

1892

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The Celtic Tragedy

*SALADIN'S BIOGRAPHY OF MARTIN LUTHER, THE
DISTURBER OF EUROPE.*

GAELIC POEM by DONALD MORRISON.

*CELTIC FOLLIES, SAXON ARROGANCE and ORANGE
FANATISM, ETC., BY*

NORMAN MURRAY

"The more languages a man speaks
the more times he is a man."

NORMAN MURRAY, 233 St. James Street.

MONTREAL

1921

INTRODUCTION.

Some people who knew me in years gone bye seem sometimes puzzled at my present "modus operandi." Some people take me for a Sin Feiner and others for a bigoted Roman Catholic. The fact of the matter is that I am an Imperialist and outside of all denominations that accept the Pentateuch as a part of their confession of Faith or articles. For one reason see Number 31 v. 7 to 18 and Josh. 6 v. 21 to 35. The rest of the debated parts of religion dont bother me in the least. I hate persecution in every form. What gave me the idea of the Celtic Tragedy was the late Mr. Sellar's Tragedy of Quebec of which I sold a large number. That book helped to change my view of many things quite contrary to my esteemed late departed friend's view of things. I came to the conclusion that the boot was on the other foot and that the Celtic people, French, Irish, Scotch and Welsh were the real victims of the Tragedy and not the party that our friend constituted himself a special pleader for.

In the British Empire of 440,000,000, there are supposed to be about 65,000,000 nominal Protestants and not more than 10,000,000 Catholics. Outside of Quebec and Ireland they have no power to persecute even if they tried to. Whole countries of my native country has not a simple native Catholic in it.

MARTIN LUTHER

A very foolish thing happened right here in Montreal, when we were in the heat of the recruiting agitation. A celebration of Luther's 400 anniversary was held in Montreal. All impartial historians agree that the morals of the people of Europe were not elevated by Luther's so called Reformation. It resulted in civil wars all over Europe.

N.B.—Part 5 will contain an article by myself on Protestantism and decay of Scottish patriotism and fake national societies.

As the cost of printing is now so high donation will be welcome to help to push the work through.

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NORMAN MURRAY.

233 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

*SALADIN'S BIOGRAPHY OF MARTIN LUTHER,
THE DISTURBER OF EUROPE.*

MARTIN LUTHER

(Born 1483. Died 1546. Age 63.)

AN IMPEACHMENT. By SALADIN

Re-printed from *Secular Review*, December 22, 1883.

This Protestant England of the "Open Bible" has just recently passed through a fulsome apotheosis of Martin Luther, the German Monk. I have found, from conversation with numerous freethinkers that our party as a rule, have an entirely false impression of the man that grew out of the peasant child, who was born at Eisleven, just four hundred years ago. This misconception as to the real character of "the Monk who shook the world" is less to be wondered at when we remember that the very heavy majority of our party has been recruited from the different Protestant sects who have their sacredly traditional Martin Luther, a very different man from the Martin Luther of verifiable fact. Protestantism blindly regards him as though his laurels as a hero were irradiated by his aureole as a saint. In reality, he has little of the heroic garland and less of the saintly halo. He was a gross-feeding, beer-swilling, ill-educated, coarse-minded grossly-lecherous apostate Monk, only redeemed from dissipated mediocrity by a certain amount of stubborn characterfulness, and rebellious audacity which had not distinguished nobler Heresiarchs like Arius, Nestorius, and Eutyches. He had a large share of humanity's worst failings, and I should feel disposed to allow these to rest lightly on his memory if there was no attempt to make him a demi-god. The best that can be said for him is—he was a man, not, like Calvin, a devil.

