

# 1916



1966

1916 EASTER WEEK 1966  
Published by Irish Socialist,  
Dublin. Price: One Shilling.



The signatories of the Proclamation of the Irish Republic, Easter, 1916: Patrick H. Pearse, Thomas J. Clarke, James Connolly, Thomas MacDonagh, Eamonn Ceannt, Sean MacDiarmada and Joseph Plunkett.



# EASTER WEEK 1916

By SEAN MURRAY

ON April 24th, 1916, a Proclamation was read in Dublin declaring Ireland an independent Republic. The Proclamation was signed by the following leaders of revolutionary Republican and Labour thought and organisation in the country: Thomas J. Clarke, Thomas MacDonagh, P. H. Pearse, Eamonn Ceannt, Joseph Plunkett, James Connolly and Sean MacDiarmada.

The Republic maintained an existence for five days. With a liberal use of armed force and the bombardment of the city, the insurrection was crushed.

The end of the insurrection was the beginning of a wholesale execution of the leaders by Mr. Asquith's Government. The first batch to face the firing squad was P. H. Pearse, Tom Clarke, Thomas MacDonagh. Under the command of General Sir John Maxwell, the courts-martial and firing squads continued the work of condemning and shooting their captives.

The insurrection began on April 24th, Easter Monday. The surrender took place on Saturday, April 29th. Pearse, Clarke and MacDonagh went to their doom on Wednesday, May 3rd. From then until May 12th the executions continued. By that time all the signatories to the proclamation plus the insurgent commandants had been done to death. The Asquith

Government, leading its own people in "a war for freedom for small nations," took a terrible vengeance on the champions of freedom for Ireland. But the wrath of a frightened imperialism was not yet satisfied. Between Saturday, April 29th, and May 12th there lay in the Dublin Castle one of the signatories of the Proclamation, the second in command to Pearse and the representative of the revolutionary working class in the uprising—James Connolly.

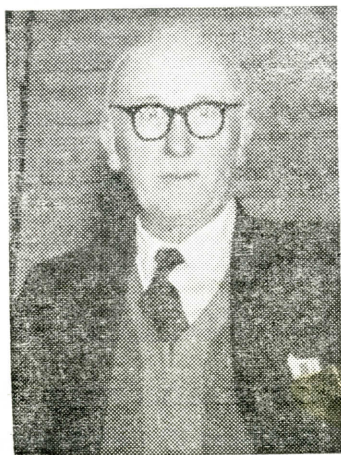
In answer to protests against the apparently unending daily list of executions and a demand for their cessation, Mr. Asquith stated in the House of Commons that he intended to stop the carnage, but that there were two men still in custody whose lives must first be taken. These were James Connolly, the Socialist leader, and Sean MacDiarmada.

Connolly's execution was delayed owing to the fact, as stated in Pearse's message, that he was "badly wounded." The Asquith Government had now to make up its mind whether it would brush aside such trifles and bring its wounded captive before the firing squad. Imperialist vengeance took first place over civilised usage and human decency, and on May 12th, 1916, Connolly was delivered over to his executioners.

History will record this deed as among the blackest crimes of imperialism against the Irish nation and against the international Labour movement.

The insurrection over, all shades of politics came forward to the inquest to investigate the causes and pronounce their verdicts. Mr. Augustine Birrell, the Liberal Chief Secretary for Ireland, gave the verdict of the ruling class of his country on the uprising. He was satisfied the rising was off the rails of Irish history and tradition. It was undertaken by a small minority of conspirators in opposition to the expressed will of official Nationalist Ireland, led by Messrs. Redmond, Dillon and Devlin. Britain was engaged in a just war and Ireland, Nationalist and Orange, had joined that war for freedom. Under such circumstances, Mr. Birrell felt confident enough to state in the House of Commons that the rebellion "would never be regarded by the Irish people as a landmark in their history." Such was the verdict of the governing class of Britain on the uprising of '16.

It was now the turn of official Nationalist Ireland to speak through the mouth of Mr. Redmond. "I need not say how I regard this act with horror and detestation." He went on to appeal for clemency for the rank and file "on whose shoulders there lies a guilt far different from that of the ringleaders,



On the occasion of the 20th anniversary of the 1916 Uprising, in 1926, the late Sean Murray wrote a pamphlet: "The Irish Revolt—1916 and After." This article consists of extracts from it on the factual aspects of the Uprising, which we publish as an historical record, and also as a tribute to the memory of Sean Murray, the 5th anniversary of whose death occurs on May 5th in this year, 1966.

instigators and fomentors of the outbreak." The Parliamentary statesman of the Nationalist upper classes was satisfied that the revolt was an artificial affair and so to be dismissed.

This viewpoint was even more forcibly expressed by the then leading Nationalist daily paper in Ireland, the "Irish Independent," a paper directly linked to the chief circles of the employers of labour, through its proprietor, Mr. William Martin Murphy.

## "Independent" Demanded Blood

In its first appearance after the insurrection, the "Independent" editorial was entitled "Criminal Madness," and on May 10th, two days before Connolly's execution, in a leading article entitled "The Clemency Plea," it wrote:

"When, however, we come to some of the ringleaders, instigators and fomentors not yet dealt with, we must make an exception (to the clemency plea—S.M.). If these men are treated with too great leniency, they will take it as an indication of weakness on the part of the Government and the consequences may not be satisfactory. They may be more truculent than ever and it is therefore necessary that society should be protected against their activity... It would hardly be fair to treat these leniently because the cry for clemency has been raised, while those, no more guilty than they, have been severely punished. Weakness to such men at this stage may be fatal. Let the worst of the ringleaders be singled out and dealt with as they deserve."

The May 13th, 1916 issue of the "Independent" announced the execution of Connolly and MacDiarmada under the caption "Intriguers Pay the Penalty."

## Called Rogues and Fools

The organ of clericalism, the "Irish Catholic," joined in the imperialist chorus against the insurgents. It wrote:

"This extraordinary combination of rogues and fools. To find anything like a parallel for what has occurred, it is necessary to have recourse to the bloodstained annals of the Paris Commune."

And on May 29th it wrote:

"What was attempted was an act of brigandage, pure and simple, and there is no reason to lament that its perpetrators have met the fate which from the very dawn of history has been universally reserved for traitors."

(History has been quick to pass these miserable scribes by. To-day they are thought of only with contempt, their names hardly known. Not so Pearse, Connolly, Clarke and the other brave men of 1916. They raised the banner of Irish freedom, of anti-imperialism, and have ever since won acclaim from all men and women who take their stand for freedom and against imperialism. On this 50th anniversary the men and women who fought in Easter 1916 are remembered and honoured. Not so their defamers.)

# POBLACHT NA H EIREANN. THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

**IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN:** In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and, supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty: six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valour and discipline and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on Behalf of the Provisional Government.

THOMAS J. CLARKE.

SEAN Mac DIARMADA. THOMAS MacDONAGH.  
P. H. PEARSE. EAMONN CEANNT.  
JAMES CONNOLLY. JOSEPH PLUNKETT.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

**MARION JEFFARES** designed the cover and she also wrote the article, "Women and Easter Week."

**SEAN MURRAY** was a member of the I.R.A. in his native Co. Antrim during the War of Independence; he became General Secretary of the Communist Party of Ireland when it was formed in 1933 and editor of its weekly paper, "Irish Workers' Voice." At the time of his death, May 25, 1961, he was organiser of the Communist Party, Northern Ireland.

**A. RAFTERY** is author of the booklet, "The Teachings of Padraig Pearse," recently published, and is Editor of the monthly journal "Irish Socialist", organ of the Irish Workers' Party.

**JOSEPH DEASY** is author of "The Fiery Cross: The Story of Jim Larkin." Another booklet by him, "The Essential James Connolly," will be published this year.

**ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN** was an outstanding leader of the American working class movement. The home of her

father and mother was an open house to every Irish rebel, among them being James Connolly and Jim Larkin. She spent her 65th birthday in a prison cell at Alderson, West Virginia, under the infamous Smith Act, because she refused to abandon her principles or her party, the Communist Party, U.S.A. She died in 1964. The article we print is from her book, "I Speak My Piece—Autobiography of a Rebel Girl."

**JOHN S. CLARK**, author of the poem "To Jim Connolly," was prominent in the Scottish Socialist movement during the first world war and was a colleague of Connolly.

**MRS. H. S. SKEFFINGTON** was foremost as champion of women's rights and Ireland's fight for independence. She died in the late 1940s. The article we publish is a reprint from the "Irish Democrat", April 3, 1937, a weekly paper published in Dublin between March and December 1937.

**A. J. COUGHLAN**, native of Cork, worked in Britain for some years.

(Continued on Page 23)

# 1916

## Re-Examined

by A. Raftery

**W**HAT are we commemorating? Is 1916 just a heroic incident rapidly disappearing into the mists of the past, an incident without any relevance to the present-day world? Statements by both Government and Fine Gael leaders would certainly lead one to think so.

When Mr. Lemass praises the sincerity of those Irishmen who went to fight for Britain during the first world war or when a Fine Gael speaker lumps together the names of Wolfe Tone, O'Connell, Pearse and Redmond, these are not just attempts to heal past wounds. Sincerity is not what was in question. The question was, and is, who was right from the viewpoint of Irish independence at the different stages of history.

Were those who rose against British power in 1916 right or were those who went to fight for that power on Flanders' field right? They can't both have been correct since they followed diametrically opposed policies.

Since the struggle for Irish independence began there have been two currents in what might broadly be called the "Nationalist" movement. One part of it, represented by Daniel O'Connell, John Redmond and Arthur Griffith wanted a limited amount of independence while still maintaining the connection with Britain.

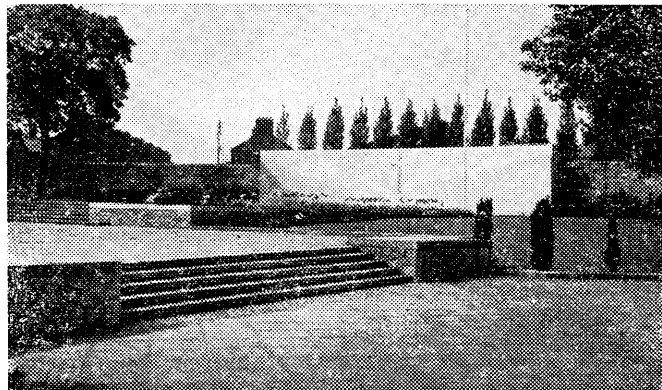
The other current wanted a complete break with Britain. This was the policy of Wolfe Tone, James Fintan Lalor, the Fenians Padraig Pearse and James Connolly. This was the policy of 1916.

Behind the policy of those who wanted limited independence stood those class interests which saw in the British connection an essential condition for their development, while at the same time chafing against the restrictions which complete British domination imposed on that development. On the other hand stood those classes, including the workers, the smaller businessmen and the intellectuals, who saw in the complete breaking of the connection with Britain the only hope for economic, political and cultural development.

There was a temporary alliance of the two currents for the "Four Glorious Years" before the signing of the Treaty. It is wrong to think that the divisions in Ireland only grew out of the Civil War. They had been there all along and had only been concealed during the post-1916 struggle. The Civil War was not about which document was the best. It was about whether Ireland was to be independent politically and economically or to be satisfied with a 26 county state which had the trappings of political independence while remaining economically subservient.

The Cumann na nGaedheal Government which governed from the time of the Treaty in 1922 until the coming to power of Fianna Fail, in 1932, made no serious attempt to change the economic relationship with Britain. The logical conclusion of this policy was the plan of its dominant figure, Kevin O'Higgins, for a complete return to the British Empire.

The first period of Fianna Fail rule was the only serious attempt made to develop an independent Irish economy. Britain launched an economic war against Ireland, and in 1938 Fianna Fail admitted defeat. They accepted the Banking Commission Report which, in effect, called for a return to the traditional role of the Irish economy as a provider of beef on the hoof for Britain. It was from the first period of Fianna Fail rule and from the emergency situation of the second



Graves of the executed leaders at Arbour Hill, Dublin.

world war, that the only really significant industrial development emerged in the form of the State Companies.

From 1938, while preserving a considerable freedom of political action, Fianna Fail's economic policies were inexorably leading us back towards complete dependence on Britain. In 1957 Mr. Lemass posed the question of what was the road forward for the Republic. He pointed out two paths, one leading to a reliance on foreign capital, the other based on taking measures to prevent Irish capital flowing out of the country and forcing its owners to invest it within the State. In 1957 he came down in favour of the second course, but after Mr. de Valera's departure from the position of Taoiseach, Mr. Lemass began to put the policy of reliance on foreign capital into operation.

This has led inevitably to the position he now holds, a position which in fact repudiates the policy of 1916, while honouring it as a sentimental memory.

The policy of 1916 was not based on sentimental nationalism. It visualised independence as the essential pre-requisite for the development of a society in Ireland which would "cherish all the children of the nation equally". To James Connolly, in particular, it was clear that social justice could never be achieved as long as Ireland's economy served the interests of Britain rather than the interests of our people.

The Free Trade Agreement puts our agriculture in a strait-jacket by tying it to the production of cattle on the hoof for Britain. It abandons the attempt to develop an independent industry by opening our home market to the British monopolies. Mr. Lemass has now stated (in an interview in "The Word") that some form of political integration is bound to follow economic integration.

By abandoning the struggle for economic independence the struggle for political and cultural independence is also abandoned. The policy of 1916 is abandoned. Its commemoration therefore becomes an occasion for mild embarrassment rather than one for rejoicing.

Of all the forces in Irish life one has been chosen time and again by the really serious revolutionaries as the backbone of the struggle for independence. "The men of no property", Tone called them. The Fenians and the Land League relied on them. Parnell in the last year of his life turned to them declaring, "the future belongs to the working-classes." Pearse and Connolly were at one in seeing their revolution as one made for these same "men of no property". Once again what Pearse called "the masters of millions" have proved incapable and unwilling of carrying through the fight for Irish independence to its conclusion. They have compromised again.

