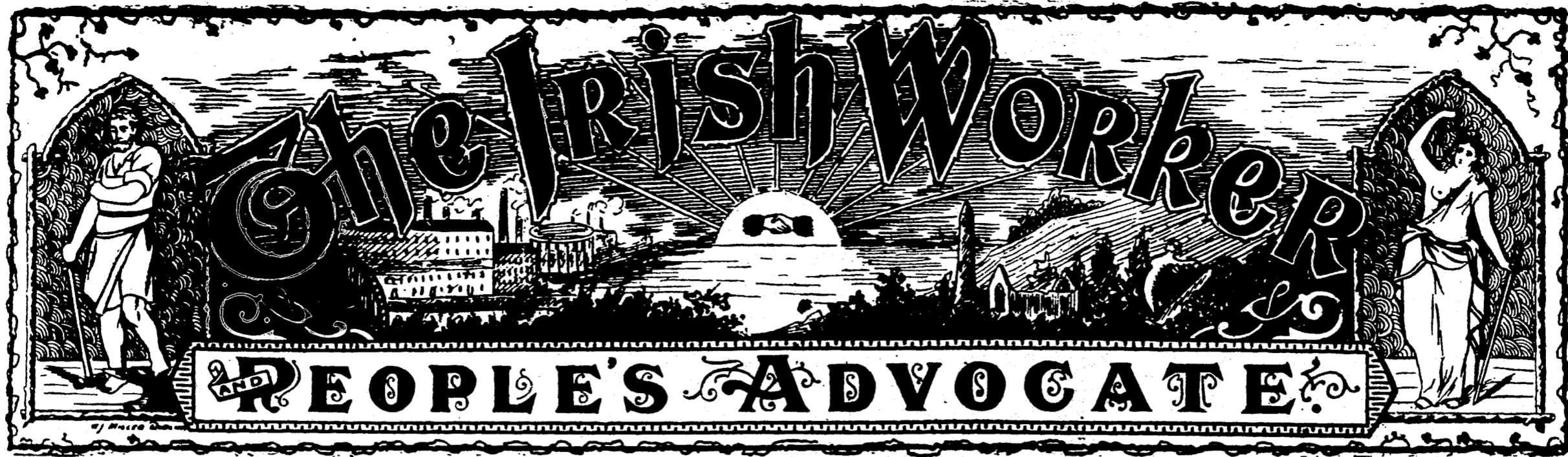


"The principle I stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland." James Fintan Lalor.



Who is it speaks of defeat?
I tell you a cause like ours;
Is greater than defeat can know—
It is the power of powers.

As surely as the earth rolls round,
As surely as the glorious sun
Brings the great world moon-wave,
Must our Cause be won!

Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 4.—VOL. I.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JUNE 17th, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.]

The Rights of Ireland.

By JAMES FININTON LALOR.

(From the first number of the "Irish Felon," June 24th, 1848.)

[We intend in this and the following numbers to reprint the writings of the one man who, in the dark days of the forties, had a clear conception of what was wrong and how to right the wrong. If ever in the history of our race there was a vital necessity for clear thinking, for resolute action, for men, determined men—men who, despising the shibboleths of the present, will look back to the past, aye, our glorious past, and gaining knowledge and strength from the brave and true who have gone before will determine that they will not allow any group, clique or party to barter away for their own self aggrandisement and dishonour the honour of the land we belong to or the principles of the men who died that we at least might exist. Reader, the dead who died for Ireland speak to you through the living writings of the man Lalor. Are you, common people, you of the working class, going to turn recreants? Are you going to join the amalgamated union of loyal addressers, sycophantic Lord Mayors, jelly-fish Councillors (Urban and Rural), scab labour employers, like John Mooney, J.P.? If so, go home. Take down from the walls of the dwelling you exist in the pictures and photos and all that recalls the men, the heroes and martyrs, men who despised all tinsel show, place or profit, thought only of truth, honesty and loyalty to the land that bore them.—Ed.]

