

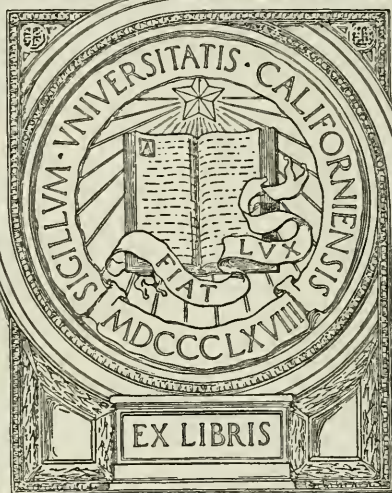
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IN MEMORIAM
Fritz Kummer
1875-1937



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The Criminal History

OF THE

British Empire

BY

Patrick Ford

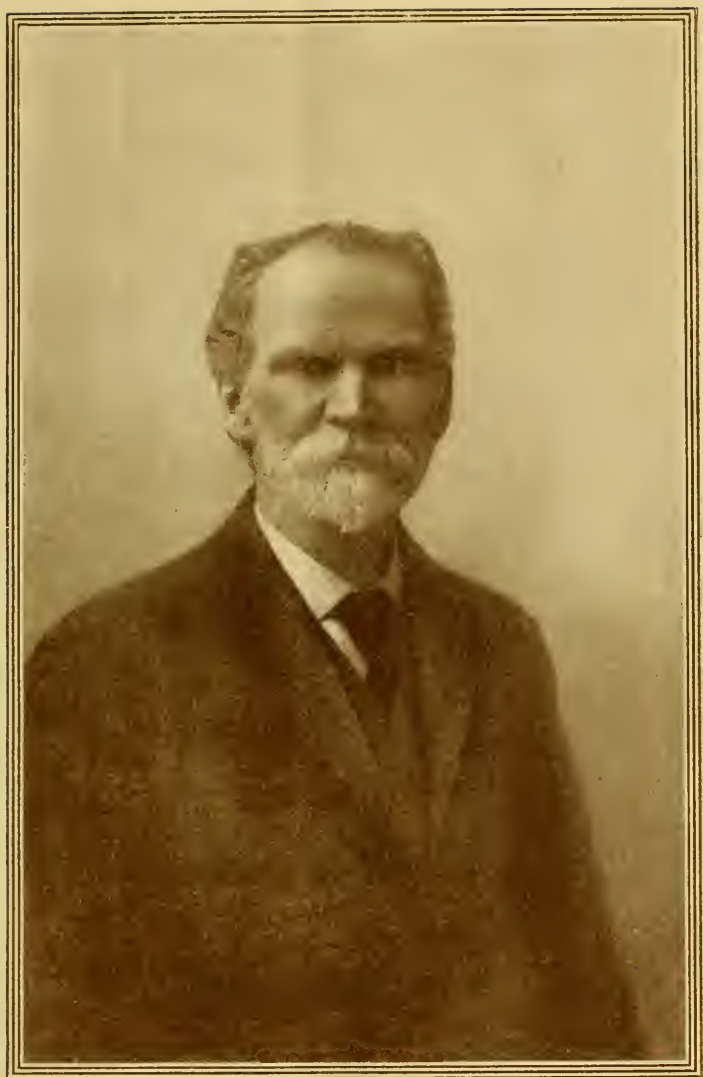


THE IRISH WORLD

27-29 Barclay St.

New York

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PATRICK FORD

Criminal History of the British Empire

By

PATRICK FORD.



"THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT."

GIFT

In Memoriam
Fritz Kummer
1875-1937

PREFACE.

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The reprint of these letters which Patrick Ford wrote and published in the Spring of 1881, is undertaken at the instance of his friends and companions in the struggle for Irish liberty, which engaged him through all the mature years of his life, from the establishment of *The Irish World* in 1870, until his death in 1913.

They value it as a record of the great controversy he waged against the enemies of his native country and of the aspirations of her people; and no less as a memorial of his personal worth, his enthusiastic patriotism, and his single-hearted devotion to a great cause. Its readers will see that he gave hard knocks as well as took them, sparing no one who identified himself with the evil cause.

In this he resembled William Lloyd Garrison, whom he assisted in the publication of *The Liberator* in his early days. Mr. Garrison frankly accepted the role of defiance and irritation. He swung the scourge over the heads and upon the backs of the champions of human bondage. Not by eloquence nor by philosophy, but by vehemence in deserved and unsparing censure he made his paper an object of terror to weak-kneed compromisers and apologists for human bondage.

So Patrick Ford made *The Irish World* the scourge of the enemies of the Irish cause, and rallied its friends to united and sustained effort. It went into the homes of the Irish people on both sides of the Atlantic, with an inspiration to hope and perseverance. It came to be acknowledged on all sides, even in Parliament, as one of the Irish forces which English misgovernment could neither reach nor silence. Especially it was the means of collecting from Irish-Americans that monetary support of the Nationalist Party in Parliament, without which the struggle would have been impossible. It thus robbed England of the preponderant advantage she possessed in her wealth, in the contest with Ireland. Hence Mr. Gladstone's rueful admission: "But for the work *The Irish World* is doing, and the money it is sending across the ocean, there would be no agitation in Ireland."

The time in which this pamphlet was written was that in which the tension of Irish resistance to England had reached the maximum and mounted almost to war. The demand for Home Rule, indeed, had been formulated as early as 1872 by Mr. Isaac Butt in the House of Commons. But he and his associates contemplated nothing but a civil and orderly agitation, according to the rules of the game as accepted in Parliament. This might have gone on forever without result, as neither reasoning nor eloquence could reach the English mind where Ireland was concerned. So Daniel O'Connell had found in his prolonged struggle for the Repeal of the Union. But in 1877 Mr. Biggar, and then Mr. Parnell turned a new leaf by making it impossible, or, at least, very difficult to carry on any business in the House of Commons until the needs and aspirations of the Irish people were considered. Moving scores of amendments in succession to some innocent appropriation bill, and keeping the

honorable members of the House all night at the work of marching in and out of the lobbies, impressed the world with the fact that the Irish were in earnest, and roused the enthusiasm of Irishmen everywhere.

Next came the rally of the Irish people generally to present the same united front in socially ostracising the native enemies of the Irish cause, especially tenants who took lands from which others had been cruelly ejected. Lastly, Mr. Parnell advised the refusal of any rent wherever an unfair rent was demanded.

On the basis of this plan of a parliamentary and social campaign, he was accepted during his visit to America as the leader of almost the whole body of Irish-Americans, the old Fenian Party mostly agreeing to suspend their more military programme until it was seen what he could accomplish within the limits of the law.

Thus Ireland at home, Ireland abroad, and Ireland in Parliament united to avail themselves of the fragment of liberty left to Ireland by the Act of Union, to undo the harm that had been done to the Irish people. But to Englishmen of every party the policy of Obstruction in Parliament, of Boycotting enemies in Ireland, and striking for a Fair Rent, seemed a triple cord of iniquities, and the country which adopted them the wickedest on earth. Those who find Patrick Ford's language too severe should compare it with the terms in which these courageous measures for the liberation of an oppressed people were characterized, not only in the English journals and by lesser politicians, but even by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Forster and other leaders of the Liberal Party.

In the Spring of 1880 a General Election had turned out the Tories, and had brought Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals into power. There were many in Ireland who looked with hope to him as the disestablisher of the Garrison Church and the author of the Land Law of 1870. He did bring in a measure to correct the worst faults of that law, and to stop the landlords from taking advantage of an Irish famine to eject their tenants. But when the House of Lords threw it out he abandoned it, although he would have coerced them into passing an English or a Scotch law of equal importance by threatening a dissolution of Parliament. So the war was resumed. Obstruction in the House; Boycotting and refusal of unreasonable rents in Ireland were the measures which were met by despatch of troops to Ireland, threats from Mr. Forster of "buck-shot" notoriety and the like, proclamation of counties, arrests of Irish leaders, including Messrs. Parnell, Davitt, Biggar, Dillon, Sexton and Sullivan, reinforcement of eviction parties by soldiers and police. These were parts of the plan to use what Mr. Gladstone called "the resources of civilization" against the insurgent people.

Besides thus tormenting the country, its alien enemies made their appeal for foreign, and especially for American sympathy, by reviling it. Who can forget the tales of "Irish Crimes and Outrages" which came to us daily across the Atlantic, in despatches prepared in the office of what the Dublin people called "The Liarish Times?" Everything down to the burning of a hayrick and the cutting of a

cow's tail was sent over, with the result of blackening the good name of a country in which—as even its enemies admit—crimes against life, person, chastity and property are fewer than in any other country in Europe, or than in any American area of the same population.

It is true that "Oppression makes wise men mad, and fools fanatics." And Ireland had her fanatics in those days of oppression, who took rough justice upon some of her oppressors. But a very complete and unsympathetic British record, Irving's "Annals of the Time," is able to show but two killings during the whole of 1880, and none in 1881 down to the time when this pamphlet was published. Things grew worse afterward, when the Irish leaders were incarcerated in Kilmainham Jail and their control of affairs was suspended from October, 1881, until May, 1882, and England undertook to govern Ireland without the aid of the men the Irish people trusted. But again crime ceased after their release.

Such was the historical background of Patrick Ford's pamphlet. During that distressful time he gave not only support but leadership to the forces of liberty in both Ireland and America. He stimulated both to greater exertions, sustained their courage at critical moments when the cause seemed to receive checks, and made the enemy recognize that they had entered upon a conflict *a la* outrance. He did English Liberals the service of showing them that nothing short of the recognition of Ireland's aspirations for home government would put an end to the strife. He welded Ireland at home and Ireland beyond the seas into a united force, and mustered the monetary resources of the latter to maintain the struggle. He made the name of Irish-American a terror to the enemies of the old land. Well did Mr. Trevelyan, when Chief Secretary for Ireland, say in the House of Commons: "We ought to consider very deeply the element of the Irish living in America. And who is the most potent representative of a particular way of thought in America? It is Patrick Ford of America. Judging him by the severest of all tests, the amount of money he has continued to collect, he is not only the most powerful editor in America, but of all time."

Mr. Gladstone himself was one of the first to discern that nothing short of giving Irish law an Irish source would restore peace to the country. Although his first Home Rule Bill was not introduced until April 8, 1886, yet close students of his course, such as John O'Leary, predicted his conversion to the principle, and advised the Conservatives to anticipate him by adopting such a policy as Ireland could accept. His final adoption of that principle, even in the two unsatisfactory forms of the bill of 1886 and 1892, it may be conceded, appears to show that he was not so entirely pervaded by the insolent Imperial spirit, as Patrick Ford asserts in the opening pages of his letters. Patrick Ford, however, never regarded him as better than a political "opportunist," who surrendered to the Irish demand not with any cordiality, but as regarding it as the safest course for his own party. Had he foreseen the division it would cause in the Liberal ranks he probably would have continued to

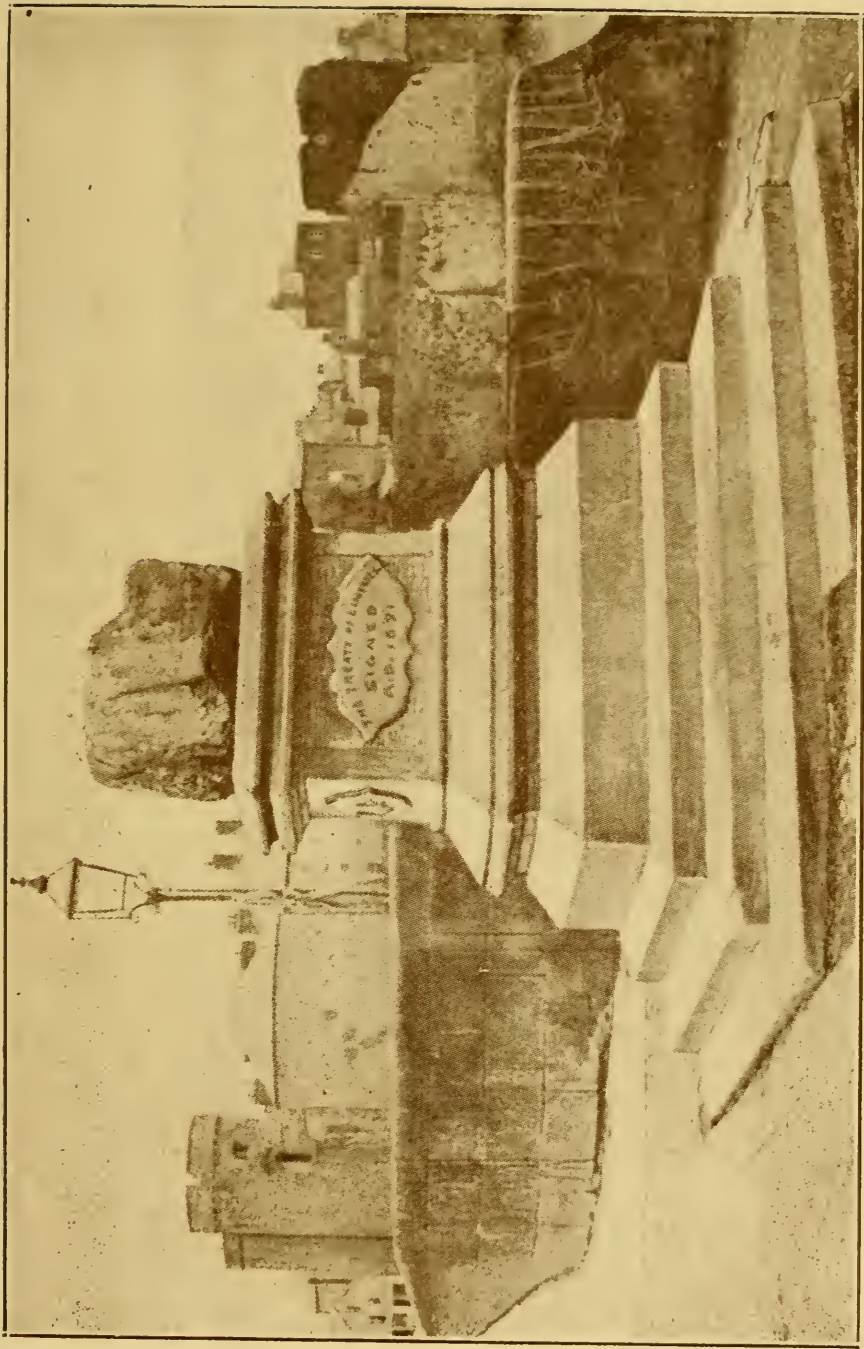
employ "the resources of civilization" in forcing Ireland to accept the place to which she had been reduced by the usurpation of powers and the treason to national rights involved in the Act of Union. However this may be, Patrick Ford's attitude toward the British Liberals was altered to meet the new situation, although he never acquired any confidence in the good will of the English people toward Ireland, or ceased to array against them the evidence of their selfish and unscrupulous methods in dealing with the weaker nations of the world. In the years of the war upon the Boer Republics of South Africa, *The Irish World* was as outspoken and as unsparing as in fighting the battles of Ireland, and its services were heartily recognized by that brave people and their leaders at the time.

Had he lived to witness the present war in Europe, he certainly would have opposed any co-operation of the Irish people with Great Britain, and especially the enlistment of the youth of Ireland in the British army to fight a battle which is none of theirs, and against a people which never has been hostile to Ireland. Whatever he might have thought of the German invasion of Belgium, and the treatment of the treaty which guaranteed her neutrality as "a scrap of paper," he could not have failed to recall how many such torn "scraps of paper" mark the progress of Great Britain in the extension and the maintenance of her Empire.

The first to be named here, although by no means the first in point of time, was the Capitulation of Limerick (1691), by which the Irish people laid down their arms on an assurance of freedom of worship, such as they had enjoyed under Charles II, only to find every promise broken, and the violation made permanent by the infamous Penal Laws, some of which were repealed during the Revolution. "Limerick became deservedly known among the Irish," says Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardner, "as the city of the violated treaty. The Irish population, beaten in war and deprived of its natural leaders by the emigration of its most vigorous soldiers, was subjected to the Parliament of the British Protestant colony. In spite of the terms made at Limerick, the Parliament at Dublin, after excluding Catholics from its benches, passed laws of which the result was to make well nigh intolerable the position of the professors of the religion of at least three-fourths of the inhabitants of Ireland."

The Treaty of Utrecht (1713) was itself an infamy, as it was secretly negotiated, "after the fashion of conspirators," Mr. Gardner says, and after the preliminaries had been secretly agreed upon, "they actually communicated a false copy of them to the Dutch," their allies. "England obtained the largest share of the material advantages of the peace, whilst she lost credit by her ill faith in concealing her abandonment of her allies, and especially by giving up the Catalans to the vengeance of Philip of Spain." This brave people had been encouraged to assist the allies, with the understanding and assurance that they would be protected.

The Treaty of Versailles (1783), by which peace was secured on the basis of the independence of America, was broken by England



THE TREATY STONE OF LIMERICK.



in her eagerness to retain the Indian alliances and the fur trade. She retained possession of the frontier posts, which the treaty required her to surrender, and finally surrendered them only for additional concessions in Jay's Treaty (1795).

The Capitulation of Naples (1799) was negotiated by Cardinal Ruffo and the commanders of the Russian and English forces, for the surrender of the city, with the condition that the French and Neapolitans should be allowed either to leave or to stay, and that their persons and property should not be molested. Admiral Nelson arrived thirty-six hours after its conclusion, and in spite of the protests of the Cardinal, insisted on setting it aside, and on giving up the patriotic party as rebels to the vengeance of the Bourbon Court. "A deplorable transaction," says Robert Southey in his "Life of Nelson"; "a stain upon the memory of Nelson and the honor of England! There is no alternative for one who will not make himself a participator in guilt but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and with shame." Yet Mr. Southey has not a word of censure for the attack upon Copenhagen and the capture of the Danish fleet, at a time when Denmark was at peace with Great Britain.

The Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland (1800) was purchased by wholesale bribery of the members of the Irish Parliament. Titles of nobility, positions and promotions in Church, Army, Navy and the Government, and vast sums taken from the Irish Exchequer by Lord Castlereagh and his English employers, were expended in rewarding that infamous Parliament for doing what they had no constitutional right to do, what they had received no mandate to do, and what their constituents denounced them for doing. Yet even this infamous bargain for England's benefit was not kept where it suited her to break it. The limitations it imposed on Irish taxation have been ignored in spite of the protests of all classes and sects in Ireland, and especially so by Mr. Gladstone in his budgets.

The Treaty of Amiens (1802) secured peace with Napoleon for a little more than a year. It was broken by the British Government refusing to hand over Malta to its Knights, as the treaty had promised, and the island remains in British hands to this day. But the reason for England's not acquiescing in the peace was that Napoleon would not relax the severity of the Continental System, which shut out British trade. It was, as Talleyrand wrote to Fox, "the Emperor's refusal to make a treaty of commerce against the industrial and manufacturing interests of his subjects."

The Treaty of Ghent (1814), which we are asked to celebrate as a crowning mercy, brought to an end our second war with Great Britain. We now learn from the British interpretation of the Hay—Pauncefote Treaty, that it has been persistently violated by Great Britain for a hundred years, by the levying of a lighter duty upon British coasting vessels entering English ports than has been paid by American vessels. As the terms of the two treaties in this respect are identical, we have been taxed millions in violation of

that of Ghent, if the English are right about the meaning of our agreement as to the Panama Canal.

The Treaty of Berlin (1878), in compensation for checking the Russian advance upon Turkey, undertook to secure the Christian subjects of the Sultan against wrong and outrage. To England was entrusted the duty of seeing this done in Asia Minor. Yet she has seen the Armenians massacred and outraged by Turks and Kurds without lifting a hand or even a voice, while active enough in advancing her empire over Egypt and Cyprus.

To secure a safe passage for troops through the mountains which lay between England's Indian possessions and Chitraliland, the Calcutta Government in 1895 promised the mountaineers that the expedition against that country should not result in its annexation. But Chitraliland was annexed; and when the mountaineers rose against this breach of faith, England put them down by the strong hand and added their mountains to her Empire.

This, by no means, exhausts the tale of "scraps of paper," which England has torn to pieces and flung to the winds even within the last two centuries. Along with them we may place the unscrupulous and unprovoked invasion of the territories of weaker peoples and the extirpation of their nationality that they might be built as corpses into the ramparts of her Empire. During the period between the Congress of Vienna and the death of Queen Victoria, Great Britain waged more wars than all the other Christian nations taken together, and nearly all of this character. Only in the Crimean war with Russia did she encounter a first-class power, and even then with the alliance of France, Turkey and later of Sardinia.

Such is the record of a country which manages to bewitch or bewilder even Americans into a belief in her humanity, honesty, regard for neutral rights and love of fair play!

During the past seven hundred years England has in no instance observed in good faith a single promise or pledge made to Ireland nor to the world at large, unless through self-interest or fear.—Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

What the British Empire Has Done for the People of England.

Office of The Irish World, New York, March 31, 1881.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Minister-in-Chief of the British Empire.

Sir: Administrations change, and time makes modifications in the constitution of a national body, just as in the human body; but there is in nations, as in men, a principle of action—call it tradition, instinct, policy, or what you will—which establishes their identity, and which, so to speak, is the Genius that leads them on to destiny.

You, Mr. Gladstone, are the visible expression of the corporate individuality known as the British Empire. You are its mouthpiece. You are its arm. Through you it speaks and acts.

Considered as two persons, moving on the same plane, yourself and Beaconsfield differ in body and in mind. Officially, however, you are both, to all intents and purposes of the British Empire, identical. You work on the same lines that he did. You take up where he laid down. Your administration assumes responsibility for his official acts. You, therefore, as the embodiment of that Empire, are but the continuation of the visible life of a common national individuality.

As an individual, and when out of power, speaking simply for yourself, you denounced Prime Minister Beaconsfield's coercion laws for Ireland; now as Prime Minister yourself, you enact more stringent coercion laws than Beaconsfield ever conceived! Three years ago you denounced your predecessor's war upon the Boers as cruel and unjust; now, as Prime Minister yourself, you vigorously prosecute that unjust war!

I am not trying to convict you, personally, of hypocrisy. You are, I say, the visible expression of a corporate individuality, and, as such, are not in possession of the plenitude of free will.

The spirit of a nation—whether "a spirit of health or goblin damned"—never dies. On it goes to its destiny. You today, and for today, are The Organ of the Spirit of the English Nation.

Through you it operates. You are, as it were, but a sort of "spiritual medium" for the time. During the period of your official life your own personality, Mr. Gladstone, sinks out of sight, and you become simply the minister of the British Empire.

It is well the Irish people should realize this fact and keep it ever before their eyes. For if the spirit of a nation is ever the same—and if, as I hold, the Genius of the British Empire is an emanation from the mouth of the Evil One—then it is a delusion for them to look for justice at the hands of that power, whatever form it may present, or by whatever name it may choose to call itself.

It ought to be understood, once for all, that No English Party Can Ever Satisfactorily Settle the Irish Question.

It ought to be understood, once for all, by Christians and Pagans, by white men and black men, that—

“There never lived a nation yet
Could rule another well.”

Our very conception of nationality implies communal individuality, and the idea of individuality pre-supposes the principles of self-action. For some wise purpose, the great Ruler of the universe has grouped humanity into races and nations, dividing them by oceans, seas, and mountain ranges, and distinguishing them from one another by complexions, languages, and temperaments. Now, these diversities do not imply antagonisms. They suppose distinctions, not antagonisms. For if antagonism were a necessary consequence of diversity, Nature would be at war with itself. Nature, however, is in unison with itself. The evident purpose in this arrangement is this—That any attempt to build up a centralized government in this world which could destroy identity and suspend self-action in individualities, in these races and nations, is contrary to the will of the Creator. This is self-evident. In other words, the spirit of conquest, or of national ascendancy, is sinful. Herein the Empire of which you are the mouthpiece flatly denies the law of God.

But I did not set out, Mr. Gladstone, to lecture you on these things. That is an impertinence of which I am not capable. Did I have an impulse in that direction, my second thought would, I am sure, serve as a restraint on that impulse, and would show to me clearly that anything I might have to say would not have the slightest influence on your public policy. Independent of the fact that you are now but the organ of a force immeasurably superior to your own, you are Personally Unfitted to Receive Advice.

A man beyond forty rarely gets a new idea into his head. He very rarely, at least, comes to a new way of looking at things. You are considerably beyond forty; and, whilst you may not be devoid of good impulses, your constitutionally conservative habit of thought, your timidity, your vanity, your meanness—for those who know you say you are, really, capable of mean acts, and your ineffable meanness in arresting Michael Davitt on a shabby technicality bears out the charge—all this reinforced by self-interest (for you are a large landlord), with the pressure of evil counselors, and spurred on by the goadings of a satanic press, renders you mail-proof against argument and expostulation. Whatever evil thing you may do to Ireland will in no-wise surprise me. You are, so to speak, predestinated unto evil; and, this being your fate, I shall make no appeal to you in behalf of my native country.

Why, then, do I address you? My object in addressing you is to impeach the British Empire, in a series of open letters, of world-wide crimes, perpetrated in all lands and coming down for centuries; each

crime being the logical antecedent, or consequence, of some other crime; and all, taken collectively, constituting a system of diabolism such as has never been equaled since the day that man came upon this planet.

