

some ill-bred schoolboy. But we know that he too is a British gentleman. He also will take the side of the strong against the weak; he also will stand for might against right and for rapine against justice: for indeed it takes a man to do otherwise. They, like their masters, will do as they have done before; and it will astonish nobody, just as what they write about Ireland affects nobody. Remember that they are British gentlemen. Carson once said that he was thankful that, unlike David Lloyd George, he was not paid to spit out dirt. He also added that he almost mistook Mr. George for a gentleman. He said "a gentleman," pure and simple; for we all know that Mr. George is a British gentleman, which is quite another thing altogether. He is a Marconi schemer: his Government was involved in a gigantic swindle; he has looked after his own relations well; he has an international reputation as a pledge-breaker. But, while Carson almost mistook him for a gentleman, he remains a British gentleman—exactly like the protector of the forger and the scribe who might be taken for an ill-bred schoolboy. Such people we shall not have with us. *Non tui auxilio, nec defensoribus istis tempus eget*: we can do without helpers of that kind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. L.—*Dail Eireann* means Parliament of Ireland.

E.C.—The British Government, at the instigation and in the interests of British manufacturers killed the Irish industries. For example, owing to the refusal to pass a Bill enabling Castleconer to link up with the main line the extra cost of carting coal made competition impossible.

READER.—We saw that offensive and disgusting cartoon about Ireland. If the editor had not put his own picture with "Pat's" in Southern Ireland we could have stood it.

SHANDON BELL.—Tossing cups is a mild form of superstition, varying from a vain credulity to a waste of time. If you want to toss cups innocently throw them at the cat—provided they are made of metal.

SEAGHAN.—Mr. McKeon was attacked by six armed men. He beat them off and killed one during the fight. That was what the assassins of Canon Magner described as murder. Of course our local editors with their slavish eye on the job did their bit too.

J. McA.—Why worry about what the forger says? The man is a little too sane for Seadiff and too erratic for the Old Man's Home. His contempt for Irish is not begotten of familiarity. Those who know him regard him as a hopeless paranoic.

INQUIRER.—Yes, Joseph Conrad is a Catholic. His finest work is *Rescue*, which is a beautiful piece of word-painting. Henri Bordeaux is a Belgian. His novels are usually wholesome and sound reading. We prefer *Le Lac Noir*. As for German books we have not had any new ones since Germany won the war. Sudermann has, we believe, written several works during the years in which our English romancers were writing about corpse-factories. The works of John A. Ryan, an American priest, will help you. We know of none better on economic and social questions. Macmillan is the publisher. Menge's book, *A Background for Social Workers*, is also very good.

WORKER.—Your letter has already appeared substantially in our comments on the high statesmanship of Lord Limavaddy. Still the paid press goes on telling us what a grand bhoyo our Bill is. The fact of the matter is that the burly Orangeman has disgraced us. We should not be at all astonished if it were, by the unanimous request of the other Premiers (except Hughes) made obligatory on the Dominions to send as representatives in future only persons who had at least a Sixth Standard education. The *Manchester Guardian*, July 1, has a proper contempt for our man. It says: "Of all the delegates Mr. Massey is the least expert in international affairs, and he obviously could not have realised that a renewal of the alliance [which he wanted] would virtually terminate the possibility of a conference."

CORRESPONDENCE

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

TO THE EDITOR

POISONING THE WELLS.

Sir,—A friend sent me a copy of the *Auckland Weekly News* for August 18. I wish to call attention to its comments on Irish affairs and to give one sample.

In Mr. de Valera's reply to Mr. Lloyd George's offer of (what he called) Dominion Self-Government, the Sinn Féin leader said:—

"We cannot admit the right of the British Government to mutilate our country either in its own interests or at the call of any section of our population. We do not contemplate the use of force. If your Government will stand aside we can effect a complete reconciliation."

Mr. Lloyd George's rejoinder contains the following words:—

"I am profoundly glad to have your agreement that Northern Ireland cannot be coerced."

In an article too long for any ordinary New Zealand reader to wade through, the following comment is made by the *Auckland Weekly News* (probably copied from the associated morning paper). It is in that portion of the article which may be read before an uninterested person gets tired.

"To an invitation to the Irish people to adjust their differences he [Mr. de Valera] replies that the British Government must stand aside and allow him to coerce Ulster."

I do not think it necessary to make any comment beyond saying this is "a poisoning of the wells." Indeed I would have not troubled you with a letter at all, but I wished to point out that we Irishmen must be prepared to see a good deal of this kind of stuff in the New Zealand newspapers.—I am, etc.,

—C. UA LAOCHAIRE.

THE POET TO THE BIRDS.

You bid me hold my peace,
Or so I think, you birds; you'll not forgive
My kill-joy song that makes the wild song cease.
Silent or fugitive.

You thrush stoit in mid-phrase
At my mere footfall; and a longer note
Took wing and fled afield, and went its ways
Within the blackbird's throat.

Hereditary song,
Illyrian lark and Paduan nightingale,
Is yours, unchangeable the ages long;
Assyria heard your tale;

Therefore you do not die.
But single, local, lonely, mortal, new,
Unlike, and thus like all my race, am I,
Preluding my adieu.

My human song must be
My human thought. Be patient till 'tis done.
I shall not ever hold my peace; for me
There is no peace but one.

—ALICE MEYNELL, in the *Mercury*.

BELFAST CATHOLICS FORM A DEFENCE FORCE.

The Catholic population of Belfast (says the *Manchester Guardian*), convinced that the attitude of the Government as expressed by Sir Hamar Greenwood offers them no adequate protection against a repetition of the murders which occurred a week prior to date, are adopting the desperate expedient of organising for their mutual defence.

At Mass in every parish in the city on the Sunday the officiating priest announced that this step will be taken immediately, and parish defence committees were formed later in the day. The priests advised that none but the most responsible citizens should be appointed to serve on these committees. The movement was initiated by the Catholics, who summoned a preliminary meeting to discuss plans of defence.