The radical doctrine of the Reformation was salvation by faith, not works. In a letter of Martin Luther to Melanethon in 1521, he thus in Latin, which I render in English gives expression to this pestilence and unspeakably demoralizing doctrine:—"Be a sinner and sin boldly; but more boldly believe and hope in Christ, who is the Conqueror of sin and death and the world. It is enough that we acknowledge, through the riches of the glory of God, the Lamb, who taketh away the sins of the world; from Him no sin will tear us asunder—no, not

though we committed fornication and murder a thousand times a day".—This is the ennobling doctrine! to be inculcated by the saint to whom all Protestantism has recently been screaming its Paeans! It is more immoral than the doctrine of indulgence proclaimed by Tetzel at Tuck of Drum. If a holy one committed fornication and murder, say only once a day, he would have required to have paid very heavily to Tetzel for remission; but he could spare his purse by becoming a Lutheran, and wash out the shame of fornication, and the blood off the hands of murder, by simply asserting faith in Jesus-Christ. Reformation, indeed! the watchword of its Hierophant is "Esto Peccator et Pecca Fortiter;— Be a sinner and sin boldly."

Saint Martin was possessed of an ungovernably bad temper. If he were alive now among those who belaud him they would require to learn to keep at a respectable distance from him, lest, as marks of his Christian lovingkindness, they should have their eyes blackened, or their teeth broken. Whining Stiggins, in his little Bethel, knows as much about Luther as he does about the Digamma or anything else under the sun. He simply turns up his lack-lustre eyes and whines his platitudinarian prayer to his own placed fetish. He would be as surprised to hear that Luther was an ill-tempered brawler as that he washed baby napkins; and yet we have the brawling vouchered for by Melanethon, and the napkin washing by Luther himself. Says Melanethon: "Ab eo saepe copaphos accepi—I have often received blows from him" (Luther). His blessed Lord flogging the merchants out the Temple with a scourge seems to have afforded an example that was emulated by this disciple of the great master when he whacked poor Melanethon, the mildest of all the reformers.

I have said that Luther evidently considered Christ's row in the Temple worthy of zealous imitation. There was another passage in Holy Writ to which he attached more than ordinary importance, viz: "Multiply and replenish the earth." But, above all, to him the most precious things in the Book of God were the pure and holy words to be found in Hosea i. 2: "Go take unto thee a wife of whoredoms and children of whoredoms." As far as this was concerned, the saint could lay his hand on his heart and say, "Lord, I have kept thy Word." His house at Wittenberg became a harem of run-away nuns. The light of the harem was the cloistered courtesan, Catherine Von Bora, whom he married in defiance of his vows of celibacy,

and who bore a child to him (or some one else) just a fortnight after her marriage with this historic man of God

Her previous paramour was Jerome Baumgartner, another perfidious monk. All the statements I make in this paper can be verified by reference to Audin's "Life of Luther," three vols., and Michelet's work on the same subject, and which was translated into English by William Hazlitt. Protestants are not ignorant of the life of their great "Reformer" because it cannot be known, but because they refuse to know it. My authorities, it will be observed, are not the Reformer's enemies, but nearly exclusively his own "Table Talk" and letters, and the letters of his friends.

But neither marriage nor monogamy was a matter of any importance to this saintly personage. In 1525 he writes to Spalatin: "Indeed, it is a great matter of surprise that I, who write so often about marriage, and who have so much to do with women, have not, myself, long since, become man enough to blab out the fact that I am in no sense married. Nevertheless if you want my example, you have a most powerful one, for I have had three wives at a time." Not so many certainly as some of the saints of God have been blessed with, and, perhaps, not enough for so eminent a Christian. Much of his language in regard to women and the sexual relationships are too disgustingly coarse to be recorded anywhere. His notorious sermon on marriage was preached at Wittenberg, in 1522, in the vulgar tongue, to men and women, boys and girls. Compared with this sermon, the Knowlton pamphlet is as a pure vestal virgin to a stale and battered Magdalene. Not only polygamy is allowed, but even polyandria and incest, and the occasional substitution of the maid-servant for the wife in the marital chamber. "I threw Luther over," testifies his friend Erasmus, "from the time that I found his name was a jest and byword in brothels and places of ill-fame." I lately congratulated myself that the maidenhood of Protestant England knew nothing of the obscenities, or anything else, of their Bible. I now further congratulate myself that they call themselves Protestants without knowing what the term really implies, without vexing their stupid little heads and innocent hearts as to what extent their church or chapel owes its origin to light from on high, and how much it owes to the unhallowed light in the eyes of Catherine Von Bora and to the glances of Anne Poleyn, which excited the evil concupisence of Henry VIII, the Stink-Pot of History, Defender of the Faith, and Head of the Church.

