

Correspondence.

[We are not responsible for the opinions expressed by our Correspondents.]

UNGRATEFUL IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—Every illustration of the base vice of ingratitude is to be deplored, and should be denounced. We naturally shun individuals guilty of it, and to nations or countries trampling on the benignant rule of their governors, we can offer no countenance or respect. There is a country, very closely connected with the British Empire, which presents the amazing spectacle of ungrateful forgetfulness of the long-continued and gracious alacrity with which its wants and wishes have been spontaneously gratified by its lord and master—the British Government. Even long before the union with Scotland, it is well known how benignly gracious was England towards her sister kingdom Ireland. The Norman-English had no sooner effected a landing on her coasts than King Henry and his successors made it their pleasant duty to bring the wild Irishy throughout the whole country under the wise, firm, and kind sway of orderly government. Instead, however, of living in amity and peace with such maganimous and princely protectors, they persistently resented their lordly benefactors, preferring their wild and savage freedom. For 400 years the Irish “kicked against the pricks,” and fought against the noble-minded and generous knights who modestly and timidly contented themselves with the occupation of a few waste and sterile nooks of the island. Again, when the pious and moral King Henry VIII. assumed the role of a religious reformer from the purest of motives, he offered his Irish subjects a reformed faith, and even volunteered to become the Head of the Church, if only they would accept the treasure, and be loyally obedient to their King and new Pope. But with the perversity of stupid ingratitude they adhered to their old faith and spurned his kindly offer. His subsequent successor, the virtuous, mild, and tolerant maiden Queen, in no way repelled by such rejection, improved upon his devotion to the cause of the reformed religion, and pressed it more ardently upon the Irish people. Still they were deaf to the voice of the sweet charmer. But the limits of her generosity and kindness were not exhausted. To show this semi-barbarous people the glories and delights of civilisation, she inaugurated and continued a series of military tournaments with their chiefs and leaders, and costing nearly two millions of English money, but still unthankful for such abounding kindness, the Irish remained wedded to their ancient religion and continued antagonism to their noble friends, the English. But why pursue a history which for another century records the indomitable perseverance to win, by every token of sisterly solicitude, the loving obedience of the Irish? England quietly established “plantations” of English and Scotch colonists in some of the poorer parts of Ireland, magnanimously preserving the choicest lands for their original owners. She threw her favours broadcast to the natives and rigidly prevented the colonists from usurping ascendancy over them in any form or degree. They were specially invited to fraternise and settle with the strangers in Ulster, etc., on the simple condition of forsaking the faith of their fathers and becoming good Protestant Christians. Still, again, they repudiated the connection, and proudly stood aloof. For a time a sullen truce prevailed, until the English won civil and religious freedom by a rebellion against their anointed king, whom they beheaded, and who is now glorified as a martyr. The great hero and leader of this revolution, with the beautiful consistency of the Puritan religion, hastened over to Ireland, and with his army and his Bible promoted the grand work of emigration and of Christian massacres, and proclaimed throughout the island the glorious doctrine of Protestantism—that all men should worship God according to their consciences. Surely, now would be witnessed the gratitude of a nation freed from every trammel! But Cromwell’s mild sway, and his gift of Connaught, or Hell, or the West Indies, were sadly insufficient to link this unruly people to England, the magnanimous. Not, however, being wearied in well-doing, England determining to heap coals of fire upon her foolish subjects, did for more than a century grant and confer some rich privileges upon the Roman Catholics, who formed about five-sixths of the population. Their education and religion were encouraged and protected, their property was carefully guarded from alienation, their industries were promoted, and those laws of indulgence which have shed indelible glory upon English justice, were in full swing. And yet this strange people were dissatisfied. Soon, again, some of these ungrateful feelings and rebellious opinions were imbibed by the colonists—the loyalists of Ulster, etc.; and Protestant leaders were found to raise their undutiful arms against the benign Government of England, until they possessed a Parliament of their own. Even this did not satisfy the rapacity of the insignificant few who had no part or lot in its control. A fierce rebellion broke out; and are not the glorious deeds of kindness and brotherly love of the soldiers and Government towards the infatuated and humiliated rebels duly recorded in the histories of the period? Truly, they are! And are not also the pure, unselfish, and loving efforts to effect a permanent union of the nations on a basis of equal rights and privileges chronicled in the same books? Those who glory in the British love of fair play will be edified and gratified by a careful perusal! The subsequent history of this singular people betrays their total incompetence to feel grateful for the tender mercies and the righteous government of a nation which, rejoicing in the spirit and practice of freedom itself, has again and again voluntarily granted momentous concessions. The glorious privilege of paying miserably low rentals to their noble landlords who, with rare exceptions, reside on their estates, practising the estimable virtues of a wise and gracious aristocracy—rents moreover, earned by the sons and daughters of Irishmen in America, and by themselves in the harvest fields of England and Scotland—is even considered an

