

rather, how can they hope to make believe so absurdly, with any advantage to themselves or others? Stripped of all its camouflage, the question is a very simple one. It is only whether the Irish are or are not like every other civilised people upon the face of the earth, entitled to judge for themselves of that which most nearly concerns themselves—the right to self-determination. Many of England's fair-minded statesmen and writers and thousands of liberty-loving Americans say they are. Lloyd George, Sir Edward Carson, who seems to be the real ruler of England, and certain English and American (?) editors say they are not; and that we have no business to encourage the "lawless Irish" in such a belief.

If the Irish are *not*, then we are wrong, and our sympathy sheer wastefulness and mischief, and we have no more business to meddle with Ireland than we have to force prohibition on the English people or to tamper with the crown jewels of the present royal family of England. But if the United States went to England's assistance in her hour of need to "make the world a decent place to live in," if our boys died "to make the world safe for democracy" and not *hypocrisy*; if "safeguard small nations" and "freedom of the seas" were not mere catch cries; if the Irish are *men*, if as *men* they are entitled to think for themselves, to judge for themselves, and to decide for themselves as *they have already done*, then, with England herself to justify us, alike by her encouragement and her example, we ask our critics: "What's the matter? Why complain? Friend, we do thee no wrong."

But our sympathy, unlike that of the English, is not a *war* sympathy. Do not the duly elected representatives of the Irish Republic say—do they not declare that not a drop of blood shall be spilled? That they rely altogether upon the righteousness of their cause—the might of public opinion and the blessing of the God of Nations?

Are the oppressors of Ireland afraid of this? Do they see in this boding tranquillity some terrible disaster? If not, then why such alarming threats and outcries? Why the mustering of troops and the muttering of Carsonian thunder throughout England, Ireland, and our own country? Why is an army of occupation in Ireland, with Major-General Sir Nevil Macready at the head upon his war-charger? Of course, to frighten the "lawless Irish." But the Irish are not to be frightened, and though the English and Orange hordes may be ready for strife, still if the Irish are not, nothing can come of nothing, and no quarrel *can* happen. If the Irish are determined not to spill the blood of the English, how are the English to spill their blood, otherwise than as they spilt that of Emmet and Pearse—by a miscarriage of justice?

If ever a government exhibited indications of down-right madness or utter stupidity the symptoms may be easily recognised in the measures that have been brought forward by the George (or is it Carson?) Administration. Lloyd George, like most of the Bourbons, never seems to learn anything but cruelty and oppression. For seven hundred years England has been trying to govern Ireland by the bayonet, the rack, by burning, murder, and all the methods of brutality that have recently been used by the notorious "Black-and-Tans." In her madness she now proposes to enact penal and brutal laws that one hundred and fifty years ago were denounced by English statesmen and the enlightened world as disgraceful to any age. Ireland is again overrun with English troops as in the days of Cromwell; the trial by jury is abolished; judges hankering for the blood of Irishmen are appointed and English gold is employed to secure informers, as in the days of the United Irishmen and the Land League, to swear away the lives of innocent men. The boasted English doctrine, laid down by Coke three hundred years ago, that "a man's house is his castle," has been abrogated throughout Ireland.

Before our country's entrance into the World War the American people were fed up on the alleged atrocities of the Germans in Belgium. Have you read anything in your powerful daily or small town weekly about the murder of one Patrick Lynch of County Limerick? Archbishop Harty of Cashel, Bishop Cohalan of Cork, and Bishop Hallinan, who are not paid propagandists, vouch for the truth of the following statement:

"On Saturday night, August 14, the eve of the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Patrick Lynch was reciting the Rosary with his sisters and aged father before retiring to bed in their humble home in Hospital, a small town in County Limerick, when a knock came to the door. He opened the door and seven soldiers with an officer rushed in. They appeared to be excited, his sister states, and some appeared to be under the influence of drink. They carried rifles, revolvers and fixed bayonets. They inquired about a young man named Molony, and, finding he was not there, they left. The family then finished the interrupted Rosary. A quarter

of an hour later there was another knock at the door. Patrick again opened it. A soldier was outside. 'The sergeant wants you,' said he. Patrick went out with the soldier. One of his sisters went to the door after him. 'Keep in, shut the door,' said a soldier on guard outside. Shortly after the family heard shots. Neighbors found Patrick lying on the road with three bullet wounds in his head. He was quite dead. A bullet mark on the road showed that Lynch was fired at on the ground after falling."