"I came not to bring peace upon the earth, but a sword," were the truest words ever spoken by the "Prince of Peace." Luther dearly loved these words of "the meek and lowly Jesus," and exerted himself powerfully to give them practical effect. How nobly he rivalled David, the man after God's own heart, by supplementing shameless lust with merciless slaughter! How delicious it must have been to him to have prayerfully meditated over such sweet passages as "Joshua smote all the country of the hills, and of the south, and of the vale, and of the springs, and all their kings; he left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed, as the Lord God of Israel commanded" (Joshua x. 40). We can well imagine how the drunken saint of the Black Eagle would cherish his "Holy Bible, book divine," when he read how, after all the adult males of Midian had already been slaughtered, the generous and merciful mandate went forth, "Kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him. But all the women and children that have not known man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves" (Numbers xxxi 17-18). So the champion of the "open Bible" was directly instrumental in initiating the Peasants' War. He, with inflammatory declamation, piously interlarded with Scriptural quotations, incited the Teutonic Hodge to rise in rebellion against his betters. "Strike," spake he to the peasants, "strike with the flail and the club. . . I am delighted so far when I see the tyrants trembling." Then, having roused the peasants to armed revolt, he spake thus to the "tyrants": "Strike, slay, front and rear; nothing is more devilish than sedition; it is a mad dog that bites you if you do not destroy it. There must be no sleep, no patience, no mercy; they are the children of the Devil." The wily saint was thus on the side of both parties, so that, whichever side won, the saint could not be the loser. And, while he was thus drenching the soil of Vaterland with intereseine blood, hounding on plebian against patrician, and patrician against plebian, he was running libidinous riot with his amours, and pushing for ward his elicit intrigues with Evan Schonfield, Ursula Von Munsterberg, and Lena, the aunt of his Catherina Von Bora. "He is an extremely light-hearted man," writes Melanethon. "Long-continued intercourse with them (nuns) has enervated and even inflamed him, for he is a strong and lusty man." The Peasants' War, which he had much to do in initiating, cost Germany 100,000 lives. "Their Blood," writes he, "is

indeed upon my head; but I put it upon the Lord." A Lord is, indeed, exceedingly useful if you can thus jauntily throw upon him the unspeakably terrible blood-guiltiness of having ravaged your native land with steel and fire, and made her soil find red and ghastly graves for 100,000 of her sons. After having inaugurated it, he seems to have given little heed to the abundant harvest reaped by the sword and garnered by Death. He washed his hands of the affair, and left the whole thing on the shoulders of "the Lord." But one thing he did not leave to be carried out by proxy by "the Lord," or any one else; he pursued his lecheries in propria persona. "It" (sexual desire), writes he, "is implanted in nature as much as the necessity of eating or drinking. He who resists this, and will not let nature have her own way, what else does he do but forbid that man should eat, drink, and do the like?"

Another Scriptural injunction recommended itself strongly to the acceptance of Martin Luther "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and for thy often infirmities." He improved upon this text, however, and instead of "a little wine," he took a good deal of wine at his roistering rendez-vous, the Black Eagle Tavern. Here is a specimen of the advice given by the high priest of Protestantism, and chief apostle of bottles and petticoats: "Poor Jerome Weller, you have temptations; you must get the better of them. When the Devil comes to you, drink, my friend, drink deeply; make yourself merry, play the fool and sin, in hatred of the Evil One, and to play him a trick. If the Devil say to you, "You surely will not drink?" answer him thus: "I will drink bumpers, because you forbid me; I will drink copious potations in honour of Jesus Christ." All I venture, by way of comment, is, if the drunken Protestant will simply drink "in honour of Jesus Christ," no god, defunct or extant, has, had, or will have, such loyal worship as would be hiccupped or emeticated at the altar of the son of Mary. If boozing and carousing be evidence of the religious sentiment, I feel constrained to admit the depth and potency of that sentiment. Here may possibly be the fons et origo of the Protestant concatenation of Beer and Bible. Of course, prayers should be drawled over potations of split brandy and doxologies intoned to the clank of flagons. Drink deeply, quoth Martin Luther. The Christian "Reek of Ages" should be chanted alternately with the Horatian "Nunc est bibendum," or the well-known

"Meum est propositum in taberna mori" of Goliath.

