

timism are not very substantial up to date, but that there are such grounds we believe to be the fact. First, the protest of the Ulster Orangemen against the conference with de Valera is a good sign; for if they were not apprehensive that justice might be done their cry of distress would have no meaning. A second sign is that even Galloper Smith rebuked some angry Brit-huns who echoed the clamor of Carsonia; and it is the first time (since he, the pro-German plotter, hanged his political opponent, Casement) that he gave any evidence that he retained the use of reason where Ireland is concerned. Again, the tone of editorial remarks in well-meaning maniacs like the *Morning Post* and the *Spectator* is proof that the British Junkers are beginning to believe that the Government has discovered that Greenwood's murder campaign is a failure, and that Sinn Fein must be reckoned with, if only for the sake of England herself. Lloyd George's silence is another good omen. As a rule he is blatant and verbose to tiresomeness. That he is reticent now is a sign that he has offered so much that he does not want a premature display of Orange insanity to disturb the discussions. Stronger than all these indications is the fact that Sinn Fein has taken the proposals seriously enough to spend much time in deliberating on them; for it is certain that if the proposals were not substantially close to the aims for which the Irish people have fought so bravely such proposals would have been scouted long ago by de Valera. True, Dail Eireann has not met to consider them; but the fact that they are thought worth bringing before the Dail is an indication that there is a sound basis for discussion as to their acceptance. One other factor is important at present. In a short time there is going to be a conference at Washington. Lloyd George is to represent Britain. Britain is in sore need of friendship with America: British trade is crippled; British credit is at a low ebb everywhere; British finances are paralysed through many causes, not the least of which is the fact that £50,000,000 of yearly interest must be found for the American loan. Now, England, and her representative Lloyd George, have not a shadow of hope of friendship with the United States as long as the Irish Question is unsettled. Lloyd George will be kicked out of America, as so many British statesmen were before him, by the Irish millions if he is not able to say to the American people: "We have made amends now; we were false to our pledges; we deceived America as we deceived Ireland; but all that is past and done with, and we face the world to-day, friends with Ireland, conscious of our past crimes, and anxious that the sins of the shameful years that are gone be forgotten." If he can say that there is hope for him and for England; but until the Irish settlement is a fact there is no hope.

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Hope does not now rest on British pledges. It has nothing to do with British justice, British fair play, or British honor. The Irishman who would, in the light of past history, base a shadow of hope on any one of these things would be insane. Hope rests on something more substantial: its basis is *British selfishness*. Lloyd George must see that he has to choose between the friendship of bankrupt Belfast and its Orange bigots and that of wealthy America with its tireless millions of Irish exiles who have sworn that there shall be no help forthcoming for England until justice is done to the land of their fathers. In a word, Sinn Fein has so seriously embarrassed the British Government that England is finding it a paying proposition to reconsider her policy of cruel oppression and exploitation of a weak but unconquerable people. Do not attach any importance to the silly editorial comments as to the attitude of extremists in Ireland. The wonderful fact that the truce has been observed by Sinn Fein (while it was violated by the Orangemen) is proof of the union of the Irish people and of their perfect organisation under de Valera. The other day we read in one of the most vigorous organs of the Irish Republic an editorial statement to the effect that if the Irish people accepted

Dominion Home Rule Sinn Fein would loyally, if sadly, abide by their verdict; for the Irish cause is the noble cause which England falsely alleged she fought for: The right of the people to choose their own form of government.

NOTES

Gilbert and Sullivan

Readers who are familiar with *Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, and the *Mikado* will readily agree that it was a happy chance that brought Sir Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert together to give us respectively the music and the song of such inimitable light opera. Sir Arthur's music is known in every country in the world. Gramophones and street organs have spread its ripples in widening circles from London to Otautau, and it never stales. It is not of course to be compared with the music of Wagner, Beethoven, and Chopin, but in its own humbler sphere it is all that the large, human, popular taste wants it to be. Many of our readers no doubt are familiar with the little volume called *The Bab Ballads* which contains such exquisitely humorous rhymes by Gilbert and demonstrates *a priori* his capability for producing the libretti that Sir Arthur wanted in order to ensure success. The music is all important; but nevertheless, in this combination, Sullivan without Gilbert would be like Hamlet without the ghost. Therefore we venture to introduce to belated readers who have not yet made acquaintance with the *Bab Ballads* this amusing little book of poems.

"The Bab Ballads"

The ballads were written originally for publication in various English periodicals, ranging in dignity from *Fun* to *Punch*. They were all done in a period of three or four years, and some of them very hurriedly and spontaneously. The best known of them all had the fate to be declined by the editor of *Punch* on the ground that it was "too cannibalistic for his readers' taste." Notwithstanding this editorial verdict, *The Yarn of the Nancy Bell* is the most popular if not the best of them all. Its swing and verve catch hold of the memory and make an indelible impression when we have heard or read it once, in spite of the awful explanation of how the elderly naval man could be all that he said:

"Oh, I am the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

There is broad humor and rollicking fun, real pathos and shrewd sarcasm in this little book. You will find on one page a poem that will make you laugh loudly, and on the next, a homely lesson like the following:

Only a dancing girl,
With an uuromantic style,
With borrowed color and curl,
With fixed mechanical smile,
With many a hackneyed wile,
With ungrammatical lips,
And corns that mar her trips.

And stately dames that bring
Their daughters there to see,
Pronounce the "dancing thing"
No better than she should be,
With her skirt at her shameful knee,
And her painted, tainted phiz:
Ah, matron, which of us is?

But change her gold and green
For a coarse merino gown,
And see her upon the scene
Of her home, when coaxing down
Her drunken father's frown,
In his squalid cheerless den:
She's a fairy truly then!