I summon England to the bar of Christendom. I submit the case to the intelligence of mankind as judge and to the conscience of mankind as jury. I do not appeal to Irishmen. I do not appeal to Catholics—no, nor even to Christians. I ask only that men of common sense and common honesty try the cause. I verily believe that you yourself, sir, if you could but tear yourself from the trammels of your position, and weigh the evidence in isolation, would admit, to your own soul at least, the truth of the terrible charges which I shall make against your nation and government!

A Running Review of Her Social, Moral and Religious Presentations.

I shall here begin at the beginning. I wish to show what evils your Empire has inflicted on England itself—on the people of that country. England, in its imperial aspect, stands alone and holds the pre-eminence in immorality! Worse than all, you glory in your shame. Your aristocracy—the “Noble” and “Right Honorable” Felons of England—boast they are descended from William the Robber. Your law-established church was founded by a wife-killer and adulterer. When you destroyed the Old Church, you then decreed that men should go to Heaven by act of Parliament. Crying out that you emancipated the people from the yoke of the Pope, you put the royal monster, Henry VIII., in the place of the Vicar of Christ, and sent Sir Thomas More to the block for refusing to acknowledge his spiritual supremacy. Having fallen from the faith, you fell also from liberty. Your Parliament became the mere registry of the king’s will. By an act of your national legislature it was declared that Henry the Eighth’s proclamations should have the force of law. You then made a woman, Queen Elizabeth, head of the Church—a prerogative which Catholics do not claim even for the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was in the reign of Elizabeth—“Good Queen Bess,” as your sycophantic writers call her—that the infamous Star Chamber Court was revived. A man might be taken off his bed in the dead of night, flung into prison, kept there as long as it pleased her Majesty without his knowing why, and then be tried in secret and such disposition made of him as it might please her or her minions to make. You persecuted Protestants as well as Catholics. And yet you shouted “Liberty of Conscience!”

Royal Tigers

During the greater part of the seventeenth century a race of tigers in human form got possession of the reins of government. England floated in a sea of blood. In the reign of Elizabeth alone 70,000 persons were put to death for their religion. Mary Stuart, after having been immured for nineteen years in a Bastile, was brought to the scaffold and beheaded. In time Charles the First was sent to the block. Cromwell with his iron heel crushed your Parliament out of existence, and proclaimed himself “Protector” of England. He died. When his

enemies got reinstated in power they dug up his body, and put his head on a pike on the Tower of London. To William III., author of the massacre of Glencoe, the world is indebted for the institution of the standing army and the national debt. England, through Henry VIII., was the first nation in Christendom to break the divine law and legalize usury.

Universal Land Pirates.

Of all men on earth, the "ruling classes" of Britain are the most impudent land pirates. This burglar class broke into the monasteries, abbeys, and convents, and hunted the inmates of those consecrated retreats naked into the world. Having robbed the Church, you then began to plunder the people. Before the so-called Reformation there were some four hundred thousand owners of the soil in England: today, although the population has quintupled, there are but thirty thousand. According to the rule of progression the number of land-owners in England ought now to be fully two million. But it is all the other way. You have, crab-like, "progressed" backward.

Having disinherited the people, you then made wage-serfs of them. Having made wage-serfs of them, you then authorized the master class to combine to put down and keep down wages, whilst you made it "conspiracy" for the working class to combine to raise wages. Then were enacted tramp laws. Poverty was declared a crime, and prisons called poorhouses were erected throughout the kingdom. Thither the widowed mother of the murdered bread-winner was sent. Her head was shaved and her children were torn from her. Wealth, it is true, has accumulated in England.

The Pillage of the World Is In Your Hands.

But who are in possession of this wealth? Not the toilers. Not they who slave in your factory hells, and down in your damp and sunless mines. Hood's "Song of a Shirt" and Shelley's poem on the toilers tell the deplorable story of the working women and working men of England. Accumulation you understand, but diffusion you do not. Nowhere do extremes meet as in England. But the stupor that has fallen on the English working classes is to us sadder even than the wretchedness of their material condition. Their own poet asks in indignant astonishment:

Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

The seed ye sow another reaps;
The wealth ye find another keeps;
The robes ye weave another wears;
The arms ye forge another bears.

Shrink to your cellars, holes and cells;
In halls ye deck another dwells.
Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see
The steel ye tempered glance on ye!

The farm laborers of England, according to John Stuart Mill, are the most debased class of people in all Europe. And what ulcerous spectacle is there on the bosom of the earth comparable to the "slums" of London? The last number of the "Fortnightly Review" is now before me. There I read that "the Metropolitan Board of Works have fully admitted the existence of this evil. They state that the medical officers have made thirty-two reports. They are to the effect that (whole) areas contain houses utterly unfit for human habitation." They add: "The rookeries in London constitute a real scandal to civilization."

A Glimpse of Modern Babylon.

Drunkenness, prostitution, and petty larcenies abound. Rising up out of this moral wilderness are glorious churches—temples stolen from the Ages of Faith. But your religion is Christless and your morality Godless. How could it be otherwise? In my opinion, the thieves, burglars, and harlots of London will go into the kingdom of Heaven sooner than your aristocracy. Your bishops get as high as \$50,000 a year for preaching the beatitudes, and millions are expended in sending Bibles to heathen lands; yet ten millions of the English people never see the inside of a church; paganism exists in the big cities, in the agricultural districts, and in the mines, in *all* its essential elements, as much as it does in China; the name of Christ is never uttered except in blasphemy; marriage is disregarded; the principles of morality are unknown or ignored; and for all these evils you, the oligarchy of England, are responsible. It is you that have brutalized that people. For your own selfish purposes—for the aggrandizement and perpetuation of your class—you have disinherited God's children, plundered labor, and debased the masses. To the lady you call your Queen you give \$8,000 a day. To her many-wived son you grant \$350,000 per year. Many of your land gods draw a million and over from the cultivators of the soil of which they are the "lords," if not the creators. Whence does all this money come? You know it comes from labor. Where does it go? On this question it is as well to leave the curtain undrawn. To those magnificent gambling hells and those luxurious palaces of gilded vice into whose vortex the "cream" of society—or the scum of society—floats in constant stream, where both sexes meet, where things unmentionable are done, where the sweat of the workers and the tears of widows and orphans are transmuted into champagne to be quaffed by men and women who despise labor—men and women who would feel insulted if told that they or any one of their line ever earned an honest living—we shall not go. And yet the men of England lift not a hand!

Then trample and dance, thou Oppressor,
 For thy victim is no redresser!
 Thou art sole lord and possessor
 Of her corpses and clods and abortions—they pave Thy path to the
 grave.

Hear'st thou the festival din
 Of Death and Destruction and Sin
 And Wealth crying "Havoc!" within?
 'Tis the bacchanal triumph which makes Truth dumb,
 Thine epithalamium.

Such is a picture—a faintly-drawn picture—of what the British Oligarchy, alias the British Empire, has made of the English people.

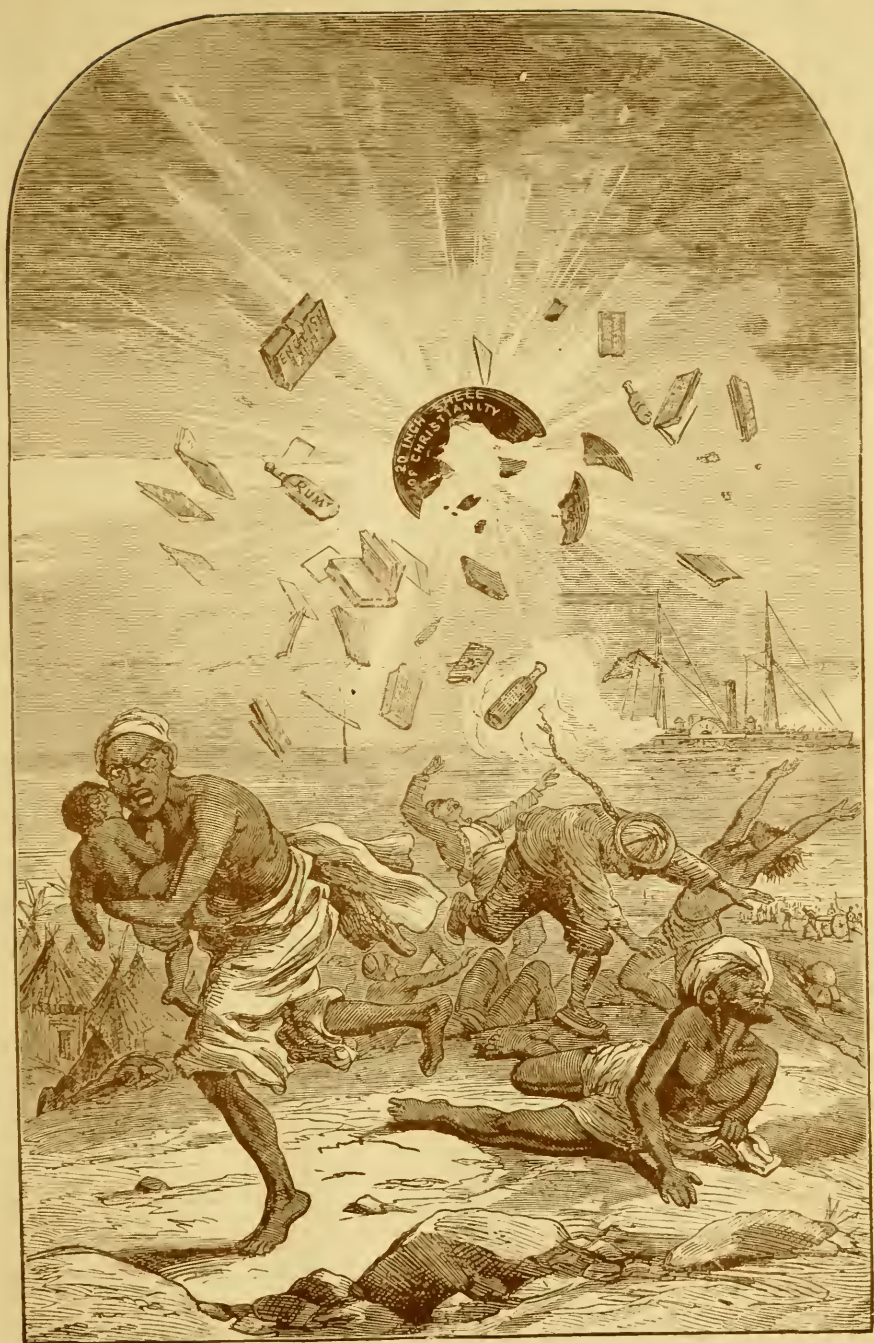
In my next letter, Mr. Gladstone, I shall tell the story of the British Empire in Ireland. After that we shall follow "the trail of the serpent" in the United States, China, India and Africa.

PATRICK FORD.

Ireland—"Her virtues are her own—her vices are forced upon her."—Robert Holmes.

We have somewhat else against you; for compacts broken and frauds displaced by frauds.—Aubrey De Vere.

When the inhabitants of a country quit the country en masse because its government will not make it a place fit for them to live in, that country is judged and condemned.—John Stuart Mill.



"BRITISH CIVILIZATION."



Ireland Under the Curse of the British Empire

LETTER II.

Office of The Irish World,
New York, March 31, 1881.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Minister-in-Chief of the British Empire—

Sir: Last week I drew an outline sketch of the terrible evils inflicted by the British Empire on the people of England itself. That people, equally with the Irish, the Hindus, the Africans, and every other tribe and nation that dwell in the shadow of your Pirate Flag, are the victims of an infernal system. For this reason all these peoples ought to combine in a holy crusade to destroy the system. Their cause is identical. The English people themselves ought to be in the vanguard. But the genius of your empire, borrowing the craft of the old Serpent, has created diversions and antagonisms with a view to keeping all these peoples apart. "Divide and Conquer!" This motto expresses your traditional policy. You, the oligarchy of England, whilst you differ on minor matters among yourselves, are as one against your victims. They are many as against you. When it comes to a question of power, land, empire, and spoils, your Whigs and Tories are a band of brothers. All this for the "master class." You and Beaconsfield pretend to dislike each other; but is not he now—is not every Tory—with you in your devilish work of forging Coercion chains for the Irish people? So it is now, and so it ever has been; and so it will continue to be until your accursed standard goes down amid the execrations of all good men! And when will that be? That will be when the eyes of the oppressed are open—when the peoples of various countries come to recognize one another as brethren born of the one Father—when climes, languages, and complexions come to be regarded as accidents—when Justice is apprehended as a universal principle—when the Rights of Humanity come first, and the claims of Nationality follow after—when the conquest of peoples is denounced as a crime, and the spoliation of labor is confessed as a sin—when, in short, the Golden Rule comes to be accepted as the standard of moral actions of responsible beings—then will your British Empire, which is the visible expression of the kingdom of "the prince of darkness of this world," go down—down to the devil whence it originated! Then will the standard of Universal Brotherhood, waving over an emancipated world, float victorious in the eyes of heaven.

Why does not this standard float now? Is it fate?

'Twas fate they'll say, a wayward fate,
Our web of discord wove;
For while our tyrants joined in hate,
We never joined in love.

No, it is not blind fate, it is blind ignorance, that keeps the peoples divided. It is the race antipathies fed by you that is the cause. But the Light is spreading. The scales are falling from the people's eyes. Humanity is drawing closer together. Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen and Scotchmen, as well as Americans, are reading this Irish World; all these, equally with the Irish, meet upon the platform of its principles as upon common ground; and once indoctrinated in these principles, they do not hide their light under a bushel, but spread it far and near; and wherever the Light is spread, there the iniquities of your rule are revealed, and the British system comes to be detested.

I preface this letter to you with these views for two reasons. First, To show it is not the Irish people alone but scores of other peoples, that have cause to hate your Empire; and, Second, To disabuse Englishmen when they read The Irish World's impeachment of the British Empire, of the notion that it is against them we are hurling our shafts, when, in truth, we have for them the kindest feelings.

The Crimes of the British Empire in Ireland.

Now I come to Ireland. What has your empire done to that country? You have invaded its territory, made war upon its nationality, disinherited its people, choked its language, defaced the monuments of its civilization, banned its creed, pillaged its churches, hunted its priests, gibbeted its patriots, confiscated its property, cloven down its liberties, violated its laws, destroyed its manufacturing industries, annihilated its commerce, sealed up its mines, broken treaties, banished its defenders, plundered its workers, enacted famines, and evicted, exiled and murdered millions of the flower of its population. What a beneficent God made a garden you have turned into a graveyard. These, Mr. Gladstone, are the things written on the English pages of Irish History.

Ireland Before the English Invader Set Foot on Her Soil.

Enforced degradation is ever to be measured from the height of original excellence. To be able to appreciate thoroughly the terrible injuries your British Empire has inflicted upon my native land it is necessary for me, first, to show what Ireland was—what her social condition, laws, manners, morals, and civilization were—before she was cursed with your rule.

Civilization of the Ancient Irish.

According to the testimony of received authorities the people of ancient Christian Ireland lived as well nigh up to the commandments of God and the dictates of nature as any people that are known to us. Their land laws were established in equity and on the principles of natural right. Private ownership in the soil was unknown. The land belonged to the people, and the inherent and inalienable right of every man to a share thereof was universally recognized. Rents, fines and evictions were unspoken and unthought of. Manufactures abounded.

Architecture was brought to a high degree of perfection. The arts of music and poetry were well advanced. Churches, schools, and monasteries flourished.

The Fame of Irish Missionaries in Foreign Lands.

When outside the monasteries, Europe, to a large extent, was sunk in intellectual darkness in the first centuries of the middle ages, Ireland shone as a beacon light on the deep. And the rays of that light flashed into other lands. Ireland and her patron saint became household words in Europe. Shakespeare makes Hamlet swear "by St. Patrick," as an Englishman would swear "by George." What Irish missionaries did for Denmark they did for other countries too. Dr. Milner, himself an Englishman, reminds the English that they are in a special manner indebted to Ireland. "Who," he asks, "who were the luminaries of the Western World when the sun of science had almost set upon it? Who were the instructors of nations during four whole centuries, but the Irish clergy? To them you are indebted for the preservation of the Bible, the Fathers, and the classics. In the seventh century we find our (English) countrymen, poor as well as rich, flocking to Ireland as to a general mart of literature, where the hospitable Scots, as the inhabitants were then called, with a generosity unknown to every other nation, not only instructed them gratis but fed them gratis. At length a residence in Ireland, like a residence now at a university, was almost essential to establish a literary character." Such is the testimony of a learned English divine. All encyclopedists agree that Duns Scotus, an Irishman of the ninth century, was the most distinguished philosopher in Europe. So that the Irish of those times not only kept the fires of learning burning at home but flashed their blaze into other lands. The ancient Irish did for the Old World what the modern Irish are doing for the New World: They Spread the Light. "To Ireland," observes Prof. Goeres, the German scientist, "to Ireland the affrighted spirit of truth had flown during the Gothic irruptions in Europe, and there made its abode in safety until Europe returned to repose, when those hospitable philosophers, who had given it an asylum, were called by Europe to restore its effulgent light over her bedarkened forests." Such is the testimony of one of Germany's most distinguished philosophers.

The material condition of Ireland then furnished a parallel to her spiritual condition. Peace reigned within her borders. Of famines in the land we have no record. The manners of her people, who were as tigers in war, were genial and pacific. This is evidenced by the courteous reception of St. Patrick by the pagan Irish. In the middle ages Slavery hung as a cloud over Europe; but in Ireland the traffic in human flesh was never popular, and the Irish early emancipated their bondmen.* Christianity was established in the island without

*See article on "Slavery," in American Cyclopaedia.

the shedding of one drop of blood. The Irish Church had no martyrs on her calendar until you English stole into the country. Then she was given enough of martyrs. Such was Ireland when she had a government, laws, language, and institutions of her own.

What Have You English Done for Ireland?

Now, what have you English done for Ireland? What proofs of gratitude have you to show for the beneficence she showered upon you? Ah! sir, I might as well address these questions to the winds as put them to your nation. You not only have shown yourselves incapable of gratitude, but you have repaid Ireland's goodness with a return of the most diabolical evil. Read this. I take it from the last number of your "London Illustrated News." That journal, which deputed special artists over the whole earth to sketch and bring before the eye pictures of men and things in all lands, has this to say of Ireland:

"A quarter of a million Irish families, which will be a million Irish people, dwell in cabins with one room, not so comfortably as the South African Kaffirs, and not nearly so well fed, in a much less agreeable climate."

Here then, after centuries of English rule, the condition of the Irish people to-day is, confessedly, inferior to that of the South African Kaffirs.

The British Empire Before the Reformation.

The crimes of the British Empire against Ireland, though intensified by, do not date from the "Reformation." I don't impeach you simply as Protestants. As professed Catholics you were equally bad—at least as regards Ireland. When your king Henry II., the assassin of St. Thomas a Becket, invaded Ireland in the person of his representative, one of his first acts was to divide the island in ten parts to his free-booting chieftains. You then sought to destroy the old Irish land laws and establish the feudal system instead. Land Robbery is an old vice of your Pirate Empire. The London "Times" admits this. In an article that appeared in that paper, November 29, 1861, commending the act of the Governor-General of India in throwing open the land of the country to English adventurers, it says: "In most nations this feeling (land hunger) is strong, but in the British population the love of land (of other people's land) is powerful in the extreme. Our colonial wars are simply wars for land. We fight for land in New Zealand, at the Cape, and wherever we settle." It will be unnecessary for me to prove what is here so frankly admitted. All that is left for me to do is to show the devilism with which you have carried out your thievish instincts. When you had stuck your fangs into Ireland you confiscated the soil and you outlawed its people. The Irish were denied the right to bring actions in any English court in Ireland for the recovery of their lands or for assaults and batteries on their persons. It was answer enough to such actions that the plaintiff was an Irishman. If an Englishman killed an Irishman the deceased's wife

or child could bring no action. The murderer, however, was liable to pay a fine of five pieces of money to the English king—whose property had been damaged; “but mostly,” says Prendergast, “they killed us for nothing.”

England Wages a War of Extermination Against Ireland.

You not only confiscated Ireland over and over and put the Irish beyond the pale of your law, but you waged wars of extermination against the inhabitants, during successive ages, which for remorseless savagery stand unequaled in the annals of public crime. Rivers of blood flowed during the best part of the 16th century. Neither age nor sex was spared. The people—those that survived—fled to the shelter of the caves. The country presented the appearance of a desert. Whole cities were destitute of inhabitants. Grass grew in the streets. The County Clare was totally ruined and denuded of inhabitants. Out of nine baronies comprising 1,300 plough-lands not above forty plough-lands, at the most, lying in the barony of Bunratty, were inhabited in the month of June, 1653, except some few persons living for safety in garrisons. This was during the “transplanting” of Cromwell. All the Irish and “papistrie” were ordered to Connacht. These wars of extermination began to tell against the Anglo-Irish themselves. They found it impossible to exist without some sort of society. Officers and Protestants prayed they might not be deprived of their tenants and servants. Officers intrusted with clearing the towns of Irish, unwilling to be responsible for the consequences of literally executing the order, required categorical answers from the Government to their queries. Colonel Sädler asks whether any Irish Papist shall be permitted to live in the town of Wexford? If any, how many? What shall be done with the Irishwomen who are Papists who are married to Englishmen and Protestants? What shall be done with the Irishmen who are turned Protestants and come to hear the Word of God?

The Desolation of Ireland.

It is not in the power of words to depict the ruin of those days. Desolation reigned supreme. Ireland was a country practically without a people. Occasionally a haggard and tattered skeleton would be seen emerging from a cave and wandering about looking for weeds and carrion. Like the ghosts in the vision in Macbeth they would “come like shadows, so depart.” Here and there they would be found dead along the highway. The bodies of poor orphan children, preyed upon by wolves and vultures, would be met with in the fields and roads. Of these things the English themselves took official note. “Upon serious consideration had of the great multitudes of poor swarming in all parts of this nation, occasioned by the devastation of the country * * * in the time of this rebellion; insomuch that frequently some are found feeding on carrion and weeds, some starved in the highways, and many times poor children who lost their parents, or have been deserted by them, are found exposed to, and some of them fed upon,

by ravening wolves and other beasts and birds of prey." (Printed Declaration of the Council, 12th of May, 1653.) This was your mode of pacifying Ireland! You made the country a desert, and called it peace.

Five-Sixths of the People Had Perished.

Look at this picture. It is taken from Prendergast's "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland." "Ireland, in the language of scripture, now lay void as a wilderness. Five-sixths of her people had perished. Women and children were found daily perishing in ditches, starved. The bodies of many wandering orphans, whose fathers had been killed or exiled, and whose mothers had died of famine, were preyed upon by wolves. In the years 1652 and 1653 the plague following your desolating wars had swept away whole counties, so that a man might travel twenty or thirty miles and not see a living creature. Man, beast, and bird were all dead, or had quit those desolate places. The troops would tell stories of the place where they saw a smoke, it was so rare to see either smoke by day or fire or candle by night. If two or three cabins were met with there were found there none but aged men, with women and children; and they, in the words of the prophet, 'become as a bottle in the smoke,' their skins black like an oven because of the terrible famine. * * * Such was the depopulation of Ireland that great part of it, it was believed, must lie waste many years—much of it for many ages."

"The Three Beasts."

But the wolves began to appear. The Irish wolfdog had gone away with the people to Connacht or to Spain, and these beasts of prey had the wastes all to themselves. Soon they began to destroy the sheep and cattle of the English. Measures had to be taken against them. Public hunts were regularly organized and deerhounds brought over from England. But the wolf was not the only beast the English sought to kill off. There were two others. "We have three beasts to destroy (said Major Morgan—see Burton's Parliamentary Diary, June 10, 1657) that lay burdens upon us. The first is the wolf, on whom we lay five pounds a head. The second beast is a priest, on whom we lay ten pounds—if he be eminent, more. The third beast is a Tory (i. e., a raparee), on whose head, if he be a public Tory, we lay twenty pounds." In your English Parliamentary reports of that time we read the following:

"INTELLIGENCE FROM IRELAND.*

"Dublin, 11 November, 1650.

"Sir—You will hear from Waterford more certain news, and from Munster, than from hence. The Tors are very busye in these parts, and it is probable they will increase; and for the Jesuits, priests, fryers, monks, and nunnes £20 will be given to any that can bring certain

*Several Proceedings in Parliament from 21st to 28th November, 1650, p. 912.

