had no right to try a French officer. Moreover, they had no power to court-martial anyone except a British soldier, for martial law was not in force at the time in Dublin.

The only court with a legal right to put Tone on trial was the Court of the King's Bench, then sitting in Dublin.

Immediate action was taken by John Philpot Curran, that famous lawyer, orator and patriot who had devoted much of his career to defending United Irishmen.

**He applied at the High Court on that fateful Monday morning for a writ of habeas corpus to compel the military authorities to surrender Tone's person into the custody of the court.**

The writ was immediately granted by Chief Justice Lord Kilwarden, who said:

"Have a writ instantly prepared."

Curran said: "My client may die whilst the writ is preparing."

The Chief Justice ordered: "Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks and acquaint the provost marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution, and see that he is not executed."

The sheriff hurried to the barracks while the court sat in suspense.

He returned quickly to report that the notorious Major Sandys, in charge of the barracks, had point-blank refused to recognise the court order and would not hand Tone over.

The Chief Justice angrily ordered the sheriff back to the barracks with instructions to arrest Major Sandys himself, along with the provost marshal, and to bring Tone back with him.

## Writ served

Meanwhile Tone's father had obtained the habeas corpus writ and had served it on General Craig, commanding the British forces in Dublin, but that general on government instructions had refused to obey it.

**Only when the sheriff returned to the barracks for the second time was he informed that Tone was bleeding to death from a wound in his neck and could not be moved.**

The statement was then put out that Tone had inflicted the wound on himself, the authorities repeatedly contradicting themselves about the nature of the weapon used—variously described as a "penknife," or a "razor," or a "piece of broken glass."

This amazing story bears all marks of hasty fabrication.

**Why was the sheriff not told on his FIRST visit to the**

## TRANQUIL IN LAST HOURS

**barracks that Tone had cut his throat? Because Tone's throat had not yet been cut? Because it was cut for him in those dramatic intervening moments?**

Many reputable historians, both nationalist and republican, have accepted the story of Tone's "suicide" because they recognise that such an act would not necessarily have been repugnant to Tone's religious beliefs, and because they believed he may have been upset at the prospect of an ignominious public hanging.

But was such an act not repugnant to Tone's character as a man?

Did he not write to his wife after his sentence: "My mind is as tranquil as at any period of my life"? Had he not assured her she would have no cause to feel shame for him?

## No visitors

And Tone knew at least that suicide would have caused shame to his wife among those Catholic people for whom he fought so well.

**From the time of his injury until his death on November 19, no friend, relative or sympathiser was allowed to visit him where, in the words of his son, he lay "stretched on his bloody pallet in a dungeon," bleeding to death.**

The only "evidence to support the "suicide" story is a second-hand account from a doctor attached to the British Army who was called to attend him that fateful Monday.

Dr. Lentaigne, an exiled French royalist, was a man by nature opposed to Tone's republican views, to his revolutionary action and to the very uniform he was wearing.

Forgotten now are the petty men behind those voices which harassed Tone at his court-martial. But Tone's words go ringing down the years:

**"It is not the sentence of any court that can weaken the force, or alter the nature of those principles on which I have acted, and the truth of which will outlive those ephemeral prejudices that may rule for the day.**

**"To her, my country, I leave the vindication of my fame, and I trust posterity will not listen to her advocacy without being instructed."**

## Warning on emigration

A TOPICAL note is struck in a proclamation of the Dublin Society of United Irishmen, issued in August 1793 and warning Ireland's rulers of the danger of mass emigration of people fleeing from penury and misery. "Let this government take care," declared the statement, "Who makes the rich?—The poor. What makes the shuttle fly and the plough cleave the furrows?—The poor.

"Should the poor emigrate, what would become of you—proud, powerful, silly men! What would become of you if the ears of corn wither on the stalk and the labours of the loom should cease?"

"Who would feed you then, if hungry, or clothe you when naked? Give the poor a country, or you will lose one yourselves."

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