In a letter to that other saintly pillar of Protestantism, Henry VIII of England, Luther calls the monarch "crowned ass," "liar," "varlet," "idiot," and "swine." Here the one saint spake truth of the other; and, of course, very plainly-expressed truths are preferable to polished lies. It is so seldom that we find the historic saints of the Church speaking the truth that it is quite refreshing to behold them warming up into veracity and describing each other as "liars" and "swine."

The high Lothario of Protestantism lived with twenty-three runaway nuns in his house at Wittenberg. By his own acknowledgment, as we have seen, he had three wives at a time. Three of the twenty-three were presumably "wives" and I stop not to inquire how he might have described the remaining twenty. Three wives and twenty—God knows what—all to himself, and only two wives allowed to Philip, Elector of Hesse! Three wives to a parson and only two to a prince! The bigamy of Philip of Hesse was formally authorised by Luther and his compeers in solemn conclave assembled. The fact is, through all his barggadocio the saint was a crafty and truckling coward. He felt that, in spite of "the ever-lasting arms" being around him, he would be nowhere without the protection of the pikemen of the Elector of Hesse; and so he would have allowed the Elector any number of wives for a certain number of spears—plain spears of ash and steel, which, somehow, are always required, even in the case of saints, to supplement the hilt and blade of "the sword of the spirit."

I have preferred the soft impeachment that "Divus et Sanctus, Dr Martin Luther," was a crafty and truckling coward. It seems to me that his attitude towards Pope Leo X would warrant stronger expletives if they could conveniently suggest themselves. He had two distinct faces, and both of them ugly ones. He had one face for his eronies, the drunken and apostate monks at the Black Eagle, and quite another for his Holiness at Rome. "And now, most Holy Father," writes he to the Pope, "I solemnly declare, before God and every living thing, that I have never wished, and do not now wish, in any way to touch, or by subtlety to shake, the power of the Roman Church and of your Holiness: so far from it, I most feily confess that the power of the Church is above all things, and that there is none other greater in heaven or on earth save only Christ Jesus, the Lord of All."

Adieu to Martin Luther, a choice specimen of the Christ-

ian saint. Sound be his sleep under the flagstones in the old Church of All the Saints, and which he had blasphemously nicknamed the "Church of All the Devils."

THE POET BEWAILS THE EXODUS AND DEGENERACY
OF THE RISING GENERATION IN THE
LEWIS COLONY IN QUEBEC.

ORAN AIR TOLSTA, UINSLO.

Le Domhnud Morrison.

Cha seinn mi 'n diubh dhuibh oran
Mar ni cuid de'n oig mu'n cuart,
'S ann a bhis e dhuibh mar stori
Gun moran ann ach fuam.
Ach cha'n ann le u uail sil na morchuis
A thoisich me air duan,
Ach a d'h innseadh dhuibh cho gorach
Bha me fein 'us tò do'n sluagh.

Gur e ur cruas 's ur N' aineolas,
Nach d'ainig sinn gu Criosd,
Nuair a bha E anns a bhail so
O chean cor's fichead bliadhna.
'Nuair a dhiompaicheadh 'r 'n aithreach-an
Gach neach air a robh mian,
A chaidh go saibhailt dhachaidh
'S a bhuain a steach gu baile dian.

