

of time when the Home Rule Bill shall be passed, and Irishmen will be enabled to make their own laws.

Now let us consider Poland. Russia considers Poland not as a nation, but as an ordinary province of her Empire. She does not recognize the Polish nationality. Poland has no national party to uphold her interests at St. Petersburg. Poles cannot rise above a certain rank in the army, and religious distinctions are very finely drawn. The Polish language is forbidden to be taught in every part of Poland except Lithuania, and there the edict was only repealed in May, 1905, whereas in Ireland, England has founded a University for Catholics and the Irish language is one of the important subjects in the curriculum. Poland has no prospect at present of attaining even the present state of liberty that Ireland enjoys. There are 12,000,000 Poles in Russia, and as some writer has aptly put it, they are pinned to Russia by bayonets. Compare the state of tranquility in Ireland to that of Poland, where, in the city of Warsaw, Russia finds it necessary to keep a garrison of 200,000 troops to overawe a city of 900,000 people, and, somehow, the guns of the citadel are turned, not towards the German frontier, the only point from which a foreign enemy could be expected to come, but towards the streets and shops of the third most populous city in the Empire. Poland does not exist officially, but it is, if dead, certainly a very lively corpse.

It is a crying shame, a reproach to the powerful powers of Europe, that they should allow Poland—the land that was the most powerful bulwark of civilization against the inroads of rapacious barbarians—to remain in its present state of helplessness, officially deprived alike of its language and nationality. A land that has produced so many prominent men and women, who have occupied the first place in their respective spheres of action, in war, in literature, in painting, and on the stage, surely deserves better of its powerful neighbors than to be despised and trampled upon. Truly it is a sad fate, that such a progressive people should be thus cruelly treated in these modern days by such a great power as Russia. I will conclude with the following beautiful lines on the fall of Poland, by Thomas Campbell:

Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime,
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe;
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe.
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear;
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career.
Hope, for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell.

C. O'H. '12.