insupportable evil! The pleasant and cheering sensations of being politely invited by the bayonet and crowbar to walk out of their mud cabins and vacate farms almost solely improved by themselves, to rest under the canopy of heaven, or to emigrate to the tyrannically governed America, or to die and go to glory, are not acceptable to this thankless race! When, again, in the advance of modern times and the exigencies of political life, the rare blessing of exercising the franchise by ballot is bestowed upon them, they send, as the expression of the manhood of the nation, a set of irreconcilable Radicals to the Imperial Parliament, who clamour for the further privilege of Home Rule. They put at the head of this demand a Protestant gentleman who is accused of murderous proclivities, preferring rather to follow his rebellious leading than submit to the many rich tokens of affection which are being showered upon them by Salisbury, the wise and liberal, and by Balfour, the gentle and mild! Even the promise of twenty years’ continuance of their benignant government irritates them to spurn the offer. Considering the grand result of centuries of affectionate, firm, and wise rule in knitting the two nations in the bond of mutual sisterly confidence, who can hesitate to advocate a persistent adherence to the successful policy of overcoming evil with good? The gospel of kindness which has been so long and loudly proclaimed to the “Hotentots” of Ireland, and which has been so notoriously exemplified by acts and deeds of charity, unexampled in the history of the world, should induce the hope that in the far future of the millennium this unruly and ungrateful race will kiss the hands of their benefactors and embrace the chains riveted upon them by an ever-enduring love! As for myself, I cannot escape from the inexorable duty of denouncing the foul ingratitude of the Irish, and of subscribing myself as

A UNIONIST.

HOW PILLS ARE MADE.

The custom of taking medicine in the form of pills dates far back in history. The object is to enable us to swallow easily in a condensed form disagreeable and nauseous, but very useful drugs. To what vast dimensions pill-taking has grown may be imagined when we say that in England alone about 2,000,000,000 (two thousand million) pills are consumed every year. In early days pills were made slowly by hand, as the demand was comparatively small. To-day they are produced with infinitely greater rapidity by machines especially contrived for the purpose, and with greater accuracy, too, in the proportion of the various ingredients employed.

No form of medication can be better than a pill, provided only it is intelligently prepared. But right here occurs the difficulty. Easy as it may seem to make a pill, or a million of them, there are really very few pills that can be honestly commended for popular use. Most of them either undershoot or overshoot the mark. As everybody takes pills of some kind, it may be as well to mention what a good, safe, and reliable pill should be. Now, when one feels dull and sleepy, and has more or less pain in the head, sides, and back, he may be sure his bowels are constipated, and his liver sluggish. To remedy this unhappy state of things there is nothing like a good cathartic pill. It will act like a charm by stimulating the liver into doing its duty, and ridding the digestive organs of the accumulated poisonous matter.

But the good pill does not gripe and pain us, neither does it make us sick and miserable for a few hours or a whole day. It acts on the entire glandular system at the same time, else the after-effect of the pill will be worse than the disease itself. The griping caused by most pills is the result of irritating drugs which they contain. Such pills are harmful and should never be used. They sometimes even produce hemorrhoids. Without having any particular desire to praise one pill above another, we may, nevertheless, name Mother Seigel’s Pills manufactured by the well-known house of A. J. White Limited, 35 Farringdon Road, London, and now sold by all chemists and medicine vendors, as the only one we know of that actually possesses every desirable quality. They remove the pressure upon the brain, correct the liver, and cause the bowels to act with ease and regularity. They never gripe or produce the slightest sickness of the stomach, or any other unpleasant feeling or symptom. Neither do they induce further constipation, as nearly all other pills do. Ah a further and crowning merit, Mother Seigel’s pills are covered with a tasteless and harmless coating, which causes them to resemble pearls, thus rendering them as pleasant to the palate as they are effective in curing disease. If you have a severe cold and are threatened with a fever, with pains in the head, back, and limbs, one or two doses will break up the cold and prevent, the fever: A coated tongue, with a brackish taste in the month, is caused by foul matter in the stomach. A dose of Seigel’s Pills will effect a speedy cure. Oftentimes partially decayed food in the stomach and bowels produces sickness, nausea, etc. Cleanse the bowels with a dose of these pills, and good health will follow.

Unlike many kinds of pills, they do not make you feel worse before you are better. They are, without doubt, the best family physic ever discovered. They remove all obstructions to the natural functions in either sex without any unpleasant effects.