

Rule was good political tactics on the part of the aristocratic party. In large sections of darkest England, the Protestant drum is a fine vote-getter. In some corners of England and Scotland, in fact, it works almost as well as it does in Florida and Georgia. So Norfolk, the Catholic, and Balfour, the Protestant, could count on coaxing away many sound Protestant English votes from the English Democratic party, by merely raising the cry that Home Rule is "Rome Rule."

In the eighties of the last century almost all the leaders of the Irish people were in gaol at the behest of Mr. Gladstone, who gaoled Parnell on the ground that "the resources of civilisation against its enemies are not exhausted." Lord Salisbury and the other leaders of the Tory party then tried to "dish" Gladstone and the Liberals by making a deal with Parnell in gaol. The Tories were to grant Home Rule while the Irish Party was to vote with the Tories in the House of Commons. If that deal had gone through, then I have no doubt the Liberals would have become the champions of Ulster, the creators and upholders of the Rome Rule bogey. It is principally a matter of political tactics between the two English parties: the best men on each side, such as Morley for the Liberals and Wyndham for the Tories, have confessed that Ireland is little more than the shuttlecock of English party-politics.

Other eminent Tories who patronise Ulster are, or were, Lord Charles Beresford, Sir John Jellicoe, the late Lord Roberts, the late Earl Kitchener, Lord French, General Gough, who let the Germans through at St. Quentin in March, 1918, after receiving his promotion as a reward for his services to Carson. With them were associated all the leading figures in London "society." Thus the English navy, the English army, and society were behind the Ulster sham. Society in London consists of two elements: first, the real blue blood that comes down from William the Conqueror; second, the rich brewers, bankers, and pork butchers who buy titles and peerages and pedigrees for good coin of the realm. This second element corresponds to our "big-money" element, just as the first element corresponds to our New England and Virginia and New York aristocracy. When Lloyd George belonged to the Liberal or Democratic party and was fighting to free the Methodists and Baptists of his native Wales from the incubus of an established Episcopal Church, he gave to the nobility and gentry of England who supported and were supported by that incubus, the name of "the British Beerage," because the humble pewter beer-tankard provided most of the funds that paid for most of the titles and pedigrees of those exalted persons. That gentry has been the butt of English satirists from Swift to Meredith. The superstitious awe with which so many Englishmen look up to them invited the caustic wit of Thackeray.

These heterogeneous assemblages of privileged persons instinctively resent anything that helps the toiler or the poor: they instinctively feel that to make the poor comfortable, to give them education, to give them political rights, is to endanger the citadel of privilege. That is the secret of their hatred of Ireland. That is the reason for the manufacture and the upkeep of Ulster. Ireland would quickly absorb and assimilate the alien colony in the north-east corner of Ulster, if the powerful alien sustenance and stimulus were withdrawn. A London Tory paper on the Ulster question is about as reliable as a Wall Street organ on an American labor problem, or an American profiteering scandal. The British Peerage keeps old sores open in Ulster and opens new ones by a most powerful and heavily financed propaganda. Right down to the middle of the war the English army and navy were the family property of the aristocracy. And it was this control of the army and navy that terrified King George and Lloyd George and Asquith into annulling the British Constitution by killing a Home Rule measure that had passed through all the constitutional stages several times. Military rule in the strictest sense annulled and suspended the British

Constitution in the case of Home Rule, merely because Home Rule threatened the interests and defied the Junker prejudices of the privileged class that owned the army and navy.

English democrats are familiar with this glaring fact. They all know that Ireland realises that Ulster is a mere pretence, an excuse manufactured to throw a rag of democratic decency over the naked Junkerism of the English aristocracy. And those English democrats fear that Lloyd George will prove to be too weak a dilution of democracy in the new Junker Government. Hitherto the lords and gentlemen of England of inherited or purchased pedigrees have felt it safe to perform the experiment of sabre-rattling government in the Irish body politic. They have not felt it quite safe to use army, navy, finance, and society against the vital interests of the English people, at all events since the Chartist movement of the thirties of the last century. But now they have a big majority in the new English Parliament, mainly due to Lloyd George's war record and his radical social programme. English Democrats fear that the lords and gentlemen with or without the co-operation of Lloyd George, will try to revive their ancient privilege of ruling by sabre and bullet in England as well as in Ireland. The rule of the sabre and the bullet in England is the ultimate aim and the logical consequence of the scheme of the schemers who manufactured and sustained and who work the Ulster sham and bogey. And this is the reason why the Chestertons, the Wellises, the Massinghams, the Morleys, the Burnses, and all the thinking Democrats of England hate the very name of Ulster. For Ulster suggests to them the horrors of privilege and caste from which England tried to free herself by revolution after revolution.

Let nobody blame Ulster. Inanimate puppets are not responsible. Let the blame fall on the wily tricksters who manufactured the puppet and pull the strings, and they are the Junkers of England. Part of the Junker plan is to direct attention to the antics of their Belfast puppet and then talk about Irish disunion. This patent fraud seems to deceive some well-meaning persons in America. "No-Popery," yells the Belfast gramophone. "Irish dissension," say the American dupes of the London operator of the gramophone.

WEDDING BELLS

O'NEILL—LEVEY.

The wedding took place recently at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Petone, of Mr. Thomas O'Neill, son of Mr. F. O'Neill, of Glenham, Southland, to Miss Cecilia Levey, tenth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Levey, of Plunkett Avenue, Petone. The Rev. Father P. Quealy officiated. The bride, who was given away by her father, was charmingly attired in a gown of white crepe-de-chine with pearl trimming. She also wore the usual veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of cream roses and maiden-hair fern. Attending the bride were two sisters—Winifred, who wore a dainty frock of pale pink georgette and a leghorn hat trimmed with pink roses; and Gertrude, who wore blue georgette and a ninon hat; both bridesmaids carried shower bouquets of cream roses and carnations. Mr. Ernest Umverricht was best man. After the ceremony a reception, at which there were over 100 guests, was held in Jones Hall. The bride's mother received the guests. Subsequently the newly-wedded couple left for Wellington, en route to the Wairarapa on their wedding tour. The bride's travelling dress was a navy tailored costume and grey hat. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold neckchain and aquamarine pendant, and to the bridesmaids respectively a gold ring set with aquamarines and a cameo ring.

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