

**James Connolly**

**To the Linen  
Slaves of  
Belfast**

**Manifesto of Irish Textile  
Workers' Union**

**(1913)**

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Transcribed by [The James Connolly Society](#) in 1997.

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Fellow-workers,

Your condition, and the condition of the sweated women of all classes of labour in Belfast, has recently become the subject of discussion on all the political platforms of England, and of long articles in all the most widely read newspapers and magazines of both countries. Almost unanimously they agree in condemning the conditions under which you work, your miserable wages, the abominable system of fining which prevails, and the slaughtering speed at which you are driven. It is pointed out that the conditions of your toil are unnecessarily hard, that your low wages do not enable you to procure sufficiently nourishing food for

yourselves or your children, and that as a result of your hard work, combined with low wages, you are the easy victims of disease, and that your children never get a decent chance in life, but are handicapped in the race of life before they are born.

All this is today admitted by every right-thinking man and woman in these Islands. Many Belfast Mills are slaughterhouses for the women and penitentiaries for the children. But while all the world is deploring your conditions, they also unite in deploring your slavish and servile nature in submitting to them; they unite in wondering of what material these Belfast women are made, who refuse to unite together and fight to better their conditions.

Irish men have proven themselves to be heroes in fighting to abolish the tyranny of landlordism. Irish women fought heroically in the same cause. Are the Irish working women of Belfast not of the same race? Can they not unite to fight the slavery of capitalism as courageously as their sisters on the farms of Ireland united to fight the slavery of Irish landlordism? Public opinion in these islands is anxious to help you, but public opinion cannot help you unless you are ready to help yourselves.

Especially do we appeal to the spinners, piecers, layers, and doffers. The slavery of the Spinningroom is the worst and least excusable of all. Spinning is a skilled trade, requiring a long apprenticeship, alert brains, and nimble fingers. Yet for all this skill, for all those weary years of learning, for all this toil in a super-heated atmosphere, with clothes drenched with water, and hands torn and lacerated as a consequence of the speeding up of the machinery, a qualified spinner in Belfast receives a wage less than some of our pious millowners would spend weekly upon a dog. And yet the Spinning-room is the key to the whole industry. A general stoppage in the Spinning-rooms of Belfast would stop all the linen industry, factories and warerooms alike, Reelers and spinners united control the situation. Disorganised as they are today, they are the helpless slaves of soulless employers. United as they might be, as they ought to be, as we are determined they shall be, they could lift themselves into the enjoyment of prosperity and well-paid healthful labour. As a first step to that end, we wish to propose a programme of industrial reform to be realised in the near future, and

we invite all our toiling sisters to enroll in our Society – the Irish Textile Workers' Union – whose Belfast headquarters is at 50, York Street, in order that we may unitedly, and at a given moment, fight for its success.

We demand that the entire Linen Industry be put under the Sweated Industries Act, which gives power to a Trades Board, on which employees and employers are represented, to fix the minimum wages for the whole.

Under that Act the wages of women in the Clothing Operatives Trade has been already fixed at a minimum wage of 3d. per hour. Until the extension to the Linen Industry of that Act, we demand and pledge ourselves as a Union to fight for a minimum wage of 3d. per hour for all qualified spinners, proportionate increases for all lower grades in the Spinning-room, and increases in the piece rates for the Reelingroom and all departments in piece work; abolition of fines for lost time; all stoppages to be at the same rates as the daily pay per hour.

We also demand from Government the appointment of a competent Woman Inspector for the Belfast District exclusively, in order that the inspection of our mills, factories, and warerooms may be a constant reality, instead of the occasional farce it is today.

United action can secure every point on this modest programme within less than a year. It depends upon you, the working women of Belfast. If you have courage enough, faith enough in yourselves and in each other, you can win. Most of this programme can be won by direct industrial action, by a General Strike for it if need be; the rest will be conceded by Government as soon as you show yourselves in earnest in your demands for it.

To make easy the work of organising, we are prepared to establish an office or Women's Club-room in each district, if the request for the same is made by a sufficient number of members. Take advantage of this offer, give in your name to us at this office, or to any of your collectors, and we will welcome you as sisters, and enroll you as comrades in the coming battle for juster conditions.

Should this manifesto come into the hand of any not themselves sufferers, but willing to help in the coming battle, if they communicate with us we shall be prepared to enroll them as auxiliaries, and welcome their help.

Sisters and Fellow-workers, talk this matter over, do not be frightened by the timid counsels and fears of weaklings. Be brave. Have confidence in yourselves. Talk about success, and you will achieve success ...

(This Manifesto, drafted by Connolly, was issued from 50 York Street, Belfast in 1913 over the names of Winifred Carney, Secretary, Ellen Gordon, Delegate, and James Connolly, Organiser. Connolly's activities among the dockers and mill workers of the North had been intense and fruitful since June 1911 when he was appointed as Secretary Belfast Branch, and Ulster District Organiser of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. The Irish Textile Workers' Union was attached to the Textile Section of the Irish Women Workers' Union with Headquarters at Liberty Hall, Dublin.)

## James Connolly

# A Fiery Cross or Christmas Bells

(1913)

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From **Irish Worker**, 20 December 1913.  
Transcribed by [The James Connolly Society](#) in 1997.

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While we are writing this the one question agitating all Dublin is whether this Christmas will see a relighting of the Fiery Cross or the ringing of Christmas bells of peace and rejoicing. Possibly no more grim commentary upon the so-called civilisation of today could be instanced than that fact. Here we have a great city held up by a war between two classes, and in that war the contending classes are represented, on the one hand, by those who control the wealth, the capital, the armed forces and all the means of coercion; whilst, on the other hand, all that is represented is toiling men and women, with no assets except their brains and hands, and no powers except the power and capacity to suffer for a principle they esteem more valuable than life itself.

But to the side of this latter class has been drawn gradually as if by a magnet all the intellect, the soul and the spirit of the nation, all those who have learned to esteem the higher things of life, to value the spirit more than the matter.

Publicists of all kinds, philanthropists, literary men, lovers of their kind, poets, brilliant writers, artists, have all been conquered by the valiant heroism of the Dublin workers, have all been drawn within the ranks of the friends of the fighters of labour – all have succumbed to the magic charm of the unobtrusive men and women whose constancy amidst sufferings has made this fight possible. Whoever signs the document of settlement (if any is ever signed), whosoever is acclaimed as the great one of the treaty of peace (if there ever is a treaty of peace) the real heroes and conquerors are to be found in the shims, and in the prisons where men, women and girls have agonised and are agonising in order that their class may not lose one step it has gained in its upward toil to freedom.

