

IRISH NEWS

A MOTOR BUS RIDE WITH TWO "BLACK-AND-TANS."

On Saturday afternoon, June 11, 1921 (writes a correspondent to a friend in New Zealand), I travelled by motor bus from Inchicore to Clondalkin in the Co. of Dublin. Traveling in the bus there were several women and young girls in their teens, a few men, two half-drunken "Black-and-Tans," and myself. During the half-hours journey the "Black-and-Tans" sang two of the most filthy, vile songs, that I have ever heard in my life. The songs were about immorality, and the language the worst and the most disgusting that could come out of the mouth of man. My blood boiled, and I felt sick at heart, and for the first time in my life I felt helpless. I knew well that if I checked or remonstrated with them I should be shot. They also made immoral suggestions, but no one in the bus spoke to them. Innocent Irishwomen and young girls were compelled to listen to their filthy, disgusting language, and immoral suggestions, or get out of the bus. Such are the privileges and conduct of the "Black-and-Tans" in Ireland.

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THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

An American exchange says:—

We would warn our readers against crediting the scare-head news from Dublin and London concerning the peace negotiations. If hostilities are to be renewed in Ireland, it will not be in the very near future. The following Irish opinion seems reasonable:—"Political leaders have a knack, all their own, of throwing out smoke screens to camouflage the purpose they want to achieve, and words by them should not be weighed for the common meaning they possess, but their actions and motives may well be considered."

It is not surprising that Lloyd George and Lord Curzon should state that England has gone the limit in concessions to Ireland, nor is it surprising that a bluff is being made in the matter of filling Ireland with British troops. It would never do for the Coalitionists to submit too tamely to the Sinn Feiners. Meanwhile we are assured from Ireland that de Valera and Craig are getting around to a point of agreement on a common Irish political pedestal, and that the people of all Ireland will be asked to ratify the agreement. When so much is accomplished it won't be so difficult as it would now appear to arrange the rest with England. All this will take time, and we should not let the newspapers unduly excite us. England is no more anxious for another "Black-and-Tan" campaign than Ireland is.

The political trickery of Lloyd George has been evidenced in his correspondence with President de Valera, especially in his last letter. De Valera wrote to Lloyd George that in regard to the question of Ireland's liability to shoulder part of England's war debt, he was willing to have it submitted to arbitration, suggesting that the President of the United States appoint one of the arbitrators. In the same letter he wrote anent the Ulster problem: "We cannot admit the right of the British Government to mutilate our country either in its own interest or at the call of any section of our population. We do not contemplate the use of force. If your government stands aside, we can effect a complete reconciliation."

In the course of his reply, Lloyd George made the astounding statement: "We cannot agree to refer the question of your relations with Northern Ireland to foreign arbitration."

This was irrelevant and evidently evasive, as the Irish President had not made any such suggestion.

In reference to this the *Freeman*, New York, very pertinently says: "Mr. Lloyd George is no doubt a very busy man, but really, if peace with Ireland is worth any consideration at all, is it not worth the avoidance of such breaks as this, which, besides doing Mr. de Valera an injustice, is calculated to create misunderstanding and resentment on the part of Ulster, and thus to prolong differ-

ences which Mr. Lloyd George must wish to see composed, if his desire for peace be sincere?"

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"ROBERT EMMET'S CRIME": A LETTER FROM A MUTINEER IN THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

The following letter is from one of the Connaught Rangers who just 12 months ago laid down their arms in India as a protest against the British terror in Ireland. It is permeated with that intense love of the motherland which is felt by Irishmen in all parts of the world, and which sustains the Irish nation in the desperate struggle of to-day. In George Russell's words—"If there was not an incorruptible atom of nationality in the Irishman he would never have suffered and sacrificed for so many centuries." The name of James Daly, who died as a "true Irishman, every inch of him," is added to the roll of honor (says an exchange).

"At Sea on Board s.s. Huntspill,

February 3, 1921.

"Dear Sir.—I expect you will be surprised when you get this letter, but as a countryman of mine I take the liberty of writing to you without any offence. I am one of the 350 men of the Connaught Rangers who laid down arms at Jallundur, India, on June 28, 1920, as a protest against the way the Government was treating Ireland. Out of the 350 who laid down arms, the authorities picked 62 men whom they thought were ringleaders, and had them tried by mock court-martial. The remaining 288 men returned back to soldiering. They tried to get us to surrender. They used every means in their power, so at last they told us it looked terribly bad in the eyes of the natives of India; so they tried force. The South Wales Borderers used both bayonet and ball ammunition, but it was no use. We meant death before surrender. So they tried 62 of us, and sentenced us to sentences ranging from death to 12 months' imprisonment. Out of the 62 14 were condemned to death, simply because they loved Ireland, the land of our birth. Out of the 14 men condemned to death 13 got reprieved, and the one—James Daly, from Tyrells Pass—paid the extreme penalty with his life, simply because he was a true Irishman. By Jove, he was an Irishman, every inch of him. The morning of November 2, 1920, when he walked out to die, the doctor wanted him to take morphia. Daly's own words: I will take nothing of the sort; let me stand up and fall like a brave Irishman. The bandage fell from his eyes, and he asked permission to leave it off. He was told orders were orders, so the priest advised him to let the murderers put it on again. I cooked his food up to the night before he died, and his favorite saying was, "Revenge for Balbriggan." The colonel that carried out the execution said he was the bravest man he ever met.

"They are taking us to some English prison to do our sentence, which is from 20 years down to two. I, myself, got five years' penal servitude, but they remitted two years.

"Sir, I hope you will let all the boys that love Ireland know that I am with them in their fight. If ever God spares me to get free, I will open the eyes of the world, as regards what I and my comrades have suffered; but it is all for Erin.

"I will conclude, hoping sir, to be classed as an Irishman.

"JOSEPH WALSH,

"Connaught Rangers."

God Save Ireland.

P.S. "What the authorities can't make out is this: While all the trouble was on, not one man was guilty of looting. Thank God, that can't be thrown in our faces.

"I would be very thankful to you if you would be so kind as to put this letter in the hands of our M.P. for King's Co. as he might be able to do something for us. It is disgraceful if we men, whose ages are from 18 years to 38 years, have to answer our names on a ticket-of-leave, that is, of course, if we do our time. It will be the cause of disgracing 62 gallant Irishmen who are put down as convicts. But I hope to God that our fellow-countrymen do not look on us like that. It is not for murder, nor robbery. It is for Robert Emmet's crime—love of our native country. God help our noble cause.

"J. WALSH."