The working-class remain as the "incorruptible inheritors" of 1916. By recapturing Connolly's vision of the unity of the national and social struggles they can give leadership to all those who will suffer from the repudiation of the heritage which was asserted in arms 50 years ago.

# 1913-1916:

## SIMILAR BATTLE LINES!

IT seemed as if it was going to be just another of the great meetings held at Beresford Place during the 1913 struggle. Larkin, as was his custom, came to the window of Liberty Hall to address the workers. The men, however, thronging in dense masses the wide expansive area opposite the union hall and full of the fire of battle, sensed something special about the occasion as Larkin started to speak. They had not long to wait before their instincts proved correct.

He thundered that they were in the fight of their lives and must become disciplined. Labour in its own defence must begin to train itself and to organise in the same militant way as Carson's braves so that they might preserve their rights. They were going to give the workers a military training; Captain White would take charge of this great Citizen Army, built up by the members of the Labour Union.

This occasion is generally regarded as the first public announcement of an intention to organise a Citizen Army. Its subsequent story is now a cherished part of Irish history. Initially, during the Lock-Out, it was armed with sticks and hurleys; later these became guns when Connolly was preparing the army as a military force which "would participate in an insurrection against the British."

This Citizen Army represents the most vital link of the many that forever joins the two climacteric years of Irish twentieth century history—1913 and 1916. These are the years against which so much in modern Ireland is measured; two shining beacons which will forever guide the feet of patriotic Irishmen as they seek ways and means by which their country may prosper and guarantee a full life for all its citizens.

At an early stage there were differences among the leaders as to what should be the aims and tactics of the Citizen Army. Larkin was not keen on a close association with the newly-founded Irish Volunteer Movement as it included many, especially Redmondites, who were anti-Labour.

### By JOSEPH DEASY

Sean O'Casey resigned as Secretary because he objected to Countess Markiewicz maintaining her membership of both the I.C.A. and the Volunteers.

The Redmondites in the Volunteer Movement were not the only elements that included some who were hostile to Labour. Eoin MacNeill and Arthur Griffith were not conspicuous for their support of the Labour cause. Griffith, during the 1911 Wexford strike, fiercely attacked Larkin and the union. During the 1913 Lock-out likewise he used every occasion to make clear that his sympathy was against the workers. However, unlike Griffith, there were many prominent supporters of Sinn Fein who were staunch supporters of the workers' fight. Many republicans, like Pearse, Plunkett, Ceannt and Clarke, sided against the employers in 1913, as also did poets and intellectuals like George Russell (A.E.), James Stephens and W. B. Yeats.

In fact, the lines of demarcation that divided the various political and social groupings in their attitudes to the great industrial struggle of 1913 were repeated with remarkable similarity in 1916.

Employers, like William Martin Murphy, who tried to destroy the Transport Union in 1913, were those who most fiercely denounced the 1916 insurgents, whose Proclamation undertook to "cherish all the children of this nation equally" and embodied so much of the spirit and beliefs of James Connolly; one sentence declared the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and to the "unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible."

The final injuries committed by Murphy's newspapers in



**Jim Larkin, founder of the Irish Citizen Army, and Captain Sean Connolly, I.C.A., who led the attack on Dublin Castle and was the first casualty of the Uprising.**

1916 will never be forgotten or forgiven. In its first issue after the Rising (May 4) the "Independent" declared editorially:

"No terms of denunciation that pen could indict would be too strong to apply to those responsible for the insane and criminal rising of last week."

Later, when only MacDiarmada and Connolly remained to be executed, an "Independent" editorial demanded:

"Certain of the leaders remain undealt with and the part they played was worse than some of those who have paid the extreme penalty . . . we think in a word that no special leniency should be extended to some of the worst of the leaders whose cases have not yet been disposed of."

The pages of his daily did not exhaust Murphy's malignity. He used the "Irish Catholic", which he also owned. In this so-called religious paper, a nauseating campaign of defamation was conducted against the 1916 leaders. Here restraint was totally abandoned. The insurrection was "criminal" and "insane". Pearse was "a man of ill-balanced mind."

"When the so-called Republic of Ireland was proclaimed no better President could be proposed than a crazy and insolent schoolmaster."

"There is no reason to lament that its perpetrators have met the fate which from the very dawn of history has been universally reserved for traitors."

The lines of battle were unmistakable. Tragically, however, very few in the Labour Movement, outside of Connolly, understood the profound social relationship between the forces engaged in the battles of those years. In each all the forces of a new, changing Ireland were rising and merging to challenge the whole imperialist set-up with its numerous local vested interests who were bound to it by a thousand golden threads. An understanding of the processes involved may have altered the course of subsequent history and prevented the defeat of progressive forces in 1921 and 1922.

Unfortunately, no one survived 1916 with the Marxist understanding or the vision of Connolly. The consequences are still with us. Capitulation to Imperialism is now official policy. Only by the defeat of this policy will the spirit of 1913 and 1916 ultimately triumph.

# WITH JAMES CONNOLLY IN AMERICA

IN 1907, during the campaign to free Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, I was invited to speak at a meeting, in Newark, N.J., arranged by the Socialist Labour Party. There was protest against my acceptance by the New Jersey Socialist Party, who had either not been invited to participate or had refused. I felt I should go anywhere to speak for this purpose. Our rostrum was an old wagon, set up in Washington Park. The horse, who was inclined to run when there was loud applause, was taken out of the wagon shafts. This meeting is an unforgettable event in my life, because it was here that I first met James Connolly, Irish Socialist speaker and writer, labour organiser, who gave his life for Irish freedom nine years later, in the Easter Week Uprising of 1916, in Dublin, Ireland.

## Scholar, Writer, Speaker

At the time I refer to, he worked for the Singer Sewing Machine Company of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and had a hard struggle to support his wife and six small children. He lost his job when he tried to organise a union in the plant. He was short, rather stout, a plain-looking man with large black moustaches, a very high forehead, and dark sad eyes—a man who rarely smiled. A scholar and an excellent writer, his speech was marred for American audiences by his thick, North of Ireland accent, with a Scotch blurr from his long residence in Glasgow. On the Washington Park occasion someone spilled a bottle of water in his hat, the only one he possessed, undoubtedly, and with a wry expression on his face he shook it out and dried it, but made no complaint.

## Spoke Italian

Connolly and I spoke again in 1907 at an Italian Socialist meeting, early one Sunday morning. I wondered then why they arranged their meetings at such an odd hour, but discovered it was a substitute for church among these rabid anti-clericals and happily did not interfere with their sacred ritual of the big spaghetti and vino dinner later on. I asked Connolly: "Who will speak in Italian?" He smiled his rare smile and replied, "We'll see. Someone, surely." After we had both spoken, they took a recess and gave us coffee and cake behind the scenes, a novel but welcome experience for us. Stale water was the

most we got elsewhere! Then we returned to the platform, and Connolly arose. He spoke beautifully in Italian to my amazement and the delight of the audience who "viva'd" loudly.

## I.W.W. Organiser

Later he moved his family to Elton Avenue in the Bronx and the younger children of our families played together. Once Patrick Quinlan, a family friend, who had left a bookcase with a glass door at Connolly's house, was horrified to find all the books on the floor with the Flynn-Connolly children playing funeral, with one child beautifully laid out in the bookcase. "Who's dead?" Connolly asked. "Quinlan," they replied serenely. Needless to say, the children did not like Quinlan.

Connolly worked for the I.W.W. and had an office at Cooper Square. He was a splendid organiser, as his later work for the Irish Transport Workers, with James Larkin, demonstrated. Although the Socialist Labour Party had invited him here in 1902, on a lecture tour and

By ELIZABETH  
GURLEY-FLYNN



he was elected a member of their National Executive Committee, there was obvious jealousy displayed against him by their leader, Daniel De Leon, who could brook no opposition. Connolly had been one of the founders in 1896 in Dublin of the Irish Socialist Republican Party and editor of its organ.

Connolly's position, that the Irish Socialist Party represented a separate nation from Britain, was recognised by the International Socialist Congress in 1900, and the Irish delegates were allowed to take their seats as such. When membership in the S.L.P. became impossible for him here, he joined the Socialist Party and toured the country under its auspices. Connolly was the first person I ever heard use the expression, "Workers' Republic," in fact, he is called by one biographer, "The Irish apostle of the Soviet idea," though none of us ever heard the word in those days.

## Mayor Answered

He felt keenly that not enough understanding and sympathy was shown by American Socialists for the cause of Ireland's national liberation, that the Irish workers here were too readily abandoned by the Socialists as "reactionaries" and that there was not sufficient effort made to bring the message of Socialism to the Irish-American workers. In 1907, George B. McClellan, Mayor of New York City, made a speech in which he said: "There are Russian Socialists and Jewish Socialists and German Socialists! But thank God! There are no Irish Socialists!" This was a challenge to Connolly, my father and a host of others with good Irish names, members of both the Socialist parties. They banded together as the Irish Socialist Club, later known as the Irish Socialist Federation. James Connolly was chairman and my sister Katherine was secretary. She was then fifteen years old. Connolly was strong for encouraging "the young people."

## Jewish Friend

The Irish Socialist Federation caused great protest among the other existing federations. They insisted we didn't need a federation because we weren't foreign speaking. We wanted a banner we could fight under. The Unity Club required us to be too placating, too peaceful. The Federation was born one Sunday afternoon at our house in the Bronx. Connolly, Quinlan, O'Shaughnessy, Cooke, Cody, Daly, Ray, and all the Flynn's, were there. Also our faithful Jewish friend, Sam Stodel, who was sympathetic to our proposal. But we excluded him as we feared ridicule if we

included a Jew. He went into the kitchen and said to my mother: "Have you anything for this bunch to eat?" She confessed she had not, so he went around corner and bought ham, cheese, corned beef, beer, crackers, etc., to feed the doughty Irish when their session was over.

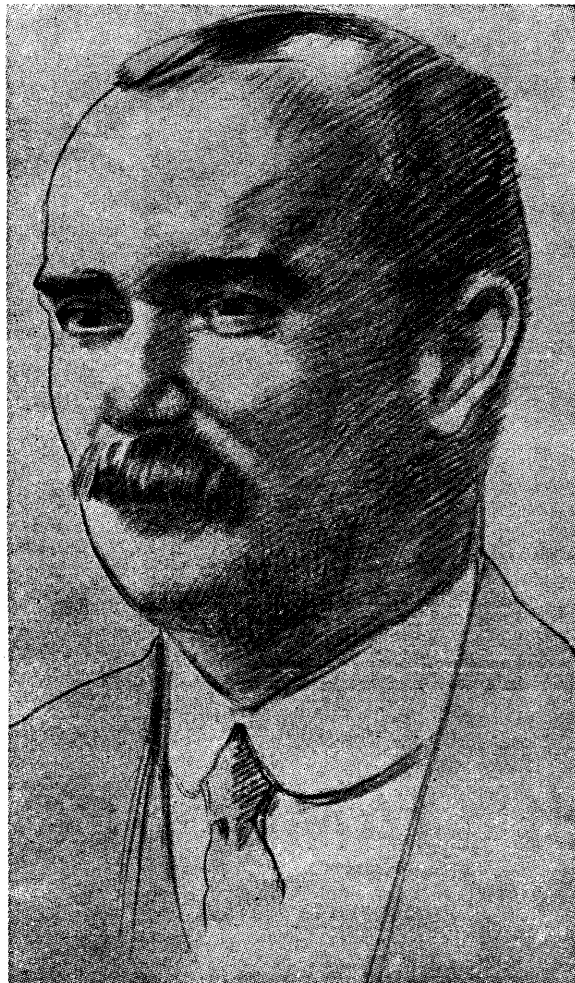
Nourished by Sam, we went forth to battle. The Federation arranged street meetings to show that Mayor McClellan was an ignoramus and a liar, especially in Irish neighbourhoods, where such meetings had never been held. It had a large green and white banner, announcing who and what it was, with the Gaelic slogan, "Faugh - a - Balach" (Clear the Way!) in big letters surrounded by harps and shamrocks. The meetings were stormy but finally accepted at many corners. A German blacksmith comrade built the Federation a sturdy platform that could not easily be upset, with iron detachable legs that could be used as shillelaghs in an emergency. These helped to establish order at the meetings and won a wholesome respect for the Federation.

The Federation issued a statement of its purpose (written by James Connolly): "To assist the revolutionary working-class movement in Ireland by a dissemination of its literature; to educate the working-class Irish of this country into a knowledge of Socialist principles and to prepare them to co-operate with the workers of all other races, colours, and nationalities in the emancipation of labour." James Connolly wrote one book, "Labour in Irish History," one play and many pamphlets. His extensive writings were spread out over many years in various workers' papers and magazines.

### "The Harp"

He published a monthly magazine, called "The Harp." Many poems from his own pen appeared. It was a pathetic sight to see him standing, poorly clad, at the door of Cooper Union or some other East Side hall, selling his little paper. None of the prosperous professional Irish, who shouted their admiration for him after his death lent him a helping hand at that time. Jim Connolly was anathema to them because he was a "So'-cialist."

He had no false pride and encouraged others to do these Jimmy Higgins tasks by setting them an example. At the street meetings he persuaded those who had no experience in speaking to "chair the meeting" as a method of training



them. Connolly had a rare skill born of vast knowledge, in approaching the Irish workers. He spoke the truth sharply and forcefully when necessary as in the following from "The Harp" of November, 1900:—

### Most International

"To the average non-Socialist Irishman the idea of belonging to an international political party is unthinkable, is obnoxious, and he feels that if he did, all the roots of his Irish nature would be dug up. Of course, he generally belongs to a church—the Roman Catholic Church—which is the most international institution in existence. That does not occur to him as atrocious, in fact he is rather proud than otherwise that the Church is spread throughout the entire world, that it overleaps the barriers of civilisation, penetrating into the depths of savagedom, and ignores all considerations of race, colour or nationality. . . . But although he would lay down his life for a Church which he boasts of as 'Catholic' or universal, he turns with a shudder from an economic or political movement which has the same characteristics."