These thoughts come crowding upon us as we write. We think also that, despite all the adhesion of all the brilliant ones and all those in the highest odour of sanctity to the cause of the workers, the settlement is still in the hands of those who control economic power. Poets, artists, authors, humanitarians and archbishops may plead and beg for the ringing of the bells of Christmas for ever. The final word still rests with those who control the money bags; and thus we learn, hard facts teaching us, that in this gross travesty of civilisation under which we live to-day neither soul nor brains is the equal of gold.

*“The clinking of the silver dimes life's melody has marred,  
And nature's immemorial chimes are jangled, harsh and jarred.”*

And so Dublin lies in the grip of the power of the purse; and on this fateful Friday the issue still hangs trembling. A few hours may determine whether the verdict will go forth for the joyous ringing of the Bells of Peace or for the militant call to all lovers of their kind to grasp and pass from hand to hand again the dread but inspiring Fiery Cross.

## James Connolly

**Irish Transport and General Workers'  
Union**

# TO THE WORKING CLASS OF DUBLIN

(1913)

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**Irish Worker,** 13 December 1913.  
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FELLOW WORKERS,

Once again the Employers of Dublin have received an offer, the acceptance of which would have enabled them to restore themselves in the estimation of the civilised world and to appear as normal human beings with human hearts and consciences. And once again they have refused to respond and to recognise the common humanity of the work people.

On Sunday morning, December 7th, the representatives of Labour met in Conference with the Masters in the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, and after agreeing upon a proposal to set up a Conciliation Board to be established by 7th March, 1914, and to suspend all strikes and sympathetic strikes until that date, the following proposal was laid before the masters, it being explained that its acceptance by the employers was a necessary condition of our final acceptance of the proposal just set forth:—

The employers undertake that there will be no victimisation, and that employment will be found for all workers within a period of one month from the date of settlement.

This Clause in the proposed settlement was drafted by Mr Arthur Henderson, MP, and agreed to by the representatives of the Joint Labour Board from Great Britain along with delegates of the local Lock-out Committee, but was absolutely rejected by the employers. In its place they offered a clause in which they stated that “they will take on as many of their former employees as they can find room for,” and “will make a bonafide effort to find employment for as many as possible.”

After sending this outrageous proposal back to them twice with a declaration that we still stood by the proposal drafted by Mr Henderson, MP, the Conference finally broke up on that point.

While there may be guileless people in this world who do not know the evil meaning of the threat conveyed in the Employers' Proposal, we are certain that in the ranks of the working class there are none so simple as not to know what these gentry mean when they tell us that “they will take on as many of their former employees as they can find room for.” They were always of that mind, and we

know that since the very beginning of this fight they were willing to take on as many as they could find room for, but that they had no room for members of the Irish Transport Workers' Union.

That condition remains unaltered. We had heard outside that the ban upon our Union – the Employers' Agreement – had to be withdrawn, but neither in their presence by word of mouth, nor in Conference by typewritten or other document, was any such assurance given us. As far as we have any knowledge, that document still remains.

Remember that the Employers' Agreement is denounced by every enlightened public opinion in these islands; that it is denounced by the whole trade union world; by the public of Dublin; by the Press of Great Britain; by the report of Sir George Askwith; by the verdict of the Industrial Peace Committee [\[1\]](#); and remember that the men, women, and girls locked-out are idle because they nobly refused to sign this degrading document, and then ask yourselves could we consent to abandon those heroic workers to the tender mercies of the men who had planned their degradation?

Could we consent to the victimisation of workers who refused to sign a document which everybody of common sense denounces as iniquitous? We could not!

There may be somewhere trade union leaders who can regard with calmness the certain victimisation of a number of their rank and file, but, thank God, we are not of their number. We regard the rank and file fighters as the real heroes of this struggle, and we will never consent to their being sacrificed, not while there is a shot in our locker or a shred of our organisation together.

We have no fear or doubt of our ultimate success in this fight, but if we had we would not consent to the sacrifice of those who had trusted us and honoured us by their trust. We would rather go down nobly fighting for our noble comrades than survive ignobly by consenting to their victimisation.

Brothers and sisters, the fight must go on. And be it long or short the victory will be the victory of the rank and file.

*Yours,*  
**JAMES CONNOLLY,**  
*Acting General Sec.,*  
*Liberty Hall.*

## Note

1. Askwith headed the Board of Trade inquiry into the lockout. Set up to promote a compromise in the lockout, the Industrial Peace Committee had dissolved itself in November, the majority forming a Civic League to support the workers.

# James Connolly

# Home Thrusts

(1913)

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**Irish Worker,** 13 December 1913.

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The event of this week was, of course, the great Labour Conference at London. It was also the great failure of the week, if not of the century.

For the first time in the history of the Labour movement in these countries an effort was made to gather together the forces of Labour for a definite purpose – a fact that was in itself of sufficient importance to mark an epoch in the forward movement of Labour. There were to be representatives of the political movement and of the industrial movement. Delegates were to be there from the Federation of Trade Unions, from the Transport Workers' Federation, and from the Trade Union Congress, and all the joint energy and combined power of these great bodies were to be directed with a single mindedness of purpose towards the one great end of raising the siege of Dublin.

There was also to be a special attempt to lend impressiveness to this Conference by arranging for a special vote of all the Trade Unions affected, in order that the voice of the rank and file might be heard. To do this properly a delay of three weeks was enforced between the date of the resolution to summon a Conference and the Conference itself.

Thus conceived, the idea of the conference spread all over the civilised world, and all eyes from Johannesburg to Shanghai, and from Rio de la Plate to the Pottle River were strained with burning anxiety upon London on the fateful day of December 9th, 1913, and it was a thought noble in its conception and immensely fruitful in its possibilities. In the hands of men gifted with imagination or blessed with the vision of the pioneers of progress the chance to gather together into our fold all the manifold activities of labour would have been seized upon and used to its fullest extent, in order that the step thus gained might open the way to greater action upon similarly concerted lines in the future.

The employers saw this, the capitalist press saw this, all the watchful eyes of the capitalist world were tremblingly watching for the result of this, and as anxiously and tremblingly as it was watched for by the capitalist enemy so it was watched for eagerly and hopefully by the aspiring souls of the armies of labour.

