

was cowardly and disgraceful; to be unmoved or even sceptical about every crime that the press reported was enough to warrant hanging; to doubt that there could be a word said at all for the other side of the story was idiotic, unpatriotic, inhuman.

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Look back now and see with what burning rhetoric, with what vibrating periods, with what fire and fury we called on humanity to arise and destroy those who broke solemn pledges, oppressed weak people, and committed outrages against humanity—not, as we have said, because they were Prussians, but because they who did such things deserved extermination and ill manner of torture. Have you forgotten, you patriots? If you have we will remind you briefly of the sort of things you used to say, of the sort of pledges you used to make, of the high ideals and of the sacred anger that then inflamed your hearts. Mr. Asquith it was who protested amid the applause of thousands that *"This is a war. . . Perhaps I might say primarily a war for the emancipation of the smaller States. . . The peace must be such as will build upon a sure and stable foundation the security of the weak, the liberties of Europe, and the free future of the world."* Mr. Churchill it was who proclaimed: *"We want a natural and harmonious settlement which liberates races, restores the integrity of nations, and subjugates no one. . . Let us war against the principle of one set of Europeans holding down by force and conquest, against their wills, another set."* Mr. George it was who said: *"The sanctity of treaties must be established; a territorial settlement must be secured, based on the right of self-determination, or the consent of the governed."* It was the same orator who declared that, *"When he saw an organised and insolent bully trampling on the weak, he felt he was pursuing his ideals in his endeavor to combat that oppression. The world is a world for the weak as well as for the strong. If not why did God make small nations?"* President Wilson said—and the British Ministers accepted what he said as a new gospel—"We believe these fundamental things:

"1. That every people has the right to choose the sovereignty under which they shall live like other nations.

"2. That the small States of the world have the right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that the great and powerful nations insist upon.

"3. That the world has the right to be free from every disturbance to its peace that has its origin in aggression and the disregard of the rights of peoples and nations."

These were Wilson's words; and, speaking for England, Bonar Law said, "What President Wilson longs for we are fighting for." And yet again, Wilson said: "We have used great words, all of us; we have used the words Right and Justice, and now we have to prove whether or not we understand those words."

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There is the preaching: what is the practice? Has England kept her pledges to the world, to the dead as well as to the living? Ask India, ask Egypt, ask Ireland what the British Government—Lloyd George, Bonar Law, and Churchill, and the other makers of fine phrases,—have done for the rights of oppressed peoples. Ask the widow of the Lord Mayor of Cork, ask the friends of the kidnapped boys and the murdered girls and the terrified children if the atrocities committed by the English in Ireland are not as bad as those we were told the Huns committed in Belgium. Ask President Wilson how he kept faith with the American soldiers, and what he did for the destruction of despotism and the freedom of small nations. Ask the whole world to-day if Britain is not the outstanding example of perfidy in the comity of nations. Ask the statesmen of any country if they would trust Lloyd George, or Bonar Law, or Chur-

chill. All the war pledges have been torn to tatters. Scraps of paper indeed! What do they matter to the tools of the international money-kings that have wrecked Europe? British statesmen frankly declare that they have no intention of considering the right of peoples to self-determination, and they are outspoken in their admissions that they recognise no guiding principle but that Might is Right and that self-interest must come before Truth and Justice. Truth and Justice, forsooth! These words served their turn, but what do they matter now? And in Ireland, in India, in Egypt, the tanks roll through the streets, the machine-guns are let loose upon unarmed women and children, the police and the soldiers murder with impunity. We have seen what the preaching was like: there is the practice. Let any honest Imperialist or Jingo lay his hand on his heart and tell us whether we fought Prussia or Prussianism. But are there any honest people of that type? Are there any who have the manhood to stand forth and say that such crimes ought to be punished no matter whether done by the Kaiser or by Lord French. There may be a few; and the fact that there are but few shows to what a depth of moral rottenness the great and glorious British Empire—the champion of small nations—has fallen to-day. And so there is the end of all our war-lies and all our war-aims and all our splendid protests. On the one hand our fine preaching; on the other our infamous practice; and the consequence of both, our shame as an Empire of boasters and hypocrites.

## NOTES

### Translations

There is one good translation of a poem into another language; that there is one shows it can be done; that there is, in our opinion, only one, is to us conclusive proof that it can hardly be done. The good translation is Fitzgerald's *Omar*. Straightway many will say, "Oh, that's not a translation at all. It is more Fitzgerald than Omar." Yet do we hold that it is the one good translation, even though there be much of Fitzgerald in it; even because there be much of Fitzgerald in it. When you pour a perfume from one bottle into another you have in the second what you poured into it from the first and nothing else. But you have not all that was in the first. In the same way when a poem is literally translated into another tongue you never get all that was in the original. But as it is possible to pour, on one's own account, something into the second bottle which will even improve the perfume, so too it is possible to add, on one's own account, something to a literal translation that may make it even better than the original. This is exactly what Fitzgerald did. To do that is harder than writing good original poetry, because the mind is bound down to a limited range and the imagination flies with clipped wings. Also, perhaps because it requires a very good knowledge of two languages—which is more than many translators have.

### Heine

Heine is the greatest German lyric poet. Indeed it is not certain that one could not leave out the adjective that restricts the praise to one Nationality. Readers of Heine will find him simple and clear. His prose has somewhat of the spirit of French prose—not a little of its limpid grace. His poetry is as unpremeditated and as elementary—to the reader—as the song of a blackbird on a morn of spring. But just try to translate it!

*Du bist wie eine Blume  
So hold und schön und rein;  
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut  
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.*

**HOPE and KINASTON,**

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