

of England shall go down to history black and stained by the guilt of this cold-blooded crime against women and children, done after the war was over; although the world knows that Clemenceau, George, and Wilson have deceived mankind and rendered in vain all the bloodshed of the war, yet is there no sign of penance, and the death-dance of the nations goes on more merrily than ever.

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We have killed in cold blood by the cruel weapon of starvation at least half a million women and children in Europe; we have shot down like rabbits women and children in India; we have introduced the worst features of the Penal Laws into Ireland, and we have exceeded the excesses of Cromwell and Elizabeth and Pitt and Castlereagh in our efforts to destroy a people whose crime is that Britain is unable to keep her pledges; we have in America millions of foes who will never rest and never relent in their bitter opposition against the power that is killing their kith and kin. And we have the rebel Smith—the pro-German Ulster “galloper” who ought to have been hanged four years ago for high treason—now directing the slaughter of the people of Ireland and using British troops to shoot them down for the crime for which he was made Lord Chancellor of England. We have been kicked out of Russia, where we had betrayed and attacked the nation that lost more men to save us from Germany than France and England lost altogether; and what is more, owing to the Hunnish tactics of our statesmen, we have lost every penny we had in Russia. The map of Europe is at present a document eloquent of broken pledges and bad faith. Chaos reigns everywhere. Montenegro has been sacrificed because she was weak; Ireland is martyred because she is Catholic; Austria—Catholic Austria—has been broken and dismembered, while Protestant Prussia has the support of Lloyd George against the other German States that want to be free. It does not matter that the freedom of these States would be the best way of breaking the Prussian power: nothing seems to matter now but the wishes of Lloyd George and the capitalists that run him and ruin the Empire. Look at it, then, you loud-throated Jingo, who told us that we were fighting for small nations, and for truth and justice. Look at it well, for indeed, the world will ne'er look upon the like again. Justice gone; truth gone; charity gone; chastity gone; the very foundations of hope gone; and the affairs of State in the hands of incompetent and unprincipled men; that is the harvest: that is the result of our victory.

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In Rome, the Catholic world is saluting with joy the saints who have been canonised. Oliver Plunket and Joan of Arc were the victims of tyranny and hatred and they have conquered. England killed Oliver Plunket and England killed Joan of Arc, and now while England is down in the dust, stricken and diseased as a result of the pledge-breaking and the lies and the greed of her politicians, the martyrs have triumphed. The moral of this is that you cannot kill a spiritual thing; you cannot slay souls, whether of people or of nations. In this truth lies the sole hope for the future. Underneath the chaos the soul of religion lives still, just as underneath the jack-boot in Ireland the soul of the nation is stronger than ever. In the mysterious ways of Providence the destiny of persecuting England—that killed Oliver and Joan—is now in the hands of the most incompetent and hopeless people that ever ruined any country. The time is coming when the people of England will take into their own hands the ordering of their own affairs, and when a government of men of principle and honesty will try to set their country right before the eyes of the world by undoing as far as they can the wrongs that have been done by Mr. George, his Germans, his Jews, his Orange traitors and their satellites in some of the Colonies. At present the chaos is appalling. Read Keynes, read Chesterton, read Austin Harrison,

read Gibbs, and you will see to what a depth of despair and shame the Lloyd George gang have brought the Empire. We believe that beneath the confusion the heart of humanity is sound; we believe that the eternal principles of justice, truth, charity, and chastity will come again, like flowers pushing through the dung that hides them for a while. We believe that after her seven hundred years of torment, Ireland will come into her own, and by sheer force of Christian example and principle will lift up crushed and broken England, just as twice before in her history she restored the faith that England had lost.

NOTES

Coleridge on Ireland

In Coleridge's *Table Talk* we find the following passages which are as true to-day as when they were written:—

“Union With Ireland.”—If any modification of the Union takes place, I trust it will be a total divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. I am sure we have lived a cat and dog life of it. Let us have no more silly saving of one crown and two legislatures; that would be preserving all the mischiefs without any of the goods, if there are any, of the Union.

I am deliberately of opinion that England, in all its institutions, has received injury from its union with Ireland.

How miserably imbecile and objectless has the English government of Ireland been for forty years past! Oh! for a great man—but one really great man,—who could feel the weight and power of a principle and put it unflinchingly into act! But truly there is no vision in the land and the people accordingly perisheth. See how triumphant in debate and action O'Connell is! Why? Because he asserts a broad principle and acts up to it, rests all his body on it, and has faith in it. Our Ministers—true Whigs in that,—have faith in nothing but expedients *de die in diem*. Indeed, what principles of government can they have, who in the space of a month recanted a life of political opinions, and now dare to threaten this or that innovation at the huzza of a mob, or in the pique of a parliamentary defeat?”

What a pity Coleridge did not know the Welsh renegade who not only sold all his friends but also put traitors and German traders into office in war-time!

The Irish Touch

Apropos of the popularity of Gaelic literature in recent years, and of the countless imitations of the real thing, a correspondent calls our attention to the following paragraph by the late Dr. Heneberry, a Gaelic scholar whose enthusiasm we knew and admired in past days:—

“The Irish were near to the vision; they enjoyed a power of vision but were not visionary. Hence the latter-day sham of the so-called Celtic Note in English literature with its purposely weird and misty indecisions, so purposely flabby and boneless of motive, so purposely void of logic, so purposely antagonistic to common-sense and all ideas of manliness, so purposely mincing and muling, and shaping at all points to be diametrically opposed to all that is big, clean, strong, manly, sensible, artistic, and Celtic, hence that gear must be denied as too widely at right angles with common scientific truth and relegated as speedily as possible to the limbo of MacPherson's *Ossian*.”

Dr. Heneberry is strong in his condemnation of the imitators of the true Celtic Note, and they were legion a few years ago. How different their stuff is from the writing of the Poets of the Easter Rising! Pearse, Plunkett, MacEntee, and their predecessors—heralds of the movement like Ethna Carbery and Moira O'Neill—struck the clear, pure Celtic Note in which was no falsetto, no thin scranneal piping, but

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