Connolly published "The Harp" here as the official organ of the Irish Socialist Federation, and moved it to Dublin in 1910.

## To JIM CONOLLY

By JOHN S. CLARK

It matters not where lies the grave  
Thy bruised and broken body lie;  
We grieve not o'er the murdered brave,  
But only spirits killed.

Thine, Jim, we know was never crushed  
Where, fetterless, it winged its flight  
Ere hatred's volley roar was hushed  
Above the silent night.

And we, though time our pain assuage  
Shall never let thy memory fade,  
As long as Right our minds engage  
And love our hearts invade.

For thou wert jealous in thine hour  
The work of tyrants to withstand,  
And sang defiance to their power  
In accents of thy land.

The rebel songs shall never fade  
When Revolution lifts her wand  
To weave through city, hill and vale,  
A sympathetic bond.

E'en now sad Erin greets the dawn  
Of freedom; the tempestuous night  
Is just dissolving with the scorn  
That spurred thee to the fight.

The anguish of a fevered brain  
Through thy distressful land has sped,  
Yet Tara's harp shall once again  
Its soul of music shed.

While hells that fiercely burned above  
May smoulder low in feeble heaps,  
Yet o'er them with devotion's love  
They shade its vigil keeps.

And in the days that are to be  
The golden days of sweet content,  
Humanity shall honour thee  
Who strove for their advent.

For when the earth is purged of strife,  
And love of fellowship is strong,  
'Twill learn the glory of thy life  
And triumph of thy song.

## OF A POET PATRIOT

By THOMAS MacDONAGH

His songs were a little phrase  
Of eternal song,  
Drowned in the harping of lays  
More loud and long.

His deed was a single word,  
Called out alone  
In a night when no echo stirred  
To laughter or moan.

But his songs new souls shall thrill,  
The loud harps dumb,  
And his deed the echoes fill  
When the dawn is come.

# Some Recollections

I MET James Connolly first about the autumn of 1910, the time we suffragettes were starting the Irish militant organisation, the Irish Women's Franchise League, for the speeding up of votes for women. James Connolly was with us heart and soul; he figured up to the test of men leaders (so did Lenin, so did not so many others, even among so-called Labour leaders and Socialists), namely, the belief in women's emancipation and their political and economic equality.

He welcomed the revolt of the middle-class women (it was largely that), thinking any revolt from any quarter good. Here is Connolly's summing up:—

## None So Fitted

"None so fitted to break the chains as they who wear them, none so well equipped to decide what is a fetter. In its march towards freedom the working class of Ireland must cheer on the efforts of those women who feel the fetters have arisen to shake them off and cheer all the louder if in its hatred of thralldom and passion for freedom the women's army forges ahead of the militant army of Labour."

## Great Man

There speaks the great man: one of smaller stature would be jealous of any advance outside orthodox Labour; never Connolly! To him woman in his immortal phrase was "the slave of a slave."

True in practice to these precepts James Connolly never failed to respond to our request to speak from our platform whenever a protest was on—against exclusion from the then Home Rule Bill, against police savagery to women, against forcible feeding of hunger-strikers, against the Cat and Mouse Act.

He himself did not hesitate to borrow the weapon used by the militant women, the hunger-strike, when occasion arose—at a time too when certain men leaders were condemning it scornfully as "womanish."

When anti-suffrage riots were on in Dublin and women were threatened by angry mobs who wanted to fling them into the Liffey, Connolly's voice was raised; he opened Liberty Hall to those mob-pursued.

He came from Belfast—when stationed there—to Dublin for many a meeting and we went on his invitation to



FRANCIS SHEEHY-SKEFFINGTON. Shot during Easter Week at Portobello Barracks, Dublin, on orders of Captain Bowen-Colthurst. Prominent in support of workers in 1913 Lock-out.



H. S. SKEFFINGTON.

# of JAMES CONNOLLY

By Hanna  
Sheehy-Skeffington

tion to full equality. Constance Markiewicz was in joint command with Mallin.

Contrast the Volunteers who admitted no women to the organisation and who used the services of Cumann na mBan as a subordinate auxiliary only. If women wanted to take part in the fighting—and some did—Connolly did not say to them nay; he believed in using woman-power to the full. (All this is fully told by Nora Connolly in her "Portrait of a Rebel Father").

## Like Kaiser's Fleet

He feared that the Volunteers (under the guidance of certain leaders), might allow a favourable occasion for the Rising to pass. And he said to me of a certain man: "He is a pacifist in times of war and a warrior in times of peace." Connolly honoured the true pacifist always. And again (in 1915) he said: "MacNeill's Volunteers are like the Kaiser's fleet (then bottled up in the Kiel Canal). They may emerge intact at the end of the war."

As a conclusion, A.E.'s tribute in Salutation to Connolly is worth quoting:—

"The hope lives on age after age,  
Earth with its beauty might be won  
For Labour as a heritage.  
For this has Ireland lost a son  
This hope unto a flame to fan,  
Men have put life by with a smile.  
Here's to you, Connolly, my man.  
Who cast the last torch on the pile."

speak in Belfast, when the Irish Socialist Party rented our rooms in the Antient Concert buildings for weekly meetings.

We frequently interchanged speakers with them. No plea of other business ever prevented James Connolly from rallying to our side with voice and pen—and this at a time, be it remembered, when to be a suffragette (or a male supporter) was to be mobbed, reviled, assailed by a yapping Press and infuriated politicians of all parties. As bad as now being dubbed Communist.

## Believed In Women

When war broke out that camaraderie of rebels continued; Irish suffragettes did not abandon "Votes for Women" for war. Often during those troubled days I recall meeting and talking with Connolly, working with him on committees, speaking on platforms of various anti-war, anti-imperialist groups. His shrewd sizing up of individuals, his kindly tolerance and humour, his easy approach, his true democracy, these qualities for ever stand out.

He believed in women, like Davitt (and unlike Parnell or de Valera) and often sought their counsel. In the Citizen Army they were admitted without ques-



# 1916 Proved Britain Not Invincible

**M**ESSAGES between the working class of the North and South of the country are all too rare and on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the 1916 Rising it is a pleasure to greet the people of the Republic through this special edition of the "Irish Socialist."

All the more is this so, for it is the "Socialist," as we call it in the North, that has steadfastly defended, and fought for, the principles of the men who, on April 24th, 1916, amazed the world by taking on the mighty British Empire and blazed the trail that set afoot the tremendous anti-imperialist struggles which have led to the freedom and independence of many ex-colonial nations today. Though it can be said that Britain learned her colonising policies in Ireland, it was the proud achievement of the men of 1916 to show she wasn't invincible.

Though the example was set in 1916, the principle has still to be realised in our own country of one people one nation. Why then, when others, in Africa and Asia, have realised unity and independence of their countries long since, has it not been realised in Ireland. The fact is that imperialism continues to be able to keep our peoples divided and distrustful of each other.

However, the working people face the same problems in life whether we live in Cork, Galway or Antrim. We face the tragedy of emigration and unemployment, of the struggle to rear the family in an era of constantly rising prices and appeals from "well fed and dressed people" to produce more and freeze wages. We are social beings and it is on this basis we must combine for our

**Jim Larkin speaking in Belfast during 1907 strike struggles.**



rights and put into practice the ideals of 1916. For the leaders of this country have long ago given up the right to be identified with the spirit of 1916.

If Thomas Clarke and Connolly of Northern background saw the need to combine with Dubliners Pearse and Mallin in common action, how much more important is it for us to take their example to heart.

Addressing a meeting of Belfast workers in June 1960, the late Sean Murray said: "We neither ask that the national solution should sit on the shelf until Socialism is realised, nor that the fight for advance to Socialism should be put in cold storage until all aspects of the national issue have been solved."

Murray's message rings true today. It is a call to struggle for common aims, for North-South working-class co-operation. There is no contradiction in the struggle for immediate advances, for progressive governments at Stormont and Leinster House, for national unity and Socialism. They are all part of the

great movement to advance the interests of the common people which was started 50 and more years ago. As the famous Templepatrick, Co. Antrim, weaver Jimmy Hope said a century and a half ago: "Let us look to a higher motive than praise or profit—to promote truth, and labour together as Irishmen, bound by the love of country, which is a stronger tie than any human obligation."

**H. MOORE, A. BARR** (On behalf of Executive Committee, Communist Party, N. Ireland). April, 1966.

## CONNOLLY ON PARTITION

**H**ERE in Ireland the proposal of the Government to consent to the partition of Ireland—the exclusion of certain counties in Ulster—is causing a new line of cleavage. Not one of the supporters of Home Rule accepts this proposal with anything like equanimity, but rather we are already hearing in North-East Ulster rumours of a determination to resist it by all means. It is felt that the proposal to leave the Home Rule minority at the mercy of an ignorant majority with the evil record of the Orange party is a proposal that should never have been made, and that the establishment of such a scheme should be resisted with armed force if necessary.

Personally I entirely agree with those who think so; Belfast is bad enough as it is; what it would be like under such rule the wildest imagination cannot conceive. Filled with the belief that they were after defeating the Imperial Government and the Nationalists combined, the Orangemen would have scant regards for the rights of the minority left at their mercy.

Such a scheme would destroy the  
(Continued on Page Fifteen)

**1907: Belfast: British troops were used against strikers.**



## UNLISTED 1916 HERO

A MAN that has hitherto had no place in the roll of Easter Week martyrs is that of Arthur Wicks, an Englishman. He was the son of a bootmaker and was born at Norwich.

A prominent part in the London hotel strike of 1913 led to his victimisation, and he came to Dublin where he secured employment as a waiter in the Shelbourne Hotel. Owing to his revolutionary activities he was dismissed from there. He afterwards worked in the Hotel Allen, Harcourt Street.

Taking to the sea in 1916, he was instrumental in running arms and ammunition for the Citizen Army during the months preceding the Rising.

On the outbreak of hostilities he landed in Dublin, and fought in the North Strand and O'Connell Street sectors. During the retreat from the Post Office he was fatally wounded in Moore Street.

He was known to his comrades as "O'Neill."

[This story is reprinted from "Irish Workers' Voice," April 19th, 1930.]

## EASTER 1916

By W. B. YEATS

I have met them at close of day  
Coming with vivid faces  
From counter or desk among grey  
Eighteenth-century houses.  
I have passed with a nod of the head  
Or polite meaningless words,  
Or have lingered awhile and said  
Polite meaningless words,  
And thought before I had done  
Of a mocking tale or gibe  
To please a companion  
Around the fire at the club,  
Being certain that they and I  
But lived where motley is worn:  
All changed, changed utterly:  
A terrible beauty is born.

Too long a sacrifice  
Can make a stone of the heart.  
O when may it suffice?  
That is Heaven's part, our part  
To murmur name upon name,  
As a mother names her child  
When sleep at last has come  
On limbs that had run wild.  
What is it but nightfall?  
No, no, not night but death;  
Was it needless death after all?  
For England may keep her faith  
For all that is done and said.  
We know their dream; enough  
To know they dreamed and are dead;  
And what if excess of love  
Bewildered them till they died?  
I write it out in verse—  
MacDonagh and MacBride  
And Connolly and Pearse  
Now and in time to be  
Wherever green is worn,  
Are changed, changed utterly:  
A terrible beauty is born.

# ROLL OF HONOUR

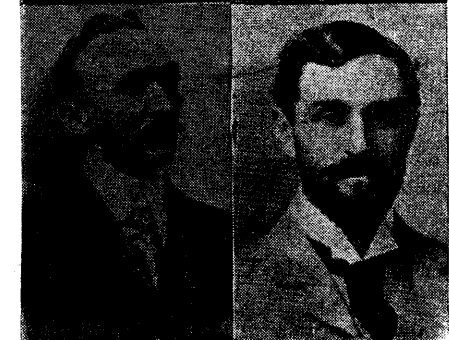
MEMBERS of the Irish Volunteers and Irish Citizen Army killed in action during Easter Week 1916:—

John Adams	Francis Macken
Thomas Allen	Peter Manning
Frank Burke	Charles Monahan
Andrew Byrne	Michael Mulvihill
James Byrne	Richard Murphy
Joseph Byrne	Dan Murray
Frank Byrne	Michael Malone
Sean Connolly	D. Murphy
James Corcoran	James McCormack
Harry Coyle	William McDowell
John Costello	Richard O'Carroll
John Cromean	Patrick O'Connor
John Crinigan	O'Rathghaille
Philip Clarke	J. O'Reilly
Charles Carrigan	Richard O'Reilly
Charles Darcey	Thomas O'Reilly
Patrick Donelon	Patrick O'Flanagan
Patrick Doyle	John O'Grady
John Dwan	John Owens
Edward Ennis	James Quinn
Patrick Farrell	Thomas Rafferty
James Fox	Frederick Ryan
George Geoghegan	George Reynolds
Sean Howard	Domhnall Sheehan
John Hurley	Patrick Shortis
John Healy	John Traynor
Gerald Keogh	Edward Walsh
John Kiely	Philip Walsh
John Kealy	Patrick Whelan
Con Keating	Thomas Weafer
Richard Kent	Peter Wilson
Peadar Macken	

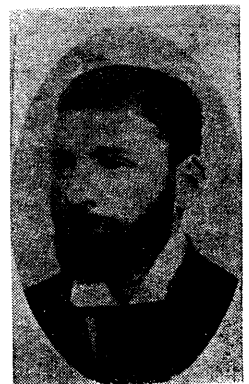
A total of 160 men and women were convicted by Court Martial; 1,832 men and five women were interned in England and were held until the General Amnesty in 1917. Three hundred and forty-six civilians were killed during the Uprising and 850 were wounded.

\* \* \*

(The official list of casualties among the British troops were stated to be: 516 officers and men killed, wounded or missing.)