All this is but a return to the old system by which England has forced every true Irishman and intelligent, fair-minded American to detest the iron heel of the oppressor. England has lessened the respect for human life in Ireland, and Irish men and women are regarded as unpossessed of the common rights of human beings, and they are shot like foxes. Her soldiers and police act there to-day as they did in the days of Elizabeth, when, according to James Anthony Froude, who certainly bore no love for the Irish: "The murder of women and children appears to have been the everyday occupation of the English police in Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth, and accounts of atrocities fully as bad as that at Glencoe were sent in on half a sheet of letter paper and were indorsed, like any other documents, with a brevity which shows that such things were too common to deserve criticism or attract attention."—(*Froude's Magazine*, March, 1865.)

There is not a page of the history of English rule in Ireland, even as told by the anti-Irish Froude, that is not stained with the blood of famished or murdered Irishmen—famished and murdered by the English garrison in the island of smiles and tears. So early as the year 1309, in the reign of Edward II., we find it mentioned by Sir John Davies that "the mere Irish were not only accounted *aliens*, but *enemies*, and altogether out of the protection of the law, so that it was no capital offence (for an Englishman) to kill them."—(*Hist. Tracts*, page 82, Ed. Dublin, 1787.) And, most likely, when the Irish of the fourteenth century questioned the justice of such infamous statutes they were asked, as we are in the twentieth, "What's the matter? Why complain? Friend, we do thee no wrong."

For seven centuries Ireland has worn the yoke of political bondage. During all that time, except one short interval, she has not been permitted to make any laws for the protection of her own people in their persons or property. Their affairs have been entirely directed by another power, whose orders have been executed by agents and overseers sent upon them for that purpose. Enemies and strangers so fastened upon a community will certainly rule for their own pleasure, advantage and profit. Any person who does not know this to be a great fundamental fact, established by all human experience, and underlying the whole science of government, is not fit to consider this subject, and he had better give no further attention to it. But if he understands that much, he also knows that Ireland and England are not "united kingdoms." There is no real union, and there never was. There is a connection made by force; they are "pinned together by bayonets." The British Government, which is a limited monarchy at home, becomes an unrestrained and absolute despotism when it crosses the Channel; and the exercise of this unbounded power through all the centuries of its existence has been marked with the coarsest cruelty and the most heartless oppression that this world has ever witnessed. And to-day, in this "world made safe for democracy," the hands of George and Carson are heavier on the heart of Ireland than the sword of Henry II. and the rack of Elizabeth. And if we but dare denounce this mixture of feudal barbarism and Oriental duplicity the Uriah Heep of the nations asks us: "What's the matter? Why complain? Friend, we do thee no wrong."

It is with Englishmen now (there are, however, some noble exceptions) as it was during the efforts to repeal the odious penal laws and to secure Catholic Emancipation. The moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned the average Englishman (seemingly a gentleman in other respect) bids adieu to common feeling, common decency, common prudence and common sense, and acts with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots. The likes of George and Carson and their venal slaves of the American (?) press do not seem to understand that while they have been standing still Irishmen, and the sons and daughters of Irish men and Irish women, have been marching and making wonderful progress. They ignore the fact that during the last hundred years Ireland has given a population to the United States of millions of active, irrepressible, and, until Right succeeds Might, *irreconcilable* sons that will continue to be an annoyance to the British Empire. A nation that has been ground down by oppression, murder, poverty, famine, misery, and persecution for love of country and the Catholic Faith, and lived through it all, cannot and will not be conquered.