Tha diubhur mor an tra so
'S mar bha 'n aite ri mo linn s'
Bha 'n uairai sin duaine cairdeal ann
'S gras braitheal arnta mar chlainn.
Bhidh 'n connaidh coinnibh shabaid aca
Is Patric go bhi seinn,
Bu bhille leam s'ri eisdeach e
Na coin na'n speir 's choil.

'S ged tha mi bochd gun m'ìompachadh
 Tha mi ri 'g ionndrain tor
 Na seanairean a bha again 'n so
 A chaidh dhaehaidh uain gu gloir.
 'S bha again 'n so mu dheireadh
 Iain Bess's Mac Dhomhuil Oig,
 'S ged bha euid ri gearrain orra
 Bu mhaith an diubh an seorsa.

Bhe dhaibh iad thainig dorehudas
 Air Tolsta a bha mor
 Cha 'n eirich grian na slainte
 Tha I'n diu a dol fo neol.
 Thug Crìosd bh'uain a lathaireachd
 'S ghràs do cheil E orne
 Ach dh'fag E Maois 's faithean
 'S Dhasan gu 'm bhì ghloir.

Ach saolaidh mi gu bheil Satan
 Anns 'n aite ruidh mu'n euart,
 A feachain ri bhì taladh
 Na tharais E do'n sluagh.
 'S gun d'fhuair E nis mar Pharaoh
 'S 'n eridhe air fas cho eruaidh
 'S eagal leam gu'm bathair iad
 Mur tar iad tro 'nMuir Ruadh.

Tha diomadh Dhe's a chorruibh ruinn
 Fho thinn a steach na bliadhna
 Bhe 'thugadh an tigh agoil bhuaibh,
 Gu danns le clann gu'n chial.
 An teampul bha 'g 'r 'n aithreachan
 Ga chumal mar thigh Dhia.
 A'g urruigh ris an Athair ann
 'S tagar air son Chrìoad.

Ach tha mi nis bho iemraidh
 Gu'n do thog E iemraich bh' ina
 'S gur ann a thug E dhaehaidh
 No bha 'n a so do shluadh
 'S nach dean an còr dhaibh aì threachas
 An tos d'an an uaigh
 Gu'n d'uisg iad aig an aseiridh
 'S na laisrichean bì Uhuon.

Ma tha neach dhìbh a thuir eolas
 Air oir dhearcas an Uain
 Cha mhor a nì iad dhomsa
 Gu ma sheoladh gu dol suas,
 Nuair bu chor dha bhì na bhron dhaibh
 'S na deòr bhì air an gruaidh
 Ga 'm fhuicean se cho feòr mhor
 Gun dohus aca bhe 'n naigh.

Cha 'n faic mi mar a b' abhaist
 Na braithrean ri tin cruinn
 Cha 'n faic mi eoinnebh Shàbaid aca
 Agus go brach cha ehluin,
 'S cha ehluin mi ann guth Patric,
 Ga 'm abhaist bhì cho binn,
 Rì eug air A ' mhotaich
 Na ri smèorach annus a choil.

Oh nach e sinne a chail na Crìosdaidhean
 Mac-lovair 's Tormaid Gre 'nem,
 A bha again mar luchd riaghlaidh 'n so
 A cur rian air each gu leir,
 Bha efaehd anns an urnuigh aca
 Bha 'n druchd tinn orra o nèibh
 'S bu ehridhe cruaidh nach druighead air
 Rì urnaidh Thormaid Ghrechem.

Bha peacadh ehtach mar ehiram a'
 'S bu tric a shuìl Uho dheòir
 'N uair bhìdh a 'n ceann na h-urnuigh
 Bhìdh suil dig air an oige,
 'S geòl bha iad leis mi ehiramach
 Bha ghurachd S' dhìobh mhor
 Air son anteirt gu aithreachas
 'S 'n eirse a thòird ghaibh gu gloir

Mac-Iohair bha a seachad
 Air na braithean dhomh gu leir
 Thaobh gifte mhath gu labhairt
 'S bha bhreannachadh da r'èir,
 'S bho 'n a chaidh a bhreannachadh
 Gu labhair Focail Dhe,
 Bha thegaist ceart cho falain dhomh
 Rì neach bha anns a' chùir.