Sean Heuston,  
Con Colbert,  
Willie Pearse,  
Michael Mallin,  
Michael  
O'Hanrahan,  
Edward Daly,  
Major John  
MacBride,  
Roger Casement,  
and Thomas Kent,  
who were, along  
with the Seven  
Signatories of the  
Proclamation,  
days following the  
1916 Uprising,  
executed in the



# The Connolly Road should lead to . . .

# LABOUR REPUBLICAN UNITY

FOR we Irish 1916 is as close as yesterday, even though we may have been born ten, or twenty, or thirty years after the Rising. The outsider sees this as a fixation on a dramatic, romantic past, the last high point of our national existence, when the people's political consciousness reached a lofty plane, in contrast to the depths of intellectual squalor around us today.

But 1916 is more than an ironic historical backdrop to the present. It is such indeed for our present Government leaders as they read the Proclamation of the Republic while simultaneously planning economic union with Britain. But for us 1916 is close because the problems it sought to solve are still with us. For us 1916 is still an uncompleted event, the first stage of national revolution, a movement which led only part of the road towards the Republic for which its leaders died. Yet in a national revolution there is no half-way resting point. One either presses ahead to full independence or slides back to dependence on imperialism. With us it has been a half-century-long sliding back; the gains we made are being bartered away, the country remains divided, the Labour movement cut in two and politically weak, our national bourgeoisie "adding the halfpence to the pence" as they sell the nation to foreign big business. What now has James Connolly to teach us?

## Theoretical Contribution

James Connolly was a working-class leader, trade union organiser, one of the founders of the Labour Party, a Marxist thinker and an active worker in the international socialist movement. His great theoretical contribution to socialism in Ireland was to show the relationship between socialism and nationalism in a country under imperialist domination. For the socialist and the working-class national freedom is the prerequisite of economic emancipation. The socialist must therefore be to the fore in every phase of the national independence movement. The working class must indeed seek to take the leadership in that movement; for whereas other classes or sections may also have an interest in getting rid of imperialism, their more limited class interests, based on ties with property, large or small, make them liable to compromise with the enemy when it comes to the crunch. The Griffiths and de Valeras come to an "arrangement"; the working class has nothing to lose by pressing on to the finish.

In the words of R. M. Henry (author of "The Evolution of Sinn Féin"): "Connolly tested alike theoretical Nationalism



The O'Rahilly, shot at Moore Lane, during retreat from G.P.O. Thomas Ashe led the fighting in North County Dublin. He died on hunger strike at Mountjoy Jail in 1917.

and theoretical Socialism by the facts. Nationalism, to be worth anything, must secure the rights of the common men and women who make up the nation. Socialism, to be worth anything, must secure the rights not of 'humanity' but of the human beings, which compose it, and the principal human beings whose destiny an Irish socialist could influence were the Irish. While he championed the rights of his class Connolly recognised that they formed, along with others, an Irish nation and that their surest charter of freedom would be the charter of freedom of their country."

In 1914 Connolly had written: "The Labour Movement in Ireland stands for the ownership of all Ireland by all the Irish. It therefore fights against all things calculated to weaken the hold of the Irish upon Ireland, as it fights for all things calculated to strengthen the grasp of the Irish people upon Ireland and all things Irish."

## By A. J. COUGHLAN

Based on this conception of the relationship between Irish Socialism and Republicanism Connolly allied his labour defence force, the Irish Citizen Army, to the most republican wing of the nationalist movement, led by Pearse, Clarke and MacDermott. In 1915 he wrote: "The Irish Citizen Army was the first publicly organised armed citizen force south of the Boyne. Its constitution pledged and still pledges its members to work for an Irish Republic and for the emancipation of labour. It has ever been foremost in all national work and whilst never neglecting its own special function has always been at the disposal of the forces of Irish nationality for the ends common to all."

The "ends common to all" was the programme of Easter Week, embodied in

the Proclamation of the Republic: "the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies . . . equal rights and equal opportunities to all citizens . . . cherishing all the children of the nation equally."

By the criteria of those aspirations can we judge the political reality around us today and ask what reason have we to celebrate 1916. Yet it is a programme which in the conditions of the 1960s can still serve as the basis for unity between Republicans and Socialists in the cause of an Irish Republic politically and economically free.

Down the years both Republicans and Socialists have failed to understand James Connolly. Republicans have tried to claim him for the pantheon of "pure" nationalism, ignoring Connolly's lesson that the liberty of the nation cannot be achieved without the liberty of the most oppressed class within the nation, and that the working class, the men of no property, were the people to rely on to press the fight for freedom to a finish. Many "socialists" saw in Connolly's stand for the Republic an abandonment of "pure" socialism. This was the view of many of Connolly's erstwhile colleagues in the British Labour Movement—though not of all. It was the verdict of the Orange "socialists" of Belfast, politically subservient to Britain while looking for economic reforms within the framework of the "connection"—like the Northern Ireland Labour Party today. And it has been the conscious or unconscious view of many in the Irish Labour movement since who have worked within the 26-county framework for wages and jobs and good working conditions, so-called "economic issues," while failing to understand that their greatest achievements are insecure when the political framework is formed by Britain, and the two parts of the Irish Labour movement are impotent by reason of their different attitudes to Britain's partition of Ireland. Must it take the Free Trade Agreement to teach them what the main issues are?

As C. D. Greaves put it in his "Life and Times of James Connolly": "What do we see? An economist labour movement claiming his socialism, and a paramilitary republican movement claiming his nationalism. Neither has got Connolly. If they understood him they would be striving for some approach to unity, in whatever form present conditions prescribe. And each would have to modify its practice for the sake of unity."

The Connolly road is the road of unity between republicans and socialists. Isn't it time we got back to it after 50 years?

# THE REBEL

P. H. Pearse

And now I speak, being full of vision;  
I speak to my people, and I speak in my  
people's name to the masters of my people.  
I say to my people that they are holy, that  
they are august, despite their chains,  
That they are greater than those that hold  
them, and stronger and purer,  
That they have but need of courage, and to  
call on the name of God,  
God the unforgetting, the dear God that  
loves the peoples  
For whom He died naked, suffering shame.  
And I say to my people's masters: Beware,  
Beware of the thing that is coming, beware  
of the risen people,  
Who shall take what ye would not give.  
Did ye think to conquer the people,  
Or that Law is stronger than life and than  
men's desire to be free?  
We will try it out with you, ye that have  
harried and held,  
Ye that have bullied and bribed, tyrants,  
hypocrites, liars!

# THE FOOL

P. H. Pearse

Since the wise men have not spoken, I speak  
that am only a fool;  
A fool that hath loved his folly,  
Yea, more than the wise men their books or  
their counting houses, or their quiet homes,  
Or their fame in men's mouths;  
A fool that in all his days hath done never  
a prudent thing,  
Never hath counted the cost, nor recked if  
another reaped  
The fruit of his mighty sowing, content  
to scatter the seed;  
A fool that is unrepentant, and that soon at  
the end of it all  
Shall laugh in his lonely heart as the ripe  
ears fall to the reaping-hooks  
And the poor are filled that were empty,  
Tho' he go hungry.

The lawyers have sat in council, the men  
with the keen, long faces,  
And said, "This man is a fool," and others  
have said, "He blasphemeth;"  
And the wise have pitied the fool that hath  
striven to give a life  
In the world of time and space among the  
bulks of actual things,  
To a dream that was dreamed in the heart,  
and that only the heart could hold.

And so I speak  
Yea, ere my hot youth pass, I speak to my  
people and say;  
Ye shall be foolish as I; ye shall scatter,  
not save;  
Ye shall venture your all, lest ye lose what  
is more than all;  
Ye shall call for a miracle, taking Christ at  
His word.  
And for this I will answer, O people, answer  
here and hereafter,  
O people that I have loved shall we not  
answer together?

# THE L A DYING SOCIALIST

By James

COME here, my son, and for a time put up your childish play,  
Draw nearer to your father's bed, and lay your games away,  
No sick man's plaint is this of mine, ill-tempered at your noise,  
Nor carping at your eagerness to romp with childish toys.  
Thou'rt but a boy, and I a man outworn with care and strife.  
Would not deprive you of one joy thou canst extract from life;  
But o'er my soul come creeping on death's shadow, and my lips  
Must give to you a message ere life meets that eclipse.  
Slow runs my blood, my nether limbs I feel not, and my eyes  
Can scarce discern, here in this room, that childish form I prize.

Aye, death's grim hand is on my frame, and helpless it lies here,  
But to my mental vision comes the power of the seer,  
And time and space are now as naught as with majestic sweep,  
I feel my mind traverse the land and encompass the deep;  
Search backward over history's course, or with prophetic view,  
And sounding line of hope and fear gauge man's great destiny, too,  
The chasm deep 'twixt life and death! I bridge at last tonight,  
And with a foot on either side absorb their truth and light,  
And thus, my son, though reft of strength, my limbs slow turn to clay.  
Fired by this light I call you here to hear my legacy.

"My legacy!" Ah, son of mine! wert thou a rich man's pride,  
He'd crown thee with his property, possessions far and wide,  
And golden store to purchase slaves, whose aching brain and limb  
Would toil to bring you luxury as such had toiled for him.  
But thy father is a poor man, and glancing round you here,  
Thou canst see all his property—our humble household gear,  
No will we need by lawyer drawn, no witnesses attest,  
To guard for you your legacy, your father's last bequest.

"Thy father is a poor man," mark well what that may mean;  
On the tablets of thy memory that truth write bright and clean.  
Thy father's lot it was to toil from earliest boyhood on,  
And know his latent energies for a master's profit drawn;  
Or else, ill-starred, to wander round and huxter-like to vend  
His precious store of brain and brawn for all of whom fate may send  
Across his path with gold enough to purchase labour's power,  
To turn it into gold again, and fructify the hour  
With sweat and blood of toiling slaves. Like unto us, my son:  
Aye, through our veins since earliest days, 'tis poor man's blood has run

Yes, son of mine, since history's dawn two classes stand revealed,  
The rich and poor, in bitterest war, by deadliest hatred steeled,  
The one, incarnate greed and crime, disdainful honest toil,  
Had grasped man's common birthright and treasure-house, the soil,  
And standing 'twixt their fellow men and all that earth could give,  
Had bade them render tribute if they would hope to live.  
And, building crime on top of crime, had pushed their conquests on,  
Till, arbiters of life and death, they stood with weapons drawn,  
And blades athirst to drink the blood, on land and over sea,  
Of him who dared for human rights to stem this tyranny,  
They held our lands, our bodies ruled, and strove to rule the mind,  
And Hell itself could not surpass their evil to mankind,  
And all who strove for human rights to break their cursed yoke—  
The noblest of our race, my child—went down beneath their stroke,  
And e'er aid earth's sweetest spots, in nature's loveliest haunt,  
Each build his fort or castle grim the poor of earth to daunt.

And issuing forth from walls of stone, high over cliff and pass,  
With sword in hand would gather in the tribute for his class.  
And grim emblems of their rule flaunting to human kind,  
The pit to drown our women, the gibbet for our men.  
Stood, aye, beside their fortresses; and underneath the moat  
Tier under tier of noisome cells for those the tyrant smote.  
Thumbscrew and rack and branding-rod, and each device of Hell  
Perverted genius could devise to torture men to sell  
(For brief respite from anguish dire to end their wretched lives)  
The secrets of their comradeship, the honour of their wives.

# LEGACY SPEAKS TO HIS SON

s Connolly

As fabled up as tree of old, by ancient poets sung,  
Consumed with blight each living thing that 'neath its branches  
sprung.

The rich man's power o'er all the earth had spread its baleful blight,  
Respecting neither age nor sex to sate its lust and might.  
It stole the harvest from the field, the product from the loom,  
Struck down the old man in his age, the young man in his bloom.  
It robbed the carrier on the road, the sailor on the tide,  
And from the bridegroom of an hour it took the new-made bride.  
Such crimes it wrought not Hell itself and its Satanic school  
Could fashion crimes to equal those wrought by the rich man's rule.

"The past?" Aye, boy, the method's past; the deed is still the same,  
And robbery is robbery yet, though cloaked in gentler name,  
Our means of life are still usurped, the rich man still is lord,  
And prayers and cries for justice still meet one reply—the sword!  
Though hypocrites for rich men's gold may tell us we are free,  
And oft excel in speech and print our vaunted liberty.  
But freedom lies not in a name, and he who lacks for bread,  
Must have that bread tho' he should give his soul for it instead.  
And we, who live by labour, know that while they rule we must  
Sell freedom, brain and limb to win for us and ours a crust.

The robbers made our fathers slaves, then chained them to the soil.  
For a little longer chain—a wage—we must exchange our toil.  
But open force give way to fraud, but force again behind,  
Prepares to strike if fraud should fail to keep man deaf and blind.  
Our mothers see their children's limbs they fondled as they grew,  
And doted on, caught up to make for rich men profits new.  
Whilst strong men die for lack of work, and cries of misery swell.  
And women's souls in cities' streets creep shuddering to hell.

These things belong not to the past, but to the present day.  
And they shall last till in our wrath we sweep them all away.  
"We sweep them!" Ah, too well I know my work on earth is done,  
Even as I speak my chilling blood tells me my race is run.  
But you, my last born child, take the legacy I give,  
And do as did your father whilst he yet was spared to live.  
Treasure ye in your inmost heart this legacy of hate,  
For those who on the poor man's back have climbed to high estate,  
The lords of land and capital the slave lords of our age,  
Who of this smiling earth of ours have made for us a cage.  
Where golden bars fetter men's souls, and noble thoughts are aflame,  
To burn us with their vain desires, and virtue yields to shame.  
Each is your foe, foe of your class, of human rights the foe,  
Be it your thought by day and night to work their overthrow;  
And howsoever you earn your wage, and wheresoe'er you go,  
Be it beneath the tropic heat or mid the northern snow,  
Or closely pent in factory walls or burrowing in the mine,  
Or scorching in the furnace hell of steamers 'cross the brine,  
Or on the railroad's shining track you guide the flying wheel,  
Or clambering up on buildings high to weld their frames of steel,  
Or use the needle or the type, the hammer, or the pen,  
Have you one thought, one speech alone to all your fellow-men,  
Then men and women of your class, tell them their wrongs and yours,  
Plant in their hearts that hatred deep that suffers and endures  
And, treasuring up each deed of wrong, each scornful word and look,  
Inscribe it in the memory, as others in a book.  
And wait and watch through tolling years the ripening of time,  
Yet deem to strike before that hour were worse than folly—crime.