To found a paper like the *Irish Felon*, for the mere purpose, in whole or in part, of making a fortune or making a farthing, would be a felon's crime indeed, deserving no hero's doom, lamented death or honoured exile, but death on the scaffold, amid the scoff and scorn of the world. For years we have seen men in Ireland alternately trading on the Government and trading on the country, and making money by both; and you do not imagine, perhaps, to what degree the public mind has been affected with a feeling of suspicion by the circumstance—a feeling deepened, extended and justified, by all we see or know ourselves. For, indeed, the craving to get money—the niggard reluctance to give money—the coward fear of losing or laying out money—is the bad and coarse point that is most apparent in the character of all ranks and classes of our people; and I often fear it argues an utter absence of heroism from our national temperament, and of all the romantic passions, whether public or private. In other countries men marry for love; in Ireland they marry for money. Elsewhere they serve their country for their country's banks or their country's tears—here they do it for their country's money. At this very time, when Ireland, to all appearance, is stripping for her last struggle on this side of ages, there are, I am convinced, many persons among the middle classes who refuse to fall into the national march, and countenance the national movement, merely from the hope—in such cases as an aim as it is vile—of obtaining some petty Government place; or from the fear of using some beggarly employment or not; and I know myself in this country many and many a sturdy and comfortable farmer who refuses to furnish himself with a pike, merely and solely because it would cost him two shillings. Or ourselves—I say nothing of others—we aim at better rewards than mere money rewards. Better and higher rewards has Ireland in her hands. If we succeed, we shall obtain these; and if we

do not succeed, we shall deserve none. In cases like this, the greatest crime that man can commit is the crime of failure. I am convinced it has become essential to our fame and our effectiveness—to the success of our cause and the character of our country, to keep clear and secure ourselves from the suspicion, that our only object may be nothing more than a long and lucrative agitation. The Confederation pledged its members to accept no office or place of profit from an English Government. That pledge was efficient, perhaps, for its own professed purposes, but not for others—for an "agitation" has places and profits of its own to bestow. Let them say of us whatever else they will—let them call us felons, and treat us as such, but let them not, at least, have the power to call us swindlers. We may be famous: let us not become infamous.

For these and other still more important reasons, needless to be stated as yet, I certainly could have wished that this journal had been established on a subscribed capital, and the effective ownership vested in a joint-stock company of, say eight hundred or a thousand proprietors. What is there to hinder that this arrangement should be made even now? It would contain securities, and create powers, which no other could offer or pretend to. There are, indeed, some practical difficulties in the way, but they might easily, I think, be overcome. Whether any such arrangement be adopted or not, I believe, however, that I am fully warranted in desiring—and I think our own true interest and honour concur in demanding—that the *Felon* office shall not be a commercial establishment, but organised and animated as a great political association. And, for my part, I enter it with the hope and determination to make it an armed post, a fortress for freedom to be, perhaps, taken and retaken again, and yet again; but never to surrender, nor stoop its flag, till that flag shall float above a liberated nation.

Without agreement as to our objects we cannot agree on the course we should follow. It is requisite the paper should have but one purpose; and the public should understand what that purpose is. Mine is not to repeal the Union, or restore Eighty-two. This is not the year '82, this is the year '48. For repeal I never went into "Agitation," and will not go into insurrection. On that question I refuse to arm, or to act in any mode; and the country refuses. O'Connell made no mistake when he pronounced it not worth the price of one drop of blood; and for myself, I regret it was not left in the hands of Conciliation Hall, whose lawful property it was and is. Moral force and Repeal, the means and the purpose, were just fitted to each other—*Arcades ambo*, balmy Arcadians both. When the means were limited, it was only proper and necessary to limit the purpose. When the means were enlarged, that purpose ought to have been enlarged also. Repeal, in its vulgar meaning, I look on as utterly impracticable by any mode of action whatever, and the constitution of '82 was absurd, worthless, and worse than worthless. The English Government will never concede or surrender to any species of moral force whatsoever; and the country peasantry will never arm and fight for it—neither will I. If I am to stake life and fame it must assuredly be for something better and greater, more likely to last, more likely to succeed, and better worth success. And a stronger passion, a higher purpose, a nobler and more needful enterprise is fermenting the hearts of the people. A mightier question moves Ireland to-day than that of merely repealing the Act of Union. Not the constitution that Wolfe Tone died to abolish, but the constitution that Tone died to obtain— independence; full and absolute independence for this island, and for every man within this island. Into no movement that would leave an enemy's garrison in possession of all our lands, masters of our liberties, our lives, and all our means of

life and happiness—into no such movement will a single man of the greycoats enter with an armed hand, whatever the town population may do. On a wider fighting field, with stronger positions and greater resources than are afforded by the paltry question of Repeal, must we close for our final struggle with England, or sink and surrender.

