

Note that there is not a word about the danger to the Empire of an independent Ireland, not a word about Ireland's share of the War Bill. There is only as pretty a piece of British lying and hypocrisy as even Lloyd George could concoct. Unfortunately many Irishmen were foolish enough to give their lives on account of that lie.

That was the promise. What was the fulfilment? Our local papers—the *Otago Daily Times* and others—publish columns of misrepresentations concerning the Home Rule Bill. There is only one way to describe that Bill: it is a scheme for the glorification of Ulster and for the oppression by armed forces of Catholic Ireland. There is only one attitude for Irishmen towards it, and that may be expressed by substituting the word "Bill" for the word "Pope" in the prayer of the pious Orangemen. It is a Bill for the enslavement of Ireland; it aims at ensuring this by fomenting sectarian strife and by placing at the disposal of the Orange savages the wealth and power of England. It is, in a word, a Bill worthy of the disgraced English nation that stands before humanity to-day crime-stained and debauched in blood, grinding down defenceless people in India and in Ireland. The twenty-six counties outside of the North-east corner will have nothing to do with the Bill, and Tyrone, speaking for Nationalist Ulster, assures us that the Orangemen will not have it all their own way there:

"We declare if the present or any future Government at Westminster persists in forcing the people of these constituencies into a Parliament in Belfast our determination to resist even with our lives the operation of such a tyrannous and outrageous law, which seeks to place our people under the heel of our political opponents, supported by arms supplied by the Government—a proposal inconsistent with justice to which we can never consciously submit."

That is no idle threat. Tyrone and Fermanagh are not under the heel of Carson. They are Irish counties and they stand for freedom to-day as they did in the days of the great O'Neills and Maguires. They alone comprise more than 36 per cent. of "the North-east corner." Moreover, in Antrim, Down, Armagh, and Derry Sinn Fein is strong at present, and even there, the kingdom of Carsonia will never become a Utopia. No doubt the Lloyd George Government will send men and guns to kill the Ulster Nationalists while Greenwood is drenching with Catholic blood the three provinces which England proposes to rule as she ruled Nigeria, India, and other spheres of her murderous activity.

Speaking about Russia, during the War, Lloyd George said: "You must set up a Government which the people want, otherwise it would be an outrage upon all the principles for which we fought." Speaking about Ireland at Carnarvon, the same person defends murder, robbery, rape, and arson in Ireland as means of preventing the people from obtaining the government they want. These two speeches mark the character of Lloyd George, of his associates in the English Government, of our Colonial "statesmen," and of the army of press liars who defend the frightfulness in Ireland: they mark the low-water of degradation to which England has fallen. To outsiders it seems in these days that the English people will allow no man to share in their government unless he has made money in some shady manner, or else made for himself an international reputation as a liar and a breaker of pledges. The degradation of England concerns us but indirectly, and English Home Rule Bills concern Sinn Fein hardly more than a pronouncement from the Tailors of Tooley Street. If England wants peace with Ireland de Valera and Griffith have pointed out the way to have it. "The problem," said de Valera, not long ago, "can only be solved by a Treaty of Peace, signed by the accredited representatives of the two peoples, on the basis of a guarantee of Ireland's independence on the one hand and a guarantee of British security on the other by some international instru-

ment." Arthur Griffith says: "Ireland seeks no more than the acknowledgment of her independence. Provided that acknowledgment be made, she is quite ready to enter into a treaty by which the independence and security of the two countries can be mutually guaranteed. . . . Some of your politicians refer to Ireland as an enemy on your flank. When you deal with Ireland as nation with nation, there will be no longer an enemy on your flank. She will be a country by your side whose interest it will be to live in peace and amity with you." In a word, Ireland repeats Seaghan MacDermot's message to England: "Concessions be damned! We want our country." And England breaks her pledges and soils her flag for exactly the same reasons as Lord Limavaddy described the traitor Carson as a patriot, or outraged decency in his subservience to a horsewhipped cad who demanded his pound of flesh from the politicians at whose service he had placed his fifty mind and his false tongue.

NOTES

Pronunciation—Old and New

There is a type of schoolteacher that is the nearest human thing we know of to an abomination. Our readers will surely have met specimens of the type that thinks learning and scholarship are one and the same as meticulous pronunciation of old words according to new ideas and a capacity for spelling that would qualify for a "turn" as a Marvel of Memory at a vaudeville performance. We are told that some teachers of the present day will punish children who refuse to become prigs and say "off-ten" instead of the homely and free and easy "of'n." And still worse is the wretch that insists on "Wed-nes-day" instead of good old "Wen'sd'y." The affectation that is laying the whole land desolate also reveals itself in "Christ-ee-an" for "Chrischen", in "aposst-el" for "apostle" and "episst-el" for "epistle". Indeed, it would appear that the modern unlettered schoolteacher, not knowing the true meaning of the old phrase, "vulgar tongue", is trying to put a varnish of respectability on what he or she conceives as vulgarity. Need we point out that the adjective "vulgar" is not used in its bad sense when qualifying old English? How Dante would smile if he thought that his phrase, *lingua vulgare* should come to be perverted in this way by our schoolists! R.L.G. tells us, in an article in the *Nation*, that a certain fastidious curate, used to substitute "English" for the phrase "vulgar tongue" in the Anglican Baptismal Office. "How, and when," he asks, "did this 'vulgar tongue,' this great living English *vulgar*, become 'vulgar' in the bad sense? I think when it was first used with a conscious, snobbish sense of inferiority, when people whose mother tongue it was ceased to talk naturally, and with a painful effort and many relapses into their vernacular, endeavored to speak what was practically a foreign language. What remains of English at the present day is bad in the further sense that it has lost its traditional character, its brawling, robustness, good-humored straightforwardness and downrightness. It has become anaemic, querulous, drawing."

Changes

So, then, the vulgar tongue does not connote vulgarity: rather the contrary is true. The very last people to give it up were the Old County families. Dr. Pusey's mother always called her son "Ed'ard", and aristocrats of no mean culture always said "cow-cumber"—just as Sairey Gamp did. Sir Algernon West said that his parents always pronounced "Rome", "China", "gold", and "lilac", as "Room", "Chaney", "goold", and "laylock". At the present day the new generation will make you shiver by the pedantic manner in which they get out their "t's", and only a few of the old-fashioned pronunciations hold their own unchallenged. They have made that musical word "Arundel" (from *hirundelle*, a monstrosity; "clark"