This be your task, oh, son of mine, the rich man's hate to brave,  
And consecrate your noblest part to rouse each fellow-slave,  
To speed the day the word awaits when Labour long oppressed,  
Shall rise and strike for freedom true, and from the tyrants wrest—  
The power they have abused so long. Oh, ever glorious deed!  
The crowning point of history, yet child of bitterest need.

Ah, woe is me, thy father's eyes shall not behold that day,  
I faint and die: child, hold my hand,  
Keep-thou-my—Leg-a-cy.



CONNOLLY AND MARX

CONNOLLY'S first biographer, Desmond Ryan wrote:

"James Connolly was a Marxian Socialist. His Marxism was living; he had read widely and deeply in the literature of Socialism, checked by his experience as a worker, and student of Irish history. It would, indeed, be unjust to Connolly's memory and obscure his teaching to ignore the inspiration he drew from that great-hearted, human and learned German thinker, philosopher and fighter, or from the more advanced Socialist organisations in Great Britain."

In his "Labour in Irish History", as in all of his writings, the influence that the scientific Socialist ideas of Marx and Engels had upon him are always in evidence.

Praising William Thompson, at Roscarberry, Co. Cork, as the first Irish Socialist, Connolly pointed out, in his "Labour in Irish History", that although Thompson recognised there was a conflict of classes in capitalist society, it was one of the great contributions of Marx to analyse and explain this phenomenon and to emphasise that it was "the factor in the evolution of society towards freedom."

The essence of Connolly's writings, his teachings and struggles were and remain that Ireland will best achieve full national freedom and social progress in a socialist form of society.

But the effort goes on to belittle, distort and misrepresent the real national, working class, political meaning of Connolly's teachings.

The most recent exercise was for Mr. Lemass and a university lecturer to suggest that Connolly was 50 years out of date.

Let Connolly be quoted in reply:

"If you remove the English army tomorrow and hoist the green flag over Dublin Castle, unless you set about the organisation of the socialist republic, your efforts would be in vain. England would still rule you. She would rule you through her capitalists, through her landlords, through her financiers, through the whole array of commercial and industrial institutions she has planted in this country and watered with the tears of our mothers and the blood of our martyrs. England would still rule to your ruin, even while your lips offered hypocritical homage at the shrine of that Freedom whose cause you betrayed."

With Free Trade, the new alliance with Britain and all the rest of it, Connolly is anything but "out of date." That his teachings, along with those of Pearse and the other heroes of 1916, are an embarrassment to the propertied classes in the Ireland of to-day goes without saying; but they go on with the farce of paying lip sympathy to their memory, while turning their backs on everything that the men of 1916 stood for.

# I Appointed Myself . . . . . 'WAR NEWS' COURIER

"Eight hours work,  
Eight hours play,  
Eight hours sleep,  
And eight bob a day,  
I want to join, I want to join  
Jim Larkin's Union."

THESE were the chants of many of the pupils of Saint Gabriel's National School as we marched and met groups from other schools caught in the fever of Dublin's 1913.

To me it was the crossing of the barrier of the national movement into the working-class movement.

My father, since his arrival in Dublin, had played an active role in each and every development that showed a promise of keeping alive the concept of Irish Nationality. Our home life was always filled with the stories of Myles the Slasher and the Bridge of Finea, John Boyle O'Reilly and the odd mention of the relatives that had crossed the American lines to fight for the independence of Mexico. They were all real people to me.

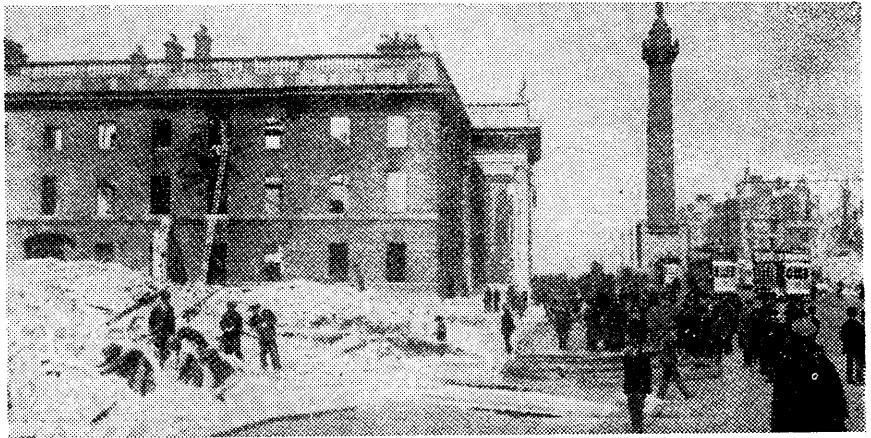
All those people who fanned the sparks of Nationality in those years in the early 1900s lived in a social and economic unity of their own. They met together and would travel miles to buy even the smallest articles from each other. Their "buy Irish" campaign was a real one; and to buy from a comrade was a law; one that had much to do with the success of their efforts.

## Found a Way In

The Volunteers were founded and the whole speed of life changed. Everyone at home seemed to know at last where they were going. Father, Kevin, Sammie and Dessy were in at the foundation in the Rotunda on November 25th, 1913. Each weekend there were hectic preparations. Each Sunday a busy day as route marches and sham battles kept the older members of the family away from home all day.

As the earnestness of the older people grew more intense, my youth seemed to become more and more a handicap. I was isolated, but sometimes I became the deliverer of an odd message or subscriptions to this fund or that—each Volunteer paid a weekly subscription as well as a weekly amount to the Arms Fund.

Eventually, I found a way in. There could be no objection to joining an Irish class and so I duly enrolled in the



THE G.P.O. AFTER THE SURRENDER, 1916.

Columcille Hall, in Blackhall Street. This was the centre from which most of the Volunteers and Gaelic Leaguers in the Dublin North West area were directed. They were not then or ever afterwards the same movements; they moved in near watertight compartments and it always seemed strange to me, the small percentage of the Volunteers who were in the Gaelic League, and the small section of the latter who were active in the Volunteers.

The first Great War had started and Dublin was paying a heavy price for its defence of Catholic Belgium. Social and economic pressures helped the recruiting campaign for the British Army. As well, every effort was made to isolate and hold up to contempt the Volunteers with their bandoliers and wooden rifles.

The faith of Fenianism, the closeness of their lives, however, gave them a moral courage which was the one great

## By DONAL O'REILLY

(The author of this article was barely 14 years old in 1916; he followed his brothers and father (author of the song, "Wrap the Green Flag Around Me, Boys") to the fighting in the G.P.O. In later years he was actively identified with the Independence struggle; in the Civil War, he was one of the Four Courts Garrison; in Mountjoy jail in 1922, he was close to Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellows and others.)

In 1936 he volunteered to fight against Hitler-Mussolini-Franco fascism in Spain and served in the ranks of the famous International Brigades. A member of the Executive Committee of the Irish Plasterers' Union, he has been for several years a delegate to the Dublin Trades Union Council and to the annual meetings of the Irish Congress of Trade Unions).

factor that made, despite diminishing numbers, the Easter Rising a possibility

Our family were fortunate, as in the Howth gun-running of June 1914, my father and brothers had secured some arms; we always, as well, seemed to have contact with someone who would sell us a gun of some sort.

## 1916 :

"And in the fierce and bloody fight  
Let not your courage lag,  
For I'll be there and hovering near  
Around the dear old Flag."

Monday, Easter Week: In our home it was the ordinary week-end mobilisation. There was the cancellation order by MacNeill in the "Sunday Independent" of course, but somehow we didn't seem to pay much attention to newspapers then. Certainly all the adult members of my family went on parade. At two o'clock, I knew there was a difference. A barricade was up at the Railway Bridge in Phibsboro, which was just a few hundred yards from our home. Houses were occupied and all sorts of guns were in evidence.

Down I went into O'Connell Street. The Proclamation was up. The windows of the G.P.O. were barricaded. The looting had already started and despite efforts by a few Volunteers, shop after shop, was destroyed. How fires were prevented by the few Volunteers that were on the streets seemed a miracle.

Back through the barricades of Phibsboro I went home with wondrous tales to tell! Nobody was home; all were out on their barricades!

Tuesday, Easter Week: There was a silence that I had never known before or since. Nothing moved on the North Circular or Old Cabra Roads. I wanted to go into the city centre again, but how could I get across the barricade on the Railway Bridge? I knew Jim O'Sullivan, the officer in charge, but that would be of little value. I hung around and eventually nobody knew which side of the barricade I should be on. I discovered my own private route into O'Connell Street; down Mountjoy Square, into Hutton's Place, across Summerhill, an area that was then teeming with life, all living in big and small tenement dwellings.

I got to the G.P.O. The looting had ceased and the only movement now was of determined men that came and went. A few groups were gathered around the Post Office trying to get in, but were rejected.

At three o'clock there was a movement at the side door in Henry Street and the "War News" made its appearance. I duly appointed myself as official news-boy to the Garrison. Within an hour-and-a-half, the "War News" was sold and I was back in the G.P.O. with my official status and the money. I got into the main hall. Tom Clarke, whom I had met in his shop and at the lying-in-state of O'Donovan Rossa at the City Hall, saw me and was horrified. I was sent to Jim Ryan and he sent me off to Purcell's with a parcel of bandages. At the Purcell's post I stayed and there I met Cyl MacPartland, a man who was to be very close to me for many years afterwards.

### Back at G.P.O.

Wednesday, Easter Week: The silence had gone. The occasional crack of a rifle had given way to the boom of artillery.

Thursday, I returned to the G.P.O.; there was no difficulty in getting in now. The guns were battering away and all the women and youth were being prepared for evacuation. It was proposed that we should go via Princes Street, Abbey Street and Capel Street. I left, crossing O'Connell Street, Marlborough Street and then up by Hutton's Place. Eventually I got to old houses in Berkeley Road, and stayed there until Sunday morning.

Easter Week was over in Dublin but the flame that was started grows ever still brighter. Victory is there for those that will seek and give service.

"March, march ye toilers, and  
The world shall be free!"



Liberty Hall, Headquarters of I.T.G.W.U., after the Gunboat, Helga, had delivered its salvoes.

# MAN OF MEN

By DOMINIC BEHAN

THIS ballad was first published in June 1955 in the "Irish Workers' Voice" (Dublin). It is a fine tribute and deserves reprinting on the 50th anniversary of Connolly's death. Nineteen hundred and sixty-eight will see the 100th anniversary of his birth. The ballad is to the air of "Brennan on the Moor."

There lies a page in history,  
When workers first fought back,  
And the might of exploitation  
At last began to crack.

#### Chorus:

For Connolly was there,  
Connolly was there,  
Great, brave, undaunted,  
James Connolly was there.

When the bosses tried to sweat the  
men,

Away on Glasgow's Clyde,  
A voice like rolling thunder,  
Soon stopped them in their stride.

#### Chorus

And then in Belfast city  
The workers lived in hell,  
Until at last they organised,  
And all the world can tell.

#### Chorus

15

To smash the Dublin unions,  
The scabs they did enlist,  
But all their graft was shattered  
By a scarlet iron fist.

#### Chorus

They say that he was murdered,  
Shot, dying, in a chair,  
But go, march on to freedom,  
Irish workers don't despair.

#### Final Chorus

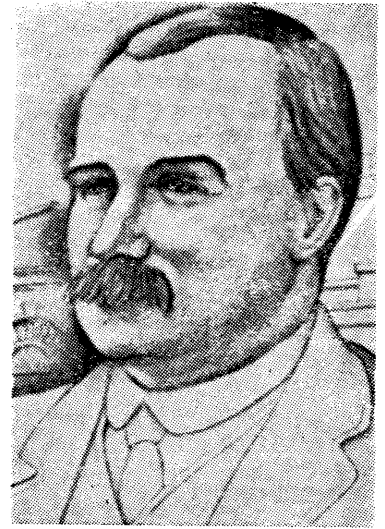
For Connolly will be there,  
Connolly will be there,  
Great, brave, undaunted,  
James Connolly will be there.

## CONNOLLY ON PARTITION

—Continued from Page Nine

Labour movement by disrupting it. It would perpetuate in a form aggravated in evil the discords now prevalent, and help the Home Rule and Orange capitalists and clerics to keep their rallying cries before the public as the political watchwords of the day. In short, it would make division more intense and confusion of ideas and parties more confounded.—"Forward," March 21st, 1914.

# CONNOLLY IN BELFAST



By BETTY SINCLAIR

**A**FTER the dockers' and carters' strike of 1907, led by Jim Larkin, in Belfast, a new wind circulated through the North. For the first time, in the worst-paid of all jobs, men were given the dignity of men and, for the first time, in a big way, they began to identify themselves as Irish men and part of the Irish working class.

Larkin, in a way that had never been done before, united the workers of the City and became, for the employers in the North and the orthodox British trade union movement, a thorn in their flesh. One can imagine their joy when Larkin was disowned by the National Union of Dock Labourers. Their joy was short-lived with the organisation of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, led by Larkin.

## Mill Workers

What must have been the dismay of those employers, and the Right Wing leadership in the Trade Union movement, when James Connolly came to take up residence in Belfast in 1911 and to take over the running of the local branch of the Irish Transport Workers' Union? The answer was given in the Belfast "Morning News" in October, 1914.

A strike of mill workers had broken out at York Street Mill. The women and girls asked Connolly to organise them. He did not hesitate. He earned himself some ill-will from the existing union catering for textile workers and Miss Mary Galway was moved to call him an

"adventurer." Connolly had told the women: "I will try to organise you for this strike because you can do nothing unless you are organised."

But the "Morning News" said: "James Connolly attempts to introduce the principle of syndicalism into Belfast Trades Unionism by recruiting women workers in the linen industry to his Union standard. All that need be said is that if the trade unionism of Belfast does not purge itself of Larkinism it will end in its own undoing."

