

leave. They deliberately resolved to treat this phenomenon of National self-liberation by the mere force of natural justice as the crime of a murder-gang and to stamp it out by unloosing the worst ruffians they could hire upon the country at free quarters and to turn a blind eye to their enormities or deny them altogether until their hellish work was done. It is not necessary to assume that Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Hamar Greenwood acquainted themselves fully with the character of the agents they were employing; their culpability was that they did not inquire for themselves until the experiment failed and their boasts that they "had Sinn Fein on the run" and "had the murder-gang by the throat" were turned to their ridicule as prophets as well as to their confusion in the eyes of a conscience-stricken England. One small piece of evidence would be in itself sufficient to stain Mr. Lloyd George with responsibility for the deeds of the Black-and-Tans. It was a newspaper photograph representing an inspection by the Prime Minister of a contingent of these worthies at a time when their ill-fame was at its worst and when Ireland was supposed to be cowering in terror under their bloody lash. The smirk of admiration on Mr. Lloyd George's face as he surveyed their ruffian ranks gives as damning testimony of his feelings as if he had shouted to them through a megaphone: "You are the boys for my money. Go in and win!"

Sir Hamar Greenwood's ignorance of a country where he had never trod until he came to crucify her might in some degree excuse his original employment of the Black-and-Tans: the most indulgent historian will look in vain for any palliation of the mendacity which he made his principal instrument of government, so long as it was possible to cover up their crimes. The Lord Mayor of Cork, Thomas MacCurtin, was visited at midnight by one of those black hands, summoned out of bed and foully murdered in the sight of his wife and children. Sir Hamar Greenwood blandly assured the House of Commons on the authority of the assassins that the Lord Mayor was murdered by his own Sinn Fein associates, and the fact that he was as consistent a hater of foul play in any shape as he was ever the first to risk his life for his principles was actually quoted in support of the atrocious suggestion that it was for his moderation the Lord Mayor was slaughtered by his own comrades. The citizens who had murdered their own beloved Lord Mayor gave him a public funeral which was a spectacle of universal mourning the most impressive that was ever beheld there, and raised a subscription of £23,000 for his widow and children. Still Sir Hamar Greenwood never blenched.

Later on when the Curfew was sternly enforced, and nobody in the streets except the Army of Occupation, the most valuable warehouses in the main thoroughfare of Cork, Patrick Street, were set on fire with petroleum by five separate gangs of incendiaries, the houses burned to the ground with carefully organised efficiency, and hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of property destroyed or looted. At the same time, in another part of the city, the Town Hall was

invaded by the petroleurs and given to the flames, and the Carnegie Free Library adjoining was added to the holocaust. Once more Sir Hamar Greenwood, with forehead of brass, arose in the House of Commons to declare that it was the Sinn Feiners themselves who had burned the fairest part of their city and razed to the ground the headquarters of their local government. In order to give some air of verisimilitude to his theory that the latter incident was an accidental one, he explained that the flames from the Sinn Feiners' operations in Patrick Street had extended to the Municipal Buildings before the area of conflagration could be limited. The truth was that the Town Hall and the Free Library were situated nearly a mile away from Patrick Street, with a river and a dense network of untouched streets between them and the burnt area of Patrick Street from which the Chief Secretary represented they had caught fire. The lie, gross as a mountain, was good enough for the House of Commons and was never cleared up nor apologised for. The origin of the attempt to burn down Cork was indeed ordered to be investigated at a secret military inquiry by General Strickland, the Governor of the City. All demands for the publication of the text of the Strickland report, or even of its conclusions, were resisted by Sir Hamar Greenwood. To this hour an ignorant England accepts the legend that it was the miscreant Sinn Feiners themselves who murdered their Lord Mayor, burnt down their Town Hall, plundered and gave to the flames the wealthiest region of their city, and all because the Report of the Military Governor on these infamies was successfully suppressed, if it was not itself committed to the flames as well by England's highest ministers. What inference the Black-and-Tans themselves drew from their Chief Secretary's intrepidity in covering up their wildest falsi-

fications as his own may be judged from the fact that the men well known to have been the incendiaries were no sooner removed from Cork, as the one concession made to General Strickland's expostulations than they in cold blood murdered Canon Wagner, the parish priest of Dunmauway—perhaps the least politically-minded man of his race—and went within an ace of murdering a Resident Magistrate, Mr. Brady, R.M., who happened to be an inconvenient witness of the butchery. Two successive Mayors of Limerick—Mr. O'Callaghan and Mr. Clancy—were, like their colleague in Cork, shot dead in their homes in presence of their horrified wives: once again, the cynic in the Irish Office adopted from the assassins their loathsome plea that the slaughter of the Mayors of Limerick was the work of their brother Sinn Feiners, and that it was because of their very nobleness of character their fellow-citizens had slain them. It was not even lying reduced to a fine art: it was lying naked, boisterous, and unashamed.

These are not isolated instances of the Greenwood method of government; they are samples of a system widely practised and unblushingly persisted in. If he had been impeached for crimes against public liberty no less heinous than Warren Hastings was summoned to answer for, the verdict could scarcely have been otherwise than that his audacity in concealing and perverting the truth carried with it a deeper shame than the worst enormities of the poor hirelings, whom it must be bluntly stated, he stimulated by his incitements and sheltered by his unlimited lying. The first and the worst offence of the Black-and-Tans in the eyes of Mr. Lloyd George or of Sir Hamar Greenwood was that they failed. No pit of official ignorance in which these personages may take refuge is deep enough to bury the ugly fact out of sight.

(To be continued.)

## A Complete Story

### A HARD-WON FIGHT

(By E. LEARY in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.)

"Choose now and for ever. Give up this mad idea or go out of my house and forget that you ever had a father, as I will forget I ever had a son."

"Father, God alone knows how it grieves me to pain you, but He has called me and I must obey."

"Very well. Go; never darken my doors again. Henceforth you are dead to me, worse than dead, for I will tear your memory out of my heart. Never shall a priest call himself my son. A priest! Fugh! Why, boy," and the man turned round, you are not even a Christian, you were never baptised; I saw to that."

"Oh, yes, Father, in the trenches that was made all right. Somehow looking into the face of death one does not care to chance things."

"Well, go, I wish a shell had blown you to a thousand atoms before you lived to tell me such a tale. Never again shall I will-

ingly look upon your face, and if I ever do chance to see it, it will be the face of a stranger. Go."

The young man bowed his head, and with one long look at the stern features of the man at the desk, rigid as if carved in stone, he slowly left the room. A splendid youth, tall, erect, handsome, a son of whom any man might be proud; brave, too, as the honors won at the front proved. And now he went out of his father's house an out-cast disowned.

The man at the desk sat immovable never raising his eyes until the shutting of the door told him that the boy was gone. His face was pale as the face of the dead, his hands were clenched, it might be in rage, but as he raised his head the awful look in his eyes told rather of death-agony. Strange, this man who had raged with such demon-like wrath at the bare thought of his son becoming a priest, had in the far-off days

J. Lewis

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