PLUNDERED IRELAND

How the Irish People by process of English law
are robbed and impoverished

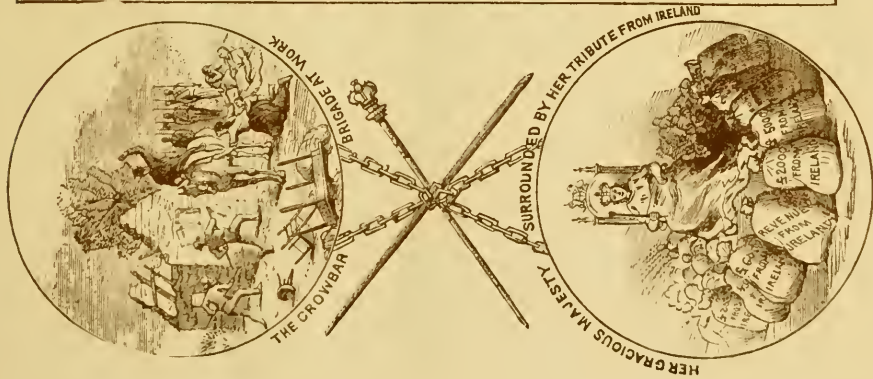
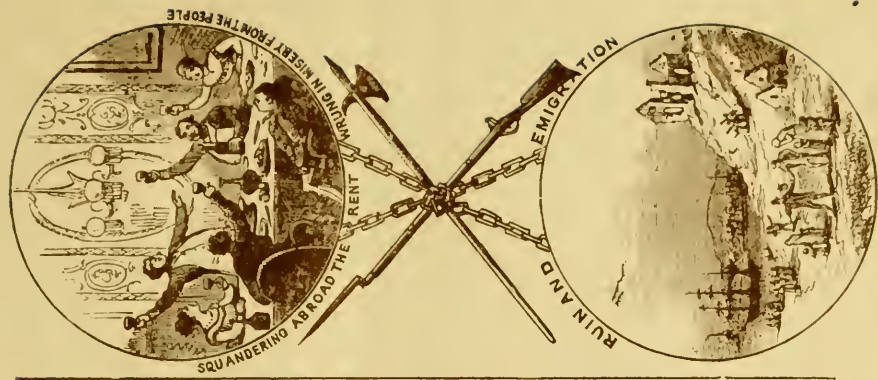
AMOUNT OF MONEY STOLEN
FROM
IRELAND

since the Union of that
unfortunate country with England

ESTIMATE

Absentee Landlord drain.....	\$ 570,000.00
Custom and Revenue.....	380,000.00
Compound Interest.....	6,945,000.00

TOTAL AMOUNT OF PLUNDER
IN 76 YEARS..... £ 7,895,000.000



PLUNDERED IRELAND.



intelligence where any of them are. And whosoever doth harbor or conceal any one of them is to forfeit life and estate. Your humble servant,
EVANS VAUGHAN."

Of the slaughter of unarmed men, the shooting of priests, and the outrages on women I shall here make no mention. 'Twere unnecessary to go into the horrible details. Let one instance serve for all.

Cromwell's Wexford Massacre.

"The Mayor (of the City of Wexford) offered to capitulate; but while the (Irish) commissioners were treating with Cromwell, Strafford, the Governor of the Castle, perfidiously opened it to the enemy; the adjacent wall was immediately scaled, and, after a stubborn but unavailing resistance in the market place, Wexford was abandoned to the mercy of the assailants. The tragedy recently enacted at Drogheda was renewed. No distinction was made between the defenceless inhabitant and the armed soldier; nor could the shrieks and prayers of three hundred females who had gathered round the Great Cross, preserve them from the swords of these ruthless barbarians."—(Lingard's England, vol. iii, p. 276.) Here is a picture in verse of that woeful massacre described by an English historian in prose:

They knelt around the Cross divine,
The matron and the maid—
They bow'd before redemption's sign
And fervently they prayed—
Three hundred fair and helpless ones,
Whose crime was this alone—
Their valiant husbands, sires, and sons,
Had battled for their own.

Had battled bravely, but in vain—
The foeman won the fight,
And Irish corsees strewed the plain
Where Valor slept with Right.
And now, that man of demon guilt,
To faded Wexford flew—
The red blood reeking on his hilt,
Of hearts to Erin true!

He found them there—the young, the old—
The maiden and the wife;
Their guardians brave in death were cold,
Who dared for them the strife.
They prayed for mercy—God on high!
Before Thy cross they prayed,
But ruthless Cromwell bade them die
To glut the Saxon blade!

Three hundred fell—the stifled prayer
 Was quenched in woman's blood;
 Nor youth nor age could move to spare
 From slaughter's crimson flood.
 But nations keep a stern account
 Of deeds that tyrants do;
 And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
 And Heaven avenge it, too!

The English Parliament Selling the Irish Seaport Towns.

After your Government had expelled the people you did as you pleased with their property. The English Parliament, by the Act of September 26, 1653, offered the principal seaport towns in Ireland for sale. Limerick, with 12,000 acres contiguous, for £30,000, and a rent of £625; Waterford, with 1,500 acres contiguous, at the same rate; Galway, with 10,000 acres, for £5,000, and a rent of £156 4s. 4d. Galway was described by your Council as the most considerable port of trade in the three kingdoms before the war, London only excepted. In 1655 (October 30) it was announced that Galway was "cleared of Irish." The town was granted by the Government to the corporations of Liverpool and Gloucester, for debts, to plant with English.

Dividing Out the Confiscated Lands.

The agricultural lands you divided and parceled out among the chief bandits that had rendered you felonious service. A freebooter calling himself Lord Romney received three grants of 49,517 acres for his "services." Two grants to Lord Albemarle of 108,633 acres for "services rendered." William Bentick, commonly called Lord Woodstock, received 135,820 acres, for which no motive is assigned in the letters patent. To Lord Athlone 26,480 acres were given, "as a reward for his services in the reduction of Ireland." And so on.

Commenting on this wholesale robbery, an English writer (Smiles) remarks that "the whole of the island has been confiscated, with the exception of the estates of five or six old families of Irish blood, * * * and no inconsiderable portion of the island has been confiscated twice, or perhaps thrice, in the course of a century. The situation of the Irish nation at the revolution stands unparalleled in the history of the inhabited world."

The Hell-Registered Penal Laws.

Your English oligarchy then sat in felonious council, and deliberately mapped out a plan of campaign for the utter extirpation of the Catholic faith.

Edmund Burke, speaking of these penal laws, says: "The most refined ingenuity of man could not contrive any plan or machinery better calculated to degrade humanity (not the Irish people merely, but humanity itself) than this terrible code." And Montesquieu, the French lawgiver, on reading it over, could not refrain from exclaim-

ing: "This horrid code was conceived by devils, written in human blood, and registered in hell."

You English, robbed the Irish people and then taunted them with being poor! You made it a crime for us to learn the alphabet, and then charged us with ignorance! You destroyed most of our industries and then called us lazy. Many of those penal laws are now repealed, no thanks to England, however, for England has never granted any concession to Ireland that was not wrung from her through fear. It was the thunderbolt of the American Revolution that broke the first link in the galling chain. Fears of insurrection induced her to repeal others of the penal laws. But although some of those laws have been erased from your statute books, the blighting effects of them on the condition of the people are still traceable.

"Forbid to read,

Forbid to plead,

What wonder if our step betrays

The freedman born in penal days?"

Cromwell passed away, and William III. is on the English throne. During the intervening reigns the Protestant plantation of Ulster prospered. Manufactures revived in the North of Ireland. The woolen industry was flourishing. But English selfishness looked with malevolent eyes on the success even of the Protestant Irish.

England Destroys the Woolen Works of Ireland.

The manufacturers and merchants of Bristol, jealous of this prosperity presented a petition to King William in which they begged His Majesty to put a stop to that industry in Ireland "by legislative enactment," declaring that if that were not done "that country (Ireland) would possess itself of the chief trade of the Empire." This was in 1696. On June 9, 1698, both houses of the English Parliament addressed the king to the same effect. What was William's answer to this outrageous demand? Hear it: "Gentlemen, I shall do all in my power to promote the trade of England, and to discourage the woolen manufacture of Ireland!" Down went the iron heel of English despotism, and down under that heel went the woolen manufactures of Ireland.

Old British Barbarities—New Coercion.

I am sick of reciting these records of ruthless inhumanity. No Christian man can take pleasure in contemplating them. Were they buried in the dead past I would not recall them; but the coercive weapon, Mr. Gladstone, which you have forged to strike down law in Ireland, resurrects the memory of those evil days, proves that the conquest of Ireland is not yet completed, that the Irish people can have no lasting peace under English domination, but only an occasional truce, and justifies me in linking your acts of the present with the traditions of England's infamous past. I have not told half the story of British crime. Of all the nations that have ever existed, in savagery or in civilization, England, I verily believe, is the most brutal, cruel and perfidious. Your time-honored mode of putting your enemies to

death was horrible. You drowned, disemboweled, beheaded and quartered. Not satisfied with taking the life of your victim, you hacked and mangled his lifeless body. Let me quote a few extracts from the record of Irish Martyrs and Confessors.

Irish Martyrs and Confessors.

You assassinated Archbishop Plunket, of whom one of your own most illustrious Protestant divines, Bishop Burnet, has this to say:

"Plunket, the Popish Primate of Armagh, was brought to trial.
* * * The witnesses were brutal and profligate men * * He was condemned and suffered very decently, as became a bishop."

The offence charged against Archbishop Plunket was treason. One count was that he "sought to establish the Romish religion in Ireland." Here is the closing scene of the trial:

Clerk of Crown: "Oliver Plunket, hold up thy hand. You of the jury look at the prisoner and hearken to the charge:

"He stands indicted * * * for that he is a false traitor against the most illustrious and most excellent prince our sovereign lord Charles the Second."

Attorney-General: "May it please your lordship, and you, gentlemen of the jury, the character this gentleman bears, as Primate under a foreign and usurped jurisdiction, will be a great inducement to you to give credit to the evidence."

.. Lord Chief Justice (to Archbishop Plunket): "I am sorry to see you persist in the principles of that religion."

Archbishop Plunket: "They are those principles that God Almighty cannot dispense withal."

Lord Chief Justice: "Well, however, the judgment which we give you is that which the law says and speaks. And therefore you must go from hence to the place from whence you came—that is, to Newgate, and from thence you shall be drawn through the city of London to Tyburn; there you shall be hanged by the neck, but cut down before you are dead, your bowels shall be taken out and burnt before your face, your head shall be cut off, and your body be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as His Majesty pleases. And I pray God to have mercy on your soul."

Then the keeper took away his prisoner, and, upon Friday, the 1st of July, he was executed according to the sentence.

And this most horrible and inhuman law, Mr. Gladstone, still remains unrepealed on your murderous statutes! Your English nation does not, today, gratify its fiendish instincts as it did two centuries ago; but the fact that you still retain this devilism in your books shows it is inconvenience, not shame, that prevents you from shocking the world as in times past.

This you did even in the present century. Robert Emmet you first hanged, and then, when his soul had ascended to Heaven, you took him down, cut off his head, and held it up before the multitude!

I might cite hundreds of similar examples of English atrocity, but to what purpose? Nobody wants to look at them. Talk of the "wild



AN EVICTION SCENE IN IRELAND.



Indians!" Talk of South Sea cannibals! What can be talked of—what can be conceived of even among devils—more hellish than your diabolism? The man-eater is a utilitarian; and to compare him with you English would, in common honesty, be doing him an injustice.

Ireland Under Henry VIII.

Henry VIII., of execrable memory, was the first man of your nation that ever arrogated to himself the title of King of Ireland. His most noted act was to make himself head of the church. The British Parliament then, which was the slave of his will, at his dictation waged war against the faith and national usages of the Irish people. Evidently, the most urgent desire of the king was not the "conversion" of the Catholic people but the plunder of their church. In 1536 he seized upon three hundred and seventy monasteries. The same year eight abbeys were suppressed. The Franciscans, the Carmelites, the Augustinians, the Preachers, as well as other orders of monks and nuns, were evicted and ruined. Their possessions were all seized by the king. "They then (I quote from the Four Masters) broke into the monasteries; they sold their roofs and bells, so there was not a monastery from Arran of the Saints to the Ictian Sea that was not broken and scattered. They further burned and broke the famous images, shrines, and relics of Ireland and England. * * * Although great was the persecution of the Roman Emperors against the Church, it is not probable that so great a persecution as this ever came upon the world."

All the leading facts in Anglo-Irish history warrant me in saying that, in every age and under every Government, your English nation has been waging a war of extermination against the Irish race. Sometimes you would use steel, fire, grape, and cannister—sometimes the gibbet—sometimes exile and always artificial famines; but whatever might be the weapons, the diabolical purpose has ever been the same

Ireland Under Queen Victoria.

This is not merely of the past. You are prosecuting the war of extermination today. Is it not in this very generation, under the reign of your Queen Victoria, that the world has witnessed with horror the desolating spectacle of the Irish Exodus? In forty years Ireland has been depleted of six million people. Every country in the world has increased in population; Ireland alone has gone backward! Shall I speak of the hundreds of thousands of cabins unroofed? Of the million human beings sent down into coffinless graves? Of the great Murder Years of '46, '47 and '48? Of the "Million a Decade"—interminable armies of men whose Natural Rights had been cloven down—that were driven out by your accursed "Crowbar Brigade?" In one year—1846—300,000 persons were thrust out into the ditch to perish! Your writers would explain all this to the world by the "Irish Famine." There has been no Irish Famine, sir! Men die of starvation in Ireland, but there is no famine in Ireland.

There Is No Famine in Ireland.

What is a famine? A famine, says Noah Webster, the lexicographer, is "a general scarcity of food." A general scarcity of food That is a famine. But in Ireland there is no general scarcity of food.

Exportation of Irish Food in the So-Called "Famine Years."

In 1849, '50, '51—years in which your landlord-made "famine" was slaying the children of Ireland by the hundred thousand—food was shipped away from that country at the following rate:

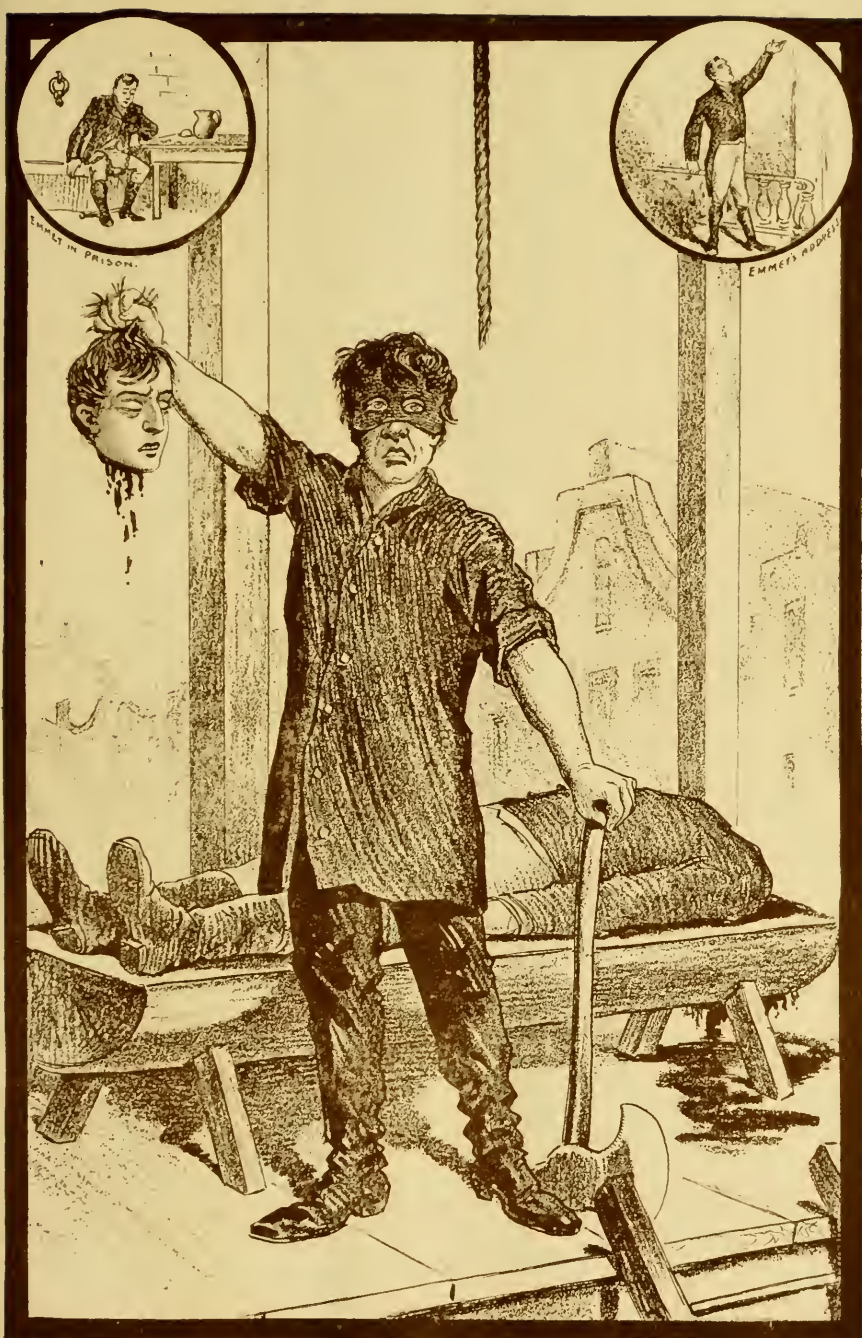
Year	Wheat, Barrels.	Flour, Quarters.	Live Stock, Head.
1849.....	844,000	1,176,000	520,000
1850.....	751,000	1,055,000	475,000
1851.....	850,000	823,000	472,000

Thus we see the Irish people perished of hunger in the midst of abundance. In '47, when the men of Galway town, driven out from their houses by the cries of their hungry little ones, offered to lay hands on the food products of their own soil, you sent down from Gort your cavalry and your flying artillery to escort that food to the ships in the dock. "Back! wasted skeleton!—back! You will not die of starvation, eh? Very well! Have your choice—you can die by the bullet!" This was the utterance of your armed Famine Force. Last year, when the United States ship *Constellation* sailed into Ireland with American food for its perishing people, she saluted four English ships laden with Irish wheat, sheep, and cattle, sailing out from thence! Was ever such a mockery before witnessed by the world? Look at this terrible picture, painted by "Speranza," (Lady Wilde), of your landlord-made Irish Famine,

Landlord-Made Irish Famine.

Weary men, what reap ye?—Golden corn for the stranger.
 What sow ye?—Human corpses that wait for the avenger.
 Fainting forms, hunger-stricken, what see you in the offing?
 Stately ships to bear our food away, amid the stranger's scoffing.
 There's a proud array of soldiers—what do they round your door?
 They guard our masters' granaries from the thin hands of the poor.
 Pale mothers, wherefore weeping?—Would to God that we were dead
 Our children swoon before us, and we cannot give them bread.

We are fainting in our misery, but God will hear our groan;
 Yet, if fellow-men desert us, will He hearken from His Throne?
 Accursed are we in our own land; yet toil we still and toil;
 But the stranger reaps our harvest—the alien owns our soil.
 O Christ! how have we sinned, that on our native plains
 We perish houseless, naked, starved, with branded brow, like Cain's?
 Dying, dying wearily, with a torture sure and slow—
 Dying, as a dog would die, by the wayside as we go.



ROBERT EMMET.

The Executioner (holding up the head of Emmet)—“Behold the Head of a Traitor. Long live the King!”

One by one, they're falling round us, their pale faces to the sky;
 We've no strength left to dig them graves—there let them lie.
 The wild bird, if he's stricken, is mourned by the others.
 But we—we die in Christian land—we die amid our brothers,
 In the land which God has given, like a wild beast in his cave,
 Without a tear, a prayer, a shroud, a coffin, or a grave.
 Ha! but think ye the contortions on each livid face ye see
 Will not be read on judgment-day by eyes of Deity?

We are wretches, famished, scorned, human tools to build your pride.
 But God will yet take vengeance for the souls for whom Christ died.
 Now is your hour of pleasure—bask ye in the world's caress;
 But our whitening bones against ye will rise up as witnesses,
 From the cabins and the ditches, in their charred, uncoffin'd masses,
 For the Angel of the Trumpet will know them as he passes.
 A ghastly, spectral army, before the great God we'll stand,
 And arraign ye as our murderers, the spoilers of our land.

Much was said by philanthropic men against Negro Slavery in the Southern States. God forbid that I should offer one word in defense of that institution. But, abominable as chattel slavery was, was not the temporal condition of the Black man preferable to that of the Irishman? Is it on record that one Southern Negro ever died of hunger? Were the nations of the earth—Christian, Pagan and Mahomedan—ever asked to save them from perishing? I put the questions to you, Wendell Phillips,—you who throughout a generation of devoted service showed yourself the noblest champion of the enslaved Negro! The Slave Lord, whilst he robbed the Negro, took upon himself the responsibility of feeding, clothing, and housing him; the Land Lord robbed the Irish serf, and disclaimed all responsibility for the consequence of his action. During all that terrible time your evicting "Crowbar Brigade" was mercilessly exterminating the Irish nation. The names of ten thousand ruined villages are emblazoned on its victorious banner. Of the garden of Europe you made a wilderness. Let me cite one illustration: "In Galway Union (Carey's "Principles of Social Science, vol. 1, p. 328), recent accounts declared the number of poor evicted, and their houses leveled, within two years, to be 20,000. Twenty thousand human beings thrown upon the road, houseless and homeless! Some parts of the country appeared like an enormous churchyard—the numerous gables of the unroofed dwellings seemed to be gigantic tombstones. They were indeed, records of decay and death. Looking on them, the doubt rose in my mind, am I in a civilized country? Can such scenes be paralleled in Siberia or Caffraria?" Then came the Exodus. A whole nation uprooted from the soil!

"A million a decade! Calmly and cold
 The units were read by your statesmen sage;
 Little you thought of a Nation old
 Fading away from History's page.

"A million a decade!—of human wrecks,
Corpses lying in fever sheds—
Corpses huddled on foundering decks,
And shroudless dead on their rocky beds."

The heart of the world wept at the spectacle; but you English—the devilish authors of all this misery—chuckled with diabolical glee at the sight—you thought the Irish nation was dead at last. "The Celt is gone!—gone with a vengeance!" roared the London "Times." But your malice did not rest even there. The meretricious scribes on your Satanic Press dipped their pens in wormwood and traduced us as a nation of "lazy, thriftless, barbarous assassins."

They evidently hoped their calumnies would operate against our race in the New World. "So long," says the London "Times," May 10, 1859, "so long as there are ———s (naming the latest sacrifice on the scaffold to the maintenance of the unendurable feudal land monopoly), there will be stout Saxons who, by fair means or foul, will carry the day (kill off the Irish) or send them to work and be honest across the ocean. We wish, of course, the (Irish) animal could be tamed (i. e., reduced to the serf condition of the rural population of England) and kept at home; but there is no use wishing when a whole race has an innate taste for conspiracy and manslaughter." Another English publication (the "Saturday Review," of November 28, 1863), hissed out the following:

"The Lion of St. Jarlath's* surveys with an envious eye * * the Irish Exodus * * * and sighs over the departing demons of assassination and murder. * * * So complete is the rush of departing marauders, whose lives were profitably occupied in shooting Protestants from behind a hedge, that silence reigns over the vast solitude of Ireland! * * * Just as civilization gradually supersedes the wilder and fiercer creatures by men and cities, so decivilization, such as is going on in Ireland, wipes out (Irish) mankind to make room for (English) oxen!" You see, Mr. Gladstone, it is not necessary to go back to the middle ages—not necessary to recall the ferocious military proclamations of Oliver Cromwell—for proofs of the exterminating spirit of your English nation. The accepted exponents of the higher thought of England to-day reiterate the same hellish sentiment. But why do I quote these things for you—you who are at this moment forging weapons for the Evictors of my race!

Trying to Goad Ireland Into a Premature Rebellion.

Your tiger-hearted oligarchy hungers for more blood. Every move of the British Government indicates a disposition to goad Ireland into a premature rebellion, in order that your dogs of war may ravage the unarmed people, that the "Irishrie" may be taught a lesson, and that the insolent Thief Landlord may once again put his heel on the necks of his re-subjugated tenants. This is the design.

*Referring to the famous Archbishop MacHale of Tuam, St. Jarlath being the patron saint of the diocese.

Why, sir, it was only the other day that a member of your own Cabinet, Sir William Harcourt, tauntingly declared, in his place in the House of Commons, that if there were Irishmen who should express even a wish to see their country free "it would be the duty of Englishmen to stamp upon them as if they were a nest of vipers!" These were his words. And not a man in your Senate stood to his feet to reprove this brutal challenge.*

And now, as in all the ages past, your officials and your venal writers are calumniating my native land. In a time of profound peace—thanks to the discipline of the Land League—you are industriously at work manufacturing "outrages." Wares of that kind ever find ready purchasers in the English market. It is like your mock auctions—you buy in yourselves. There is not a country on the face of this earth whose people are more orderly than are the Irish people today. Bishops, priests, and returned American travelers affirm this. Were landlords shot off like partridges, it would not be a matter of astonishment. But it is not so. The people have discovered that "boycotting" is more effectual than assassination. Were the Irish to give free rein to their passions, they would ere this have lynched every landlord in the land. Hear how their forbearance impresses an American: "Were it not for the enervating effect which the history of the world proves to be everywhere the result of abject poverty, it would be difficult to resist something like a feeling of contempt for a race, who, stung by such wrongs, have only occasionally murdered a landlord!" (George's "Progress and Poverty," p. 113.) These are the words of a calm, dispassionate, judicial, humane, and philosophical writer who has no race prejudices to stir his indignation.

.. Signs of the Decadence of the British Empire.

