

sergeants to add color to the game of bluff which brought on the war. As long as the Marconi jobber, George, and the sedition monger, "Galloper" Smith, are in office, and as long as two brainless bigots like Walter Long and Bonar Law are allowed to represent English interests Carson and his gang are quite safe, and their treasonable utterances only go to prove all the more that under the English misrule in Ireland there is one law for Orangemen and another for Catholics. But the day will come, soon or late, when the English Democracy will free itself from autocracy and plutocracy and see the Orange faction as the baneful, poisonous thing it really is. At the end of the eighteenth century the persecution of Catholics at the hand of the Orangemen in Ulster began. Later, the sexual filth of the same horde drove the Catholics of Wexford into hopeless rebellion. Orangeism was from first to last a movement to secure the maintenance of the ascendancy of a small Protestant minority in Ireland. It has consistently opposed every political action aiming at justice for Catholics. Orangemen have become synonymous with black and bitter persecution of minorities whether in Ireland, in Australia, or in Canada. In 1835 a select committee was appointed to inquire into the doings of a society which had in fifty years left a stain of shame on the pages of English history, and, although every conceivable opposition was offered to those to whom the task was entrusted, the result of the disclosures was that the House of Commons prayed King William IV. to stop the mischief. The King was compelled by public opinion to call upon his subjects for aid towards the effectual discouragement of Orange societies, and a Treasury Minute (March 13, 1836) threatened with dismissal any civil servant who should become or continue to be an Orangeman. What the society was then it still remains, a cancer and a mass of foul corruption in the Empire, a relic of barbarous savagery and a monumental reproach, in the eyes of the civilised world, to the British Empire. It was justly abolished as pernicious and wicked, and if it flourishes to-day it is not because it has changed but because the English Government is in the hands of unprincipled men who are nothing less than the hirelings of those who beat the Orange drum for their own ends.

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Carson's speech is a significant thing just now. At the end of the war, which Lloyd George and his peers told us was fought for freedom and justice, the Belfast utterance gives the lie direct to such insincere rhetoric. It is proof positive that to-day the tyranny of a Protestant minority is supported and abetted by the very men who called on Irish Catholics to fight for liberty and the right of peoples to determine their own form of government. That he should be allowed to make such a speech and go scot free does not astonish anybody who knows what shameless pledge-breakers English Ministers have become. The Orangemen defend their own selfish interests at the cost of the Empire; but the Lloyd Georges and the Isaacs have made for themselves such a reputation for jobbery and trickery that justice and an honorable policy would be the last things any sensible man would expect at their hands. Therefore the speech is indeed significant; and its significance is terrible: it means that the war has been fought in vain, that the blood that was shed by brave men has but given a new lease of life to a despotism as evil as ever was that of the Kaiser before whom an Orange General fled when disaster threatened Amiens. As far as the English Government is concerned there is no hope for Ireland, because there is no hope for honor and justice. But shall we say that hope does not lie elsewhere? On the contrary, every fresh act of injustice, every new atrocity, every broken pledge is building up, in Britain, and in America and Australasia, a democratic movement which will one day retrieve the lost war-aims and free not Belgium but this Empire from the tyranny of the Huns. When that day comes, and not till then, the people of every country will celebrate peace, not to order, but of their own accord. We have not been celebrating peace these days past. Carson's words are the best proof of that fact.

NOTES

Past and Present

In *Pages From the Past*, the ninth chapter of which appears in the *Month* for March, John Ayscough writes in his usual charming style of the differences between travellers now and sixty years ago. Then, a knowledge of Continental life and literature and art had become a traditional necessity for educated people. The Englishmen and women who made the Grand Tour were far different from the tourists of to-day. Instead of doing Paris in a week, Rome in ten days, Switzerland in a week-end, they went about it solemnly and leisurely. "They journeyed deliberately, with some French and Italian in their mouths; they were admitted to society in Paris, Rome, Florence, and had time to see something more of foreign people than their monuments. And already at home they had learned to know the great masters of France, Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands; and already at home they had learned other languages than English, and knew something of the literature of other lands." He also criticises keenly the vast difference between country houses then and now. To-day as a rule the English country house is the week-end caravanserai to which the wealthy member of the Beerage invites his friends and their lady-friends: in the old time the country house was the warmest and brightest and soundest institution in England. Sunday was Sunday then, and quietude was quietude. Reading his comments brings home to us once more how home-life has gone and how futile modern education is.

Wanted—Parents

From the *Ave Maria* we take the following letter which was written by a school teacher to the *Bee*, of Sacramento:—

"I do not hesitate to say that, in my opinion, the children of to-day do not need vocational guides so much as they need a new set of parents,—parents who have spunk enough to crawl back upon the thrones in their own households which they have abdicated in favor of their children; parents who have energy enough to get their children out of bed in the morning early enough for them to wash their faces, comb their hair and lace their shoes, without the schools being obliged to give promotion or credit for their doing so; parents who, when the shades of night begin to fall, look after their boys with the same degree of care that they give to their bull pup, which they chain up lest he associate with the stranger cur on the street."

By way of comment on this striking letter it is unnecessary to note that association with the "stranger cur" on the street tends to increase the breed of mongrels, and other undesirable things. In the land of divorce-made-easy parentage is old-fashioned and the care of children left to luck. Outside the Catholic Church home-life is gone and the education of the "flapper" is completed before she is sixteen. In this country we are hurrying along the same path as fast as our awful politicians can lead us. Destroying fire such as that which fell upon the Cities of the Plain would be a mercy of God in comparison with the slow destruction and corruption which is coming as the result of the criminal negligence of parents and of the apostasy of the Government.

Old and New

When you are weary of the newspapers, when the silliness of modern novels has reduced you to distraction, when you cannot even smile at the idiocy of the fablegrams, take down George Gissing's little book, *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, and open it at random. It is a tonic when you need one, a sedative, a bromide, in proper season; it is a book that is seldom out of season. Have you read it? Have you ever bought it? If not, go quickly to a bookseller's, and get it for the winter evenings; for it is full of rare wisdom, and it has high thoughts and lovely fancies,