Ireland her own—Ireland her own, and all therein, from the sod to the sky. The soil of Ireland for the people of Ireland, to have and hold from God alone who gave it—to have and to hold to them and their heirs for ever, without suit or service, faith or fealty, rent or render, to any power under Heaven. From a worse bondage than the bondage of any foreign Government—from a dominion more grievous and grinding than the dominion of England in its worst days—from the cruellest tyranny that ever yet held its vulture clutch on the body and soul of a country—from the robber rights and robber rule that have turned us into slaves and beggars in the land which God gave us for ours—Deliverance, oh, Lord, Deliverance or death—Deliverance, or this island a desert. This is the one prayer, and terrible need, and real passion of Ireland to-day, as it has been for ages. Now, at last it begins to shape into defined and desperate purpose; and into it all manner and smaller purposes must settle and merge. It might have been kept in abeyance, and away from the sight of the sun—aye, even till this old native race had been finally conquered out and extinguished, *sub silentio*, without noise or notice. But once propounded and proclaimed as a principle, not in the dust of remote country districts, but loudly and proudly in the tribunals of the capital, it must now be accepted and declared as the first and main Article of Association in the National Covenant of organised defence and armed resistance: as the principle to take ground, and stand, and fight upon. When a greater and more ennobling enterprise is on foot, every inferior and feebler project or proceeding will soon be left in the hands of old women, of dastards, imposters, swindlers, and imbeciles. All the strength and manhood of the island—all the courage, energies, and ambition—all the passion, heroism, and chivalry—all the strong men and the strong minds—all those things that make revolutions will quickly desert it, and throw themselves into the great movement, through into the larger and loftier undertaking, and flock round the banner that flies nearest the sky. There goes the young, the gallant, the gifted, and the daring; and there, too, go the wise. For wisdom knows that in national action littleness is more fatal than the wildest rashness; the greatness of object is essential to greatness of effort, strength, and success; that a revolution ought never to take its stand on low or narrow ground, but seize on the broadest and highest ground it can lay hands on; and that a petty enterprise seldom succeeds. Had America aimed or declared for less than independence, she would, probably, have failed, and been a fettered slave to-day.

(To be continued).

SAVE MONEY!

The Ball of Blue

Gives the Best Value in Dublin in
BOOTS, SHOES and other Goods.

Come and see; you will be surprised.

ADDRESS—
Corner of RUTLAND SQUARE, West.

** Save your Money and think of "The Ball of Blue."

Quayside Notes.

The letters appearing in this column from Mrs. Roche to Messrs. S. N. Robinson accusing Michael Foran, formerly carter in the employment of that firm, of dishonesty, explains themselves. Here we have a fair specimen of Christian charity as understood by the idle rich. This woman, Roche, who never in the whole course of her life has done any useful work, who is fed and clothed by the working classes, thought all she had to do was to charge this poor hardworking man with having stolen a bag of coal from the ton consigned to her, then to write his employer, get him discharged, and did not care what the result of her false charge would be. She cared not if she blasted the man's character, got him imprisoned, broke up his home, and drove himself and wife to destitution and want. She is not the first, nor will she be the last, to understand that the strong right arm of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, supported by fearless and intelligent men like Michael Foran, will protect its members at all costs. The next time Mrs. Roche writes a letter she will think of the £45 she paid, and you, coal-porters, think of your dignity as workers, and whenever you are treated unjustly forget not your Union and its protecting arm.

23 Ailesbury Road,
Dublin, 30th Dec., 1910.

SIR—The tone of your letter surprised me, as I was under the impression that in exposing your man's fraud I was doing you a service as well as myself. In saying "fraud" I rely on your word expressed through the telephone, that you sent me 16 bags of coal per said man. You were quite right in testing my statement; but it was not a very reliable or business-like test that of removing all coal from the coal hole. I laughed heartily on returning home, and made the remark to my family that we should have the floor of the coal hole well levelled now, as no doubt your man would rake it all over. However, you must not say I put you to "trouble or expense," as I merely told you what I re-state emphatically, and am prepared to swear it if necessary—viz., that I saw your man stop at my gate, send in a message asking if he might drive in; then before the message reached him he turned, drew quickly in the gate, and proceeded to take in the coal. He brought in through the gate some empty sacks, which suggested to me to count the sacks. I stood there and counted the sacks going in, putting a stroke on a sheet of paper in my hand as he took each sack in. Besides this, whilst waiting, I counted the sacks on the cart. When I taxed the man with it he said nothing for a moment, then said he put in 16 sacks; then later said he had delivered another ton elsewhere off the cart and brought me the rest. On his own statements I would find proof, if wanting. I shall call to you re matter if you wish.

Yours truly,
M. K. ROCHE.