Here I draw the curtain on English diabolism in Ireland. Do not think, Mr. Gladstone, that I feel a grim pleasure at the spectacles presented. I blush for our common humanity when I contemplate the picture. I would for England's sake these things had never been. Nor would any satisfaction wrung out of your blazing cities in the way of vengeance be reckoned by thoughtful Irishmen as a compensation for the evils wrought. The world has supped full of horrors. Good men of all nationalities are sick of strife and bloodshed and violence. But your Empire is doomed! It will fall as Rome fell—down with a crash! Already are the signs of breaking up. Ireland is agitated to her foundations. India is sullenly discontented. The Zulus are nursing their wrath. Your own wage-serfs in England—who detest your oligarchy—are combined in a colossal trade union. As a mil-

*Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, referred to a speech made by Davitt in which the speaker warned the country of the wolf-dog that was ready to bound in vengeance over the Atlantic. If, concluded the Home Secretary, there were men who would use such language, it would be the duty of Englishmen to stamp upon them as if they were a nest of vipers.—Cablegram.

tary power you have lost prestige in the eyes of Europe. Despised in Germany, snubbed in Austria, suspected in Russia, scorned in France, ignored in Italy, you rank today but a second-rate force in the councils of Europe. Your recent military exploits in Asia and Africa have won you anything but glory. In Afghanistan your standard went down in disgrace and disaster. In the Transvaal—a mere handful of undisciplined bushmen—one British Commander-in-Chief has been forced to bite the dust and his successor has been forced to come to terms. Your warships seem to be going to pieces one after the other.

And now, with these many evidences of decay exhibited by the British Empire, Ireland is presenting to the world unmistakable signs of a new social life, a national regeneration, an intellectual awakening, which, when fully aroused, will shake the nations.

The Vision of a New Ireland.

The signs of an uprising New Ireland are as conspicuous as they are numerous. All who have eyes may perceive. Did you ever know of any people before that has manifested such a surprising interest in the discussion of first principles in social science? Did you ever know of a nation with so warm and impetuous a temperament hold itself, under such provocation, within the restraint of an organized discipline? To me these things are phenomenal. These are happy signs. Nor is one vice driven out by another. Intolerance is not superseded by indifference, nor is firm faith supplanted by doubt. The great body of the people of Ireland were never more devoted to the Catholic religion, yet never have the lines of sacerdotal authority been more distinctly drawn. This is not done in a spirit of antagonism to the priests; on the contrary, many of the priests themselves, and some of the most illustrious of the hierarchy, indicate their cordial satisfaction at this turning over a new leaf in the history of Ireland. There are a frankness of manner, a straightforwardness, and a personal independence, now developing and moving side by side with the spirit of concord in Ireland, that fail to manifest themselves in such bold relief in any other land. Elsewhere language seems to have been given to men—to the “cultured classes” to conceal their thoughts—in Ireland, just now, words are signals that carry to the hearer precisely what the speaker means. Did you read Archbishop Croke’s letter to Mr. A. M. Sullivan? Did you note how that distinguished prelate “congratulated” a layman for his plain and outspoken criticism of the censure contained in the Archbishop of Dublin’s (Archbishop McCabe’s), pastoral letter on the Ladies’ Land League of Ireland? These are signs that speak well for the intrinsic worth, the undisguised manhood, and the vigorous morality of the Irish people.

And how is it with the power which you represent, Mr. Gladstone? If open-faced honesty is the characteristic of a rejuvenating people, cunning and secretiveness, naturally enough, manifest themselves in the acts of malignant decrepitude. At this hour your British Empire is compelled to resort to fraud and force. Vanquished on the field of logic—ay, beaten even in your own law courts!—you feel

yourself constrained to manufacture "outrages" in Ireland; and then, when no jury of twelve honest men, sworn on their souls to give a verdict according to the evidence, can be found to perjure themselves and bring in the sort of verdicts you demand of them, you put the Constitution in your pocket, abolish trial by jury, and with the iron heel of Coercion crush out at once both the substance and the semblance of Law! You do not stop at this. You sift the telegraphic news, open letters, send spies to meetings, and shut up a one-armed "ticket-of-leave" agitator* on a flimsy technicality. Then you go sneaking to Rome, and there at the feet of the Pope, with faces wreathed in a show of hypocritical innocence, your lying emissaries calumniate Ireland and supplicate the assistance of that Church which you hate in your heart.

These things to unthinking men will appear as evidences of vigorous strength and wondrous diplomatic skill. I regard them as signs of weakness. You are forced to skulk into these dishonorable ways and to avail yourself of such despicable means to prop up your Empire.

But all this force and fraud will fail, Mr. Gladstone. You are now, unlike the past, dealing with two Irelands. The Greater Ireland is on this side of the Atlantic. This is the base of operations. We in America furnish the sinews of war. We in America render moral aid. How can a cause which rests on the principle of immutable justice, and which is assured for all time of two such potencies, ever fail? Its ultimate success is but a question of time. This Irish cause of ours is not confined to the Irish alone on this continent. Men sprung from various nationalities—Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, Hollanders, yes, and Englishmen, too—are to be found actively working in the American branches of the Irish Land League. From this you will perceive that Ireland is now in the vanguard of the progressive thought of the world. From Ireland in America the Light has gone forth. All these nationalities read the Irish World. The letter which you have now in your hands has already been read by every Senator, Representative, Governor, and Mayor in the United States; by every Bishop and Priest; by every Society Reformer; as well as by hundreds of thousands of men, in every avocation in life, from Maine to California, and from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. The villainies which England perpetrated in ages gone by are now, through this paper, brought into the present. What has been concocted in the dark is exposed in the noon-day. This Light has flashed into every cabin in Ireland. It will penetrate into the factories and minepits of England, too. You cannot shut it out. You can imprison bodies, but you cannot lock up an idea. Ireland confronts you today with undaunted eye, and says in the confidence and hope of a great Future—

"You have broken my Sword, not my Power,

O! Samson of long yellow hair;

But I've sent out a Thought to the millions,

And you and not I, shall despair!"

Of this Thought this Irish World is one of the chief messengers. 1,

*Referring to Michael Davitt.

as an instrument in the great work, feel that my position is far more honorable, more noble, more Christian, and, therefore, more pleasing to God and to good men, than is yours. I certainly would not exchange places with you today. You, taking counsel of the devil, commission evil men to uphold his Empire which robs, starves, evicts, and ruins your neighbor; we, obeying the dictates of conscience, go forth to uplift our neighbor. The Englishman, too, is our neighbor. We desire to do him good. We meditate no evil to him. "The love of our neighbor worketh no evil. And, knowing the season, it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep; for now our salvation is nearer than when we believed. The night is past and the day is at hand." Therefore we cast off the works of Darkness and put on the armor of Light. And there are thousands of men in America, Mr. Gladstone, who, impressed with the truth of the principles of this Irish World, and convinced of the necessity of propagating these principles over the earth, manifest their zeal by subscribing every week to the Spread-the-Light Fund—an institution which secretly troubles the upholders of your Empire, and which has already, by one of your own Cabinet Ministers, been brought before the consideration of your Parliament. On the good work will go!

The origin of this movement in Ireland appears to be a puzzle to many of you. You note the effect, but cannot fathom the cause, of the existing agitation,

"There is no doubt (says Beaconsfield) of the distress in Ireland. But Ireland has been visited before by famine, and yet it has not resulted in a condition like that which it exhibits at the present moment. Now, how has this deplorable state of things been brought about, when on former occasions we had avoided it?"

That is the question. Why won't the Irish people quietly die off now, or at least vacate the premises for English bullocks, and say nothing about it, as on "former occasions?" How came they to take a different view of affairs? Viscount Middleton sprang to his noble feet and promptly answered Lord Beaconsfield. He was "not surprised." How could it be otherwise in face of the doctrine—the New Land Gospel—that had of late years been proclaimed to the Irish people? Yet it was not in Ireland, but—

"From an incendiary publication which was issued, not on this (English) side of the island, but from America. (Hear, hear.) He vigorously denounced the Irish World. The evil it was doing among the people of Ireland was incalculable. The Irish World was circulated free, broadcast all over the island; and, accordingly, a most revolutionary view had been engendered which no one could foretell the result of. (Hear, hear.) He did not fear the Irish World if the Government would only take some action in the matter, and say at last who was to be master of the situation—the Queen or the Land League." (Cheers.)

In other words, Viscount Middleton, from his place in the House of Lords, declared that the British Empire could not stand in face of the Light! The Government must "take some action." What action?

Why, shut out the Light! But the Light, I repeat, Mr. Gladstone, your Government cannot shut out. It will go on advancing. On, on, on! Onward "even unto the perfect day." Ireland is now Spreading this Light in England itself. In this she imitates St. Patrick, the ex-slave, who, instead of returping evil to his former captors, devoted his life to the work of their salvation.

We stand in the light of a dawning Day,
With its glory creation flushing;
And the life-currents up from the pris'ning clay
Through the world's great heart are rushing.
While from peak to peak of the Spirit Land
A voice unto voice is calling:
"The Night is over, the DAY is at hand.
And the fetters of earth are falling!"

Yet faces are pale with a mystic fear
Of the strife and trouble looming;
And we feel that mighty changes are near,
Tho' the Lord delayeth His coming.
For the rent flags hang from each broken mast,
And down in the ocean's surges
The shattered wreck of a foundering PAST
Sinks mid the night wind's dirges.

This, Mr. Gladstone, is a vision of Ireland now rising up with the dawn of a new-born Day. In my next letter I shall show what evils your British Empire, on three separate occasions, inflicted on the American people.

PATRICK FORD.

It is an irksome and painful task to pursue the details of the penal code; but the penal code is the history of Ireland.—John Mitchel.

The triumph of England over Ireland is the triumph of guilt over innocence.—John Philpot Curran.

What does the liberty of a people consist of? It consists in the right and power to make laws for its own government. Were an individual to make laws for another country, that person is a despot and the people are slaves. When one country makes laws for another country the country which makes the laws is absolutely the sovereign country, and the country for which the laws are made is in a state of slavery.—Blackstone.

England has only the acquired rights of a highwayman in Ireland; she has been able to hold the country simply by the throat during the struggle of centuries. Consequently Ireland owes her no allegiance.—Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

Law in Ireland was the friend neither of the people nor of justice, but the impartial persecutor of both.—Aubrey de Vere.

The British Empire in America

LETTER III.

"What name does England's conduct deserve? And what punishment is there in store for the men who have distressed millions, involved thousands in ruin and plunged numberless in inextricable woe?"—George Washington.

"In spite of treaties England is still our enemy."—Thomas Jefferson.

Office of the Irish World, New York, April 14, 1881.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Minister-in-Chief of the British Empire:

Sir—There is an impression abroad that Ireland is the only country with a grievance, and that Irish Catholics are the only people who have ever had occasion to bring a serious charge against the British Empire. My first letter to you exposed the fallacy of this notion and therein showed that the people of England itself—the disinherited and plundered toilers of England—are victims of this British Empire. In Ireland you crushed the Protestants of the North as well as the Catholics of the South. Indeed for a century back the Protestant Irish, in proof of the assertion here made, have given to your walking scaffolds more than their quota of patriot martyrs to the cause of Irish Nationality.

But the Old World is not the only place where the British Empire has trampled on Human Rights. Every race and complexion here in America have been injured by you. You opposed the White man, enslaved the Black man, and exterminated the Red man. Slavery was first introduced into the Colonies under the reign of your Queen Elizabeth. She not only tolerated that heinous traffic, but she encouraged it; she herself becoming a sharer in the ill-got gains. This sin of Slavery of which England was the original cause—we have since expiated at a cost of a four years' terrible war, hundreds of thousands of ruined homes, fully three millions of killed, crippled, widows and orphans, and a national debt which in its consequential damages is perhaps equal to all these evils combined.

Then you sought to introduce feudalism into America; and to that end you gave those "proprietary grants" to royal favorites, whose insolent heirs—the Patroons—crushed their tenantry, as do the landlords in Ireland, and forced the agricultural serfs, here in New York State, thirty odd years ago, to rise in an Anti-Rent war against their tyrannous exactions. Everywhere you have sought to build up a class at the expense of the people.

Your British Empire, in the days of its power, strove to reduce and to hold America as an industrial dependency of England in perpetuity. With this in view, the British industrial oligarchy, through twenty-three acts of Parliament, discouraged American manufactures and commerce in every conceivable way. It was made a punishable offense to import any kind of machinery from England to

this country. You forbade the use of waterfalls, the erecting of machinery, of looms, and supplies, and the working of wood and iron: you set the King's arrow upon trees that rotted in the forests; you shut out markets for boards and fish, and seized sugar and molasses. with the vessels in which these goods were carried; and you defined the limitless ocean as but a narrow pathway to such of the lands that it embosoms as bore the British flag. Then, as now, the British Empire warred against Humanity.

Hear Your Impeachment in the Declaration of Independence:

The history of the King of Great Britain, the Sovereign Executive of the British Empire, is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness, his invasions of the rights of the people.

He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries. (This is true of Ireland today.)

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislature. (The British Empire has destroyed the Legislature of Ireland, but has preserved the standing armies.)

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation—

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us. (True of Ireland.)

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States.

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world. (True of Ireland.)

For imposing taxes on us without our consent. (True of Ireland.)

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury. (True of Ireland now as often before.)

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offenses.

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, BURNED OUR TOWNS, and destroyed the lives of our people. (All true of Ireland.)

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the work of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress

in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered by repeated injury.

All the crimes herein charged were publicly excused, justified, and upheld by your Parliament, your pamphleteers, and your orators; and, consequently, your King stands forward not as an individual acting on his own responsibility, but as the representative of your British Empire, which was then, as now, the corporate embodiment of all those villainies.

Finally, when your oppressions became intolerable, and the spirit of the manhood of America rose up to overthrow your despotism, you resorted to means the most abominable for the subjugation of this continent. Brand and sword, fraud and brute force were brought in.

I do not go into the details of your villainies. I only give illustrations. The bare recital of the heads of your criminal history, authenticated by yourselves, makes honest men stand aghast. When shall the nations join in a holy crusade against this wicked British Empire? "What name does England's conduct deserve? And what punishment is there in store for the men who have distressed millions, involved thousands in ruin, and plunged numberless in inextricable woe?" These indignant questions are from the lips, not of an Irishman, but of the measured tongue of the ever-slow-to-anger George Washington.

The name of Washington evokes the spirit of '76; and that Revolution is the epitome of the conflicts in which the genius of freedom crossed swords with the champions of oppression in all the ages of time. Irishmen figured conspicuously in that glorious struggle. Sullivan of New Hampshire, struck the first blow on land; O'Brien of Maine was the hero of the "Lexington of the Seas;" Barry was the Father of the American Navy; Charles Thompson—the first Secretary to the National Congress—was the man who, with Jefferson, lit up the fires of Liberty; Charles Carroll of Carrollton, having cast off the hated word British subject, signed himself "First Citizen" of the Republic; to Nixon fell the honor of first reading the Declaration of Independence to the people. Bunker's Height is a perpetual monument of Irish hostility to the British Empire. (Froude in his "English in Ireland" tells you all about it.) Its very name is Irish. The Protestants of the North, when their industries were crushed by the villainous enactments of your Parliament, crossed the Atlantic, bearing in their hearts the fires of indignation; and when the day of vengeance came, down flashed their thunderbolts on the power that had ruined them in Ireland!

The identity of justice—the gravitation of affinity (are you aware, Mr. Gladstone, that the crimson tide that flows in the veins of America is largely Irish?)—made the two countries as one in those days.

The Struggling Republic Cast Her Eyes Over the Wave for Sympathy.

Chivalrous France responded. Spain followed. But Ireland had been before all. Jefferson attached importance to "the reciprocal affection between the (two) peoples." Enlightened self-interest strength-

ened this reciprocal affection. "I found the people of Ireland disposed to be friends of America," writes Ben Franklin, "in which I endeavored to confirm them, with the expectation that our growing weight might in time be thrown into their scale, and justice be obtained for them likewise." Franklin's expectation was soon partially realized. Columbia's avenging arm, nerved by Erin's sympathy—

"With her back turned to Britain, her face to the West"—smote the galling chain of the infernal penal laws, and struck off a few links. On July 28, 1775, almost a year anterior to the Declaration of Independence, the American Continental Congress published the following address:

"To the People of Ireland.

"Friends and Fellow-Subjects—We are desirous of possessing the good opinion of the virtuous and humane. We are peculiarly desirous of furnishing the people of Ireland with a true statement of our motives and objects, the better to enable you to judge of our conduct with accuracy, and determine the merits of the controversy with impartiality and precision.

Your Parliament had done us no wrong. You have been friendly to the rights of mankind, and we acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude that the Irish Nation has produced patriots who have highly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity and America. On the other hand, we are not ignorant that the labor and manufactures of Ireland, like those of the silk-worm, were of little moment to herself, but served only to give luxury to those (Land Robbers) who neither toil nor spin.

"Accept our most grateful acknowledgments for the friendly disposition you have already shown toward us. We know that you are not without your grievances. We sympathize with you in your distress, and are pleased to find that the design of subjugating us has persuaded the Administration to dispense to Ireland some vagrant rays of ministerial sunshine. The tender mercies of (the British) Government have long been cruel toward you. We hope the patient abiding of the meek may not always be forgotten, and God grant that the iniquitous schemes of extirpating liberty may soon be defeated."

America did then what Ireland is now doing. She appealed to the moral sense of Christendom to vindicate the justice of her cause.

She Was "Peculiarly Desirous" of Winning the Good Opinion of the Irish People.

Is it strange the United States' Congress today should pass resolutions sympathizing with Ireland in her struggle? Yet the London newspapers wasted much good ink denunciatory of the recent acts of our American Legislatures. Those British statesmen and British journalists that affect indignation at these things show themselves to be very ignorant of Anglo-American history of a hundred years ago—the history of the overthrow of British domination in the New World—or else they are devoid of the instincts that influence the motives of honorable men. America now accords to Ireland only what gratitude

demands. It is but the operation of reciprocal affection. Why, sir, bringing it down to the level of the principle of trade, what is it but the repayment of measure for measure?

.. In 1783, after eight years of blood and tears and rapine, you signed a treaty of peace in Paris, and declared therein that these colonies "were, and of right ought to be, free and independent states." It was your necessity, not your will, that wrung out that acknowledgment. Your subsequent conduct reveals your insincerity. In 1812—nineteen years after the Treaty of Paris—

The British Empire Sought to Subjugate This Nation.

I cannot stop here to recount how you, a second time, "plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people." Setting up the absurd pretence that once a subject, always a subject, your licensed buccaneers scoured the waters of America, boarded our ships, and "constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands." Then, as ever, your motto was: "Divide and Conquer." In your proclamation of war you declared the ports of America blockaded—excepting the coast of the New England States, whose neutrality, at the price of treason to the national cause, you treacherously sought to win. In this you partially succeeded. A heavy cloud hung over the firmament, obscuring nigh one-half the stars in our bespangled banner; and the friends of Liberty—in both worlds—trembled for the fate of the young Republic. But the darkest hour is that before the dawn.

The Genius of Erin Came Upon the Scene,

and, like rays shot from the blaze of her own sunburst, out flashed the swords of Jackson and McDonough! The first was the son of exiled parents from Ulster; the second sprang from Galway. Jackson annihilated your army at New Orleans, and McDonough destroyed your navy on Lake Champlain. Listen to the historian:

"While the two armies were before each other, the British fleet appeared in sight, and gave battle to the Americans. The contest was a fearful one, and lasted two hours and twenty minutes; ending in the surrender of the British fleet to Commodore McDonough! Only a few of the smaller vessels escaped."

Glorified be the day that the Pirate of the Seas struck his flag and surrendered his fleet to the descendant of the Claddagh fisherman!

The foe is routed; the Republic is saved; and the star-spangled banner floats victorious above the clouds of battle!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their vile footsteps' pollution!
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

"Retreat! Retreat!" echoed along the English lines. Baffled, beaten, and disgraced, the broken remnants of your vanquished forces turned their footsteps homeward. But the wounded adder left a sting behind. Before quitting our shores you left the capital of our Nation a heap of ashes, an act made nowise necessary by the exigencies of war but prompted solely by sheer devilry—and for this wanton act the culprit, who confessed the crime, instead of being censured and degraded by your Government, was honored and promoted!

Failing to conquer us by force of arms, your organs of public opinion—organs of public deception—have studiously endeavored to poison the mind of the world by your vilification of America. America had no art, no literature, no scholars, no "society." We were but little raised above a nation of barbarians. Your magazine writers sneered at us. Your leading journalists gave ex-parte presentations of us. Your comic papers caricatured us. On you proceed in your devilry. A law unto yourselves, you of the British Oligarchy seem to think you are dispensed from the observance of those civilities and that consideration for the good name, character, and feelings of other people that the rest of mankind deem obligatory. A pig-headed conceit shines transparent in your bearing. Every word that goes forth from your lips is uttered with an ipse dixit air born of an infallible self-assurance that is the trade-mark of your class the world over. But egotism is not your only national sin.

Perfidy and Hypocrisy Stand Out in Bold Relief.

At no time is the British Empire so devilishly inclined—at no time should men beware of it so much—as when it puts on the mask of morality. There is a diabolical malice in everything you insinuate. Having fastened the curse of Slavery upon this country in the beginning—and having for ages afterward urged on and protected the traffic of the Anglo-African pirates despite the protests of American colonists—you then, when you were driven out of the country, turned your eyes to Heaven, and, before all the nations, thanked God you were not as other people! Then came the Civil War. Then Slavery, which had become an institution under the protection of your flag, lifted its insolent head and defiantly proclaimed that it would found an empire in this New World, the corner stone of which would be Slavery. Then went forth the decree that that iniquitous institution should die! What then? What did England do? Instead of applauding the act of this nation, you denounced our Government, defamed its motives, threw obstacles in the way of its success, and gave aid and comfort to its foes. You recognized the Slave Empire of the South and granted it belligerent rights. You built and manned privateers, which steamed out from English ports to scour the seas, harass American ships, prey upon American commerce, and sweep the American flag from the ocean.

Your Press, Pulpit, and Platform Combined to Malign Us.

On the bulletin boards of the London dailies every disaster sustained by the Union arms was blazoned forth as a "Great Victory!"—

every success for the national flag was heralded as a "Disaster!" The war was over—the flag of the Republic fluttered over the prostrate form of Slavery—and you were brought into court to answer for your misdeeds. At Geneva a fine of £3,000,000 was imposed on you. This was a very small figure by the side of the enormous "consequential damages" your perfidious conduct inflicted on us. A spirited pirate would pay the forfeit with a dash of sang froid, as a gambler plays his dice. But the British Government is a compound of the bully and the sneak thief. Instead of advancing the money—a mere trifle to a nation that boasted itself "the Money Power of the world"—you whined and begged the United States Government to make it easy for you, assuring us that the subtraction of so much gold would convulse England in a financial panic. Therein you revealed

The Hollowness of Your Fraudulent Financial System.

You had all along contended that the medium of exchange must possess intrinsic value, and that whatever did not possess intrinsic value could not be considered money. A superstitious notion was sent afloat that England was worth thousands of millions in money—that is, in gold. Yet, by your own confession, you were unable to pay £3,000,000! And yet—and yet—you still dared to advertise yourselves as the creditor nation of the world!!! What do you loan? Is it not your paper? Not intrinsic value, but the evidences of your indebtedness. And through your evidences of indebtedness you exact tribute-money from other peoples!

Has the British Empire Turned Over a New Leaf?

It is vaguely thought that the British Empire has turned over a new leaf in its nefarious conduct, and that you, Mr. Gladstone, are that new leaf. This notion is widely diffused. I have myself been favorably prepossessed with you. I never did suppose that you would be able to settle the Irish question; but I did believe you were of a religious mind, purely intentioned, opposed to all forms of oppression, loving justice, scorning all trickery and sham, detesting brute force, and sincerely desirous of defending the weak as against the strong, the innocent as against the cunning, and the poor as against the rich; and that, according to the light given you, all the energy of your soul and all the influence of your official station would be devoted to the restoration of the people in their natural rights. Such was my estimate of you. I have been grievously mistaken. The more your character has been made known to me the less I think of it, and the less I hope from you. You are 72 years old, 48 years of which you have spent in the English Parliament. Your course, on the whole, has been one of evil. The son of a Liverpool merchant, who in the days of African slave piracy had made a large fortune out of the trade in human flesh and blood, you were in your young life an avowed Tory. At the general election in 1832, when you were as yet hardly 23 years of age, you were chosen to represent the rotten borough of Newark in the House of Commons. "Chosen? Yes. By whom? Not by the electors, but by the fourth Duke of Newcastle, who, as owner of nearly every house, every square

yard of land in the little town of Newark, claimed the right of dictating how his tenants—his serfs—should vote at each Parliamentary election.”—(R. Shelton McKenzie.) For this Parliamentary seat the Duke received, as usual, £5,000. So that, Mr. Gladstone, you represented not the people of Newark, but your father’s cheque-book and His Grace of Newcastle. From 1832 to 1846 you wore the Tory livery and voted the Tory vote. According to Dr. Samuel Smiles, who wrote your biography some twenty years ago, your efforts were “mainly devoted to resist all change or reform.” Your first speech was on the question of negro emancipation, in which you urged the right of the slave lords of the West Indies to compensation for their “property.” You opposed in successive Parliaments the reduction of the Irish law-established bishops, the Dissenters’ Chapel clause, the emancipation of the Jews, with other measures. During the Civil War in America you were a member of the British Ministry, and at that time, in company with Lord John Russell, you publicly declared your warmest sympathy for the Slave Empire of the South. To this day you have not withdrawn or apologized for those public professions of sympathy. You are at this moment holding Ireland under the iron rod of coercion, suppressing trial by jury, gagging speech, contemplating the suppression of the circulation of the Irish World, arresting men declared innocent by constitutional tribunals, pouring troops into the country, upholding the arms of the evicting landlords, shooting down the tenantry—“who,” according to one of your own organs, the Illustrated London News, “dwell in cabins not so comfortable as the South African Kaffirs, and not nearly so well fed;” and with a patchwork land bill in your hands, which, miserably inadequate through it is, has been wrenched from your fears and not from your uncoerced sense of justice—for the man who first raised his voice against the Land Iniquity now sleeps in a felon’s cell, and the paper that first flashed the Light on the subject you are planning to shut out—you pose upon the political stage as a would-be thought enlightened statesman and a benefactor of human kind! I would not rob you of good intentions; but why do you so meanly and brutally persecute those who force you to move in measures that you afterward admit to be necessary? Why do you wear laurels on your brow, while you bind them in chains? An honorable man would not do these things, Mr. Gladstone. But the evil system of which you are the representative knows nothing of honor, nothing of justice, nothing of humanity. Never before was such an organized swindle seen upon this earth as the institution known as the British Empire.