But neither the enemy, nor the friend calculated upon the colossal stupidity, or criminal vanity of a few men being able to wreck all the hopes of labour upon a mere question of personality, as was done in the Conference which resulted from the plans so elaborately presented for our enlightenment before the day of meeting.

With a stupidity almost unthinkable, as a criminality positively Machiavellian in its cynical deliberation the proposal dealing with the original purpose of the meeting was put last upon the agenda, and the resolution best calculated to stir up fratricidal conflicts, rouse embittered feelings, and poison the atmosphere of debate was given priority. Amongst intelligent and honest people the purpose for which a meeting was called is always first to be considered; on Tuesday it was put last and received the scanty consideration usually given a subject when a Conference is about to break up.

And the voice of the members, in order to consult whom the Conference had been postponed for three weeks, what of them? Was the voice of the Conference their voice?

Well, Mr Bob Smillie, the honest and veteran Miners' leader, confessed in open Conference that his Union, one of the largest, had not given its members any opportunity to vote on the matter or to elect delegates. The following is a copy of a letter sent out by the President of the National Union of Railwaymen, and explains how solicitous it was that its members should not be 'anxious' over the Conference about Dublin:—

Unity House,  
Dec 6, 1913.

DEAR SIR, – Special Conference of TUC on Dublin Dispute. – Two or three of the delegates have written me asking if they would have to attend the Conference which is to be held on Tuesday next. I have, therefore, to inform you that the EC have decided to send thirteen of their own members to this Conference, and it will not be necessary for you to attend. I send this intimation to you in case you are in any way anxious. – Yours faithfully,

***J.E. WILLIAMS.***

And the writer of the following letter from Scotland seems to think that the voice of the members has not been very zealously inquired after in his Union either:—

Boilermakers' and Iron and Steel Ship Builders' Society, Leith Branch

2 Kinghorn Place, Edinburgh,  
10th December, 1913.

Mr M. McKeown,  
Irish Transport Workers' Union.

DEAR COMRADE, — I enclose Money Order for £25 payable to Mr John O'Neill to help you to carry on the fight. This is the best proof we can give of our sympathy. The special Trades Congress seems to have been a farce, as it was composed of permanent officials of the various Unions. This Union, I know, did not elect or instruct anyone to represent them, and I am making enquiries to know who attended and who authorised them, etc.

Kind regards and best wishes. — Yours,

***J.M. AIRLIE.***

So this great historic meeting of the united forces of Labour was, it appears, carefully rigged in advance, and when it did meet it turned itself into a great laundry for the public washing of very dirty linen, and the officials smiled, whilst the enemy laughed in joyful scorn at the futility of the thing he had feared.

We think, with all due respect to those who think otherwise, that those who framed that agenda, and decided the order of the questions to be discussed, committed a crime, not only against the Dublin workers, but against the future of the Labour movement in these islands; and we think this quite irrespective of the voting upon the questions involved in the amendment proposing the isolation of Dublin.

The decision of the National Union of Railwaymen to re-open the London and North-Western boats from Dublin to Holyhead put their Dublin members in the position that they had either to be disloyal to their Union or to their class. So the Transport Union officials, in view of the long and heroic fight those men had made, told them that for the present, and pending negotiations, the latter Union would not demand from the men the payment of such a heavy penalty as refusal to obey their Union would involve. They could go back to work, but we were not filled with admiration for the Union which, with millions at its back, threatened its men with forfeiture of Union benefit unless they consented to betray their brothers. To compel men to scab at the eleventh hour is a poor job for the officials of a great Union, and the Transport Union officials did right to save the men from being placed upon the horns of such a dilemma. They have shown the mettle they were made of, and we can bide our time.

We were glad to see that in last week's **Sinn Féin** Mr Griffith had a few scathing words to say about the manner in which the police of this city are preparing themselves to secure convictions against all and sundry connected with the strike. It was time somebody outside ourselves came out openly in denunciation of this iniquity. The police in Dublin have proven themselves to be cold and callous perjurers of the most degraded type – swearing away the lives, liberties and honours of men, women, boys and girls in a manner to make Harvey Duff blush to be named in their company.

And the promised Government enquiry on the lines published, with a Commission so constituted, is simply a whitewashing job. No responsible representative of labour will be on it, and no opportunity will be given to bring home to the police the responsibility for the crime they have committed. The Government, in fact, dare not press the matter against these perjurers. We have it on good authority that the police informed the Government that if any attempt was made to proceed against them with a really fair enquiry made by responsible men they would go on strike.

They would down tools, or down batons. They often do so. Down batons on the heads of the poor people, but this idea of 'down batons' if the Government

dares to investigate the police is a new idea, and as it is a government of treachery and pusillanimity the threat was effectual.

By the way, will the enquiry investigate the Police Magistrates as well? or is that too dangerous? The man who issued a 'proclamation' prohibiting a public meeting, and remains on the bench after the Crown Prosecutor admitted that his 'proclamation' was not a proclamation, and that the meeting was perfectly legal, that man surely needs investigation. But what a smell it would cause.

*BY SPAILPÍN*

## James Connolly

# Arms and the Man

(1913)

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Somewhere or other we have read that every act brings its own payment; every crime its own punishment. Recent events in Ireland would seem to bear out the truth of that bit of philosophy. We have had on the part of the fervent supporters of the established institutions of the British Empire a continual and increasing fervency of appeal to the arbitrament of force as against the verdict of constitutional government, a rising crescendo of hysterical eloquence invoking the use of arms as against the verdict of votes. Landlords, ex-Crown lawyers, ax-

Ministers of the Crown, aspirants to be Ministers of the Crown, Ministers of the Gospel, smug, sweating capitalists and dear ladies living upon the sweated toll of poor women – all have joined in declaring with one voice that the only course open to lovers of justice and liberty when outvoted is to appeal to the arbitrament of arms, and to bathe with blood the hills and dales of their native land, what time the crack of rifles and zip-zip of machine guns rattled around the banks of our ‘lazy shining rivers.’

