

friends, and not man enough to play a man's part, he began his reign by a proclamation to the effect that "liberty of conscience he could not grant" to the Catholics of Ireland. He assured them that the sword should be sheathed and that they should be ruled by English laws. And they were! They soon learned that the naked sword is preferable to the pen of a plotter when the latter is used to frame Acts of Parliament devised for purposes of wholesale robbery. The chivalrous English were now told that they must forego their morning sport of murdering the Irish. In their favor instead "beneficial" measures were designed with the usual foresight for her own interests and the usual disregard for common morality displayed by England in all her dealings with Ireland. Lord Bacon, who was a man of ideas, suggested one to the king. It was to the effect that a settlement of English husbandmen in Ireland would safeguard the interests of the Crown. Here was the germ from which the "Garrison" sprung. The question was where to plant the tools. O'Neill and Tyrconnel were dangerous men, but a pretext must be found for deliberately plundering them. A convenient letter (such as Lloyd George is skilled at inspiring to-day) was found near Dublin Castle. This document contained hints of a plot of the usual type that is made in England for Irishmen. The letter was certainly forged, but the excuse was good enough. O'Neill and Tyrconnel were proclaimed traitors and had to flee to the Continent. The king then appealed to the City of London to take up the lands of the Irish. He told the aldermen that the soil was rich and well watered; that fuel was abundant, and that there was promise of a fine opening for commerce. Six Ulster counties were confiscated (which is the remote reason why Orangemen still think they own six counties in Ireland). The plains and valleys of Fermanagh, Armagh, and Down passed from the hands of their lawful owners into those of the "scum of England and Scotland" fleeing from justice. As that peculiarly English historian, Froude, tells us, the planters got whatever land was worth getting, and the native Irish got the barren mountains and the bogs. To prevent the rightful owners from getting back their own by lawful means it was enacted that no planter should alienate his portion "to the mere Irish." In this manner the infamous plantation of Ulster was engineered. Naturally, the Irish were not pleased, and even from long-suffering people it was too much to expect that they should not occasionally trouble the "scum of England and Scotland" whom a paternal English Government had obligingly placed in possession of their property without consulting the wishes of the rightful owners. They spoiled the spoilers not infrequently and not gently, remembering that

The fertile plain, the softened vale
Were once the birthright of the gale.

True, there was an Irish Parliament at the time, and its consent was requisite as a mere formality for this royal act of robbery. Once more a high-souled English Minister of the Lloyd George type came to the king's aid and suggested that there was a way to overcome the opposition of the Irish Parliament. It was not an honest way, but that did not matter to a dishonest king and to his proteges. Honesty was not a word in their vocabulary. It is absent from English morality even still. Forty boroughs were created in a single day, "consisting for the most part of townships that had not yet been built." These boroughs were authorized to elect two members each, and when Parliament met, two hundred thousand English and Anglo-Irish Protestants were found to have more representatives than six times their number of Irish Catholics. We have had something like that in very recent times as a result of the friendship of Lloyd George for the German agent, Sir Edward Carson. To make matters still easier the representatives of the new boroughs were chosen from the Lord Deputy's servants, attorneys' clerks, bankrupts, outlaws, and other persons in a properly servile condition. And when the old representatives complained of this swindle the king's answer

was: "Too many members? The more the merrier." In a way that has become a tradition in English dealings with Ireland, the name and the appearance of freedom was granted to the Irish but the substance was taken away. When, further, it was pointed out that many of the mercenary tools thus chosen were unlawfully elected, being criminals and worse, the answer was that it would greatly prejudice public business to have a delay caused by an inquiry just then. And the bankrupt, the outlawed, the criminals declared that the lands of which O'Neill and Tyrconnel were robbed were duly forfeit to the Crown and in no way belonging to the mere Irish. James, acting again on the shrewd advice of his noble advisers, went another step. He paternally assumed unto himself the right of looking after the children of Catholic landholders. He had them educated in the "reformed religion." If they were girls he supplied them with Protestant husbands. And in time this policy gave him a little gang of renegades whom England found very useful in all her dishonest trafficking from that day to this. An O'Brien became Earl of Thomond, an O'Healy, Earl of Donoghmore, an O'Quin, Earl of Dunraven, and a new coterie of anti-Irish courtiers were ready to take their place at the Court and to fawn on the reigning monarch. "The chief, who lived among his people," says Gavan Duffy, "and who was a visible Providence, began to be replaced by an English cavalier who spent the revenues of the O'Brien's country, or the McWilliam's country, in playing hazard with Buckingham, or junketting with the accommodating ladies of Whitehall." What James began was carried on by Charles. Of the robbery under that Stuart king we may speak another day. Enough now to say that it was part and parcel of the general policy that has endured up to our own time. We have written sufficient here to show on what a title is based the claims of the noisy savages of Ulster who were going to kick the king's Crown into the Boyne a few years ago. The origin of the Orangemen's selfishness and want of patriotism is clear. They are to this day strangers in Ireland, holding by might the lands of the native people. They have not a shadow of right to speak as Irishmen. The only reparation that an honest British Government—if such could ever be—could make to Ireland is to drive them forth body and bones and send them back to the countries from which their criminal and outlawed fathers first came. An Orangeman in Ireland is simply the wrongful holder of stolen goods. He has no standing in law or justice. Prussianism is his title and Hunnishness marks all his ways. St. Patrick, we are told by an old legend, banished snakes and serpents from Erin. The Stuart kings introduced a breed that is tenfold worse. And one day the vipers turned and stung their royal patrons. They are always ready to do that. We saw it in the machinations of Carson with the Kaiser and in the speeches of the Ulster parsons four years ago. Disloyalty to all but their own selfish interests, immorality of the kind that Belloc tells us drove the Wexford peasants to rebellion, bigotry and savagery of a type unknown among Zulus and Sioux savages, cowardice which made a general say that his Orange soldiers were a menace to all except the enemy, have been the splendid traits of the men for whom Lloyd George sold his soul.

What is prayer for? Not to inform God, nor to move Him unwillingly to have mercy, as if, like some proud prince, He required a certain amount of recognition of His greatness as the price of His favor; but to fit our own hearts by conscious need, and true desire and dependence, to receive the gift which He is ever willing to give, but we are not always fit to receive.—Alexander MacLaren.

Like severed locks that keep their light
When all the stately frame is dust,
A nation's songs preserve from blight
A nation's name, their sacred trust.

—AUBREY DE VERE.

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