When will men come to see you as you are? But the Light is Spreading, and the world is opening its eyes; and with God’s help, and the efforts of good men, who are devoting themselves to the great work of exposing all your villainies, cloaked as they now are under the veneer of a well-affected pharisaism, your wickedness will soon stand revealed to an indignant world in all the hideousness of its unmasked diabolism!

You would now have us in America conveniently forget the evils

meditated and done against us in the past. You palaver us with the "ties of kindred," "magna charta," the "glories" of Milton and Shakespeare, the "memories of Hampden," a "common language," etcetera, etcetera. But behind the wreathed smile lurks the satanic thought. It is the ability, not the will, that is wanting. "In spite of treaties," says Jefferson, "England is still our enemy. Her hatred is deep-rooted and cordial, and nothing is wanting with her but the power to wipe us, and the land we live in, out of existence. Her interest, however, is her ruling passion." This is at once a historical fact and a note of warning prophecy. Antecedent events justified the assertion. When the statesmanship of this country sees you with the eyes of the author of the Declaration of Independence the moral influence of your wicked Empire, which it is now sought to re-establish, will have perished forever in the New World. God speed the day!

My next letter will take us over the ruins made by the British Empire in Asia and Africa.

PATRICK FORD.

Now I come to Ireland. What has your empire done to that country? You have invaded its territory, made war upon its nationality, disinherited its people, choked its language, defaced the monuments of its civilization, banned its creed, pillaged its churches, hunted its priests, gibbeted its patriots, confiscated its property, cloven down its liberties, violated its laws, destroyed its manufacturing industries, annihilated its commerce, sealed up its mines, broken treaties, banished its defenders, plundered its workers, enacted famines, and evicted, exiled and murdered millions of the flower of its population. What a beneficent God made a garden you have turned into a graveyard. These, Mr. Gladstone, are the things written on the English pages of Irish History.—Patrick Ford.

Our very conception of nationality implies communal individuality, and the idea of individuality pre-supposes the principles of self-action. For some wise purpose, the great Ruler of the universe has grouped humanity into races and nations, dividing them by oceans, seas, and mountain ranges, and distinguishing them from one another by complexions, languages, and temperaments. Now, these diversities do not imply antagonisms. They suppose distinctions, not antagonisms. For if antagonism were a necessary consequence of diversity, Nature would be at war with herself. Nature, however, is in unison with itself. The evident purpose in this arrangement is this—That any attempt to build up a centralized government in this world which could destroy identity and suspend self-action in individualities, in these races and nations, is contrary to the will of the Creator. This is self-evident. In other words, the spirit of conquest, or of natural ascendancy, is sinful. Herein the Empire of which you are the mouth-piece flatly denies the law of God.—Patrick Ford.

Until the Irish language becomes the spoken one of the country, Ireland can claim no nationality—the regaining of that native language is of yet more importance to the Irish people than even Ireland's independence would be at this period—an advantage which independence would certainly follow.—Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

The nations are fallen but thou art still young,
 The sun is but rising, whilst others have set;
 And tho' slavery's gloom o'er thy morning hath hung,
 The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.

—Davis.



BURNING THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

Curse of the British Empire in Asia and Africa

Letter IV.

Office of the Irish World, New York, April 21, 1881.
Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Minister-in-Chief of the British Empire,

Sir:—I have presented, as in a swift-passing panorama, the devastating effects of the monumental crimes of your Empire in Europe and America. Let us, for variety, shift the scene. What part of the earth is not full of your deviltries?

Forcing Opium Down the Throats of the People in China.

Here is China. It is now half a century since you aimed at the destruction, moral and physical, of the people of that land. Having put India under your heel, and crushed its industries, you seized upon the poisonous opium drug—an essence that stupefies the intellect, enervates the will, discolors the skin, and destroys the constitution—and, through your traders, forced it upon the Chinese. The Emperor of China observed with saddened eye the slow destruction of his people. Body and soul were being ruined. He issued a proclamation suppressing the traffic. His subjects obeyed. British pirates, in defiance of that mandate, smuggled in the drug. After repeated admonitions, the Emperor seized upon and destroyed this smuggled opium. (You would have confiscated it and put the money in your pocket.) He was a pagan; you British are professed Christians. What official action did you take in this matter? Did you applaud the imperial mandate? Did you rebuke the smugglers who plied their nefarious avocation under the shadow of your flag? Did you co-operate with the "Heathen Chinese" in his meritorious effort at reform? No; you did nothing of all this. You endorsed and defended the transgressors. You turned your loaded cannons upon the inoffensive Chinese, battered their walls, shelled their towns, fired their dwellings, and murdered themselves without distinction or pity. This you did when the Government of China refused, at your demand, to legalize the trade in opium. Your warships then moved upon Canton, on which city you levied and obtained a ransom. Several other towns fell into your hands. The native authorities, anticipating the loss of their ancient capital, and thoroughly humbled by the events of the war, sued for peace. Your terms were: An indemnity from China of \$21,000,000—of which \$12,000,000 were for "expenses" of the war so wickedly begun and so cruelly waged by you; \$3,000,000 for bogus "debts" due to British subjects, and \$6,000,000 for the opium destroyed; the principal Chinese ports opened to trade; Chinese who had proved traitors to their country,

in the British interest, to be held guiltless; and the British soldiery to hold Chusan and Amoy until \$6,000,000 be paid over to you.

This is one of the lessons the Chinese have had in English!

English Christianity Following English Bayonets.

You then, under the protection of your redcoated assassins, sent out ministers, bibles and tracts to instruct the Chinese in English Christianity. In this you failed. You succeeded in crushing the bodies, but you could not win a victory over the consciences of those outraged people. I read in the "Popular Encyclopedia" (London, Blackie & Son), that "the Jesuit mission has thrown all others into the shade." Why? Because the Jesuits went into China with the love of God and their neighbor in their hearts. I read on the same page of the same book that "various Protestant bodies carry on missionary operations in China, but hitherto with indifferent success." Why? Because you British went into that country with the malice of the devil in your thoughts, and a desire, not to serve your neighbor, but to rob him. Your foul deeds—done by a nominally Christian power—have operated against even the Jesuits themselves. Through you God is blasphemed among the Gentiles.

The British Empire in India.

And India—poor, emaciated, hunger-wasted India! What sin in the criminal calendar have you not committed against her? You have invaded her territory, destroyed her industries, robbed her treasures, and utterly impoverished her people. You went thither as traders; you established yourselves as a garrison. What at first was a storehouse is now a fortification. Milton, two centuries ago, wrote of "the wealth of Ind"; where is that wealth now? Your Empire, Mr. Gladstone, the Burglar of Nations, can alone account for it.

What was India before the blight of the shadow of your British flag fell upon it? Hear Henry C. Carey: *

"In no part of the world has there existed a greater tendency to voluntary association, the distinguishing mark of freedom, than in India. Each village had its distinct organization. . . . Local action and local combination are everywhere conspicuous in the history of India. The taxes were heavy, but locally expended. Nothing went off the land. Manufactures were widely spread, and thus was made a demand for the labor not required in agriculture. . . . From the date of the battle of Plassey, by the event of which British Power was established in India, centralization grew rapidly, and the country became filled with adventurers [place-hunting carpet-baggers, thieving speculators, and conscienceless usurers], very many of whom were wholly without principle—men whose sole object was the accumulation of fortune by any means, however foul. England was thus enriched as India became impoverished."

This is the testimony of Henry C. Carey.

You may say that Carey had anti-Anglican prejudices. Listen, then, to Edmund Burke—listen to what that great man declared without contradiction in the ears of your own Senators:

*Principles of Social Science, Vol. I., p. 238.

"The country was laid waste with fire and sword, and that land distinguished above most others by the cheerful face of paternal government and protected labor, the chosen seat of cultivation and plenty, is now almost throughout a dreary desert covered with rushes and briers, and jungles full of wild beasts!" Then came those wars and rebellions in India. What occasioned those rebellions? They were brought about, says Burke, through "that universal, systematic breach of treaties which had made the British faith [British perfidy] proverbial in the East! These intended rebellions are one of the [East India] Company's standing resources. When money has been thought to be hoarded up anywhere, its owners are universally accused of rebellion, until they are acquitted of their money and their treasons at once? The money once taken, all accusation, trial, and punishment ends."*

"It Resembled the Evil Genii."

Let us hear another witness. Thomas Babington Macaulay, what have you to testify with regard to British rule in India?

"The misgovernment of the English was carried to a point such as seemed hardly compatible with the existence of society! They forced the natives to buy dear and sell cheap. They insulted with impunity the tribunals, the police, and the fiscal authorities of the country. Enormous fortunes were thus rapidly accumulated at Calcutta, while thirty million human beings were reduced to the extremity of wretchedness. They [the people of India] found the little finger of the [British East India] Company thicker than Surajah Dowlah's lions. The English Government, oppressive as the most oppressive form of barbarian despotism, was strong with all the strength of civilization. It resembled the government of Evil Genii rather than the government of human tyrants."

Under your rule in India, which has destroyed domestic manufactures, scarcely any employment is now to be found for native labor except on the plantation, nor for money except at usury. The manufacture of coarse salt—an article that is essential to the Hindoo—was strictly prohibited by you. The site of the so recently great manufacturing city of Dacca presented to the view of Bishop Heber but an "impenetrable jungle." Rent on land has been raised from a sixteenth to a third of the produce. Usury has been screwed up to 30, 40, 60 and even 100 per cent. In some parts the native laborer is forced to toil for less than a dollar and a half per month—or \$23 per annum—out of which he must supply himself with food and clothing.

The moral condition of India has likewise degenerated under British rule. The hill tribes—which as yet are least trained by communication with you—are remarkable for their "strict veracity;" "as little falsehood," being, says Colonel Sleeman, "spoken in the village communities" as in any other part of the world with equal area and population. "The longer we possess a province," writes Campbell (*Rambles in India*, vol. ii. p. 109), "the more common and general does perjury become;" and the stronger, consequently, becomes the evidence of the fact that the feeling of responsibility towards God and man declines.

Eighteen English-Made Famines in a Hundred Years.

In the hundred years of your rule eighteen English-made famines have devastated India. During the last one you murdered six million

*See Burke's speech on Fox's East India Bill.

human beings! "The saddest sight to be seen in the East—nay, probably in the world"—writes Florence Nightingale, "is the peasant of our Eastern Empire." And she goes on to show the causes of the terrible famines, in taxation, which take from the cultivators of the soil, not only the products of their earnings, but the very means of cultivation, and the actual slavery to which the Ryots are reduced as "the consequences of our own (English) laws;" producing in the most fertile country in the world "a grinding, chronic, semi-starvation in many places where what is called famine does not exist."* Another writer (H. M. Hyndman, in the "Nineteenth Century," Oct., 1878), tells us that the famines which have been devastating India are, in the main, financial famines. Men and women cannot get food (not because the food is not there, but) because they cannot save the money to buy it. Yet we (English) are driven, so we say, to tax these people more!" He further shows that the expenses of government have been enormously increased, that the masses are not more than half-fed, that the number of bullocks (the Indian draft animal) is decreasing, and the scanty implements of culture given up to money lenders, "from whom we (English) are forcing the cultivators to borrow at 12, 24, 60 per cent. (Miss Nightingale says 100 per cent. is common) to build and pay the interest on the cost of vast public works, which have never paid nearly 5 per cent.!" Mr. Hyndman adds: "The truth is that Indian society, as a whole, has been frightfully impoverished under our (British) rule, and that the process is now going on at an exceedingly rapid rate."

In other words, the more British domination is extended, in time and space, the poorer and more wretched does India become.

But while England has won for herself the infamous sobriquet of the "Robber of Nations," only a numerically insignificant class, and not the English people themselves, profit by the plunder. Grant Allen asks in the "Contemporary Review" (October, 1880), "Why keep India?" And he answers his own question thus:

The British Empire Upheld in the Interest of a Class.

"There is one class in English society which, as a class, does undoubtedly benefit by our occupation of India. And that class is the one which is socially most influential. To the (officers of the) army and the navy India is highly important; for it is indeed to a large extent the *raison d'être* of our army and navy. It also provides good situations with good salaries for a considerable number of our young men, belonging to the upper and middle classes. Though the nation, as a nation, derives no benefit whatsoever from India, but on the contrary, is put to great expense, directly and indirectly, in defending it, the upper class, and to a slight extent the middle class, do derive personal benefits from it, in the way of place and pension. Of course the country (the working class) has ultimately to pay for all this, and to pay for it thrice over; but the indi-

*See George's Progress and Poverty, page 105.

viduals in question, with the class to which they belong, form a small, compact, and influential phalanx, one of whose central objects it is to keep India (for the purpose of plunder), and to prevent the country from asking itself why it should keep it."

Grant Allen understands the make-up of your Empire. "A small, compact, and influential phalanx" of bandits have it all their own way. Grant Allen draws the curtain wider apart and shows us this:

"India supplies us with an outlet for several hundred of our young men annually, who go out to fill posts in the army, in the civil service, and in a few similar official or semi-official appointments. It also gives an opening for a few merchants, tea planters and other private speculators. But the vast majority of the English in India are paid, and well paid, from the taxes of the natives; and they generally manage to lay by fair provisions for their retirement, in addition to their pensions. In other words, the taxes of India are very largely applied to the direct payment of English officials, who employ a large part of the wealth so acquired in encouraging European (English) rather than Indian industries. This is the real grievance of India, and the one real benefit derived from it by England. An indirect tribute does, as a matter of fact, flow annually out of India and into England. Part of it goes in the way of trade, but still more of it goes in the way of pensions or direct remittances.

The English Criminal Class Owns or Controls the English Press.

"The advantage thus conferred is conferred clearly not upon the nation, but upon a single class, for the small benefit which the country generally derives from the wealth so imported into England may be safely set off as a side item by the expenses of maintaining the connection. Unfortunately, however, the class which profits by India is still most influential of all. It not only fills most of the highest positions, but it owns or directs most of the organs by which public opinion is formed and guided. In the language of society, everybody has friends in India; everybody is bound up with the existing system. The professional, and, even to some extent, the manufacturing classes, as well as the territorial and official classes, are deeply interested in its maintenance. And the private interest thus so widely diffused has come, and very naturally come, to be regarded as a public interest. We all know how thoroughly journalism in particular, during the late crisis of thought and feeling, identified itself with Jingoism and with the selfish policy of the governmental and military classes, which was always described as 'patriotic.' Every day this alliance becomes closer, and it is clear that in all the struggles of the future the popular party will have to contend, not simply with Toryism, but with what was once Whiggery."

The same writer goes on to say that it is this big Thief Class who, "by talking of big words of Empire and Asiatic Powers, have tried to cozen the English people into a belief that there is something grand and fine in holding down 240,000,000 of squalid fellowmen under an iron despotic rule, and grinding from them their last piece by crushing taxation, in order to bring independent Afghans under

the same system, for our own selfish purposes—or rather for the selfish purposes of a single class among us. It is they who have endeavored to throw dust in the eyes of the people.”

But Mr. Grant Allen is of opinion that—

“Empire is one of the empty phrases which are ‘beginning to be found out.’ Englishmen are beginning to see that it means the denying to others of rights which they themselves claim and exact in their own case.”

An opinion that we cannot honestly share in. Mr. Grant Allen affirms truly, however, when he says that—

“An imperial nation is a nation which stands to its subject races in the position of a master to a slave. And this position is one which necessarily degrades and debases the moral nature of the masters. India has been for a hundred years a millstone hung around the neck of England’s conscience, perpetually dragging it downward, and preventing it from attaining that full and free development which industrialism fosters. It has been a constant field for the display of aggressive instincts, a school of militarism, of predatory tastes, of organized brutality.”

The British Empire in Africa.

And there, too, in Africa!—a country to which you have been a curse at home and abroad. It would be wearisome even to catalogue the foul deeds done by you in Egypt, Abyssinia, Ashantee, the Transvaal and Zululand. A volume could be written of your crimes in each of these countries. Listen to the confessions of William Pitt, one of your predecessors in the British Ministry. Your Pirate Empire, through its own official mouth, thus acknowledges its diabolism. “There is no nation in Europe which has plunged so deeply into this guilt (the African Slave trade) as Britain. We (British) stopped the natural progress of civilization in Africa. We (British) cut her off from the opportunity of improvement. We (British) kept her down in a state of darkness, bondage, ignorance, and bloodshed. We (British) have there subverted the whole order of Nature; we have aggravated every natural barbarity, and furnished to every man motives for committing, under the name of trade, acts of hostility and perfidy against his neighbor. Thus had the perversion of British commerce carried misery to one whole quarter of the globe. False to the principles of trade, unmindful of our duty, what almost irreparable mischief had we not done to that continent!”

This is what your British Empire has done to Africa. There is not a brick in your social structure but is cemented with the blood of her children. For centuries your Pirate Flag was the terror of her seas. To the peaceful population of her coast the English ensign was the symbol of unbridled lust, greed, rapacity, pillage, lawlessness, slavery, conquest, and murder. Two hundred and fifty years ago, your licensed freebooters, under the sanction of your Queen Elizabeth, who shared in the evil gains, inaugurated the African slave traffic; and for two terrible centuries your marauders, with cutlass in hand, burst in upon these inoffensive people’s homes, captured,



BLOWING INDIANS FROM THE MOUTH OF THE CANNON.

fettered, and manacled the inmates, of both sexes and all ages, tore them away from friends and country—the father from his children, the husband from his wife—and, thus bound, you brought them to America, whilst America still acknowledged your flag, put them upon the auction block, and knocked them down to the highest bidder.

When the Southern Oligarchy essayed to build up a Slave Empire, to perpetuate this Great Sin, England was ready with her friendly recognition. You, Mr. Gladstone,—you yourself as a British Minister at the time—applauded the act.

Men wonder at this now. But why do they wonder? If they knew you they would not wonder. How few are aware that you are the son of a slave merchant? How few know that the large fortune which you have inherited was coined, every penny of it, out of the blood and tears of those outraged Africans? How few know that out of the money so got you bought your way into the House of Commons?—paying £5,000 toll to the Duke of Newcastle three several times!

You, Mr. Gladstone, Were Obligated to Slavery.

Your relations to slavery obliged you to defend and recognize the traffic as a legitimate avocation. In all this you were really putting in a word for your father and yourself. And so, when the question of negro emancipation came into Parliament, you stood to your feet and contended that the Slave Lords ought to be compensated for their “property.”

To-day you are fighting the battles of the Land Lords likewise, though the blockheaded ones of that class, as well as certain shallow demagogues who masquerade as reformers, do not see your real purpose.

From Egypt to Capetown your British Empire has been a curse to the people of Africa. The villainies enumerated in this letter are not wholly of the past. You, to-day, Mr. Gladstone, are working on established lines. You to-day are waging a merciless war on the Basutos. For forty years has England pursued and persecuted the people of the Transvaal. Thrice has your Empire cloven down their liberties; and after possessing yourselves of every new settlement made by them, you finally blotted out their flag and annihilated their independence. But the British yoke became intolerable to those people. Rising up, as brave men, they swore to regain their liberties or perish in the attempt. Hear them:—

The Vow of the Boers.

“In the presence of Almighty God, the searcher of hearts, and praying for His gracious assistance and mercy, we, burghers of the South African Republic, have solemnly agreed, for us and for our children, to unite in a holy covenant (which we confirm with a solemn oath.) It is now forty years since our fathers left the Cape Colony to become a free and independent people. These forty years have been years of sorrow and suffering. We have founded Natal, the Orange Free State, and the South African Republic (Transvaal); and three times has the English Government trampled on our liber-

ties, and our flag, baptized with the blood and tears of our fathers, has been pulled down. As by a thief in the night has our free Republic been stolen from us. We cannot suffer this, and we may not. It is the will of God that the unity of our fathers and the love of our children should oblige us to deliver unto our children, unblemished, the heritage of our fathers. It is for this reason that we here unite and give each other the hand, as men and brethren, solemnly promising to be faithful to our country and people, and, looking unto God, to work together unto death for the restoration of the liberty of our Republic. So truly help us, God Almighty."

When Beaconsfield was in power, you, Mr. Gladstone, denounced the war upon the Boers. That people, in the simplicity of their hearts, rejoiced when you superseded Beaconsfield, and they sent an embassy to you to congratulate you on your accession to office and to request that you withdraw your soldiers from their soil. What was your answer? Fifteen thousand additional troops as a reinforcement of the English butchers already in the Transvaal! You would now take credit to yourself for making peace with the Boers and reinstating them in their inheritance; but it is singular you did not think of this until a Dutch bullet gave a passport to your Commander-in-Chief, General Colley, to kingdom come, and an avenging tempest swept your Brigand horde routed, broken, headlong down into disgraceful defeat. In this you have shown that force successfully employed is the only argument you can understand; in which I see not wherein you differ from any tyrant that has ever gone before you, except perhaps in that well-feigned pharisaism that is characteristic of you, and behind which the malice of your intentions often conceals its impotence.

My next letter will be an outline review of the economic system on which the British Empire rests.

PATRICK FORD.

Three things for a man to avoid: The heels of a horse, the horns of a bull and the smile of an Englishman.—Old Connaught Proverb.

Summarizing the Record of Infamy

LETTER V

Office of The Irish World, New York, May 14, 1881.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Minister-in-Chief of the British Empire:

Sir,—Much has been said and written about the “criminal classes” of the big cities of England, particularly London. The phrase has reference to burglars who break into houses for a silver spoon, sixpenny thieves, indecorous footpads, and street urchins who “hook” enough junk to pay their way into a variety theatre. They lodge in the slums and board everywhere. The sum total of all their annual robberies is insignificant. Yet ten thousand policemen are called into requisition specially to watch them—“to save society”—and philanthropic men are heartbroken thinking how they shall reclaim them.

All these are outcasts. They are the victims of a false system of civilization. As a matter of course, whilst the system which creates them lasts, they will be watched, clubbed, chained, and hanged; but, in truth, they are more sinned against than sinning. The logic of your system says to every one of them:

—“Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend nor the world’s law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it!”

And yet, notwithstanding the provocation given them, these “criminal classes” are, on the whole, very harmless rogues. Still all “society” is in fear and trembling about them. You know, Mr. Gladstone, that this fear is an affectation, and this “defence of society” is the hollowest of shams. You know, sir, that the Great Criminal Class, not merely of London, nor of England, but of the entire British Empire, are the British Oligarchy. Indeed the British Oligarchy are the British Empire. For with them alone is empire.

In this oligarchy are to be included the sovereign, the so-called nobility, and the pirate traders of Britain.

Yet I would say nothing against individuals. It is the SYSTEM alone that I am concerned with.

Allow me, in this my closing letter to you, to present the workings of this system. Permit me to pass in review the infamies of this Great Criminal Class as they reveal themselves on the panorama of Time. Here are historical facts:—

1. I have said that the British oligarchy are, in fact, the British Empire; since with them alone is the substance of empire. They own the army, the navy, the law-established church, the judiciary,

and all the foreign offices. They likewise own the Parliament. Armed with these potent instruments of empire, the British Oligarchy wickedly seized the land, which God created for the use of all His children, and, like bandits, divided it out among themselves. They then enacted "laws" for the protection of their "property."

2. This "property" included not only the stolen lands, but all the minerals beneath and the woods and vegetation above, with the animals that dwell in the forests, and the fish in the waters, and the birds that fly in the air. (Is it supposable that these wicked men would not have appropriated to themselves the sunshine and the air were it possible to do so?)

3. Then they gave out in proclamations to the disinherited people that whosoever of the aforesaid disinherited people might trespass upon this "property," or hunt for game in the woods, or fish in the streams, would render himself liable to fines and imprisonment.

4. Man cannot live without land. And it has been well said that he who owns the soil owns also those who live on the soil. The British Oligarchy well knew this. Having, therefore, possessed themselves of the soil, with all the other natural gifts of the Creator, they, as a matter of course, got control of the LABOR of the disinherited people likewise. Indeed it was specifically with a view to the getting control of this labor (in order that they might enjoy for themselves and their heirs in perpetuity all the increase in the fruits of the producers, without any intention to render an equivalent in exchange therefor) that the Great Criminal Class feloniously took possession of the lands of the people.

5. Your aristocracy—the "Noble," "Honorable," and "Right Honorable," Felons of England—blazon it out as their greatest boast that the first of their line came into England with William the Robber.