The world has looked on amazed, the responsible Ministers of the Crown amused, and the forces of revolution rather pleased than otherwise. But whilst the Government twirled its thumbs rather bored at the spectacle, something was happening in other circles on which the Government had not counted, and which the same Government could not afford, or did not think it could afford, to view with equanimity. That something took shape and form on the day on which we announced that the Irish Transport & General Workers’ Union proposed to organise and drill a Citizen Army of its own. At first looked upon as a mere piece of Liberty Hall heroics, it assumed a different aspect when it was discovered that regiments had actually been organised, and drilling under the command of an experienced officer and competent noncommissioned officers was in progress nightly. A parade through the city impressing the onlookers by its discipline and self-control effectually dispelled all illusions as to the deadly earnestness of purpose of the men and their chiefs. Following this came the uprising of Volunteer forces throughout Nationalist Ireland, and the young stalwart men who have ever cherished high dreams for Erin commenced to learn the rudiments of drill.

And then the Government took action. To allow Orangemen to drill was all right. Their leaders could be trusted to see that no action would be taken which would interfere with the sacred rights of property, or to end the right of the few to rule and rob the many. But to allow Labour to drill and perhaps arm, to allow Nationalists to drill and arm!!! – that would never do! Hence the Government which allowed the Orange aristocracy to arm and drill the Orange mobs, to supply them with all the implements of war, and to inflame them with the passions of war, promptly and ruthlessly prevented the issue of arms to, or the

learning of drill by the people against whom the poor Orange dupes were being armed and excited.

That was instance number one of the manner in which the crime brings its own punishment, the counsel to arm on behalf of the Orange aristocracy bringing inevitably with it the counsel to arm the masses of the Nationalist democracy.

The second instance is of a more tragic as well as of a more – striking nature. During the progress of the present dispute we have seen imported into Dublin some of the lowest elements from the very dregs of the criminal population of Great Britain and Ireland. This scum of the underworld have come here excited by appeals to the vilest instincts of their natures; these appeals being framed and made by the gentlemen employers of Dublin. They have been incited to betray their fellows fighting against the imposition of an agreement denounced by the highest Court of Inquiry, as well as by public opinion in general, as an interference with individual liberty. And in order to induce them to act as Judases their rascally passions were pandered to by the offer of wages higher than were ever paid to union men, and by the permission and encouragement to carry murderous weapons. Too much stress cannot be laid upon this latter encouragement. There are natures so low that permission to carry about the means whereby life may be destroyed has to them an irresistible appeal; the feeling that they carry in their pockets the possibility of destroying others, has to these base natures an intoxication all its own. To that feeling the employers of Dublin deliberately appealed. Deliberately, and with malice aforethought, they armed a gang of the lowest scoundrels in these islands, and after daily inflaming them with drink, sent them to and fro in the streets of the capital, inciting and maddening all those upon whose liberties they were helping to make war. In one of the streets on Thursday afternoon, this cold-blooded policy of incitement to outrage had its effect. A few men jeered at the passing scabs and made a show of hostility. Immediately a scab drew a revolver, fired – and shot one of the employers principally responsible for bringing him here and principally responsible for arming him and setting him loose primed with drink upon the streets of Dublin. That action of the employer in importing and arming such a scoundrel was a crime – an anti-social crime of the foulest nature – and surely

never more dramatically did a crime bring its own punishment. It came like a judgment from on high, and what wonder if such was the first thought of the workers when the news was told!

So it will ever be; no act can escape its consequences. And now let us ask if this fearful example will be lost, or will it not help to arouse all to a sense of the fearful dangers incident to the present warfare upon the liberties of the working class of Dublin? Is it not time that saner counsels prevailed and that now, having fought our battle, tried each other's mettle and felt each other's strength, we should sit down to devise means to terminate the present conflict and provide for the possibility of peaceful cooperation replacing the reign of chaos and disorder?

## James Connolly

# Home Thrusts

(1913)

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Here are some questions that need answering:—

I. Will the Employers' Committee consent to take a ballot of their members upon the question of the acceptance or rejection of the workers' offer to accept Sir George Askwith's Report [\[1\]](#) as a basis for discussion?

II. Would the present Employers' Executive be re-elected if a ballot of the members was taken?

III. How long is it since a vote of the employers was taken in connection with the present dispute?

IV. Is it a fact that the present Chairman of the Employers' Executive desires to prolong the dispute for political reasons, as he is a strong Unionist, and hopes to injure Home Rule by discrediting the Government?

V. Is it a fact, as commonly stated in Dublin, that a majority of the employers wish to settle, but are afraid of incurring the enmity of the financial power of the small clique who they in a foolish moment made their leaders?

The following letter from one of the children deported [\[2\]](#) is worth reading, and we, therefore, reproduce it just as it was written, without making any kind of alteration in the spelling or punctuation:—

***Drimscott, Beaufort Drive,  
Wallasey, Cheshire.***

MY DEAR MOTHER, — Just a few lines to tell you that I received your kind and welcome letter. I was glad to find you all well. I want to tell you we all go to Mass every Sunday, and Sunday school. We are all made say our prayers every morning and night, the lady of the house comes round to all the beds and says have all of you said your prayers? if we have not said them she makes us say them at once. Mr Larkin had a big meeting in Liverpool on Monday night. Connolly spoke Larkin also spoke it was a shilling to get in. I was at it selling post cards of the Dublin children. I sold a lot. Connolly kissed us all and gave us all money. I was talking to Mr and Mrs Boares they told that they were talking to you. Mr Larkin is coming to see us next week, he gone to London this morning. Francis Kathleen like school very well. My birthday is on next Wednesday. I am 15 years of age.

Francis grew 3 inches since she came over here. Is there any chance of the strike getting settled? Father better not be about Mountjoy or he will get pulled in.

With love from your loving son,  
Paddy. God bless you all, good bye.

Larkin's meeting in Liverpool was a great success, in spite of the fact that a leaflet was issued calling upon the seamen and firemen to prevent him speaking until he apologised for his criticism of Havelock Wilson [3] – a humorous idea. Another leaflet was also issued calling for a rally of the Orangemen against the meeting. It was hoped, no doubt, that such tactics would frighten the timid away; but the hall was crowded, nevertheless.

Speaking of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, it is worth fixing this fact – that there are certain boats belonging to the Head Line of steamers being worked at present in Dublin by scab labourers from the Federation ship. [4] As these boats were discharged the members of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union desired to know their position in the event of their resolving to stand by ordinary Trade Union principles and refusing to work a boat that had been discharged by the lowest form of professional scab labour. Accordingly they wired to Maritime Hall, London, asking for instructions, and received back a telegram, signed by Father Hopkins, giving direct instructions to them to sign on in the scab ships, and thus complete the work the professional strike-breakers had begun. But, being men, they refused.

