

who keeps nagging him into most of his follies; but, admitting that he would melt down a pretty heap of his sovereigns for a gilt title, or an armchair in the Club, or a nod from your lordship, is that so unpardonable an ambition in the eyes of a man—if your lordship seeks my advice, you must let me give it plainly—of a man who has more cheap titles and nods to dispose of than sovereigns? Nods are an easier source of revenue than rents. You will say it is irksome to give Humphrey Dargan two fingers in public. No doubt; but it is less irksome than having your bailiffs shot through the lungs. Both are incidents of Irish landed property. Where's the objection to levying a small rent off a gombeen-man's vanity, if you see none to levying it off Meehul's reclaimed rocks at Cnocanacurragheooish? Both are your rights, your royalties, your flotsam and jetsam, like the seaweed that drifts in on your foreshore. Perhaps you scruple giving a few snuffy old Grand Llamas like Admiral Ffrench a gentleman from a pawn-office as a colleague on the judicial bench? Pshaw! Admiral Ffrench can afford to be worshipped in his old family coach and fling bribes to his tenants—there's not an acre of Castle Ffrench under mortgage—simply because his grandfather had the sense to dispose of his borough on first-rate terms to Castlereagh; while your lordship is struggling in the fetters of three generations of incumbrancers in consequence of your grandfather's absurd objections to the Act of Union. Your lordship would be only avenging the honor of your family by reminding men who have the blood-money of an Irish Parliament in their pockets that they'll have to accept a gentry of gombeen-men with their bargain."

"I presume it is to your acquaintance with Dargan we are indebted for this vulgarity," said Lord Drumshaughlin, with a slight shudder of disgust.

"An acquaintance formed in negotiating matters of more interest to your lordship than to me," retorted the agent, bowing coolly.

"Eh? What? Why this is insolence!" roared his lordship. "Stop!—do you hear me, damn you?—Stop!"

"That is precisely what I can *not* do, my lord, until I have given you the advice and the warning you have yourself invited," said the agent, whose cheeks were a little paler than usual, but who spoke with the air of authoritative respect of a nurse dealing with a fractious high-born baby. "If Dargan's birth and manners have become insupportable to you, the first honorable shape criticism ought to take, obviously, would be to pay him his debt. That I take to be the upshot of your lordship's proposal just now, and of your lordship's natural impatience at this moment with my slow-witted method of coming to business. Well, the time has come to tell your lordship candidly—from my knowledge of the estate and of your lordship's affairs (and I am not sure that I know all)—to shake off Dargan at the present stage of affairs would involve an operation which is impracticable—impossible."

(To be continued.)

The heart is the jewel which God covets for His crown; and if the heart, which we do not see, is better than the actions we see, God be praised, for then the world is a trifle less dismal than it seems.—Father Faber.

AN APPEAL TO IRISH FAITH AND LOVE OF ST. PATRICK RAETIHI

In the raging bush fire that swept this district in 1918 our little church (St. Patrick's) at Raetihī was burnt to the ground. We are now making an attempt to raise funds to replace that little church in a permanent material which will withstand the brunt of future fires as the Irish Faith has withstood the brunt of the fires of persecution. To us, who have the Faith from Ireland, the name of Patrick is sweet music to our ears. Here is a practical way to show our gratitude for our Irish Faith and our love for St. Patrick, by helping to raise a church worthy of our Faith and of our glorious Saint at Raetihī.

Send a brick (5/-) to-day for St. Patrick's Church, Raetihī. All donations acknowledged in the *Tablet*.
Address for donations—

FATHER GUINANE,
Ohakune.

THE AMERICAN COMMISSION ON CONDITIONS IN IRELAND

INTERIM REPORT

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Imperial British High Command in Ireland

These officers presumably acted under the direction of the Imperial British High Command. There is no testimony before us concerning the personal morality of those in command of the Imperial forces in Ireland. But the code by which their public acts are tested is the Hague Convention, by which civilised armies are supposed to be governed. In their warfare on the Irish Republic, the British High Command would appear not to recognise that convention as determining their conduct.

The Hague Convention specifically forbids the use of hostages. The following notice was placed in evidence:

Use of Hostages.—"Notice is hereby given that on account of the numerous attacks which have been and are being made by rebel forces on motors and lorries conveying forces of the Crown, officers and leaders of the rebel forces (commonly known as the Irish Republican Army) will in future be carried in Government motors and lorries."

"Given under my hand, at Cork, December 18, 1920.

"(Signed) H. W. HIGGINSON,

"Brigadier-General, Military Governor."

The "hostages" thus carried, it was testified, included the Mayor of Kilkenny and Colonel Maurice Moore, late of the British Army, who was for a time recruiting officer in Ireland for the British and who lost a son in the war. The following editorial from the London *Daily Herald* of December 21, 1920, was placed in evidence:

The Hostages

"On Saturday night three Sinn Fein prisoners, in custody at Cashel Police Barracks, were taken out by the military in a motor lorry. During the journey, two of them were shot dead.

"On Sunday night, notices were issued by the military governors of Cork and Kerry (presumably also of Tipperary) that 'on account of the numerous attacks which had been and are being made by rebel forces on motors and lorries conveying forces of the Crown, officers and leaders of the rebel forces (commonly known as the Irish Republican Army) will in future be carried in Government motors and lorries.'

"That carrying of 'hostages' as a safeguard against attack is an old device of the Boer war—denounced in those days by Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues as a barbarity and a breach of the laws of war.

"But what has it to do with the death of these two men at Cashel *twenty-four hours before the order was issued?* By whose orders, and for what reason, were they taken on their tragic journey? And, *who shot them?* One must stretch credulity to believe that there was an ambush, that Sinn Feiners fired on the lorry and, by a miracle, shot the two Irishmen stone dead while not a soldier was touched.

"All that is clear is that once more prisoners have been shot while in the custody of the military. On previous occasions the Government story has been that they were 'attempting escape.' On this occasion, apparently, it is to be that they were 'hostages.'

"But what the Government says is not evidence. The only sure fact is that these men were prisoners, and that they have been shot.

"Again we challenge an impartial inquiry."

We have also had submitted to us other proclamations by the Imperial British High Command. One groups the male citizens of certain districts, allotting to each group an area; those in the given group are held responsible if the Imperial British forces suffer casualties in its allotted area.

Another proclamation, from the same source, ordains that any one harboring a rebel will suffer death. This