6. Your law-established church was founded by a wife-killer and adulterer, who was the head and front of the Great Criminal Class.

7. To the "Noble" and "Honorable" Felons aforesaid this wife-killer and adulterer gave the plundered lands and abbeys of the religious orders in England.

8. Your British Parliament—your "Six Hundred Scoundrels" as O'Connell once called them—under the reign of Henry VIII., enacted that the king's proclamations had the force of law.

9. This British Oligarchy, while they blasphemed the Blessed Virgin Mary, bowed their heads in the dust in homage to Queen Elizabeth, who proclaimed herself head of the Church of Christ.

10. That Queen put to death, by block and gibbet, 70,000 persons for refusing to recognize her spiritual supremacy.

VII. "The Spanish Inquisition," says Cobbett, the English historian, "from its first establishment to the present time, has not committed so much cruelty as this ferocious tyrant Elizabeth committed in any one year of the forty-three years she ruled England."

12. The British Empire, through its king and Parliament, was the first nation in Christendom to break the divine law and legalize Usury.

13. In the reign of William III. National Debts and Standing

Armies came to be, for the first time in Christian Europe, established institutions.

14. Thirty thousand (30,000) men "own" the soil of Britain and Ireland, which is inhabited by upward of thirty million (30,000,000) people.

15. In no country of the world is such colossal wealth and abject poverty to be witnessed as in England. "Whole areas (of London) contain houses utterly unfit for human habitation. The rookeries in London constitute a real scandal to civilization."—Fortnightly Review.

16. This Great Criminal Class, the inheritors of the infamies of ages, and themselves laden with the plunder of disinherited labor, as if in mockery of God himself, drive in chariots every Sunday to perform external acts of worship in churches stolen from the Ages of Faith!

17. And men called "bishops" draw \$50,000 a year—wrung from the toiling classes by this same Great Criminal Class—for preaching the beatitudes in these stolen temples!

18. According to John Stuart Mill the farm laborers of England are the most debased people in Europe.

19. In reply to the question, What has the Great Criminal Class done to Ireland? History answers: It has invaded its territory, made war upon its nationality, choked its language, defaced the monuments of its civilization, banned its creed, pillaged its churches, hunted its priests, gibbeted its patriots, confiscated its property, violated its laws, destroyed its manufacturing industries, annihilated its commerce, sealed up its mines, broken treaties, and evicted, exiled, and murdered millions of the flower of its population. What a beneficent God made a garden the Great Criminal Class of England have turned into a graveyard! These, Mr. Gladstone, are the things written on the English pages of Irish History.

20. During the wars of extermination in Ireland five-sixths of the people perished from off the face of the earth.

21. Your Great Criminal Class—the British Oligarchy—set a price upon the heads of three "beasts." The first, the Wolf, £5; the second, a Priest, £10; the third, a Rapparee, £20.

22. After your Bandit Government had expelled the inhabitants of Limerick, Waterford, and Galway, it put up these towns on the auction block and disposed of them as it would have disposed of any ordinary piece of stolen goods.

23. The inhumanity of this Great Criminal Class cannot be equalled in the annals of Piracy. "The situation of the Irish nation at the Revolution stands unparalleled in the inhabited world."—Smiles, an English historian.

24. "Although great was the persecution of the Roman emperors against the Church, it is not probable that so great a persecution as this ever came upon the world."—Annals of the Four Masters.

25. "The most refined ingenuity of man could not contrive any plan or machinery better calculated to degrade humanity than this terrible (anti-Catholic) penal code."—Edmund Burke.

26. "This horrid code was conceived by devils, written in human blood, and registered in hell."—Montesquieu.

27. Irishmen have never had any rights that the English Interest was bound to respect. "Gentlemen, I shall do all in my power to promote the trade of England, and to discourage the woolen manufacture of Ireland."—King William III. to the British Parliament.

28. In this present generation your Great Criminal Class have, by the operation of their hellish "law," visited Ireland with two wholesale famines, unroofed hundreds of thousands of cabins, sent a million people down to coffinless graves, and have driven three millions into exile beyond the Atlantic waves.

29. Talk of Highwaymen! Talk of Pirates on the High Seas! Where are the Robbers, by land or water, whose depredations will not shrink into despicable insignificance by the side of the Titanic plunders of your Great Criminal Class? Listen to their own organ: "Our colonial wars are simply wars for LAND. We fight for Land in New Zealand, at the Cape, and wherever we settle."—London Times, September 29, 1861.

30. Not only have you of the Great Criminal Class stolen the Land from the peoples, but, where you could with impunity, you have stolen the very bodies of them, too. It was you, under the patronage of your Brigand Queen, the tigress Elizabeth, that cursed this continent with African Slavery—a crime that cost us here in America, millions of corpses, cripples, widows and orphans, thousands of millions of dollars, and a National Debt chain which will hold posterity in bondage to the Usurer for ages to come!

31. Your Great Criminal Class sought to hold America as a dependency for Ruin and Tribute in perpetuity. To this end you enacted twenty-three acts of Parliament to discourage American manufacturers. You forbade the use of waterfalls, the erecting of machinery, of looms and spindles, and the working of wood and iron; you set the king's arrow on trees that rotted in the forests; you shut out markets for boards and fish, and seized sugar and molasses, with the vessels in which these articles were carried; and you defined the limitless ocean as but a narrow pathway to such of the lands that it embosoms as bore your Pirate Flag.

32. The history of your acts in this country "is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States."—Declaration of Independence.

33. You "erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers (sinecurists) to harass our people and eat out our substance."—Dec. Ind.

34. You "kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our legislatures."—Dec. Ind.

35. You "cut off our trade with all parts of the world."—Dec. Ind.

36. You "imposed taxes on us without our consent."—Dec. Ind.

37. You "deprived us in many cases of the benefits of trial by jury."—Dec. Ind.



THE ENGLISH-MADE FAMINE IN INDIA.

"In British India twenty-four million persons are afflicted by famine. At least one-sixth died."

38. You "transported us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences."—Dec. Ind.

39. You "plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people."—Dec. Ind.

40. Finally, when your oppressions became intolerable, and the manhood of America rose up to resist your despotism, you resorted to means the most abominable for the utter enslavement of this continent and the social ruin of its people. You transported hither "armies of mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages."

41. Almost immediately after you signed the treaty of peace, you recommenced your insults and injuries to the American people. Setting up the absurd notice of "once a subject always a subject," your licensed buccaneers scoured the waters of America, boarded our ships, and "constrained our fellow citizens taken captive on the high seas to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands."

42. In all this your clear purpose was to reconquer America.

43. You actually did invade us again; and when, after a two-year's war, you were flogged out of the country, you in your "sweltered venom," left the capitol of this nation a heap of ashes.

44. When the Slave Lords of America resolved to tear this Republic asunder, and insolently published to the nations their intention to found a Slave Empire in the New World, your Great Criminal Class—who had spawned this slaveocracy on this continent—readily gave them welcome recognition; and when the Republic, in self-defence, issued the fiat that the accursed institution should die the death, you denounced our Government, threw obstacles in the way of its success, and gave aid and comfort to its foes.

45. Is it necessary to repeat here how you, the Great Criminal Class of the British Empire, gave aid and comfort to the would-be Slave Empire of America? You built, equipped, and manned privateers which steamed out from your English ports to scour the high seas, harass American ships, prey upon American commerce, and sweep the American flag from the face of the ocean. You granted the Slave Lords belligerent rights. The press, platform, and pulpit—which in the main are the organs of the Great Criminal Class—combined to malign us. On the bulletin boards of your London dailies every disaster to the Republic was blazoned forth as a "Great Victory!" while every success for the national army was bemoaned as a "Defeat!"

46. You, Mr. Gladstone,—you the son of an English Slave merchant—you whose fortune had been acquired by that infamous traffic, by means of which you purchased your way into that den of thieves, the English Parliament, by paying a toll of £5,000 to the Duke of Newcastle, who owned the rotten borough which you nominally represented—you who were a Minister of the British Empire at the very time this Slave Empire had lifted its head,—you, I say, publicly declared yourself its friend and the avowed foe of its public enemies! To this day you have not repented or apologized for this sin.

47. And yet they say you are a good man! a conscientious man! a "liberal" man! I must look for some new dictionary for the meaning of words to enable me to understand how you have deserved this reputation. To be sure, there are differences between fellows in iniquity. I am willing to accord you your full merit. Macbeth addressed one of the murderers of Banquo as "the best of the cutthroats." You, perhaps, are among the best of the Great Criminal Class.

48. You now pose on the stage as an "enlightened statesman." You flourish your dirty little sham of a Land Bill—a swindle to keep Landlordism on its legs and deceive the world—and you would like to be thought a "reformer." If you were a Land Reformer in good faith you would not seek to crush the Land League. If you were honest in this work you would not put Davitt, who first moved in this question, in a felon's cell. You claim credit for having abolished the Robber Church of England in Ireland; but is it not a fact—did not you yourself admit it—that it was the Clerkenwell Explosion that blew up that institution? Did you not say that, anterior to that fact, you had considered the disestablishment as a question "outside the range of practical politics?" If you did justice to Ireland, then, was it not the necessity of the political situation, and not a sense of justice per se, that moved you thereto? And how can you pretend to be an honorable man, when, at this very hour, the pimps of your Administration, with your knowledge, are violating the sanctity of the mails, breaking open letters, and prying into personal affairs? You talk of "the rights of nationalities," and yet you have forged for Ireland a more terrible coercion law than was ever before enacted for her, even in the worst days of Tory domination. Then you have effected a revolution in Parliamentary proceedings, whereby, with a slavish majority at your back, you can at pleasure put a padlock on the mouths of the minority when they show a disposition to call in question the wisdom of your policy.

49. Arbitrary arrests, suppression of meetings, buckshot, eviction at the bayonet's point, and shutting out the Light—all these things under your very "liberal," humane, and enlightened rule.

50. See yourself as others see you. Hear what your predecessor, Lord Beaconsfield, whom you the other day eulogized in the House of Commons, said of you:—

"Neither liberty of the press nor liberty of the person exists in Ireland. Arrests are at all times liable. It is a fact that at any time, in Ireland, the police may enter into your house, examine your papers to see if there is any resemblance between the writing of that and some anonymous letter that has been sent to a third person. In Ireland if a man writes an article in a newspaper, and it offends the Government, he has a warning, and if he repeats the offense his paper may be suppressed. They say Ireland is peaceful. Yes; but is she so, not because she is contented, but because she is HELD UNDER BY COERCIVE LAWS? These laws may be necessary. I am not here objecting to them. I am a Tory, and, as such, I might favor severer laws myself. But I say it isn't honest in the Liberals, whilst denouncing us, to imitate our ways."—Speech of Benjamin Disraeli, February 10, 1874.



THE GREAT BRITON.

"The Union Jack flapping its folds over every Subject Province of England, is the Emblem of Death by Starvation! It is the famine flag. In India, as in Ireland, it is the Ensign of Desolation."

Herein Disraeli—"impenitent thief" though he may have been—boldly avowed the unmasked despotism of his own policy, and, in the same breath, convicted you as the most dishonest of modern political pharisees. But Whig or Tory—you are a bad lot. Whoever is Minister, "the Prince of the world of this darkness," reigns undisputed.

51. What pen can fitly describe the universal villainies of your Great Criminal Class? Mine can only note them and pass on. The simple record of your acts in Europe, America, Asia, and the isles of Oceania constitute a catalogue of crimes such as I verily believe, were never before enacted or published to an astonished world. Let us give a few more slides to the canvas:—

52. You made war upon the Chinese because they had refused to poison themselves with opium to subserve the selfish interests of your pirate traders.

53. India, you "laid waste with fire and sword, and that land distinguished above most others by the cheerful face of paternal government and protected labor is now almost throughout a dreary desert covered with rushes and briers, and jungles full of wild beasts."—Edmund Burke.

54. The misgovernment of your Great Criminal Class in that country "was carried to a point such as seemed hardly compatible with the existence of society. . . . It resembled the government of Evil Genii rather than the government of human tyrants."—Macaulay.

55. Your Great Criminal Class "forced the natives to buy dear and sell cheap. They insulted with impunity the tribunals, the police, and the fiscal authorities of the country. Enormous fortunes (robberies) were thus rapidly accumulated (plundered) while thirty million human beings were reduced to the extremity of wretchedness."—Macaulay.

56. They destroyed the manufactures of the Hindoos, and have left scarcely any employment for native labor except on the plantation.

57. They imposed a tax, tantamount to prohibition, on the manufacture of coarse salt—an article that is essential to the Hindoo.

58. They raised the rent on land from a sixteenth to a third of the produce; and Usury they ran up to 30, 40, 50 and 60 per cent. (Florence Nightingale says even 100 per cent.!)

59. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The moral condition of India has likewise degenerated under the rule of your Great Criminal Class. The longer you possess a province, "the more common and general does perjury become."—Campbell's *Rambles in India*, vol. ii., p. 1009.

60. In the hundred years of your sway eighteen famines have desolated India! In the last of these you murdered six million human beings! ! !

61. And all this continent of wretchedness produced and per-

petuated to minister to the rapacious desires of one Great Criminal Class!*

62. Is it necessary to retrace the history of your Great Criminal Class in Africa? Hear the confession of one of yourselves: "We stopped the natural progress of civilization in Africa; we cut her off from the opportunity of improvement; we kept her down in a state of darkness, bondage, ignorance, and bloodshed; we have there subverted the whole order of nature; we have aggravated every natural barbarity, and furnished to every man motives for committing, under the name of trade, acts of hostility and perfidy against his neighbor!"—William Pitt.

What sin against God or man is it possible to conceive that your Great Criminal Class have not committed? I know of none. Where is the people—of whatsoever race, clime, creed or complexion—you

*"There is one class in English society which, as a class, does undoubtedly benefit by our occupation of India. And that class is the one which is socially most influential. To the (officers of the) army and the navy India is highly important; for it is indeed to a large extent the *raison d'être* of our army and navy. It also provides good situations with good salaries for a considerable number of our young men, belonging to the upper and middle classes. Though the nation, as a nation, derives no benefit whatsoever from India, but on the contrary is put to great expense, directly and indirectly, in defending it, the upper class, and to a slight extent the middle class, do derive personal benefits from it, in the way of place and pension. Of course the country [the working class] has ultimately to pay for all this, and to pay for it thrice over; but the individuals in question, with the class to which they belong, form a small, compact, and influential phalanx, one of whose central objects it is to keep India [for the purpose of plunder], and to prevent the country from asking itself why it should keep it. . . . The taxes of India are very largely applied to the direct payment of English officials, who employ a large part of the wealth so acquired in encouraging European [English] rather than Indian industries. This is the real grievance of India, and the one real benefit derived from it by England. An indirect tribute does, as a matter of fact, flow annually out of India and into England. Part of it goes in the way of trade, but still more of it goes in the way of pensions or direct remittances. . . . The advantage thus conferred is conferred clearly not upon the nation, but upon a single class. Unfortunately, however, the class [the Great Criminal Class] which profits by India is still the most influential of all. It not only fills most of the highest positions, but it owns or directs most of the organs by which public opinion is formed and guided. The private interest thus so widely diffused has come, and very naturally come, to be regarded as a public interest. We all know how thoroughly journalism in particular, during the late crisis of thought and feeling, identified itself with Jingoism, and with the selfish policy of the governmental and military classes, which was always described as 'patriotic.' Every day this alliance becomes closer, and it is clear that in all the struggles of the future the popular party will have to contend, not simply with Toryism, but with what was once Whiggery."

The same writer goes on to say that it is this big Thief Class who—"by talking of big words of Empire and Asiatic Powers, have tried to cozen the English people into a belief that there is something grand and fine in holding down 240,000,000 of squalid fellow-men under an iron despotic rule, and grinding from them their last piece by crushing taxation, in order to bring independent Afghans under the same system, for our own selfish purposes—or rather for the selfish purposes of a single class among us. It is they who have endeavored to throw dust in the eyes of the people."—Grant Allen in "Contemporary Review" for October, 1880.

have not done evil to? I know of none. Where is the rock in the sea that, vulture-like, your Pirate Empire, has not pounced upon? I know of none. The British Empire, of a verity, is the kingdom of the Evil One on this earth. To quote the language of Scripture, the devil, under the figure of a lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Let us, as in a map, take a bird's-eye view of this accursed Empire. Grant Duff gives the presentation:—

“British India is as big as England, France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Turkey, and the whole of Europe put together, with the exception of Russia. But British India is about the size of a single colony of Western Australia; and the Australian island continent is about three times as big as Western Australia; and if you could take up the whole of that huge island continent and put it down on the top of the Dominion of Canada, to which are to be added all the North American dominions of the Crown, it could stand, colossal as it is, like a cup upon a saucer. And after you have put aside the Dominion of Canada and the five gigantic colonies which make up Australia, you have still some forty colonies over and above, ranging from mere specks, like Heligoland and the West India Islands, which are about the size of a good nobleman's estate, up to New Zealand, which is somewhat bigger than Britain, and South Africa, on which you might drop New Zealand about, and yet have plenty of room to spare.”

Any robber's maw, in all conscience, ought to be satisfied with these vast plunderings; but your great Criminal Class—never satisfied—cry “More! more!” In 1874 this Criminal Class, through its official mouth, hypocritically declared that “peace is especially an English policy. She is not an aggressive power. There is nothing which she desires. She covets no cities and no provinces.” Yet in that very year—1874—you seized upon Lahedsch, in Arabia, and annexed the Fiji Islands; in 1875 you gobbled up Mohammerah, at the mouth of the Euphrates; and by the acquisition of 117,000 Suez Canal shares you gained a casus interventionis in Egypt; in 1877 you pounced upon Khettta, in Beloochistan, and annexed, in spite of the protests of the population the Transvaal Republic in South Africa; in 1878 you coolly walked into and took possession of Cyprus. In that time, too, you waged wars of conquests against the Ashantees, the Apidees, the Afghans, and the Zulus.

To uprear this colossal monument to your own aggrandizement you have stripped and impoverished nations, assassinated millions of human beings, shed rivers of blood, violated treaties, crushed labor, established a false principle in trade, and trampled on every recognized law human and divine. In the words of Pitt, you have “subverted the whole order of nature.”

This huge monument is a pyramid on its apex. Think of it!—whole continents, a hundred times as large as England, forced to rest on so insignificant a pedestal!—a mere speck in the vast ocean!

Other empires have subjugated nations and have ruled their peoples with a rod of iron; but none has displayed such a demontae spirit of pure cursedness as yours. Rome assimilated, Russia

absorbs, but the British Empire destroys. In every one of your possessions you are regarded as a foreigner. Even in Ireland—the “sister island”—you are still an alien. Sassenach! How can you explain your position—or does it ever occur to you that you are under any sort of moral obligation to explain your conduct—to honest and rational beings? Did God single out you English alone to give laws to the rest of the human race? Where is your commission from Heaven for this sovereign assumption? But why talk of God in connection with you? Your Empire tramples on the laws of God. Yours is by pre-eminence the Empire of Sin. And then—having constituted your little speck of English earth the workshop and rent-gatherer of the world—having annihilated the diversified industries of other nations, and driven their labor forces upon the plantation, that they might raise the raw material for you at a penny and buy it back again, in its manufactured state, at a shilling; having stolen the land from the people God put upon it, and denied them the right to work it without first paying you a fine for the privilege; having finally, by your damnable system, reduced whole nations and generations of human beings to poverty and wretchedness, and then, in the very depths of this enforced misery, evicted them out into the roadside or the ditch, to live or die as best they might, or driven them over the seas to seek bread denied them at home—then you turn round, and, with a heartless effrontery of which Satan himself might feel ashamed, charge the cause of this poverty upon your victims themselves, or, with an impiety more blasphemous than atheism, lay at the feet of a beneficent Creator the cause of your devastating crimes! Your apology for your sin is even worse than the sin itself. In this sin you surpass the very devil. Malthus—the exponent and mouthpiece of your atrocious system—comes forward in your defence. He says God has overpeopled the earth. He says there is not enough food in the world. He says—and it was your infernal system that prompted him to say it—that “a strong check on population, from the difficulty of obtaining food, must be constantly in operation.” This doctrine denies the providence of God and militates against the sacredness of law. Under such circumstances, as Henry C. Carey justly observes, there can be no law but that of force—the man who is strong of arm or of intellect, enslaving his neighbor who is weak in these respects; and doing so, as you have taught him, in virtue of the laws of God!!! Hence infanticide. Hence the slaughter of the unborn. Hence, according to your “London Times,” a “man becomes a drug and population a nuisance.” This is horrible language to be heard in a country professing to be Christian. And yet this Malthusian doctrine is the only economic doctrine that can consistently be advocated by the upholders of your system. Your hellish system justifies such practices and extorts such language. For if the Creator did not design this earth for the use and benefit of all His children, why should all come upon it?

These things, Mr. Gladstone, are not of the past; they are of the present. Wherein are you different from your predecessors? You are now at work vigorously upholding this system. The very modi-

fications proposed by you in your sham Land Bill are calculated to defend rather than to destroy the system. You are now engaged in stamping out a peaceful agitation, gagging free speech, pouring troops into an orderly country, practically abolishing trial by jury, suspending all forms of law, and packing your Bastiles with innocent men whose only offence is, by force of education in just principles, to abolish an iniquitous land system, which is the base and root of your whole social system, and establish instead a system in accordance with the laws of God and the dictates of nature.

Here a few flashes from the cablegram:

"Dublin was proclaimed on Saturday.

"Arbitrary arrests continue.

"Law is practically abolished throughout the Island.

"We are living under a stage of siege.

"Five thousand families are now under sentence of eviction.

"No copies of the Irish World have come into Ireland in the past two weeks. It is thought the Government is intercepting it."

And, then, there is another Exodus—Ireland losing her children at the rate of a thousand a day!

And do you really suppose, Mr. Gladstone, you can go on forever in this way with impunity? It would appear you do think so. You look upon this Empire of yours as upon an imperishable monument of British valor, skill, enterprise and statesmanship. But does it never occur to you, Mr. Gladstone, that you are living in a world of change? Does it never occur to you that One only is unchangeable?

Pause and consider possibilities.

You have read History; can you recall the names of scores of empires that once boasted of armies, navies, statesmen, foreign possessions; but of whose glory there is now no trace, and the very sites of whose great cities are a subject of dispute among antiquarians? Who has promised an eternity of domination to your empire? The fate that has befallen the dead empires Macaulay sees awaiting yours in his vision of the New Zealander seated "on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's!"

That ruin is but a question of time. When it is to be effected no man can exactly say. But some men know how it is possible.

You see Ireland in rags at your feet. She possesses neither the armaments nor the sinews of war. As a military power she is not only despicable; she is nil. Hence, when you are in the humor, you think you can with impunity kick, starve, gag, coerce, chain and imprison her.

Why it is that an all-just God does not hurl His thunderbolts down upon your wicked Empire does seem a mystery. But then why did He not destroy the Jewish deicides who crucified His Divine Son? I cannot understand these things. But it seems to me that the fate that befell Jerusalem will overtake your Empire in time. Macaulay's vision reads like a prophecy. The Roman Empire fell with a crash. Its going down was witnessed in the light of the flame from her freedmen's torch! Shall England yet atone for her crimes in the ashes of London—the modern Babylon? I see London now sentineled behind a forest of masts bearing the colors of all

nations under heaven. I see her palaces, her storehouses and her grand emporiums. I see her navy riding proudly on the wave. I see her money center—with its banking institutions, its syndicates, its insurance palaces, its exchanges, its brokers, and its counting houses. I see her Parliament enacting coercion laws for an oppressed people. I see her haughty senators—"the first gentlemen in the world"—rising to their feet and cheering in exultation over the chain-bound captive, Michael Davitt. Then I hear the edict go forth—"Evict the people!" I see the Crowbar Brigade leveling huts and burning down cabins. I see the evangelists of the Land Gospel pining in prison, public meetings suppressed, and the people in thousands—all ages and both sexes—out in the ditches. I see this ruin going on, and you with folded arms contemplating it all. And, whilst this work of destruction is going on, I hear your Cabinet Minister, Harcourt, exclaim "Stamp them out!—stamp upon them as upon a nest of vipers!"

"And after these things I saw an angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was enlightened with his glory. And he cried out with a strong voice, saying: Babylon the Great is fallen! is fallen! and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every unclean spirit. Because all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth have been made rich by the power of her delicacies. And I heard another voice from heaven, saying: Go out from her, my people, that you be not partakers of her sins, and that you receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached into heaven, and the Lord hath remembered her iniquities. Render to her as she also hath rendered to you, and double unto her double according to her works; in the cup wherein she hath mingled, mingle ye double unto her. . . . Because she hath said in her heart: I am a queen, and sorrow I shall not see. Therefore shall her plagues come in one day . . . and she shall be burnt with fire, because God is strong who shall judge her. And the kings of the earth . . . shall weep . . . when they shall see the smoke of her burning. Standing afar off for fear of her torments, saying: Alas! alas! that great city Babylon, that mighty city; for in one hour is thy judgment come. And the merchants of the earth shall weep, and mourn over her; for no man shall buy their merchandise any more. . . . And they cast dust upon their heads, and cried, weeping and mourning, saying: Alas! alas! that great city wherein all were made rich that had ships at sea, by reason of her prices. Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy Apostles and Prophets, for God hath judged your judgment on her. . . . And in her was found the blood of prophets and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth. After these things I heard: it were the voice of much people in heaven, saying: Alleluia! Salvation and glory and power is to our God. For true and just are His judgments, who hath judged the great harlot, which corrupted the earth with her fornication, and hath revenged the blood of His servants at her hands. And again they said: Alleluia! And her smoke ascendeth forever and ever."