***BY SPAILPÍN***

## Notes

1. Askwith headed the Board of Trade inquiry into the lockout, which proposed that the workers be reinstated, that the employers' anti-union pledge be withdrawn, and that the union renounce the sympathetic strike for two years.

2. That is, sent to the homes of sympathisers in England to be looked after during the lockout. Catholic activists alleged that the children's faith was being endangered, and physically prevented all but a few being sent.

3. Leader of the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union.

4. The Shipping Federation was supplying men to break the strike.

## James Connolly

# Capitalist Dove of Peace?

(1913)

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On Thursday, Dec. 4th, all the Dublin and many of the British newspapers were devoting their leading articles and a good deal of their space to what they described as "Hopes of Peace in Dublin." These organs of capitalist opinion were describing in their best styles how the Christmas Dove of Peace was about to settle down upon our desolate city, and how all minds were now attuned to the

possibility of a settlement before the coming of the day of Christian rejoicing. They also told us that it was the duty of all sincerely interested in the welfare of the city to carefully avoid anything that might tend to accentuate the bitterness now existing, or prevent the due ripening of the fruit of peace.

All this was of course highly edifying, and no doubt the Dublin public thanked its stars that at long last the spirit of sweet reasonableness was finding a resting place among the employers of Dublin. But meanwhile events not known to the public were happening elsewhere. The tale of those events will make an interesting supplement – a Christmas supplement – to the tale of the pacific chorus of the Dublin Press.

There is in Dublin a company known as the Merchants' Warehousing Company. In connection with its business this company possessed a piece of waste land near the docks. Some seven years ago this company saw an opportunity to combine the functions of landlord and capitalist, and accordingly proceeded to erect what it pleased to call "houses" on the waste ground in question. These houses consist mostly of three rooms – two bedrooms and a kitchen. The bedrooms are six feet by six, and the kitchen of somewhat similar magnificent proportions. For these mansions the rental charged was 3s 6d per week. When the scheme was completed and the waste ground was ornamented, or encumbered, by the mansions in question, nobody wished to enter into them as they did not appeal to the aesthetic views of the Dublin labourer, the said labourer having a fixed belief that the floor space of a small or medium sized room is not made more useful or more spacious by erecting two partitions across it, and giving the name and character of a three-roomed house to the one room thus divided.

But this company got over this prejudice on the part of the Dublin labourer by issuing an order that their employees must vacate their own apartments in other parts of the city, and come and take possession of the houses of the Merchants' Warehousing Company at the usual rental. Thus the company killed two birds with the one stone. It secured tenants, and it strengthened its hold over its workpeople, who were made to feel that if they left their jobs they would lose the shelter over the heads of their families. It must also be remembered that no

matter how long a service the employee had with the company he was told that he must become a tenant of the company, or lose his job. Thus the road in question, although officially known as Merchants' Road, is more popularly known by the name of Compulsory Avenue.

When the present fight developed, the Company necessarily got involved, as it deals with all the Merchants in the Port. Necessarily also the status of the employees as tenants of the Company was also affected. Eventually ejectment notices were served upon sixty tenants by the Merchants' Warehousing Company. These tenants had, as employees, refused to sign the objectionable agreement striven to be enforced upon them by the Masters' Association.

So it came to pass, on December 4th in the year of our Lord 1913, when all the Press was drawing the public attention to the fluttering of the wings of the Dove of Peace that *sixty families were evicted from their homes* by this company. It was, as our readers will remember, a cold, drizzling, miserable day, but the bailiffs and the bullies of the law had to do their dirty work. Out on the streets the families were thrown, their few sticks of furniture were scattered recklessly about, children and women left to stand and shiver in the cold, or hunt a home elsewhere.

This outrage was intended to frighten its victims, and to make them cry out for mercy. But it did neither. The women and children jeered at the bailiffs and policemen; the women and children got mouth-organs and danced reels and jigs on the streets; the women and children hurrahed and cheered for Larkin and the Transport Union.

Think of it! On the twelfth week of the fight, in the midst of rain and cold, and in despite of eviction the women and children of the Dublin labourers sang and laughed; confident of victory and ready to suffer for the cause they cheered for their Union and its leader.

My smug, self-satisfied, well-fed friends, have we not a right to be proud of those women and children? Aye, if you valued and understood the higher spiritual elements that go to make possible the advance of the race to higher

levels would you not also be proud that the so-called “lower class” of your city had shown themselves possessed of such capabilities of sacrifice for an ideal?

Meanwhile, let us remember: First, that when Archbishop Walsh published his first letter appealing for peace the employers answered him by the importation on the following day of 200 free labourers.

Second, that when his second appeal was followed by a visit of the English Labour delegates, bent on securing an honourable settlement, and when all Dublin was praying for a Christmas peace, the employers again answered by the eviction from their homes of sixty Dublin workmen with their wives and families.

Has not someone said: Whom the gods wish to destroy they first drive mad.

**JAMES CONNOLLY.**

## James Connolly

# A Titanic Struggle

(1913)

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From **The Daily Herald**, 6 December 1913.  
Transcribed by *The Workers' Web ASCII Pamphlet Project* in 1997.  
Proofread by Chris Clayton, August 2007.

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What is the truth about the Dublin dispute? What was the origin of the Dublin dispute? These are at present the most discussed questions in the labour world of these islands, and I have been invited by the editor of the **Daily Herald** to try

and shed a little light upon them for the benefit of its readers. I will try and be brief and to the point, whilst striving to be also clear.

In the year 1911 the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union, as a last desperate expedient to avoid extinction, resolved upon calling a general strike in all the home ports. At that time the said Union as the lawyers would say, was, more or less, an *ishmael* among trade unions. It was not registered, in most places it was not even affiliated to the local Trades Union Councils, and its national officials had always been hostile to the advanced labour movement. They believed, seemingly, in playing a lone land. Perhaps the general discredit into which it had been brought by the curiously inconsistent action of its leaders in closely identifying themselves with one of the orthodox political parties, and at the same time calling for the aid in industrial conflicts of the labour men when they fought and slendered in political contests, had something to do with the general weakness and impending bankruptcy of the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union, at the time it issued its call in 1911.