James Connolly lost no time, after his coming to Belfast, in having his Union affiliated to the Belfast Trades Union Council—September 7th, 1911. On January 4th, 1912, he was elected to the Executive Committee. In the period between becoming a delegate and being elected to the E.C. he had shown a thorough interest in the conditions of workers and political matters affecting the Irish people.

## Dockers' Gains

In October, 1911, he could report that "... at the lower docks they had held up 20 ships to enforce trade-union conditions." In March, 1912, the dockers had obtained advances amounting to 3s. per week. He spoke for bakers who were on strike, supported the Insurance Bill

of the Lloyd George Government and deprecated the role of the Irish Nationalist Party who asked that the provisions of the Bill be not extended to Ireland, and flayed the British Labour Party for not supporting the Irish workers' demand. Connolly said: "... as far as the Labour Party is concerned, Ireland is not recognised at all. We support the British Labour Party, but that Party invariably give us the kick, and as far as I am concerned the Irish working classes have not my sympathy as long as they refrain from respecting themselves and establishing a Labour Party of their own."

Connolly identified himself with everyday matters of importance to the workers. He wanted good public transport for Belfast workers, his Union was able to report (December 5th, 1912) that transport workers had got an eight-hour day, with no loss in pay, that textile workers affiliated to his Union had decided to ask for a Trade Board and a minimum wage of 3d. per hour and the Union had decided to put up a candidate in the forthcoming Municipal Elections. He was the candidate and polled 900 votes.

1907: BELFAST STRIKE: Scab-driven motor vans delivering goods under heavy police escorts.



## Home Rule

He expressed the greatest sympathy with the Dub'in workers who were locked out by Martin Murphy and the bosses, in 1913, spoke against the intention to exclude U'ster, with agreement by the Irish Nationalist Party at Westminster, from the scope of the Irish Home Rule Bill.

In 1914, Connolly had left Belfast and took over the leadership of the I.T.G.W.U. and the Citizen Army, following Larkin's departure for the U.S.A. But his experiences in Belfast undoubtedly cemented his ideas, his Socialist approach to the problems of Ireland and his understanding of Marxism greatly deepened. He came to Belfast and worked in the most unfavourable



conditions as far as political understanding of the Irish question among the workers was concerned. He was the first to raise the need for an independent Irish working-class party—to break with dependence on British sources, other than to have good fraternal relations and to obtain support from them, when necessary.

Connolly's adversaries were many. His main opponent was William Walker, member of the Woodworkers' Society and a rabid labour-imperialist. It is interesting to note that, when Connolly was elected to the Executive Committee of the Belfast Trades Council on January 4th, 1912, William Walker had already bowed out of the trade union and labour movement after being appointed to a job under the new Insurance Act. Walker was never again to be identified with, or to play any part, in the movement. Not so James Connolly.

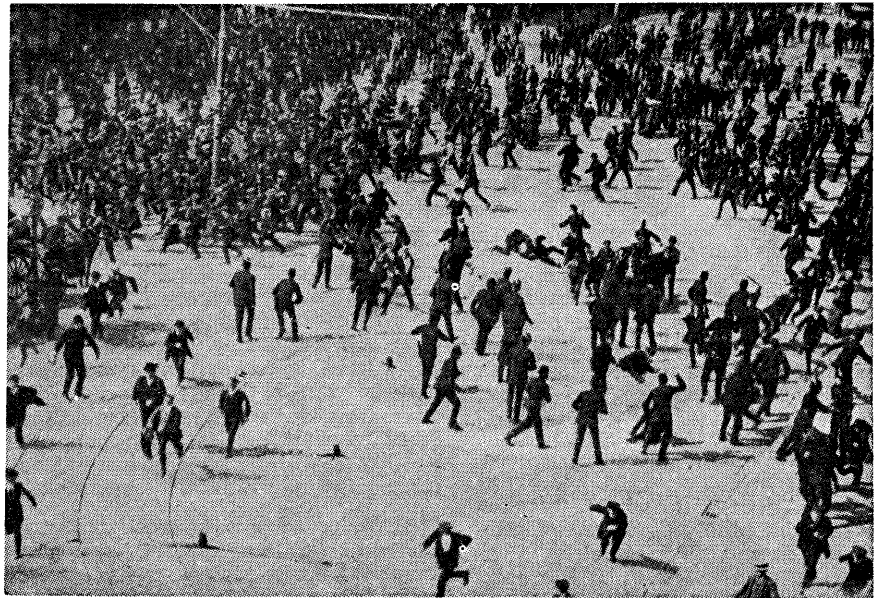
Connolly faced bravely the sectarian troubles in Belfast in 1912. He organised debates on the Home Rule Bill, the organisation of the Ulster Volunteers, the signing of the Ulster Covenant and exposed the role of the then Capt. James Craig, Sir Edward Carson, F. E. Smith, K. C., and Lord Londonderry who were acting in concert with the British Conservative Party to thwart legitimate Irish aspirations and bring down the Liberal Government in Great Britain.

### William Walker

In contrast, William Walker, when a candidate for North Belfast, gave an undertaking to the Belfast Protestant Association that he would vote against the extension of self-government to Ireland, and would vote in favour of the Protestant (Royal) succession. Walker's "socialism," he described himself, was "toleration"! But he had little toleration of James Connolly and other Irishmen who were fighting for Irish freedom.

Connolly stood for the raising of living standards of the workers, the development of the Socialist movement, the complete reconquest of Ireland and the establishment of a republican form of government. He was a brave man. He was in Belfast at the outbreak of the first world war. He had nothing but contempt for the jingoists, did not fear the rowdies who came to break up his meetings, made his declaration against the imperialist war in the city and fought to retain the holding of such meetings in order to explain to the workers what was happening. Like Lenin, he was determined to turn the imperialist war against the imperialists and to strike a blow for freedom.

Connolly knew well the bad conditions of the workers of Belfast. Poor housing, an almost complete lack of social services, long hours of labour and low wages. As late as 1915 (Nov. 4th), it could be reported that men in the Sirocco Works were being paid from 10s. to 20s. for a week's work, 17s. to 20s. in Coombe Barbour's and Mackies Foundry were paying the same scandalous wages. Trade Unionists complained



1913: DUBLIN LOCK-OUT: Police baton charge in O'Connell Street, on Bloody Sunday, when hundreds were injured.

that workers were forced to wear Government badges when they were employed on munitions work and the "patriotic" firms were flying the Union Jack! In the Springfield Cotton Spinning Mill, engaged on Government work for war purposes, women worked a 55½-hour week for 10s. 6d. Those who worked overtime, from 6.00 p.m. to 9.00 p.m. received the princely sum of 8d. extra.

The profits of war were certainly not being passed on to the workers!

In the few short years that Connolly lived in Belfast he missed no opportunity of pressing the best interests of the workers. His independent stand did not endear him always to his other trade union colleagues. He was not seen to have the same fiery nature as Jim Larkin, displayed around the great labour battles of 1907. He appeared, from what one gathers by way of conversation with those who knew him, to have irritated not a little. On the other hand, among the dockers, transport workers and mill workers he was treated with veneration. In his own quiet way he taught them self respect. In his own deep fashion he always got to the heart of the matter. In his own indomitable style, he refused to compromise with his principles, his Socialist and Irish working-class approach to the major questions affect-

ing the Irish people.

The treasure house that Connolly left behind, not only in his letters sent to the Glasgow "Forward," during his stay in Belfast, but also in his books, "Labour in Irish History," "The Reconquest of Ireland," "The Axe to the Root," "Labour, Nationality and Religion," show a deep and intense awareness of the need to study, so as to understand the role that the Irish working class must play in the life of the country. For him there was no separation between trade union struggles and political struggles. Both had to be fought in the interests of the people most concerned.

As we celebrate the 50th anniversary of 1916, when Connolly paid the supreme price for his people and his beliefs, it is more than ever necessary for us to completely understand the man and what he stood for. His was no narrow Irish nationalism. He was a man of broad outlook, and a man who had a keen grasp of national and international obligations.

The British imperialists knew what they were doing when they had Connolly brought on May 12th, 1916, ill and unable to walk, accommodated in a chair and shot him. But they little reckoned on the result. They killed James Connolly, and others, but they could not kill his ideas. They could not destroy what he had done in his lifetime when he worked among the people. They could not destroy his books which are still sought after by young and old. They could not stop the onward march of the Irish people.

In celebrating the 50th anniversary of 1916, we can take no better decision than to study Connolly's works, study his life of endeavour and sacrifice and to make a vow to achieve what he began—an Ireland, independent and free and in which the working class shall be the arbiter of its own destiny.



D. R. Campbell, a pioneer of the Belfast Labour and Trade Union movement.

# Citizen Army Veteran's Memories of 1913-1916 and CONNOLLY

IT was in 1906 that I joined the Socialist Party of Ireland. There were only between ten and twenty members in our branch, and we used to meet in a backroom in Parliament Street. Later we moved to a large room over the Antient Concert Rooms in Pearse Street.

Our membership was a curious one. There were many middle-class doctrinaires as well as several fine militant workers. There were public meetings every Sunday, and all the "isms" were discussed, among them Socialism, Mendelism and Vegetarianism. It was milk-and-water socialism all right, as one worker remarked.

James Connolly returned to Dublin in 1910, and I remember seeing him for the first time. He could be very chatty with his comrades, but usually he was very reserved, with few friends, and with sarcasm on his tongue for the enemy.

Jim remained almost unknown until he became Belfast organiser of the Irish Transport Workers' Union and the great wave of industrial battles swept him to the forefront with Jim Larkin as the leader of the militant toilers of Ireland. By this time I was a member of the Aungier Street branch of the I.T.W.U., the branch which was responsible for the formation of the Fintan Lalor pipe band. It was the branch committee's idea and Jim Larkin approved of it and advanced the necessary money. The band had a banner of deep red with a pale cap of liberty in the centre.

Came 1913, and the Irish working-

class measured steel with the great Martin Murphy and his federation of kings of capital. The savagery of the police in that great struggle is well known. They had a special hatred of the Fintan Lalor band, which used to march with pipes skirling to and from every big strike meeting. Once, in George's Street South, they made a vicious charge on the band, attempting to smash the instruments.

So the branch committee decided that the band must be protected. Ten of us were armed with hurleys, and in a backroom in Aungier Street we were drilled by a former British soldier; later our number was increased to twenty. I remember one meeting in Croydon Park, addressed by Jim Larkin. As usual, the

By JOHN O'KEEFE

police flanked the crowd, and it looked as if there was to be another baton charge. But to the dismay of the police, our commander had us flank them, with orders to use our hurleys bayonet-wise if necessary. The police were between two fires, and there was no charge. Nor was our band ever attacked again.

But to pass over the Great Strike to the even more hectic days that lay ahead. With two of my chums, I was compelled to go to Glasgow for work, and I did not return until 1915, when the imperialists were doing to death the flower of the world's workers in the mud of Flanders and elsewhere.

And what a change in Dublin: The Fintan Lalor band was now uniformed, each man carrying a revolver, and the Lalor Protection Corps had become the uniformed Citizen Army. Hurleys in 1913; shotguns, rifles and bayonets in 1915! I joined the Citizen Army immediately, and there were drillings, marchings and camping out in Croydon Park.

Easter Sunday came, and we were mobilised in Liberty Hall. We were confined to the hall, and one by one we were interviewed by our commandant, Jim Connolly. All were given the opportunity to return home and take no part in the Rising if we wished; and every man was asked: "Will you still turn out if the Volunteers fail us?" Not one man flinched.

On Monday we lined up in single file and each was handed a parcel of sandwiches and two fuse bombs—made out of milk tins—in addition to our rifle and bayonet. Our section marched off through Dame Street towards Dublin Castle. On reaching Castle Street we split up in threes and fours to act as outposts. I, and two other comrades, was to take up a position in the High Street area. But we had not proceeded far before hell broke loose. From the centre of the city came the crackle of rifle fire, screams and rumble of exploding bombs.

## Fuse Bomb Ruse

We reached our post safely, smashed the windows, climbed in, and waited. The rifles were still spattering at intervals, but it was some time before there was any movement of British troops in our area. Then we saw the khaki-clad figures approaching and prepared to give them a surprise. Stationed at different windows, we pumped the contents of our rifles into them. Then in order to give an impression of greater strength, we ran to other windows and threw the fuse bombs among them. There was just a roar and a gout of smoke; but it was enough: the enemy broke and scattered back the way they had come.

All that day and the next we waited for the reinforcements that never came. There was silence from the Castle, so we knew that no help could be expected from that quarter. And as we had been

CITIZEN ARMY ON PARADE OUTSIDE LIBERTY HALL.



# SCOTS SOCIALIST ON CONNOLLY

## CONNOLLY

CONNOLLY was a short stocky little fellow with dark auburn hair; big grey eyes and a heavy dark sandy coloured moustache. He was modest and unassuming and not given to prattling like so many of our propagandists who have travelled outside of their own town. I have observed him sitting in a corner near the fireplace in the party rooms quietly reading a newspaper or a book while the place was a babble of tongues discussing some questions of secondary importance. But when he did take part in conversation or discussion it was to reveal the true man, widely read, with a rich humour and a quick repartee.

By TOM BELL

Connolly was not only a fine speaker, but he was widely read, and knew several languages. He was well versed in the available works of Marx and the revolutionary movement. He was especially well informed on the great Irish revolutionary leaders and writers and quoted them profusely in speech and writing. He was a revolutionary poet and in those early days he wrote many verses and revolutionary songs for "The Socialist". He wrote words to the tune of the Boer National Anthem, to the Irish song "The Boys of Wexford", to the German workers folk song, and wrote a very fine revolutionary poem, "The Legacy", dedicated to his son, the precepts of which if followed would make him a worthy son of a worthy father. It was for "The Socialist" he wrote "A Rebel Song", the music for which was written by an Edinburgh pianist, Gerald Crawford. "A Rebel Song" was popularised by the Socialist Labour Party and later entered into the list of the very few good songs now sung by the British and Irish workers.