What Rome was to the olden world, the British Empire is to the world of to-day, and what was said in condemnation of ancient Babylon is fully applicable to modern Babylon. Yes, many people will sing alleluia! Not only would the Irish race the world over rejoice at her fall, but many Irishmen would to-morrow be willing to sacrifice their lives for the immortality of the honor of being the chosen instruments in the work of bringing Babylon down to hell.

I hear you cant of "morality" to the Irish people, Mr. Gladstone. First learn the meaning of that word yourself. Mouth not the word. Nor prate of "law and order" to your outraged victims. What are your heartless mockeries called "Bills for the Better Protection of Life and Property in Ireland" to the evicted man who sees his father and mother dying in a ditch? To him the executioners of your damnable law are the emissaries of the devil. The life of your Empire—of your Great Criminal Class—has been one conscienceless war upon Justice and Law. You yourself, Mr. Gladstone—ay, you!—are at this moment trampling under foot the very semblance of Law.

Men in your Landlord Cabinet have said this Irish World is an incendiary paper. It is not. They say it advocates violence. It does not. There is not a journal on either side of the Atlantic Ocean that hates war and sincerely desires to see peace among the children of men more than the Irish World. The Irish World simply wants to do God's will upon earth. It is through reason, not passion, we want to effect a reformation of the social system. We don't want to kill landlords. The landlord is but the effect of a cause. The Irish World is laboring to remove that cause in a peaceful way. We want to open the eyes of the people. We want to spread the light. Why will you not allow us to go on in our missionary work? Some Irish Nationalists hate England, but see nothing wrong in the British system. With the Irish World it is the reverse; we hate the British system, but wish well to the English people.

The Irish World sincerely desires to see Ireland absolutely emancipated from British domination and take her rightful place among the nations of the earth; but, as they are about it, the Irish social builders might as well lay new foundations for New Ireland. We want for man something more than the semblance of the thing called "Liberty"—something more than the hollow privilege of casting a vote for one of two caucus-made politicians. We loathe demagogues and are grieved at wage-serfs, who, when politically drunk, shout "Freedom," and dance in their chains. What art thou, Freedom?

"Thou art not, as impostors say,
A shadow soon to pass away—
A superstition and a name
Echoing from the cave of Fame."

No! Descending from God's right hand, thou art a substantial good to the children of men. Thou art lands, and homes, and happy fire-sides, and schools, and popular intelligence, and manly character, and womanly virtue—all under the hallowed influence of Religion, uncontaminated by statecraft. This is the Irish World's idea of Freedom. But this idea, before it can take visible form, must first be apprehended by the popular intelligence; and the realization of this indispensable preliminary is necessarily a work of time. Evicted Ireland has nothing to lose if the British Empire come down. Do not attach too great importance to the hackneyed talk about the "disunion" of Irishmen. A new element has entered into Irish war-

fare. Weigh well its possibilities. Pause in your course. Cry halt to your Crowbar Brigade. For the wretched people of Ireland take no thought—cast all pity to the winds!—think only of England—think well of England!—and then, perhaps, you will hold back your blow.

I am, sir, in the cause of justice and human rights,
PATRICK FORD.

England and Ireland can never prosper together. It is as impossible to bring about such a result, in defiance of the attributes of nature, as that the mixing of oil and water should ever blend into a homogeneous product. The experience of seven centuries has proved this. The two nations have nothing in common. They need a different civilization and a different language as every aspiration of life is at variance between them. Could England divest herself of the greed for gain, she would advocate a total separation to the gain of both countries.—Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

A large majority of the Irish nation have irrevocably pronounced their determination that Ireland shall sooner or later be released from the grasp of the British Parliament. That vow is lisped in the orisons of the child, and mingles with the latest prayer of the aged and of the dying.
—Wm. Smith O'Brien, "The Nation."

Additional Clauses in the Indictment

A third of a century has elapsed since Patrick Ford published this indictment of the British Empire as the enemy of mankind, and especially of the weaker nationalities throughout the world. What has been her record in that matter since 1881? Just now she is preaching respect for their integrity and their usefulness, because her enemies have attacked two of them. But in doing so, is she not saying to the world: "Do not do as I do, but do as I say!" Let us see what she has done since 1881.

(1) Before that year was over she had undertaken the conquest of Egypt from its native rulers, and she completed practically its annexation in the year following.

In 1869 the French had completed the Suez Canal, and opened it to the commerce of the world, after twelve years of labor. The English, in 1857, were invited by M. De Lesseps, the great engineer, to share in the enterprise and in the ownership of the canal, but they had refused to have anything to do with it. Lord Palmerston afterward avowed the opposition of the Government on the ground that it would tend to the separation of Egypt from Turkey, "in direct violation of the Treaty of Paris" (1858), and because of its furnishing "easier access to our Indian possessions."

An equally grave reason was the injury the canal was sure to inflict upon British commerce. It would destroy England's practical monopoly of the carrying-trade with the East by abolishing the route round the Cape of Good Hope, would reduce the cost of shipping goods to and from China and Japan, and would enable the Mediterranean countries to bring these to their own ports, instead of buying them at the London docks. When the canal was opened, these misliked results quickly followed, and the English discovered how greatly they had blundered in not taking part in its construction.

Unfortunately for Egypt, its Khedive had been left in possession of a block of canal shares larger than the French had secured for themselves. His debts, created by indulgence in gross pleasures and expensive "reforms," drove him to sell these for £4,000,000 when England secretly bid for them in 1876. This was followed up by the acquisition of the Island of Cyprus, which was ceded by the Turks as England's reward for preventing the further emancipation of the Christians of the Balkan Peninsula from Moslem misrule, and which gave the English fleet facilities for watching the canal.

Alexandria Brutally Bombarded

But nothing would satisfy the aggressive element in England except the direct military control of the canal by the virtual annex-

ation of Egypt. An excuse was found for this in the claims put forward by English and French money-lenders for the payment of the debts the Khedive had incurred. A British army under Kitchener was landed. The city of Alexandria was brutally and needlessly bombarded, the native resistance was crushed at Tel-el-Kebir, and the country was taken over, in 1882, under pretence of maintaining the authority of the Khedive. Since the present war began it has been annexed outright.

For a full account of British performances in Egypt, and especially of the part played by George Jacob Goschen, the eminent English politician, see John Seymour Keay's "Spoiling the Egyptians, a Tale of Shame." (London: 1828.)

John Bright resigned from the Gladstone Cabinet rather than have any responsibility for such a war. Nor was he alone in his disgust of it. Mr. George W. E. Russell, in a life of Gladstone, published in 1891, while its subject was still living, says that "Nothing but absolute confidence in Mr. Gladstone's rectitude and tried love of peace could have secured even a qualified and negative sanction from his party; and at each succeeding step in the dismal program, shame-faced Liberals found themselves dogged by the inexorable Nemesis which waits on the abandonment of principles once deliberately and conscientiously adopted. The beginning of the Liberal downfall may be traced to the shame and annoyance which followed a too ready acceptance of the Egyptian policy."

(2) Having got Egypt, the next step was to subdue the region on the upper Nile, upon which the Khedive had an uncertain claim, but which had renounced his authority. The sending of an army into this region roused the Moslem natives to the meaning of a step which would make the country uninhabitable to them on the terms of Mohammedan law; and the English sustained two severe defeats. But a larger army, armed with the weapons of precision of which the simple Soudanese knew nothing, mowed them down wholesale. After two years of war (1896-98), the Soudan was "pacified," and the Christian world was invited to hail the murder of another nationality as a triumph of civilization.

The Annexation of Burmah

(3) That there might be no interruption of the Empire's career of aggression and bloodshed, the annexation of Burmah was completed in 1885.

Because of a quarrel of some English merchants with the decision of a native judge, there had been an earlier Burmese war in 1853. An expedition had been sent, a satisfactory slaughter of these unwarlike Buddhists had been achieved, and the southern provinces of the kingdom had been annexed to the British Empire. But France was now pushing her Cochin China frontier westward at the expense of Cambodia and Siam, and might reach Burmah. So the rest of the country was taken over, in 1885, because it had been discovered that the morals and manners of King Theebaw were not up to the British standard. His most offensive immorality was refusal to let

Englishmen cut teak in his royal forests. Many of the Burmese did not relish this absorption of their country by a foreign power. They carried on a guerilla war for years from the swamps and forests, and were described as "Dacoits," by the English who shot them down.

(4) The year 1885 witnessed a still larger usurpation of national rights by the European Empires, England included. Germany had attained her national unity and her military efficiency at a date too late for colonization and conquest in America and Asia. The desirable parts of the earth had been either pre-empted by European governments, or fenced against aggression by our Monroe Doctrine. Africa, however, for the most part, was still unoccupied by European rulers and settlers. Her generally barren soil, her deadly malarialias, her rapacious insects, and her exposure to a merciless sunshine made her rather a mouldy prize. But England, France, Germany and Belgium, in a conference at Berlin, agreed on a partition of the dark continent into "spheres of influence," each of these aggressors agreeing to keep its hands off the districts assigned to the others. They left three per cent of Africa to the Africans.

As a colonizing scheme, this has been a failure, for the Germans especially, who have wasted money to no purpose in the attempt to create a colonial empire in Africa, or to develop an extensive trade with the natives, whose wants are simple. Brazil, the Argentine Republic and America furnish far greater attractions to German emigrants, not to mention the escape from military service. And the disappointment has had a share in producing that antipathy to Great Britain, of which the English complain loudly.

China Divided Into "Spheres of Influence."

(5) The partition of Africa suggested an undertaking almost as large and of the same lawless character in China. That, also, was divided into English, French and German "spheres of influence." England was to take over the great Yang-tse-Kiang Valley as her share, retaining, of course, the island of Hong-Kong, which had been taken from China by naval force in 1839. But in 1899 the uprising of the Chinese people ("the Boxers") thwarted the generous purposes of the European powers to civilize China in that way, and necessitated a joint expedition of English, French, Germans, Russians, Japanese and Americans to rescue the diplomats and missionaries who had been shut up in Peking. Several of the latter have been heard to avow their sympathies with the insurgents.

(6) The case of Chitraliland has been noticed in the Preface. There is really nothing but a specific breach of faith to distinguish it from any of the thirty-four annexations of Indian territory to the British Empire which preceded it. They all meant the overthrow of the native and rightful government by force and craft. During the "peaceful and beneficent" reign of Queen Victoria, eight important wars and several unimportant, were waged for this purpose. Ten territories were annexed, containing 400,000 square miles—more than three times the area of the United Kingdom—and populated by 45,000,000 Hindoos.

It is pleaded by Englishmen generally, and by many ill-informed Americans, that all this has ministered to the good of the people of India. Herbert Spencer did not think so when he gave his voice for an investigation of Indian misery in the closing year of his life. Bishop Potter of New York, did not think so when he took part in organizing an American Society to work for the welfare of a starving, over-taxed, plague-smitten, despairing people. It is no answer to point to great public works, to more just administration of law, to the diffusion of education among a small fraction of the people, and to the professions of content on the part of natives who flourish on the present system. These things do not go far with starving men, and in India tens of millions are hungry the year round. The average income of the Hindoo is \$7.50 a year, and his taxes absorb about one fifth of this wretched pittance.

Industrial Revolution Forced Upon India

The root of this misery is found in the industrial revolution forced upon India, in the interests of British manufacturers and trade, about a century ago. India had been the chief manufacturing country of the world, from the days of the Ptolemies down to the opening of the nineteenth century. It was to buy her cottons that England opened trade with India; but in the sixteenth century she conceived the ambition to become herself the great maker of such fabrics. Through James Watt's steam-engine, the spinning-jenny and the spinning-mule, and especially Crompton's power-loom, she became able to undersell even the Hindoo weaver on his own soil. In 1813 the last barrier against the competition of British cottons was thrown down, and while the export of English machinery to India was forbidden, its fruits dealt crushing blows to the one great industry of the Hindoo, inflicting, as Gov. General Bentinck said, a ruin for which there is "no parallel in the annals of commerce." "We have well nigh annihilated the cotton manufacture of India," says J. M. Ludlow in his "British India" (Cambridge: 1858). "We imposed prohibitory duties on the import of Indian manufacturers into this country. We imported our own at nominal duties into India. The slave-grown cotton of America, steam-woven into Manchester 'cheap and nasties,' displaced on their native soil the far more durable but more costly products of the Indian loom."

So the whole people of India were reduced to the one employment of agriculture, with the same results as elsewhere. The country which produces food only becomes a famine country. When the Monsoon rain fails, the people are face to face with death. Seven great famines desolated the country in the reign of Queen Victoria, and their victims were counted in millions. Perhaps the worst was that of 1875-78, which extended over an area as large as France, and cost 3,700,000 lives, according to Florence Nightingale, who went out to see what could be done.

The Government at Calcutta was shamed into appointing a commission of natives and Europeans to study the causes and cure of famines in India. The commission reported in 1885 that the only remedy

was the diversion of a fifth of the people—that is about 50,000,000 persons—into other employments. But from that day to this the Government has done nothing of the sort. It did raise a Famine Fund for future emergencies by a special tax on the incomes of prosperous natives, and used it for war expenses in Afghanistan. Also it charged to the Indian treasury the cost of the expedition to take possession of Cyprus, perhaps on the ground that this, or any measure for the maintenance of British rule over India, was a solid benefit to the natives:

British Aggression Upon Territories of Weaker Countries in the American Continent.

(7) Even in America we have had two samples of British aggression upon territories of weaker countries. The first was Honduras, originally a lumbering settlement for the Mahogany trade on the coast of Yucatan. In the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty (1850), England and America undertook the arrangement for a canal from ocean to ocean, with a pledge from England that there should be no extension of British authority or possessions in Central America. But the Belize lumbering settlement has been converted by degrees into a crown colony, while Great Britain held us strictly bound by the provisions of that treaty with regard to the joint-control of the possible canal.

The second is the case of the boundary between the republic of Venezuela and the part of Guiana retained by England in surrendering the rest to Holland in 1814. The bounds of Guiana are distinctly defined on the old Dutch maps, but the area of the British part of the country expanded steadily in the official statements of the London Government, pressing towards the eastern bounds of Venezuela, with an indication of a purpose to carry the line to the Orinoco River, which is of great commercial importance.

In 1895 our Government's attention was called to this expansion, of which The London Times jocularly remarked that the president of Venezuela ran the risk of having his country disappear in the night. At first the Salisbury Government treated the remonstrance very cavalierly, but a distinct demand from President Cleveland, that the question be submitted to arbitration, created quite a panic in London. Nothing less than a war with America was feared; and, in spite of his unwillingness, Lord Salisbury had to agree to arbitration in 1899 under pressure from his own people. So this clear violation of the Monroe Doctrine had to be abandoned by that country, which tells the peoples of South America that Canning, and not John Quincy Adams, proposed that declaration.

(8) The nineteenth century closed with a war for the subjection of the South African republics to English rule, (1899-1902) which was one of the most unjust in British history.

In South Africa the Boers of Dutch stock and the African races have been equally victims of English aggression. When England refused to restore the Cape Colony to Holland in 1814, she got under her flag a people who loved liberty and knew how to shoot. A great body of them "trekked" out of the Cape Colony northward to escape

English rule, and took up lands beyond the Vaal River, where they organized the Transvaal Republic. Even before this the remaining Dutch colony of Natalia had been seized and annexed as Natal in 1842. In 1851 the extension of British rule over the Orange River Republic was attempted, but abandoned in 1854. In 1871 the diamond mines at Kimberley were discovered and, although they lay between the two Dutch republics, they were taken over without so much as "By your leave." In 1877 the Transvaal was annexed for "the safety of its people" in a war with the Kaffirs; and in 1878 it was declared a "crown colony," that is a region governed entirely by the nominees of the London Government with no voice of the people in legislation or any thing else. The Boers of the Transvaal rose against this, and inflicted a succession of defeats on the British forces, ending with Majuba Hill. British Jingos called for a complete subjugation or even the extinction of those audacious farmers. But Mr. Gladstone had come back to power, and made a treaty with the Boers which left them entire control of their domestic affairs.

Another War of Aggression in South Africa

But the discovery of the great deposits of Gold in the Rand in the Transvaal, in 1886, along with that of diamond mines at Kimberley, drew English capitalists to South Africa, and created an interest which was hostile to the liberty of the colonists. A war of aggression began with an insolent raid of British and American adventurers into the Transvaal in 1895, in the assurance that, if the lawful Government could be overthrown, England would gladly accept the "accomplished fact." The affair succumbed (October 25, 1895) under the markmanship of the Boers, and the participants were given up to the English authorities at Capetown, with the understanding that the "raid" would be investigated and punished. The parliamentary committee to which this was entrusted, proceeded vigorously enough, until it was found that "some one higher up" was implicated. Then the investigation stopped with the consent of both of the English parties, and the Boers lost all faith in the impartiality of the English Liberals.

It was the Tories and Liberal-Unionists, under the leadership of Joseph Chamberlain, who yielded to the pressure of the London capitalists, and brought on a war by an insolent refusal to abide by the terms of the treaty of 1884. In its first stages the British army earned the contempt of the civilized world by the display of undisciplined forces and incompetent leadership. This inflicted upon England a humiliation which she would like to forget, but which dispirited her for years. At last by sending to Africa every soldier they could spare, and every general who had any credit as a fighter, the British were able to overwhelm the far scantier forces of the two republics. But resistance was crushed only by shutting the Boer women and children up in "concentration camps," such as Gen. Weyler used against the patriotic Cubans, and thus brought on our war with Spain. A body of Boers, who refused to take the Oath of Allegiance imposed after the war, were sent as prisoners to the Barbadoes, and are still detained there.

Besides the sufferings of the Dutch colonists in South Africa, there have been waged several wars of conquest upon natives, on the Basutos in 1871 and again in 1879-81; the Kaffirs in 1877-78; the Zulus in 1879. The "beneficent rule" of Great Britain has been extended over them by the congrave rocket, the Martini rifle, and other "resources of civilization."

Such has been the record of the thirty-four years, since 1881 or rather of the first twenty of them. The rebuff in South Africa shook England's faith in her invincible superiority; and the last fourteen of the period, while they evinced no repentance for any misdeeds on the black roll, have not appreciably added to the black list. It might be said, indeed, that, like her prototype Ahab in Jewish history, she has "walked softly" after this last seizure of a Naboth's Vineyard has been brought home to her in something of its moral ugliness by the contempt of Christendom. But just as little as Ahab has she repented of the deed, or of any of the cruel and greedy acts by which her Empire has been built up.

From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that while it lasted this country could never be free or happy.—Theobald Wolfe Tone.

Providence sent the potato blight, but England made the famine.—John Mitchel.

The oppressions which the people of Ireland labored under are not to be deplored. The bondage must be felt before the chains are broken.—T. A. Emmet in The Press, 1798.

We are working not simply for the removal of grievances or the amelioration of the material condition of our people. Nothing, I think, is plainer than if Ireland had in the past abandoned principle, she could easily have bartered her national rights to England, and in return have obtained a certain amount of material prosperity. If only our forefathers had meekly accepted the yoke of an alien rule, Ireland's fetters would have been gilded, and the hand which for centuries has scourged her would have given her, as a slave, indulgences and favors which would have perhaps saved her from sufferings which are without a parallel in the history of oppression.—John E. Redmond.

*Too long we fought for Britain's cause,
And of our blood were never chary;
She paid us back with tyrants' laws,
And thinned the homes of Tipperary.*

*But never more we'll win such thanks;
We swear by God and Virgin Mary,
Never to list in British ranks;
And that's the vow of Tipperary.*

—Thomas Davis.



THE DUBLIN MASSACRE: JULY 26, 1914.



Living Accusation of English Tyranny

"It is regrettable," wrote Lord Derby in 1881, "that for the third time in less than a century, agitation accompanied by violence, should have been shown to be the most effective instrument for redressing what Irishmen are pleased to consider their wrongs."

What these "considered wrongs" were the whole world knows. If Patrick Ford's fierce arraignment of the British Government and his unceasing denunciation of its treatment of Ireland were not enough to blazon these wrongs in the eyes of men—why there was Ireland herself, famine-stricken, coerced, beggared, despoiled, her children treated as aliens in the land of their fathers, a living accusation of English tyranny.

In this year of '81, when writs of eviction were flying like snow-flakes over the unhappy country, it was not enough that the people were driven from their homes at the point of British bayonets (ever at the landlords' service in their campaign of extermination), but a return to the vicinity was declared "trespass" by law, and heads of families were jailed by the hundreds for daring to shelter their shivering children inside the ruined and dismantled walls from which they had been lately driven.

In regard to most of these evictions, cattle were found to be more profitable to the landlords than human beings, and big grazing tracts more desirable than small farms, no matter how rack-rented they might be. Consequently general clearances became more and more the order of the day.

As everyone knows, the condition of Irish land tenants in those times had no counterpart anywhere else in the world. Ground down by rack-rents, as they strove to improve a bit of land so it might bring return enough to hold body and soul together, ever higher and higher rents were saddled on them until further payment was impossible, and they were thrown out on the roadside without compensation for their years of labor. Pushed back from the fertile fields held by their forefathers, these victims of landlordism tried to make a footing in the bogs and on the mountain sides carrying earth on their backs to make land for a few crops where nothing but rocks and heath had been. But still the cursed hand of landlordism followed and wrested from them even there the fruit of their hard toil. Rack-rent, eviction, hunger, disease, death—such were the annals of these burden-bearers whose wrongs cried up to Heaven for vengeance through so many years.

Outraged Landlordism.

That the new Land League movement should not be allowed to interfere with these clearances, England passed a Coercion Bill and

shut out *The Irish World* from Ireland. A tenant who resisted eviction in Tipperary had dared to fling in his landlord's face "we are learning how we can beat you." Outraged landlordism all over the country called on its unfailing ally, the British Government, for assistance. It did not call in vain. "Arrests for the week" began to be as much a feature of the Irish newspapers as the "casualty lists" of war times, the jails finally becoming so crowded that there seemed a likelihood that political prisoners would soon leave no more room for the regular denizens of Great Britain's penance palaces. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in June, 1881, led to such a condition of affairs that to miss a neighbor's face at morning or evening generally led to the question: "Has he been arrested?"

Not without being goaded to the last extremity by seeing the suffering of his people did Archbishop Croke, the cool, deliberate leader, at length raise the slogan "Stand to your guns men, never abandon the fight!"

Every day's papers in that troubled year were full of maddening reports of unoffending people bludgeoned by police, and priests arrested and insulted. The arrest and imprisonment of Father Eugene Sheehy, however, called forth such a storm of revolt all through Ireland that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a Government organ, declared that however the Land League might be condemned as unlawful it could not be smashed. Sixty thousand troops were acting as process servers in the summer of '81 in Ireland, hundreds of families were evicted but still the fight went on in growing intensity and determination and "No Rent" was the battle cry flung by the League to the desperate people.

Henry George Arrested.

The arrest of Henry George in 1882 for his investigations of the land conditions in Ireland and his letters to *The Irish World* were acts of barbarity for which England has always been famous, especially when her back is to the wall. Their uselessness and ineptitude stirred even British politicians to shame. His quick release, through fear of American anger, barely succeeded in smoothing over the blunder. England was at that time going from one blunder to another in her blind rage at Ireland's growing defiance. A threatened mutiny amongst the Royal Irish Constabulary on account of some dismissal from their ranks was another disturbing feature just then, while alarming unrest in Egypt and the vision of a \$30,000 exhibition in Dublin built for and by Ireland alone as a proof of what she could do under better auspices set men to thinking that "something was rotten in the State of Denmark."

With the spread of famine England grew bolder and more persistent in her efforts to rivet her old chains on Ireland again and restore the claims of a tottering land oligarchy.

"Don't pay the November rents," said Michael Davitt and the fight was on again. In the "Queen's speech" of '82 she "noted with extreme satisfaction that the law had acted with renewed vigor" but passed by with sublime disregard the presence of a famine in Ireland almost equalling in horror the tragedy of "black '47." Emigration continued in such a steady stream that it looked as if the Times' prophecy of old would be verified—that an Irishman would soon be as rare by the banks of the Shannon as the red Indian in Manhattan.

Dark and Evil Days.

The records of these days in the early 'eighties are one long story of persecution. Young men were sent to the gallows whose hands were guiltless of blood. Manufactured dynamite plots were "discovered" all over the United Kingdom. In fact, it was claimed that Irish-controlled factories for the production of bombs were known to exist in Liverpool and London. Three explosions in London during '84 and '85 were attributed to a secret society of Irish dynamiters, and no tale of conspiracy was too wild for panicky England to believe of the Irish people. So it was only what could be expected when Balfour's gift to Ireland in Queen Victoria's jubilee year of '87 was another Coercion Act, which was made a permanent one. It was in this year what will always be bitterly remembered as the Mitchelstown Massacre occurred, in which one old man and two boys were shot down in cold blood. A political meeting was in progress in the town and a Government note-taker marched into the place escorted by police and attempted to mount the platform. The people resented the intrusion and ordered him back down. Thinking discretion the better part of valor, he beat a hasty retreat with his valiant guard. On reaching the barracks the police opened fire on the unarmed crowd from the windows with disastrous results. In doing this they were but obeying Balfour's famous order, "don't hesitate to shoot," and of course no one was ever punished for the dastardly deed. In many other investigations of similar outrages the culprits were generally discharged "without a stain on their character," and her Majesty's servants in Ireland walked the land secure in the commission of any brutality they chose to inflict on the people.

