

The names of the lads were: Thomas O'Brien, Daniel Callaghan, John Lyons, Timothy McCarthy, Patrick O'Mahony, and John Allen. What was their crime? Two of them were shot for having in their possession arms, and it was not even suggested that they intended to use them. But they were shot by the English Law, which only fines lightly Orangemen for the same offence. Others were accused of having taken part in an ambush, and they were shot, although it was commonly believed that they were not guilty. Reflect that when an English Cadet murdered Canon Magner, while fifteen other English Cadets looked on, not one of the murderers was brought to justice, and the chief culprit was declared insane after he had been declared sane. He was at any rate sane enough to be let loose, like another Colthurst, upon defenceless and innocent people. Reflect a little on the light these facts throw upon the impartiality of English misrule in Ireland. Reflect a little on what the politicians who are behind the policy of Frightfulness have done to disgrace the very name of English rule all over the world. But there is worse to come. Archbishop Walsh, who is now in his grave, in the last public pronouncement that came from him, characterised the executions of these boys as barbarous and the method in which they were carried out as a refinement of cruelty. Here are his words—the last words that we have of this great Irish Bishop who almost died with this indictment of British brutality on his lips:

"SIX VICTIMS OF THE TYRANNY NOW DOMINANT IN IRELAND WERE TO BE PUT TO DEATH. THE TYRANNY HAD A FREE HAND. WHAT JUSTIFICATION CAN BE PLEADED FOR THE METHOD OF EXECUTION THAT WAS CHOSEN? THE VICTIMS WERE SHOT TWO BY TWO. FOUR OF THE SIX HAD TO STAND ASIDE, AND IN THEIR HEARING THE SHOTS WERE FIRED BY WHICH THE FIRST TWO WERE DONE TO DEATH. SIMILARLY, TWO MORE WERE KEPT IN AGONISING SUSPENSE WHILE THE OTHER TWO WERE DISPOSED OF. I UNDERSTAND THAT WITH A REFINEMENT OF CRUELTY A QUARTER OF AN HOUR WAS ALLOWED TO ELAPSE IN THE INTERVAL. THEN FINALLY THE REMAINING TWO WERE RELIEVED OF THEIR AGONY. COULD ANY GREATER REFINEMENT OF CRUELTY BE IMAGINED? COULD ANY MORE SCANDALOUS FORM OF REPRISAL OR SO-CALLED REPRISAL BE DEvised? IF THERE IS ANY JUSTICE LEFT IN IRISH ADMINISTRATION, WHATEVER OFFICERS WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE WILL SURELY BE CALLED TO STRICT ACCOUNT FOR IT."

And how did the boys die? "They died as brave men should die," said Canon O'Sullivan, who prepared them for death and stood by them to the end. Two by two they were called out to be shot. Calmly and joyfully, as if they were walking on to the hurling field, they went forward and faced death. When they fell the priests hurried to their side and gave them the last Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Outside the grey prison wall behind which this sample of British justice was being carried out there was a vast crowd of Irish men and women, on their knees, praying for the souls of the boys whom they should not see again, even in death, for the British refused to let the parents and friends of the dead boys have their bodies. That, too, was in keeping with the refined brutality of it all. Poor Mrs. McCurtain, whose husband the brutes murdered, was praying outside. She came early and carried with her a statue of the Sacred Heart which she set upon a chair as on an altar. And round that statue those Irish men and women knelt while they heard the volleys at intervals and knew that the lads were dying inside. Miss Martin, John Allen's fiancée, knelt there too. His father and mother were also among those who waited and prayed around that little statue which the wife of poor Thomas McCurtain had brought. The members of the Women's

League held lighted candles in their hands as they gathered round the little altar. At eight o'clock a volley was heard. The women raised their candles aloft and the men bared their heads while Mrs. McCurtain's clear voice was heard reciting the Litany for the Dead. John Allen's father stood up, saying pathetically: "I suppose it is all over now: they are gone." Then they prayed again. After a quarter of an hour there was another volley. Again the men and women prayed around the image of Him to whom alone they could turn for comfort and strength in these dark days. And at half-past eight a third and last volley was heard. They knelt down and prayed a third time. Now indeed it was all over. The refinement of cruelty had been enacted. The boys had gone home to God.

The killing of James Connolly made thousands of Sinn Feiners. The killing of Kevin Barry made still more thousands. Even the Bishop of Cork protested that the killing of the six boys on February 28, in Cork Gaol, would defeat the ends and aims of those responsible for that atrocious piece of brutality and drive the young men of Ireland in larger numbers than ever to the ranks of Sinn Fein. They cannot kill the soul of Ireland. They can kill a wounded man, propped on a chair; they can kill six lads in a barrack-yard; they can kill a Wicklow schoolboy like Kevin Barry; and all the time they are but adding new strength to Ireland's vital determination not to be governed by the people who come from England or from Canada to do these things in a small nation. There is the glorious story of the deaths of these six lads. That is how Thomas O'Brien, Daniel Callaghan, John Lyons, Timothy McCarthy, Patrick O'Mahony, and John Allen were slain, two by two, while their friends prayed outside the wall that hid the tragedy from their eyes. Like a mockery come to us the blasphemous words of Lloyd George—blasphemous in a mouth like his—"Why did God make small nations if He did not make them to be free?" That is exactly what these boys said. They believed it; Lloyd George did not. We, who will surely pray for them now, believe it, too; and we believe that by their deaths these six young Irishmen have carried another stage towards final victory the cause of Ireland.

Never till the latest day
Shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant men and true
Who suffered for our land.

NOTES

"Adam of Dublin"

One Conal O'Riordan wrote this book. Beyond the fact that he also writes the only articles for the *New Witness* that we ever skip we know nothing else concerning him, except what we gather from internal evidence while reading his story. Adam is a Dublin child; his parents are even lower in the scale of humanity than anybody except Mr. O'Riordan could imagine. But Mr. O'Riordan writes, we should think, in England and for the English. That makes a difference, as we are aware when we recall certain libels penned by a briefless barrister named MacCarthy who tried to make a living by throwing mud at the land of his fathers and the religion of his mother. Adam's existence in a Dublin slum and the vicissitudes of life under the eyes of two brutal types whom he called his parents are the subject of this novel. Adam's schooldays come in for lengthy notice, and the Jesuits for more or less unfavorable attention. One Father Muldoon who is a very powerful Jesuit is a most unlovable character; one Father Tudor who is depicted as a sort of lunatic whose delight in life is to cane brutally pupils in Belvedere, is wholly detestable; two teachers in the famous school are, according to Mr. O'Riordan, mere machines for cramming knowledge into boys' heads. A simple priest from the Pro-Cathedral stands out, in spite of the sneers of Mr. O'Riordan, as a saint, and he befriends

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