At all events the call was in danger of falling upon deaf ears, and was, in fact, but little heeded until the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union began to take a hand in the game. As ships came into the Port of Dublin, after the issue of the call, each ship was held up by the dockers under the orders of James Larkin until its crew joined the union, and signed on under union conditions and rates of pay. Naturally, this did not please the shipowners and merchants of Dublin. But the delegates of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union up and down the docks preached most energetically the doctrine of the sympathetic strike, and the doctrine was readily assimilated by the dockers and carters. It brought the union into a long and bitter struggle along the quays, a struggle which cost it thousands of pounds, imperilled its very existence, and earned for it the bitterest hatred of every employer and sweater in the city, every one of whom swore they would wait their chance to "get even with Larkin and his crew."

The sympathetic strike having worked so well for the seamen and firemen, the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union began to apply it ruthlessly in every labour dispute. A record of the victories it has won for other trade unions would surprise a good many of its critics. A few cases will indicate what, in the

hands of Larkin and the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, it has won for some of the skilled trades.

When the coachmakers went on strike the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union took over all the labourers, paid them strike pay, and kept them out until the coachmakers won. The latter body are now repaying us by doing scab work while we are out.

The mill-sawyers existed for twenty years in Dublin without recognition. The sympathetic strike by our union won them recognition and an increase of pay.

The stationary engine drivers, the cabinetmakers, the sheet metal workers, the carpenters, and, following them all the building trades got an increase through our control of the carting industry. As did also the girls and men employed in Jacob's biscuit factory. In addition to this work for others we won for our own members the following increases within the last two years: cross channel dockers got, since the strike in the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company, an increase of wages of 3s. per week. In the case of the British and Irish Company the increase, levelling it up with the other firms meant a rise of 6s. per week. For men working for the Merchants' Warehousing Company 3s. per week, general carriers 2s. to 3s., coal fillers halfpenny per ton, grain bushellers 1d. per ton, men and boys in the bottle-blowing works from 2s. to 10s. per week of an increase, mineral water operatives 4s. to 6s. per week, and a long list of warehouses in which girls were exploited were compelled to give some slight modification of the inhuman conditions under which their employees were labouring.

As Mr. Havelock Wilson, General Secretary, National Seamen's and Firemen's Union, has mentioned the strike on the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company as an instance of our erratic methods, it may be worth while to note that as a result of that strike some of his sailors got an increase of 5s. 6d. per week.

In addition to the cases enumerated I might also mention that the labourers on the Dublin and South-Eastern Railway got increases of 6s. per week, and those

in the Kingstown Gas Works got increases varying from 3s. to 10s. per week per man.

All of these increases were the result of the sympathetic strike policy, first popularised by its success in winning the battle for the Seamen and Firemen – who are now asked to repudiate it.

These things well understood explain the next act in the unfolding of the drama. Desiring to make secure what had been gained, Mr. Larkin formulated a scheme for a Conciliation Board. This was adopted by the Trades Council, at least in essence, and eventually came before the Employers' Executive, or whatever the governing committee of that body is named. After a hot discussion it was put to the vote. Eighteen employers voted to accept a Conciliation Board, three voted against. Of that three, William Martin Murphy was one. On finding himself in the minority he rose and vowed that in spite of them he would “smash the Conciliation Board.” Within three days he kept his word by discharging two hundred of his tramway traffic employees for being members of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, and thus forced on the strike of the tramway men. Immediately he appealed to all the Dublin employers who had been forced into a semblance of decency by Larkin and his colleagues, called to their memory the increases of wages they were compelled to pay, and lured them on to a desperate effort to combine and destroy the one labour force they feared.

The employers, mad with hatred of the power that had wrested from them the improved conditions, a few of which I have named, rallied round Murphy, and from being one in a minority of three he became the leader and organising spirit of a band of four hundred.

I have always told our friends in Great Britain that our fight in Ireland was neither inspired nor swayed by theories nor theorists. It grew and was hammered out of the hard necessities of our situation. Here, in this brief synopsis, you can trace its growth for yourselves. First a fierce desire to save our brothers of the sea, a desire leading to us risking our own existence in their cause. Developing from that an extension of the principle of sympathetic action until we took the fierce beast of capital by the throat all over Dublin, and loosened its hold on the vitals of

thousands of our class. Then a rally of the forces of capital to recover their hold, and eventually a titanic struggle, in which the forces of labour in Britain openly, and the forces of capital secretly, became participants.

That is where we stand to-day. The struggle forming our theories and shaping the policy, not only for us, but for our class. To those who criticise us we can only reply: we fight as conditions dictate; we meet new conditions with new policies. Those who choose may keep old policies to meet new conditions. We cannot and will not try.

## James Connolly

# Irish Rebels and English Mobs

(1913)

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**Irish Worker,** 22 November 1913.

Republished in **James Connolly: Lost Writings**, (ed. Aindrias Ó Cathasaigh), [Pluto Press](#) 1997.

The notes, which are © 1997 Pluto Press, have not been included.  
HTML Mark-up: [Einde O'Callaghan](#) for the **Marxists' Internet Archive**.  
Proofread by Chris Clayton, August 2007.

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Sunday, November 23rd, will be the forty-sixth anniversary of the execution in Manchester of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.

On the night before these, our brothers, were hanged, a howling mob of the scum of that English city held orgy around the prison walls and made right hideous, as well as profaned, the last hours of The Three by the singing of indecent songs and the shouting of blasphemous insults at the faith of the Irish rebels who had dared to outrage the majesty of England. To that English mob the words 'Irish Rebel' summed up everything hateful and odious. At these words their worst passions were aroused, and in their fury they behaved as only savages can behave when a gallant foe is stricken down. To work their passions up to that point the English Press exhausted every effort, and tapped every reservoir of vitriolic denunciation and callous slander. The English public responded to the call of the prostitutes of the Press with but few exceptions; one of these few, Ernest Jones, the great Chartist, took up the thankless task of defending the Irishmen, and thus completed a round of devotion to the cause of Ireland begun in the stormy days of the Young Irelanders.

But to the vast multitude – as to that howling mob desecrating the last hours of brave men by their ribald insults and loud-mouthed indecency – the name of Irish rebel was like a red rag to a bull. *Forty-six years ago!*

Forty-six years after that outrage a gathering of the democracy of Manchester met together a few hundred yards away from the spot on which stood Salford Jail. This gathering was at least three times as large as that other mob of historic ill-fame. It was composed, not of the degraded slum population, but of intelligent, educated, self-respecting men and women – the flower of the Manchester working class.