23 Ailesbury Road,
Dublin, 10th Jan., 1911.

SIR—I shall accept service of any writ you choose to serve upon me. I desire, however, to correct the statement you make in your letter of 9th inst. by saying that an investigation of the coal in my coal vault was not an investigation of the coal delivered by your client, and the fact that one ton of coal was found to be in my coal vault conclusively proves that your client cannot have delivered a ton, otherwise the investigation you speak of would have discovered that there was 1½ ton in the place.

I personally counted the bags delivered, and if I have to prove it you client will not benefit by the disclosure.

You may act as you are advised, but kindly do not address me again.—Yours faithfully,

M. ROCHE.

1911—No. 611.

In the High Court of Justice in Ireland,
Kings Bench Division.

Between
Patrick Foran, Plaintiff,
And
Mary K. Roche, Defendant.

It is hereby agreed and consented between the parties herein testified by their signatures hereto that all proceedings in this action be stayed.

And the defendant hereby withdraws all statements, verbal or written, made by her in reference to the plaintiff, and hereby apologises and agrees to pay the said plaintiff the sum of forty-five pounds in full satisfaction for damages and costs.

This consent to be made a Rule of Court by said defendant.

Dated this 20th May, 1911.
Signed on behalf of the plaintiff in the presence of

WILLIAM ROCHE.

Signed on behalf of defendant in presence of

M. J. HANMORE, O'BEIRNE & Co.,
Defendant's solicitors.

We wonder how it is that John Kelly, coal importer, of Belfast, got all the railway contracts this year. It seems strange that Dublin firms like Messrs. Michael Murphy and the Dublin Steamship Co., who formerly held these contracts, should lose them.

By the way, we wonder why Messrs. Murphy, who are one of the most straightforward firms in the coal trade in this country, and who recognise and pay the Union rate of wages, do not employ Dublin men in their boats. I am sure that matter only needs mentioning to be rectified. We hope our friends will take note that the firm of the Dublin General Steamship Co., Beresford Place, not only supply a good article but treat the workers fairly.

We have had the gentlemen of the press buzzing around the quays all week trying to pick up news with reference to the International Strike of Seamen and Firemen, and to show you how they get their news there was a slight misunderstanding on Wednesday night at the Head Boat about 10 p.m., when the gentleman, who wields the lurid pencil for the "Times," came into the Transport Union Office for "copy." Well, friends of the capitalist press, when the Irish Transport Union intends moving it will not be the mouths of the employers will get the tip, and we would like to ask what police station rung up the reporting staff of the "Times" to tell them there was a strike on the Quay?

Leather boots and shoes exported from the United Kingdom last year reached the record number of 1,088,000 dozen pairs, the value of which was declared at over three million pounds.—These boots with cardboard soles, which we have occasionally been stuck with, are not included in above.

Owing to a shortage of foxes, the present fox-hunting season has been one of the least successful on record.—This is the hunters' point of view—not the foxes.

Seventy years with one firm was the record of an aged cloth-worker who has just died at Trowbridge, Wilt. He began work when he was eight and a half years old.—We doubt if all his work brought him in much of a fortune.

Missin' the Childher.

Our Letter Box.

"Ui Breasail"—Its Promoters and Objects.

Whin daylight fades from the cabin floor,
And night winds stir in the big ash tree;

Mary keeps sayin', "In spring, please God,
I'll be landin' back to you safe and sound;

Readers: Let not your blood be chilled by
these poetesses and poets, with their never-failing appeal to your innermost feelings.

Having relieved myself thus far, Mr. Editor,
may I confess that in my early days I had a deep grudge against the well-to-do class because of its indifference to, and want of sympathy for, the ill-to-do class.

Not once in the whole of his long letter does
this correspondent attempt to deny the statements we made. He knows he could not do it.

And now, all Boards of Guardians, County Councils,
City Councils, Boards of Directors, Port and Dock Boards led by our worshipful and "Right Honourable" the Lord Mayor of Dublin, not forgetting Rebel Cork and its City Council—and you, oh, 76,000 of our childher, sing! ay, raise your voices!

DEAR SIR,—I am the son of an Irish workman, mechanic,
and I am an Irish worker myself, although not a mechanic.

I submit, Mr. Editor that in "O. F.'s" article on the
Food Section of the "Ui Breasail" Exhibition, you have been needlessly severe and heedlessly ungrateful to the "Ui Breasail" promoters, but especially to its chief patron, the Countess of Aberdeen.

As the son of a skilled Dublin mechanic, who by self-sacrifice and self-help
lifted me out of surroundings such as I have described, I write gratefully and admiringly of the "Ui Breasail" idea and people, and wish to show you and your readers the other side of the picture painted by your correspondent "O. F."