British "Protection."

In 1886 there were 737,000 persons getting relief from the poor-houses in Ireland, while the greater parts of the north and west, the Islands of Arran and Achill and most of Cork and Kerry, were turned into deserts by eviction, all the forces of England being at the landlords' command to effect their will on the poor tenants. In County Wexford 700 soldiers were assigned to wreck and burn seventy homes. The whole country looked as if it were in the hands of a remorseless enemy—which it virtually was.

In 1890, among other statistics, The Irish World showed that the

United States, with an area of over 3,000,000 square miles and a population of 62,000,000, had but 25,000 soldiers to guard its frontiers; while Ireland, whose area is only 33,000 square miles and whose population was less than 5,000,000, was being "protected" by 60,000 of her Majesty's army. There seemed a hope of some of this incubus being withdrawn from that sorely tried land when the British press in '96 clamored for war against Germany on account of Wilhelm's famous message of congratulation to Oom Paul Kruger after his little successful skirmish with Jameson's raiders in South Africa. The message was as follows: *

"I express my sincere congratulations that, supported by your people, and without appealing for help to friendly powers, you have succeeded by your own energetic action against the armed bands which invaded your country as disturbers of the peace, and have thus been enabled to restore peace and safeguard the independence of your country against attacks from outside.

WILHELM II."

War, however, was about the last thing England was capable of undertaking just then, with Armenia troubling her on one side, India almost in revolt, Ireland fighting her at every point and America giving her no hope of the long desired unlimited arbitration treaty. Beside Sir Charles Dilke had openly condemned the army as being unfit to cope with any enemy no matter how insignificant, a prediction soon to be verified in its hopeless rout during the Boer campaign.

At the Close of the Century

The last two years of the century found Ireland in the grip of another famine. The Government gave a loan of £20,000 (to be repaid out of Irish taxes) for relief works through the country. Out of this sum £5,000 went in salaries to officials and overseers and the poor starving people received twelve cents a day for their labor. No wonder Father McKenna, of Galway, cried, "we have asked the Government for bread and they have given us a stone."

At this time a bill was brought up in Parliament asking a grant of \$12,500,000 for the improvement of some public buildings in London and suggesting that \$1,250,000 of the sum should be levied on Ireland. With the starting of the United Irish League in '98 coercion, that hardy annual of British culture, bloomed out in full force again; free speech was suppressed and Her Majesty's loyal servants, the Royal Irish Constabulary, assumed their always ready bludgeons for warfare. It was high treason to whistle "Harvey Duff" or "The Peeler and the Goat" in those days and a boy who looked at a R. I. C. man in Tipperary with "a humbugging kind of a smile" was arrested.

The coming of the twentieth century brought England the war her jingoes had so long clamored for. Before long she realized that in the Boers she had no weak, unarmed people to deal with, but an enemy worthy of better steel. While all the world knows how her army was beaten and humiliated at every point by Oom Paul's

*This message was sent by Emperor Wilhelm, January 3, 1896, after a consultation with his Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe (see Irish World, January 11, 1896).



NATIONAL WOMEN'S MONUMENT IN BLOEMFONTEIN.

To the memory of 26,663 women and children who lost their lives in the English concentration camps.

brave burghers, the true and full story of English brutality in South Africa will never be fully published. A report from Port Elizabeth during that campaign said: "No custom of civilized warfare has been observed here, even doctors and ambulances are being captured to prevent the wounded Boers receiving attention." Words fail to describe the horrors of those concentration camps in which over 43,000 children and 28,000 women were confined. An analysis by a London doctor of the food served these unfortunate non-combatants showed it to be "garbage and unfit for human use." In eight months 10,000 children had been murdered in these camps by cold and hunger. Reynolds' Newspaper of July 3rd, 1901, told of Kitchener's army killing scores of wounded and surrendered Boers without mercy. Strapping Boer women and children to armored trains so that they would not be fired on was another trick of these brave Britons in their losing fight.

A Beaten Bully's Bargain.

When England yielded to the Boer demands after peace was declared in the summer of 1902, it was not any generous impulses on her part which prompted the awarding of such fair measures to the burghers. People who had put up such a wonderful fight, and had refused to be either coerced or cajoled into giving up their arms after that fight was over, were not to be trifled with. So, like a beaten bully who tries to put the best face on his defeat, the British Government gave Home Rule to South Africa, paid an indemnity of \$15,000,000 and granted a loan at 3 per cent. of an additional \$15,000,000. The native Dutch language was allowed to be taught in schools and used in courts, Boer exiles were taken back at England's expense from wherever they had sought refuge, no part of the billion dollar war tax was to be levied on Boerland, and a promise was given the burghers that no attempt should be made to deprive them again of personal liberty and property.

While British jingoism was paying the piper in South Africa, how fared things in Ireland? Dublin was proclaimed, black flags were hoisted all over the island to greet King Edward's coronation and the Crimes Act was in full force, although, as Wyndham had declared in Parliament, there was no crime in Ireland. "It is needed as a moral force," he said. The world knows what the "moral force" of England is when used against a struggling race. The landlords' Purchase Bill, which was giving nearly \$28,000,000 more to these vampires than any justice allowed, had come into action, taxation had increased by leaps and bounds and emigration was draining the life-blood of the country. While famine was raging through the west of Ireland in 1905 \$15,000,000 were paid out in salaries and pensions to Dublin Castle favorites. A statement made in the House of Commons about that time showed Ireland carrying a burden of \$27,000,000 more taxes than she was entitled to bear. When her population had been 8,000,000 Ireland had paid to England in taxes \$10,000,000; in 1907, when her population was less

than 5,000,000, she was paying fully \$50,000,000 to uphold a system of tyranny that was strangling her to death.

"English Generosity."

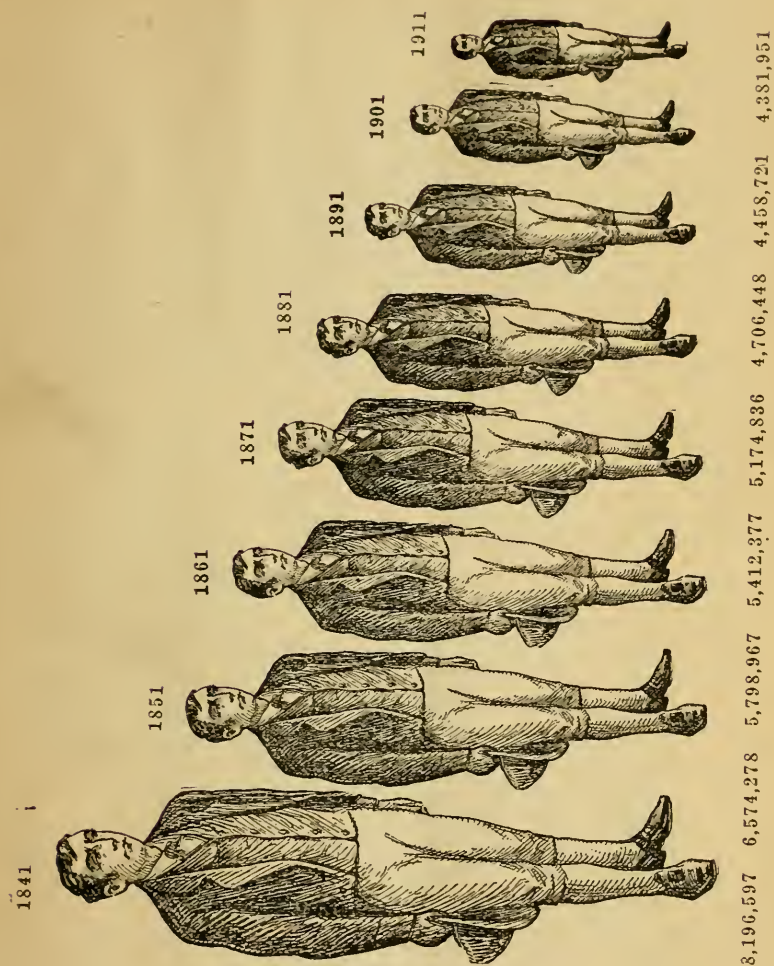
There are people who imagine England has given large sums of money to Ireland since the beginning of this century as a sort of "set-off" on the road to prosperity. The following quotation from the Irish Year Book of 1908 throws a different light on that fallacy:

"In a pamphlet published by the Irish Parliamentary Party, it is alleged that England during the last twenty-eight years presented Ireland with £2,000,000. There is not an atom of truth in the statement. Money advanced to Ireland at two and three-quarter to four per cent. is represented by the Parliamentary Party as having been granted to the country. Even the money advanced in relief of distress and for seed supply has been charged with three to three and one-half per cent. interest—a half to three-quarters per cent. higher than moneys advanced by the same Government as loans to English authorities are charged with. Gladstone, when imposing the income tax and spirit duties on Ireland, pleaded that he was giving Ireland a "set-off" by remitting what are known as the Consolidated Annuities. Well, he did remit them, and the total amount of money remitted to Ireland was £4,000,000, whilst the total amount of money Ireland has since paid to England for this remission of £4,000,000 is up to the present, £109,250,000, and we are still paying four and one-quarter millions each year for the generosity that remitted £4,000,000 fifty-three years ago. Up to the present we have been forced to pay £27 for £1 remitted. At the time of the Financial Relations Commission Report the English press generally urged that Ireland had received "set-offs" that counterbalanced the millions she was annually paying in overtaxation. The late Mr. Munsell of the "Daily Express" thereupon totalled up all the "set-offs" and placed the total against the total of overtaxation. By a simple sum in addition this Unionist Irishman, whose patriotism and public spirit have not been much emulated amongst his political colleagues, showed that for every £10 of a "set-off" England extracted £86 from this country. Treasury officials cook the returns by charging her outlay on Imperial forces as local expenditure, under the heading "Civil Government charges." The civil government charges were returned in 1870—the year that saw the birth of the Parliamentary movement—at £2,395,000; they are now returned at £6,226,000—an increase of 160 per cent. What has happened is that the expert financiers of the British Treasury have charged against Ireland as expenditure for local purposes, the money expended by England, and raised out of Irish taxation for imperial purposes."

The Extermination of a People.

In the charts here given showing rates of population in England, Scotland and Ireland during the years between 1841 and 1911, one can see at a glance how Ireland decayed while Scotland flourished

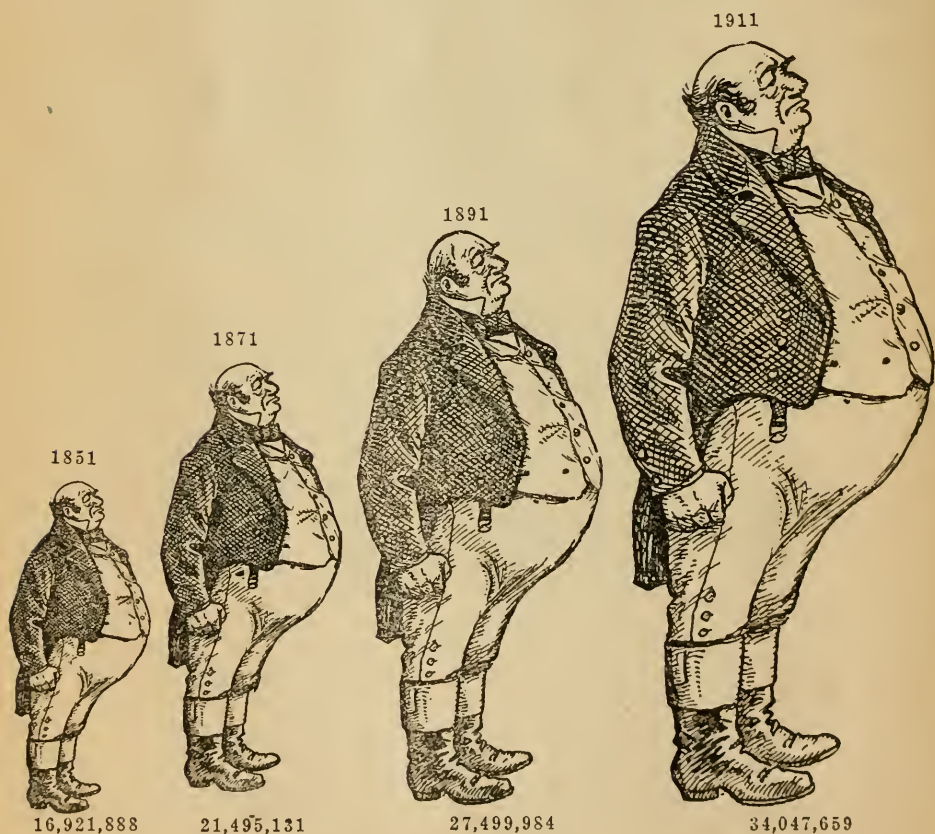
IRELAND UNDER ENGLISH RULE.



and England waxed fat on the gains she had drawn leech-like from her unhappy neighbor. Remember, the latter part of this term was hailed as Ireland's "bright new era of prosperity," when a friendly Government with tears in its eyes was proclaiming to the world that its only object in existing was to make restitution to a brave and loyal people.

Giving with one hand, only to take back doubly with the other, has ever been England's system of aiding the Irish people. She is too well grounded in that commercial principle to be converted to better things in a hurry.

Scotland to-day with an area of 30,405 square miles, much of which is unproductive highland, has a population of 4,472,103 souls. Ireland, whose area is 32,360 square miles of land, rich almost to rankness in many counties such as Meath, Tipperary and Kildare, has but 4,458,775 people, where double the number could find prosperous living. England, whose 58,324 square miles support 32,527,843 men, women and children, and whose rulers know that it





was neither love of wandering or lack of energy to work up the splendid resources of their own country, which drove those Irish people into exile—England can give but one answer to these statistics, an answer that must be a confession of her own guilt.

The process of exterminating the Irish people from their homes had progressed so far by 1908 that 60 per cent of the total acreage of Ireland was in grass lands. Fat cattle were grazing where homes had once stood. An army of 10,000 police to keep the peace in a country where there was not the shadow of crime. A yearly sum of \$6,680,000 was wrested from a depopulated land to pay the salaries of these "Peelers" as they are contemptuously termed by the people. While Great Britain was busy dragooning Ireland, Lord Beresford was frantically calling attention to the disorganized state of the navy. "If the true standing and condition of the navy were publicly known," he said, "there would be a panic." As Dilke's words were verified in the Boer war, so is Beresford's prophecy coming true to-day when Britannia's rule of the waves is going to smash.

The close of the first decade of the new century found Ireland as she was, according to authentic records of a few years previously, "with little commerce and less manufacture. Ireland is the dumping ground for the pork products of Chicago, the cast-off

clothes of England, the misfit boots of Yorkshire, the bending steel blades of Bradford and Sheffield. Belfast imports linen, Limerick imports bacon and Cork imports leather."

But, it will be argued, for the last five years a better feeling has been established between the two countries. Since the Home Rule Bill was put on the statute book, Ireland has laid aside her animosity to the England that has so generously tried to heal her many wounds and is now standing side by side with the rest of the British Empire. Perhaps the best answer to such a short-sighted conclusion will be a plain concise statement of how Ireland has been treated as an exploited Imperial asset, a contributory, not a fostered unit, of Great Britain for that space of time.

In 1911 Lloyd George introduced and Parliament passed an Insurance Bill, which was about as useful to Ireland as two tails to a cat. In fact it has proved itself such a burden and nuisance that its repeal, so far as Ireland, an agricultural country, is concerned, is heartily desired by both employer and employee. Its workings have proved such a foolish failure that, in many cases, people registered under its rulings have been dead or left the country months before the Government knows anything about such deaths or such departures. Small employers' profits are being daily swallowed up in journeymen's insurance fees and the journeymen know that those fees, which are half the time keeping them from work, will never bring any compensation to them. Such a law, however it might serve in a great manufacturing country, is, in an agricultural country like Ireland, an absolute failure.

A still-Born Measure.

As to the Home Rule Bill signed recently by His Majesty, the King of England, no one, even the most confirmed optimist could hope for such a measure of justice from England to be put into operation. Looking in the mouth of this gift horse we find that, so far as revenue is concerned, Ireland gets nothing under that bill. It curbs her commerce; it brandishes above her much of the imperialism that scourged her in olden days; it revokes none of the old penal statutes against her that still stand on the law-books of England; it gives her control of nothing worth while.

Penal laws? Why, yes; penal laws are in force to-day in Ireland at a pinch just as in the time when five pounds British money were offered for the head of a priest, a rapparee or a wolf. Civilization works slowly always and its laws work more slowly still. In evidence here is a case in the annals of 1913 to prove this assertion. A certain aged man in Cork left several thousand dollars in charity to the Cistercian monastery of Mount Melleray. the matter was disputed in court, and it was decided against the monastery on the ground that the penal law forbidding bequests to Catholic religious orders is still in force in Ireland.

In the latter part of 1913, when Winston Churchill had begged both Great Britain and Germany to refrain from all hostility for another year, England forbade the importation of arms into Ireland. The Irish Volunteer movement, against which this move was directed,

had taken up the gage of battle against Irish rights flung down by Sir Edward Carson and his braves in Ulster. What a one-sided decree this was will be easily understood by those who have read anything about the importation of arms into Ireland for the last two years.

Treason in High Places.

When Home Rule for Ireland was known to be an unavoidable possibility, Sir Edward Carson, the present Attorney-General of England, hurried over to Germany to intrigue for the interference of the Kaiser against Great Britain enforcing its scheme of an unpartisan, all-Irish native parliament upon the nation Carson claimed to be his even though he never accepted one of its ideals. Ulster was soon armed like a country at war, at least the Orange section of it. England winked at the importation of arms and the constant drilling of Carson's followers by British army officers. "We will never submit to Home Rule," screamed these agitators. Finally Mr. Asquith, though pledged to Ireland's cause by every tie of honor, promised Carson he would compromise on the question as it was "unthinkable that Ulster should be coerced." The exclusion of parts of Ulster from the jurisdiction of a native Parliament was suggested, but, though the Irish party temporized on the matter, all Ireland repudiated the idea. The formation of the Irish Volunteer movement brought a new spirit into the country, a spirit which alarmed England and called out as much of her old repressive measures as she dared to exercise. Close watch was set that no arms should be permitted to enter the country (except what were winked at in Ulster), and the old system of aggravation was put into force again.

In July, 1914, on what will always be remembered in Dublin as "bloody Sunday," things came to a crisis when a Scotch regiment was ordered to fire on a defenseless, unarmed crowd of people in Bachelor's Walk. Several were killed and many maimed and seriously wounded. This barbarous attack was all the more atrocious because so unprovoked and because the victims were women and boys. A yacht laden with arms had come into Howth that morning where it was met and unloaded by a body of the Irish Volunteers, among whom the arms and ammunition were quickly distributed. Returning to the city they were challenged by a detachment of the Kings Own Scottish Borderers at Clontarf, a scrimmage taking place, some of the arms being captured. Later on in the evening the soldiers, on marching back to barracks, were passing a crowd of holiday makers leaving the park cars at O'Connell Bridge. Someone, probably a boy in the crowd, made a slurring remark on the warriors' failure to get all the arms brought by the yacht. Without a word of warning an order to fire was given and repeated twice, three volleys of shots ringing out and leaving the street covered with fallen figures, while others stunned and bleeding rushed blindly to shelter.

For this shameful atrocity no one was ever brought to

justice, though the officer in charge was proven guilty. "Don't hesitate to shoot" is as much an understood order to-day in Ireland as when Balfour first gave his infamous instructions to Dublin Castle. Perhaps no better illustration of how "English sympathy" is extended to any struggle of Ireland for the regaining of her rights can be given than the resignation of several army officers in 1914 in protest of Ulster's aggressive attitude toward their Nationalist fellow countrymen being resisted by force. These gentlemen, whose devotion to the Unionist cause was stronger than their loyalty to the King, were pardoned and reinstated by His Majesty. "Treason" in England and Ireland being largely a matter of individuals and conditions, what is sauce for the goose there is not sauce for the gander. As to how Ireland's prosperity to-day is fostered by a paternal government, the boycotting of Queenstown as a port of call for large liners is a case in point. One of the finest harbors in the world, with shelter and safety for the largest boats in any weather, Queenstown was declared by the White Star and Cunard Lines as being "dangerous" for their big vessels to enter. In spite of all evidence to the contrary, this contention was upheld and a year ago Queenstown ceased to be a port of call, so that the White Star and Cunard ships can now make a quicker transatlantic record. By this shameless boycott Ireland loses fully \$750,000 annually in tourist traffic as well as suffering through delayed mails and other inconveniences. Like British promises, British contracts with Ireland are less than mere "scraps of paper." The Irish World was barred in 1914 from entrance into Ireland and free speech was again made treasonable for Irishmen. The suppression of several outspoken Dublin papers within the last year has left Ireland practically without a vehicle for the true expression of the people's feelings and when England's recruiting campaign was met by an anti movement of those who do not believe in fighting England's battles, arrests and prosecutions became daily events. Defense of the Realm demanded Ireland's loyalty and England was determined to secure it by any means in her power.

Surely very little loyalty is due to a country whose laws permit the billeting of its soldiery upon Irish homes at a moment's notice. It was partly this billeting of a licentious army on the Irish peasantry of 1798 that forced them into the ill-starred rebellion of that period.

How Ireland Stands To-day

And so Ireland stands to-day. Under a martial law regime and with a censored press that admits of no free speech, with her commerce at a standstill and her few remaining industries threatened with ruin by excessive taxation (as in the liquor production affair lately), Ireland still staggers under almost as heavy a load of misgovernment as when landlordism was making her fertile hills and valleys the deserts they now are. With her destinies in the control of a British cabinet composed of such men as Sir Edward Carson, who is pledged to prevent the Home Rule Bill from ever becoming a



A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

Erin—(To Britannia in Car of Juggernaut.)—Hold, Destroyer! Thy course must end here!

working actuality, and A. J. Balfour, ever the foe of Irish independence, there is scant hope of a peaceful outlook for Ireland—at least in the immediate future. The taxation for the present war, which will be levied on her for years to come, and which will be out of all fair proportion to her means and possibilities, will undoubtedly hold her back from the goal striven for so long and so bravely. What the Home Rule Bill, if it ever comes into operation, will be instrumental in achieving for Ireland cannot even be conjectured. So far as can be seen now, Ireland's hope is in the Volunteers and in the fostering of her native tongue with the wealth of historic ideals it holds before her eyes.

Backed by a trained and armed military force, Ireland can never again be a weak supplicant at the feet of any power on earth. She has not been preserved through so many centuries of trial to be conquered now, neither will the language or ideals that have survived so much persecution be wrested from her to-day. The fight will go on to a finish until it culminates in the achievement of her liberty, and Ireland is a nation once again.

*God made the land and all His works are good.
Man made the laws, and all they breathed was blood.
Unhallowed annals of six hundred years—
A Code of Blood—a History of tears.*

—R. R. Madden, M. D.

To understand British dealings with Ireland requires a long memory. Who sups with the devil needs a long spoon. Anyone who thinks that that British policy has changed, and that England today intends to deal straight with Ireland and grant her a "measure of freedom" for the control of her own affairs, need only study the British handling of the trans-Atlantic mail call at Queenstown to know the truth.—The Irish Review, March, 1914.



Where is the Flag of England?

Henry Labouchere, Member the British House of Parliament 1865-1880 and
Editor London "Truth."

And the winds of the world made answer,
North, South, East and West—
"Whereever there's wealth to covet,
Or land that can be possess'd;
Wherever are savage races,
To cozen, coerce and scare,
Ye shall find the vaunted ensign;
For the English flag is there!

"Ay, it waves o'er the blazing hovels
Whence African victims fly,
To be shot by explosive bullets
Or to wretchedly starve and die!
And where the beachcomber harries
Isles of the Southern sea,
At the peak of his hellish vessel
'This the English flag flies free.

"The Maori full oft hath cursed it,
With the bitterest dying breath;
And the Arab hath hissed his hatred
As he spat at its folds in death.
The hapless fellah hath feared it
On Tel-el-Kebir's parched plain,
And the Zulu's blood has stained it
With a deep, indelible stain.

"It has floated o'er scenes of pillage,
It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame,
It has waved o'er the fell marauder
As he ravished with sword and flame,
It has looked upon ruthless slaughter,
And massacre dire and grim;
It has heard the shrieks of the victims
Drown even the Jingo hymn.

"Where is the flag of England?
Seek the land where the natives rot;
Where decay and assured extinction
Must soon be the people's lot.
Go! search for the once glad islands,
Where disease and death are rife,
And the greed of a callous commerce
Now battens on human life!

"Where is the flag of England?
Go sail where rich galleons come
With shoddy and 'loaded' cottons,
And beer and Bibles and rum;
Go, too, where brute force has triumphed,
And hypocrisy makes its lair;
And your question will find its answer,
For the flag of England is there!"



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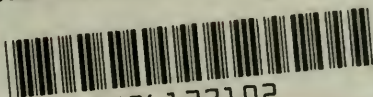
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