Again, the centre of attraction was the presence of Irish rebels. But this gathering of the Manchester democracy roared out to these Irish rebels of our day a welcome and a promise – a welcome to them because they had dared and suffered for democracy; a promise to do likewise if the word was only given. To this latter-day gathering to be an Irish working class rebel – standing for all and more that the immortal three had stood for – was to possess a passport to their admiration and esteem. So much had education accomplished – so much and so far had the toilers of England progressed towards a realisation of their true

position – realising at last that they are not citizens, but helots and slaves of an Empire.

Are we saying too much when we say that this welcome accorded last Sunday to Larkin and to Connolly at these magnificent gatherings of over 25,000 people went far to wipe out the bad memories of the past, and to make it more possible for the two democracies to understand each other – and understanding, to co-operate together in the march of their own class emancipation?

On Sunday there will be a procession through the streets of Dublin to commemorate that martyrdom. We trust that every member of the Transport Union and its sister organisation, the Irish Women Workers' Union, will be in their allotted place in that procession. No excuse can be taken for absence. There are bodies allotted places in that procession whose every public act is a negation of what the Fenians stood for, but no murmur should be allowed against the desecration of their presence. At other times and other places, that question must be raised. But upon that day let our reproach be the reproach of our silence in their presence.

It is our duty to show the world that neither the friendship of the English nor their hatred can turn the Irish democracy from their resolve to win for their country her right to be a free and independent Nation enjoying a true Republican freedom.

The architects of that freedom will and must be the Irish working class. Ours is the task to prepare them. While that preparation is going forward we must take our place in every good and wise movement for the upholding of the highest ideals born of the age-long struggle of our people.

***JAMES CONNOLLY.***

**James Connolly**

# Importation v. Deportation

(1913)

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From Irish Worker, November 8, 1913.  
Transcribed by [The James Connolly Society](#) in 1997.

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It is a crime to deport Dublin children in order to feed, clothe and house them better than they were before. All the newspapers are against it.

It is not a crime to import English scabs to take the bread out of the mouths of Dublin men, women and children, and to reduce them to slavery.

The newspapers are overjoyed about it. Fellow-workers! All the collection of hypocrites and sweaters who paraded our docks and railway stations a few days ago, and prostituted the name of religion to suit the base ends of those who for generations have grown fat by grinding the faces of the poor, are silent as the grave in face of the importation of British scabs. They poured insult, lies and calumny upon the British labour men and women who offered our children the shelter and comfort of their homes in the day of our trial; but they allow British blacklegs to enter Dublin without a word of protest! Will you allow this? If not, you must rally!

Rally and fight as you never fought before. Begin, Monday, November 10th. All individual picketing is abolished, and all persons on strike or lock-out must attend a mass picket outside the doors or gates of their former employment at the usual hours of labour, commencing at the first hours of opening in the morning.

No food tickets will be issued at Liberty Hall in future except to casual labourers, who must sign their names each day between the hours of 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon. Permanent men will receive food tickets from their respective committee men, delegates or shop stewards, to whom they must report in the morning, and who have the power to refuse if they consider that the member applying has neglected to attend the mass picket. Any member found hanging around Liberty Hall without special reason will forfeit strike allowance.

Fellow-workers – the employers are determined to starve you into submission, and if you resist, to club you, jail you, and kill you. We defy them! If they think they can carry on their industries without you, we will, in the words of the Ulster Orangeman, “Take steps to prevent it.”

It is your duty to find the ways and means. Be men now, or be for ever slaves.

## James Connolly

# How to Release Larkin

(1913)

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**Irish Worker,** 1 November 1913.  
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Transcription: Aindrias Ó Cathasaigh.  
HTML Mark-up: [Einde O'Callaghan](#) for the **Marxists' Internet Archive.**

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We have always held that when we are at war we should fight according to the rules of war, and that means that the first aim and object of all our activities ought to be to disable and destroy the enemy. Everyone familiar with the history of working class revolts in the past knows that these revolts generally failed through the fact that the revolutionists tried to practise their ideas of humanity before the war was over and their victory assured; they, in short, wished to practise peace in the midst of war. The enemy, the possessing governing classes, on the other hand, having no scruples of conscience and desiring only their own victory, proceeded ruthlessly to the work of extermination; and so naturally and inevitably the established order won over the working class idealists. We do not propose to make that mistake. We are at war. Our enemy is the governing class; the political force of that enemy is the Liberal Government. Next year it may be the Conservative Government, and Sir Edward Carson may be again prosecuting Irish rebels as he did in the past; [\[1\]](#) but this year and this moment it is the Liberal Government that fills the jury box with employers to try strike leaders; that sets policemen to ride roughshod over the law guaranteeing the right of peaceful picketing; who orders the bludgeoning of men and women in the streets of Dublin; that has turned Dublin into an armed camp, in which the citizens walk about in terror of their lives in the presence of uniformed bullies – in short, it is the Liberal Government that has lent itself to the employers to imprison, bludgeon, and murder the Dublin working class.

Therefore, the Liberal Government must go.

Larkin is in prison, jailed by this cowardly gang! [\[2\]](#) We appeal to the workers everywhere in these islands to vote against the nominees of that government at every contested election until Larkin is released. To-day we are sending a telegram to the electors of Keighley [\[3\]](#), asking them, in the name of working class solidarity, to vote against the murderers of Nolan and Byrne [\[4\]](#), against the bludgeoners of the Dublin working class, against the jailers of Larkin. [\[5\]](#)

It is war, war to the end, against all the unholy crew who, with the cant of democracy upon their lying lips, are forever crucifying the Christ of Labour between the two thieves of Land and Capital.

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## Notes

- [1.](#) Carson, leader of the Ulster Volunteers, set up a few months earlier to resist home rule, had previously been the British government's Solicitor General.
- [2.](#) Larkin had just been sentenced to seven months in prison for a seditious speech.
- [3.](#) Where a by-election was impending.
- [4.](#) James Nolan and James Byrne were killed by a police baton-charge on 30 August.
- [5.](#) The Liberal candidate was defeated at Keighley and Larkin was released the following day.

## James Connolly

**The Children,  
the Irish  
Transport &  
General**

# Workers' Union and the Archbishop

(1913)

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From **Forward**, November 1, 1913.  
Transcribed by *The James Connolly Society* in 1997.  
Proofread by Chris Clayton, August 2007.