## SHAKESPEARE DISCUSSION

One of Connolly's favourite poets was Freiligrath, and I have listened to his fervent rendering at Party social gatherings of the latter's "Farewell to the Rhenish Gazette."

I remember on one occasion a fierce discussion on English literature, and on Shakespeare in particular, between Connolly, Yates and Mathieson, the latter a school teacher, and Yates a brilliant master of English literature as well as a talented academic marxist. The discussion lasted for four hours, in which the three vied with each other in quoting extensively lines from Shakespeare. My impression remains that Connolly had the best of it.

But Connolly's socialist heart and mind were really in Ireland and among the Irish workers. He never failed to recount the story of the struggles of the Irish workers, especially of the terrible poverty of the Irish peasantry on the West coast, who lived in mud huts, gathered seaweed for a living, sent their butter to market to pay their rent, and fed on potatoes. Temperate and modest in all things, he spent his little leisure in self-improvement. He told me in confidence one day of how he was studying the new Linotype machine and of his ambition to go to America and be a Linotype operator . . .

**WILLIAM PARTRIDGE**, Irish Citizen Army. He was Labour Councillor in Dublin Corporation, fought in College of Surgeons, died 1918. **RICHARD O'Carroll** was Leader of Labour Party in Dublin Corporation. Killed in action in the Uprising.

THE son of a Welsh miner, a member of the firing squad that shot James Connolly, was so impressed by the bravery of the great leader that afterwards he paid a visit to Connolly's relatives to implore forgiveness. The following poem is an impression of the soldier's story to his comrades).

By LIAM MacGABHANN

The man was all shot through that came to-day  
Into the barracks square;  
A soldier I—I am not proud to say  
We killed him there;  
They brought him from the prison hospital:  
To see him in that chair  
I thought his smile would far more quickly call  
A man to prayer.

Maybe we cannot understand this thing  
That makes these rebels die;  
And yet all things love freedom—and the spring  
Clear in the sky:  
I think I would not do this deed again  
For all that I hold by;  
Gaze down my rifle at his breast—but then  
A soldier I.

They say that he was kindly—different, too,  
Apart from all the rest;  
A lover of the poor; and all shot through,  
His wounds ill drest,  
He came before us, faced us like a man,  
He knew a deeper pain  
Than blows or bullets—ere the world began;  
Died he in vain?

Ready—present: And he just smiling—God!  
I felt my rifle shake  
His wounds were opened out and round that chair  
Was one red lake:  
I swear his lips said "Fire!" when all was still  
Before my rifle spat  
That cursed lead—And I was picked to kill  
A man like that!



**RICHARD O'CARROLL**



# LENIN SUPPORTED THE

# MEN OF EASTER WEEK

IT is recorded that when the Easter Week prisoners were being marched into captivity that many well-dressed onlookers temporarily shed their respectable postures to spit in their faces. This was of course a logical development to the press campaign of the "Irish Independent" and the "Irish Catholic"; and to the outraged screeching of the Irish Parliamentary Party, who, a few days later, in the British House of Commons, applauded the news of the executions—with the honourable exception of Larry Ginnell who, aghast at the news, shouted "Murder" at the Government benches.

What was the reaction abroad to the Rising? The British Labour Party leaders who were fully supporting the imperialist war regarded it as a stab in the back. The leaders of the Independent Labour Party who had adopted an opportunist-pacifist line to the war "did not approve of the Rebellion" and said that Connolly, for his part in it, was "terribly and criminally mistaken." Connolly had anticipated such judgement when he said that the Socialists would not understand him. He had no illusions about the reaction of such so-called Socialists whom he had long written off as "cowardly trimmers and compromisers in a world of imperial and financial brigandage."

In Russia, Mr. A. Kulisher, of the Constitutional Democratic Party, characterised the Rising as "the Dublin putsch." His party, commonly known as the "Cadets", acted for a while in opposition to the Czar, the nature of which can be gauged from the fact that it thanked the Czar for crushing the 1905 Russian revolt, saying that it had to "bless this government which, alone, with its bayonets and jails, protects us from the ire of the people."

## Karl Radek

Kulisher's party were afterwards associated with the Provisional Government which was overthrown in the 1917 Revolution. One would have expected such an attitude to Easter Week from such a quarter, but not the reaction that came from Karl Radek, the leader of the International Left Wing Conference in Zimmerwald, who, surprisingly enough, re-echoed the middle class Kulisher when he wrote in the columns of "The Berner Tagwacht", that the rising was "neither more nor less than a putsch."

To both was to come a stinging reply from the leader of the Bolshevik Party, Lenin, in which he defended the men of Easter Week. Lenin was not the only one abroad to defend the Rising; he was one of the few, of the very few, and, certainly, its most outstanding defender. There was George Bernard Shaw who,

sickened by the executions and the hate campaign against the insurrectionists, chose the occasion to proclaim himself as an Irishman, saying: "I am bound to contradict any implication that I can regard as a traitor any Irishman taken in a fight against the British Government which was a fair fight in everything except the enormous odds which my countrymen had to face."

There was T. A. Jackson, the British Communist historian of Ireland, who mounted the steps of Leeds Town Hall to publicly announce his sympathy and solidarity with the Rising.

There were other voices that were prevented from expressing their solidarity, such as those of William Gallagher and his comrades, themselves incarcerated in one of His Majesty's Prisons at the time.

The Rising took place in the midst of the imperialist war of 1914-18. Over 400,000 Irishmen, in the ranks of the British Army, were involved in the

## By MICHAEL O'RIORDAN

mutual mass slaughter that was taking place. Many of those had been tricked into fighting for "Little Catholic Belgium" and "the Freedom of Small Nations and Self-Determination." Not all of the 400,000 were "loyalist" Irishmen or West Britons, in fact many of them were "economic conscripts"; some of them had fought, suffered and starved in the 1913 lock-out.

In 1900 Connolly secured separate national recognition for a delegation from the Irish Socialist Republican Party to the Paris International Socialist Congress, thus linking up the Irish working class with the international army of Labour. In 1910 and 1912 this International declared that Socialists in each country should oppose war—the war which finally broke out in August 1914. The Socialists in Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and other countries, however, did not implement that declaration; in each country they supported their various capitalist governments. They betrayed the working people of their various countries into the hands of the militarists. They became social-chauvinists, those whom Connolly well knew could never understand his part in Easter Week.

In the columns of the "Irish Worker" (August 8th, 1914) he wrote: "Should the working class of Europe, rather than slaughter each other for the benefit of Kings and Financiers, proceed tomorrow to erect barricades all over Europe, to break up bridges and destroy the transport services that war might be abolished, we should be perfectly

justified in following such a glorious example and contributing our aid to the final dethronement of the vulture classes that rule and rob the world."

From Lenin's Bolshevik party came the call of "converting the imperialist war into a civil war." With two identical positions, it was therefore not difficult for Lenin to understand the Easter Rising when it broke out. It is important for Irish readers, however, to note that Lenin had followed the Irish situation long before 1916. During the 1913 strike he had reported and written on the significance of the workers' fight against the combined forces of the British state machine, the Church and the Irish employing class. In his articles, "Class War in Dublin" and "A Week after the Atrocities in Dublin," he wrote on the fierceness of the 1913 strike, the great solidarity of the Irish workers and of the beginning of the idea of an armed workers' force, that was later to emerge in the Citizen Army.

## Not Understood

The Jimmy Thomases, the Arthur Hendersons and the Ramsay McDonalds who, at that time, led the British Labour Movement and who had considerable influence in the international social-democratic movement, did not understand Connolly's participation in the Easter Week Rising. Neither did the "Left" Socialists, like Karl Radek.

Lenin, however, with his profound understanding of imperialism and of the national liberation struggle understood clearly the men of Easter Week and spoke out sharply in their defence. In "The Real Meaning of the Rebellion" he placed the rising in the pattern of anti-imperialist actions that had developed elsewhere in the course of the imperialist war, viz:— the brutal suppression by the British of an Indian Army mutiny in Singapore; the condemnation to death of Czech

regiments; the attempts at rebellion in French Annam and in the German Cameroons. Referring to Easter Week, Lenin said, "there had been a rebellion in Ireland which the 'freedom loving' English, who did not dare to conscript the Irish, had suppressed by executions."

The 1916 Revolt, he said, arose because the war proved to be an epoch of crisis for the West European nations, for imperialism as a whole, and that owing to the crisis of imperialism the flames of national revolt had burst out in the colonies and in Europe; that national sympathies and antipathies had manifested themselves in spite of threats and draconic measures. The Rising was a product of this crisis; it did not just drop out of an Irish sky one spring morn.

### Not a "Putsch"

Castigating those who would "vilify the Irish Rebellion by calling it a putsch" Lenin wrote:

"The term 'putsch' in the scientific sense of the word, may be employed only when the attempt at insurrection has revealed nothing but a circle of conspirators or stupid maniacs, and when it has roused no sympathy among the masses."

Proceeding to further explain the basic factors of the uprising, Lenin revealed his amazing grasp of Irish historical detail, much of which he had accumulated in his study of Marx on Ireland, and in his study of the principles of self-determination for oppressed nations. That it was not dated ancient knowledge but keen information on the events preceding the rising was shown when he wrote:

"The century-old Irish national movement having passed through various stages and combinations of class interest expressed itself, inter alia, in a mass Irish National Congress in America (see 'Vorwärts,' March 20th, 1916) which passed a resolution calling for Irish independence; it expressed itself in street fighting conducted by a section of the urban petty bourgeoisie and a section of workers after a long period of mass agitation, demonstrations, suppression of papers, etc. Whoever calls such an uprising a 'putsch' is either a hardened reactionary or a doctrinaire, who is hopelessly incapable of picturing to himself a social revolution as a living phenomenon."

### Rose too Soon?

A year later he was himself to lead the greatest social revolution of all time. That event—the Russian Revolution — was to throw into greater relief what he wrote in 1916 on the Easter Uprising: "The misfortune of the Irish is that they rose prematurely, when the European revolt of the proletariat had not yet matured." What an interesting speculation there is in wondering what would be the situation in Ireland now if the two events had coincided! It was not however to be. As everybody knows the circumstances of the time



in Ireland governed the actual time of the 1916 Rising. Lenin himself pointed out that revolts and revolutions can not be synchronised as he said when he assessed the timing of Easter Week.

"Capitalism is not so harmoniously built that the various springs of rebellion can immediately merge into one, of their own accord without reverses and defeats. On the contrary, the very fact that revolts break out at different times and in different places and are of different kinds assures wide scope and depth to the general movement. Only in revolutionary movements which are often premature, partial, sporadic, and therefore unsuccessful will the masses gain experience, acquire knowledge, gather strength, get to know their real leaders, the socialist proletarians, and in that way prepare for the general onslaught, in the same way as separate strikes, demonstrations, local and national mutinies in the army, outbreaks among the peasantry, etc., prepared the way for the general onslaught in 1905." (in Russia).

In opposing the imperialist war and by fighting for national liberation, Connolly marked off the Irish Labour movement from the opportunists and reformists of the Second International and placed it in the company of Lenin and the two German working class

fighters, Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht, who died for their opposition to the war.

Connolly gave to our Irish Labour movement of today, splendid traditions of devotion to the cause of national freedom, revolutionary opposition to imperialist wars and belief in the internationalist identity of interests of those who strive in all lands for a better social system, national independence, peace and progress.

Sing out the name of him who died,  
Loud and clear with Irish pride,  
Of Connolly brave who one Easter day  
Fought and fell to end the age-long  
sway  
Of King and Master over all mankind.

Sing out the name of Lenin too,  
Who sprang to his defence,  
No more must working people fight,  
In strife for cruel imperial plunder,  
Heroic Easter Week was right!  
Rang Lenin's voice like thunder.

Fifty years have now passed by,  
Since Connolly died, since Lenin spoke  
Fifty years of upturned thrones,  
The age of man; the end of drones,  
All mankind's marching forward now  
Let Ireland join that tide,  
That's what Connolly dreamed of,  
That's why Connolly died.

# The Citizen Army

By LIAM MacGABHANN

**T**HE Citizen Army is out today and if you wonder why,  
Go ask the lords of the tram-lined way  
if their cash returns be high.  
'Tisn't the bosses who bear the brunt,  
'tisn't you and I,  
But the women and kids whose tears  
are hid as the strikers go stumbling  
by.  
The docker loads two hundred tons in  
his master's ship per day.  
At night the docker's daughter bends  
her weary limbs to pray.  
From the old North Wall to Liberty  
Hall was a deadline of unskilled,  
They heaved and hauled when the  
bosses called and stopped when the  
bosses willed.

\* \* \*

The Citizen Army is out today and if you wonder why,  
Jim Larkin came this way to nail the  
bosses' lie.  
That the iron gyves on their limbs and  
lives would crush them till they die,  
Those women and kids whose tears are  
hid as the strikers go marching by.  
The docker and carter and heaver of  
coal, were only the backwash then,  
Till Larkin built the union up and the  
bosses feared again.  
From the old North Wall to Liberty  
Hall came that deadline of unskilled,  
In a new-born fight for the workers'  
rights, that the bosses thought they  
had killed.

\* \* \*

The Citizen Army is out today and if you wonder why,  
Go ask the troops in the master's pay  
if the blood on their guns be dry.  
Ah, well, they won, and the Baton and  
gun have swung where the dead  
men lie,  
For the women and kids whose tears are  
hid as the wounded go stumbling by.  
Jim Connolly watches ships go out  
through flags at Kingstown Pier,  
And starving Dublin sends its toll of  
Guard and Fusilier,  
Food for the guns that over the world  
have thundered murder's peal,  
And Dublin's broken union men die first  
on Flanders fields.