May I still enlarge on this topic? I have seen
the homes of many tradesmen and labourers, and have been shocked by my experience of the skilled worker's home, compared with the comfort and cleanliness of the labourer's home.

picture-wife drops her personal adornment—all that was
but a trap to catch a husband—she appears in her slovenly, dirty, inartistic true form.

Is it not a noble object in life for leisured and well-to-do
people to remedy such a state of things as I am describing here, and which I know exists all over the town life of Ireland?

Mr. Editor, I put it to you, how few can be injured,
but how many can be benefited by the "Ui Breasail" clique and agitation?

As the son of a skilled Dublin mechanic, who by self-sacrifice and self-help
lifted me out of surroundings such as I have described, I write gratefully and admiringly of the "Ui Breasail" idea and people, and wish to show you and your readers the other side of the picture painted by your correspondent "O. F."

P.S.—The day that Irish people will clearly distinguish
between the misleading partial truth and the guiding whole truth will be the day of Irish liberation in its highest and best sense.

R. J. S. Dublin, 10th June, 1911.

A Critic Answered.

We are dead. Wiped out. Annihilated. A correspondent,
whose letter we print this week, has done the foul deed.

Not once in the whole of his long letter does this
correspondent attempt to deny the statements we made. He knows he could not do it.

We are accused of being "needlessly severe and heedlessly ungrateful to the
Ui Breasail promoters, but especially to its chief patron, the Countess of Aberdeen."

have we to thank her Excellency, or anybody else connected with
this exhibition, for? Have they done us any good? Have they tried to do us any good?

But we know it was not for our sakes but for their own it
was held. Not one of them is a penny poorer because of it.

If Lord Iveagh gives a subscription to some charitable
institute, if he gives the Corporation a field for a playground, we are supposed to be awe-stricken at his magnanimity, astonished at his kindness.

Unable to justify the interference of Lady Aberdeen's
Association in any other way, "R.J.S." tries to make out a case for them by deliberately libelling the tradesmen of Ireland and their wives.

The labourers generally marry working girls from the
mills or factories. If "R.J.S." is right (which I deny) in his description of tradesmen's houses, his theory about the value of domestic training in the houses of the well-to-do is disproved by himself.

We are tired and sick of going round and round and never
getting anywhere. We know what we want and are determined to go straight toward it.

speaking for himself and of his own home when he tells us of
the filth and dirt in a tradesman's house, but he certainly is not speaking of the homes of the majority of the tradesmen of Dublin.

We will be glad to present "R.J.S." with a text book of
"Political Economy," and would ask him to read it before he again attempts to defend the indefensible.

O.F.

Funeral of the Late Miss Maguire.

On Sunday, 28th inst., the remains of the above lady were
conveyed from her residence, Longford Street, to Glasnevin.



Amongst the general public present were:—B. Hopkins, J. Metcalf (representing the Irish Transport Union); J. Hanlon, J. Brady, J. Donnelly, P. Dunne, P. Nugent, J. Smyth, D. Boland, P. Quinn, R. Peelog, W. Owens, J. Owens, W. Armstrong, W. Staunton, J. Brennan, P. Carroll, C. Nolan, W. McGuinness, C. Deway, C. Kearns, J. Martin, J. Fleming, F. Flynn, J. A. Martin, J. McCann, C. Chambers, O. Grady, J. Purcell, T. Madden, J. Madden, P. Gillis, P. Byrne, B. Maguire, J. O'Brien, M. Connor.

Wreaths were sent by Mrs. Margaret Donnelly and Mrs. Margaret Hardy.

The funeral arrangements were admirably carried out by Messrs. Flanagan, Augier street.

IF YOU WANT GOOD TABLE POTATOES, GO TO JOHN CARROLL, 128 Upr. Dorset St., Dublin.

Ancient Order of Hibernians Irish-American Alliance. Division 81 (Red Hand), 179 Great Brunswick Street.

ANNUAL EXCURSION ON SUNDAY, JULY 2nd, 1911, TO WEXFORD.

RETURN FARE, 3/- Children 1s. 6d. Bicycles 6d.

Passengers can break journey at Ennisceorthy. Come on a trip through the Garden of Ireland, and visit the historic County and City of Wexford.

Excursion will be accompanied by the Band of the IRISH TRANSPORT WORKERS' UNION. Tickets for sale at 179 Great Brunswick Street, 40 Cumberland Street, Kingstown, and at Westland Row Station on Morning of Excursion.