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Our good friend the **Daily Citizen** describes the scenes attendant upon the intended departure of some Dublin children to Great Britain, under the auspices of a committee organised there for the purpose of taking care of children of the locked out workers; as “the most extraordinary scene in this most extraordinary industrial conflict in this country.”

We do not wonder at our British friends being surprised, nor at them being horrified, nor at them being scandalised and shocked at the treatment to which they have been subjected, and the vile aspersions cast upon their motives. For ourselves we anticipated it all, and have never been enthusiastic towards the scheme.

We realised that their children are about all the workers of Dublin have left to comfort them, that amidst the squalor and wretchedness of their surroundings the love of their little ones shines like a star of redemption, and that to part with their dear ones would be like wrenching their hearts asunder. We realised, further, what it is very difficult to make even the most friendly of the British

realise, that Great Britain is still an alien country to Ireland, and that even the splendid comradeship and substantial aid of today can hardly expect to obliterate immediately the evil results upon our intercourse of long generations of oppression during the period when class rule stood in Ireland for Great Britain, and symbolised all Britain's relations with Ireland. And we also knew that some of the darkest memories of Ireland were associated with British attempts to stab the heart of Ireland through systematic abduction of the bodies and corruption of the minds of Irish children.

Therefore we felt instinctively that the well-meant move of Mrs. Montefiore and her colleagues would arouse in Ireland hostilities and suspicions they could not conceive of, and would not believe were we to attempt the task of making the matter clear. Hence, while placing no obstacle in the way of its fulfilment, and feeling deeply a sense of gratitude towards the noble British men and women of our class who have so unreservedly thrown open their homes for the purpose of sheltering our stricken little ones, we have nevertheless felt that the scheme was bound to be taken advantage of to our detriment by all the hostile elements who surround us, but usually fear to reveal their hostility. We know that people "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike," swarm everywhere on the flanks of the labour movement in Ireland, and we also know that the men and women in charge of that labour movement know how to keep these people disarmed and ineffective; but that the men and women in the British labour movement have none of that knowledge of our enemies nor of our methods for neutralising their hostility.

But when we have said this we have said all that our own position demands. Having said it, we must protest in the name of the whole labour movement of this country against the foul and libellous accusations brought against the noble-minded ladies who have been in charge of the scheme. One scoundrel in clerical garb is said to have stated on Wednesday that the children were being "brought to England by trickery, fraud and corruption for proselytising purposes." Nothing more venomous and unfounded was ever spewed out of a lying mouth in Ireland since the seoinin clergy at the bidding of an English politician hounded Parnell to his grave. Mrs. Montefiore had given his Grace Archbishop Walsh her assurance

that wherever the children went, the local Roman Catholic clergy would be given their names and addresses, and requested to take charge of them, and see that they attended to their duties as Catholic children. His Grace felt that, despite that assurance, and without doubting it in the least, there would still be dangers. But not for one moment did he impugn the motives of the ladies in question. His instincts as a gentleman, and his own high sense of honour forbade. But what these instincts and that honour forbade his Grace to do was unblushingly done on Wednesday by a cleric destitute of both. We leave the gentleman in question to be dealt with by his Grace, who will assuredly see that in his diocese the garb of a priest is not made a shield for the acts and language of a scoundrel.

The utterances of his Grace the Archbishop on the question at issue deserve and no doubt will receive, the earnest consideration of every thoughtful man and woman in Ireland. Nobody wants to send the children away – the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union least of all desires such a sacrifice. But neither do we wish the children to starve. We love the children of Ireland, we are sacrificing our own ease and comfort in order that the future of these children may be sweeter and happier than the lot of their fathers and mothers. We know that progress cannot be made without sacrifice, and we do not shrink from the sacrifice involved in fighting for freedom now in order that future generations may build upon the results of our toil. But the master class of Dublin calmly and cold-bloodedly calculate upon using the sufferings of the children to weaken the resistance of the parents. They wish to place us upon the horns of a dilemma. Either the parents should resist, and then the children will starve, or the parents will surrender, and the children will grow up in slavery, and live to despise the parents who bequeathed to them such an evil heritage.

Your Grace, we are resolved to fight Death itself – the death some of us have already suffered, the death your humble servant has in the same cause looked in the face without flinching – it would be preferable to surrendering the Dublin workers again to the hell of slavery out of which they are emerging. Your Grace, we will fight!

But if your Grace is as solicitous about the poor bodies of those children as we know you to be about their souls, or even if you are but one tenth part as

solicitous, may we suggest to you or your laymen that your duty is plain. See to it that the force of public opinion, that the power of the press, that all the engines at your command are brought to bear upon the inhuman monsters who control the means of employment in Dublin to make them realise their duties to the rest of the community. We have done our part, we have told the Lord Mayor, we have told Sir George Askwith, we have told the Dublin Industrial Peace Committee, that we are ready to negotiate. All of these admit that our position is reasonable, all of them have been spat upon with scorn by the employers, and all of them shrink in cowardice from taking the next logical step and concentrating public feeling and public financial support in favour of the workers, the only party to the dispute that all along has declared its readiness to bow to public opinion.

These people, we repeat, have shrunk in cowardice from their manifest duty. Will you undertake it? It is your duty equally with theirs. To you we repeat our offer: we are willing to accept the mediation of any party whose functions will be strictly limited to bringing the two parties together in a conference to thrash out their differences. We are prepared to meet the representatives of all the employers, or meet any individual employer, as we have done satisfactorily in many cases already. This is our offer to you. And we repeat to you what we have said to the others:

If the employers reject your offer of mediation and still declare their contempt for any public opinion they cannot rig in advance, then it is your manifest duty to organise public support for the workers to defeat their soulless employers.

We have read your Grace's character in vain if you shrink from that task, or fail in that duty. The plight of the children, and your concern for them should be your warrant for acting, if any warrant other than your high position was needed. Meanwhile, come weal or woe, in good repute or evil, we are prepared to fight, because we feel that this fight is a fight for the future, a brighter future for

“The children who swarm and die,  
In loathsome dens where despair is king;

Like blackened buds of a frosty spring  
That wither, sunless, remote they lie,

From the hour that quickens each soul and  
Whilst vice and hunger and pestilence –  
Breast-poisoned nurses – the babes drain dry.”