\* \* \*

The Citizen Army is out today and if you wonder why,  
Go ask the men in the gray and green  
why the Plough and the Stars flag  
flies,  
'Tisn't only the bosses we challenge  
now, 'tis Connolly has cast the die,

For the women and kids whose tears  
are hid as the soldiers go marching  
by.  
Four hundred bosses planned to break  
that deadline of unskilled;  
Four hundred bosses drink tonight for  
Connolly is killed.  
But dead or alive, there are those who  
strive a glorious thing to do,  
For Connolly built that union up, for  
the likes of me and you.

\* \* \*

The Citizen Army is out today and if you wonder why,  
Go ask the lords of the banking house  
if their cash returns be high,  
For they are there and we are here, and  
a fight to the knife again,  
The Citizen Army is out today; come,  
workers, are ye men?

## JOHN O'KEEFE RECALLS

(Continued from Page Eighteen)

fired upon from the Four Courts, it seemed that the enemy were in possession there, too. We decided to attempt to join our forces at Jacob's factory.

We had got only into Back Lane when we met a woman (later I discovered that her son was "out"; she was Captain Kelly's mother). "The British have got all the positions round Jacob's," she said. "You won't get far in that cut (we were in the green uniform and slouch hat of the Citizen Army). She took us into her house, gave us food, water to wash, and ordinary clothes to change into. We concealed our rifles and made our way to the Four Courts. It was hopeless there, too. Troops held positions at the corners of the streets, and there were barricades of motors, tram cars, etc.

\* \* \*

Connolly's address to the Citizen Army a couple of days before the Rising should never be forgotten by the Irish workers. "Being the lesser party," he said, "we join in this fight with our comrades of the Irish Volunteers. But hold your arms. If we succeed, those who are our comrades today we may be compelled to fight tomorrow." And when one of our number raised the question of our strength came the reply: "The people will help."

(Continued at foot of next Column)

## BE MODERATE

By James Connolly

Some men, faint-hearted, ever seek  
Our programme to retouch,  
And will insist, when'er they speak  
That we demand too much.  
'Tis passing strange, yet I declare  
Such statements cause me mirth.  
For our demands most modest are,  
We only want THE EARTH.

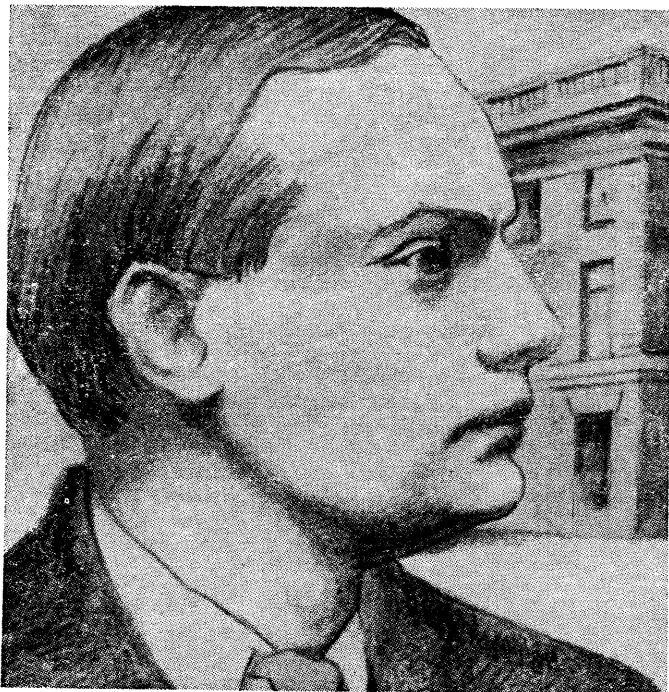
"Be moderate," the trimmers cry,  
Who dread the tyrant's thunder,  
"You ask too much and people fly  
From you aghast in wonder."  
'Tis passing strange, for I declare  
Such statements give me mirth,  
For our demands most modest are,  
We only want THE EARTH.

Our masters all, a godly crew,  
Whose hearts throb for the poor,  
Their sympathies assure us, too,  
If our demands were fewer.  
Most generous souls! But please observe,  
What they enjoy from birth  
Is all we ever had the nerve  
To ask, that is, THE EARTH.

The "Labour Fakir," full of guile.  
Base doctrine ever preaches,  
And while he bleeds the rank and file  
Tame moderation teaches.  
Yet in his despite, we'll see the day  
When with sword in its girth.  
Labour shall march in war array  
To seize its own, THE EARTH.

For Labour long, with sighs and tears.  
To its oppressors knelt,  
But never yet, to aught save fears,  
Did heart of tyrant melt.  
We need not kneel, our cause is high  
Of true men there's no dearth,  
And our victorious rallying cry  
Shall be "WE WANT THE EARTH."

And that Connolly—as the last episode in his life showed—was almost alone, with the obvious exception of Lenin, among the leaders of the Second International in understanding the connection between the struggles of the international working class and of the oppressed peoples, I am now the better able to realise by recalling one of his sayings. One Sunday in our rooms in Pearse Street we were discussing nationalism versus internationalism. Jim listened a while in silence, then: "How the hell can you have one without the other?" he snapped out.



# 1916 AND EDUCATION

intention was to achieve this in a school atmosphere where the pupils' interests and education were foremost. He detested and deplored the examination dominated system of education which had developed under British rule. A system which aimed at pushing pupils through public examinations and not at educating them he characterised as a "murder machine". Like a machine it had its products and the schools were paid by the number of their successful products.

With independence we abolished the system of payments by results but in all other respects we have retained the arrangements devised by the British. The schools are now more dominated by examinations, not less. Courses have narrowed and become more closely prescribed. A veritable subsidiary industry of hack publishers have grown up whose sole function is to provide easy keys to passing examinations. Very little is ever heard of the purpose of an educational system: to educate. An authoritarian spirit utterly pervades most of the schools. There is none of that free atmosphere that Pearse regarded as so necessary to produce a generation of free Irishmen. Pearse's pupils assumed to themselves many of the responsibilities of running the school and were encouraged to do so by their headmaster. You would go far in Ireland today to find schools which allow their pupils to assume responsibilities, but then we must remember that St. Enda's, the prototype of schools for the New Ireland, was a lay school.

It was a lay school. It was, however, a sectarian school. Although an Ulster Protestant provided capital for the school, no Protestants attended it. To that extent and perhaps in so far as it laid total emphasis on the Gaelic tradition and paid little respect to the traditions of English speaking Irishmen, St. Enda's School was exclusivist. These are features which we would not wish to see emulated in modern Ireland. But in the belief in education, in education in a free atmosphere in which the individual comes first and the examination system last, we can join and regret that these conditions are not yet fulfilled.

It is, however, in the fulfilment of the promise of universal education for all which is implied in "cherishing all the children of the nation equally" that our native bourgeois governments have utterly failed the men of 1916. But should we be surprised? Connolly told us a long time ago, before 1916, that they would.

## Our Contributors—from page three

BETTY SINCLAIR is the outstanding woman in the Belfast working class movement, a member of the Communist Party and secretary of the Belfast and District Trades Union Council.

JOHN O'KEEFE was a veteran of the Irish Citizen Army; his article, with minor amendments and deletions, is a reprint from the weekly "Irish Workers' Voice," May 14, 1932.

TOM BELL was associated with Connolly in the Scottish Socialist movement; his article is an extract from one he wrote for "Labour Monthly," London, April 1937, on the occasion of the 21st anniversary of Connolly's execution.

MICHAEL O'RIORDAN is General Secretary of the Irish Workers' Party.

This publication is issued by "Irish Socialist" on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee Anniversary of the 1916 Easter Uprising. It has been assembled and edited by Sean Nolan, at 37 Pembroke Lane, Dublin 4, Ireland. 4/66.

VERY shortly after 1916 one Michael Tierney, M.A., wrote that the problem "of how the people are to be educated. . . is one of the main pillars upon which the whole fabric of a future Ireland will rest, and if it be carelessly set up, our golden temple may easily topple into sudden crashing ruin or fall into slow and crumbling decay, a poor mournful 'folly' among the nations."

Tierney outlined his answer to how the people were to be educated: "Part then of the educational programme of a free democratic Ireland must be, next to the all-important national revival, the institution of a thoroughly popular culture free and open to all, the raising of the age for compulsory attendance at school to at least eighteen, and the complete freeing of all below that age from all necessity to work."

Thus, in the first flush of enthusiasm the man who was later to become the cynical, reactionary President of University

## by a Secondary Teacher

College, Dublin, filled out a programme which would realise the hopes and ambitions of the men of 1916. Tierney's "Education in a Free Ireland" shows us how the Proclamation's statement that the Republic will "cherish all its children equally" might have been realised. The recent O.E.C.D. Committee's report on "Investment in Education" reveals how completely the governments since independence have failed to fulfil the bright promise of 1916. Post primary education is still today, as under the British, a privilege for the privileged.

Among the men of 1916 there were many teachers. Patrick Pearse was after all a schoolmaster. It is not surprising, therefore, that these men should have looked to the New Ireland for a new deal for education.

Pearse founded St. Enda's School in Cullenswood, Ranelagh, as a prototype of the schools of the New Ireland. In St. Enda's he tried to fuse two conceptions. He drew together the inspiration of the Gaelic Revival and the then newly emerged conception of the pupil centred school.

Pearse created a school in which Irish was the language of instruction and of out-of-class communication. He tried to develop in his pupils those virtues which the ancient Gael admired. He set before them the Fianna and the Red Branch Knights as models to be emulated. His determination was to produce nationally minded, dedicated citizens. His original

# Women and Easter Week

WHEN we think of 1916 and the events leading up to it, such names as Constance Markiewicz, Maud Gonne, Dr. Kathleen Lynn and Helena Moloney spring to mind almost as readily as those of the men. For the period leading up to and including the Rising was the Golden Age of Irish womanhood. The literary and cultural revival of the turn of the century had a profound effect on the political events that followed. Women had played a major part in this revival, writing, painting and acting alongside their menfolk as equals. They continued to play their part in the years that led up to Easter Week.

None of this would have been possible fifty years earlier, but the struggle for the emancipation of women was gaining ground in Britain, and it was in the light of this struggle that Maud Gonne and Constance Markiewicz were able to overcome the effects of Irish masculine prejudice enough to awaken the women of Ireland. Maud Gonne, with her revolutionary organisation "The Daughters of Erin", founded in 1900, and the women's magazine "The Women of Ireland" which she and Helena Moloney started in 1908, led the way for the first men's organisation to accept women—the Irish Volunteers, formed in 1913, with its auxiliary organisation for women, Cumann na mBan. Dr. Kathleen Lynn and Countess Markiewicz held commissioned rank in the Irish Citizen Army. Markiewicz fought in St. Stephen's Green, Helena Moloney at the City Hall.

This was a tremendous step forward in the fight for women's emancipation—a far cry from the blank wall of male prejudice which had greeted Maud Gonne on her return from France as a young woman anxious to play her part in the coming struggle for national freedom.

## By Marion Jeffares

In the undistinguished annals of women's journalism, the magazine founded by Maud Gonne and Helena Moloney holds a heroic and unique position, and is something of which Irishwomen and Irishmen may be proud. One issue had a report beginning: "How perfectly lovely are the hats this season"—and on the next page, an article on street fighting: "The first thing to do is to break all the street lamps, leaving the district in total darkness; then ropes and wires are stretched across the street." What a contrast with the kind of women's journals we have to endure today! In 1910, "The Women of Ireland" was the only Irish magazine being published which advocated physical force, and it justly claimed to be "the ladies' paper that all the young men read".

Another outstanding woman of her time was Hanna Sheehy-Skeffington, a militant suffragette, who identified herself wholeheartedly with the struggle of the workers in 1913, and with every progressive cause, the Spanish war against Fascism included, until her death in the late 1940s.

## Women Won Confidence

The struggle of such women as these inspired Irishwomen everywhere to join in the common struggle. They gave women the confidence in themselves which they lacked, and showed them that there was a greater good than the immediate good



MADAM MARKIEWICZ fought with Citizen Army at College of Surgeons. Sentenced to death by Court Martial; reprieved; first woman to be elected to British House of Commons, 1918; Minister of Labour, first Republican Cabinet, 1919. Died, 1927.

of hearth and home. Without the courage of the Republican women, freedom could never have been won.

If we are to uphold the ideals of the women of the 1916 period, we must be as determined as they were to rouse Irishwomen from the domestic drudgery and narrow home life to which they have once more been consigned in the years since 1916. What would Markiewicz or Maud Gonne think of the position occupied by women in the Ireland of 1966? After fifty years we still have not got equal pay for equal work, our women civil servants are still compelled to give up their work when they marry, our young girls, leaving school with no particular qualifications, are forced to take the most menial jobs in industry or as domestic servants. Only 10 per cent of our married women and widows can find work, compared with 40 per cent in Britain. We have very few women in politics or public life. For, in spite of the winning of political freedom, the capitalist system has pushed us right back into the old position of home-bound wives and mothers, degraded by stultifying housework and by our dependence on our husbands for every penny. We still qualify for Connolly's description of women in capitalist society: "the slaves of slaves".

## Socialism Will Free Women

But the notion of women as being second-class citizens no longer cuts as much ice with us. In the trade union and Labour movement, on branch and executive committees, as shop stewards and as delegates to annual meetings of the I.C.T.U., hundreds and more women are playing an increasingly important role. Women are more and more proving they are capable of more than cooking, cleaning and child-minding. We remember what Irishwomen have done before, and we know what women like Mrs. Gandhi and Valentina Tereshkova are doing today. And these fifty years have taught us something else, something that James Connolly understood full well: that only in a Socialist society can women be fully free.



**Title:** 1916-1966

**Organisation:** Irish Workers' Party

**Date:** 1966

Downloaded from the Irish Left Archive.

Visit [www.leftarchive.ie](http://www.leftarchive.ie)

*The Irish Left Archive is provided as a non-commercial historical resource, open to all, and has reproduced this document as an accessible digital reference. Copyright remains with its original authors. If used on other sites, we would appreciate a link back and reference to the Irish Left Archive, in addition to the original creators. For re-publication, commercial, or other uses, please contact the original owners. If documents provided to the Irish Left Archive have been created for or added to other online archives, please inform us so sources can be credited.*