Ach dh' falbh na daoine ciallach sin
 'S na Crìosdaidhean a b' fhear
 Cha'n eil ach an Tighern ann
 A lionais dhuinn an àite.
 Ach s' E sin a tha ri rialadh
 'S urrain cial a thoirt do chach
 'S cha mhor e as a mhiorbhail ean
 A chrìonach thoirt gu fàs.

Ach squiridh mi do m' òran nis
 An dòchus gu'n dean bliadhna,
 Atharachadh mòr ann a so
 'S tòr a toihrt gu'n cial.
 'S ma theid iad na n-orduighean
 A thithead 's ghol an fhion,
 Gu'n aithneachadh an luchd eòlais orra
 Gu'm beil an coir 'n Crìosd.

LECTURE GIVEN BY NORMAN MURRAY

to the

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,

Montreal, January 23rd, 1921.

THE CELTIC TRAGEDY—THE HUMAN TRAGEDY

The whole of animated nature is a series of tragedies. A sympathetic nature gets a touch of sadness at the sight of a faded or decayed rose thrown into the gutter or trampled under foot. A little fly caught in a spider's net is a tragedy to the fly. Robert Burns saw enough tragedy in a little field mouse and her little house turned up by the plough to set him thinking and compose one of his most touching poems on it. The higher in the scale of life we go the more impression misfortune makes on us. The despair of a loving mother at the death of her little child can never be forgotten by any sympathetic soul who has ever observed it. Then there is a tragedy of the foolish virgin who loved not wisely but too well. There have been innumerable tragedies of whole families out down by plagues. Many Kings have been executed and others have wandered about without a home. Who can fathom the tragedy of the Man of Sorrows on Calvary; the Divine teacher of love

and kindness nailed to a wooden cross. We have the tragedy of the good Socrates, Cæsar, Cicero, Seneca, Boethius and Sir Thomas More. The numbers of martyrs who suffered death in various ways for propagating ideas they believed in would make a much larger book than the last Montreal Directory. Saddest of all we have the tragedies of whole nations either exterminated or scattered all over the earth. We have the tragedy of the Hebrews wandering, according to their own history, for thousands of years without a home; and then we have the tragedy of the nations, they are said to have exterminated and taken possession of their land. Then we have the tragedies of Civil Wars and wars between rival nations. Greece, the Mother of European culture, was conquered by Rome. The slaughter of human beings before Rome became the dominant power in Europe must have been terrible. Sadder still the tragedies of the Wars of Religion in Europe for nearly two thousands years. Germany has suffered more than any country in Europe in the thirty years war, between Protestants and Catholics, 1618 to 1648, when it is stated the German population was reduced from thirty to twelve millions. Then we have the tragedies of the Indians and the Black Races. Naturally however we ought to be more interested in the tragedies of our own race than any other, so we come, more particularly to the tragedies of the Celtic Race, the original people of France and the British Isles.

The origin of the peoples of Europe is hidden in a mist beyond the dawn of history. The history of the Celtic Race is one of the saddest in the world's history. At one time they inhabited Gaul, the North of Spain; and the whole of the British Isles. They had a culture of their own and are acknowledged by ancient authors to have been the founders of the ancient philosophies of Europe, and to have been the first to have discovered the art of melting iron ore.

OLD GAUL.

The downfall of the great Roman Empire at the end of the fifth century, was in one sense as great a tragedy as the last great War, only that the population of Europe was less then, than it is now. The same people that caused the present world upheaval, caused the downfall of the Roman Empire. They were known as Barbarians by their more cultured neighbours—the Greeks and Romans. They were more successful then than they were in their last effort. Europe had learned by sore experience

the danger of German supremacy and they had enough sense to ally themselves together against the common enemy. The great misfortune of the Celtic Race always has been their own inability to unite for any common purpose. If they had united then with the Roman Empire, they would no doubt have been able to drive back the Germans to their homes. Another factor in the tragedy was, that the Germans themselves, were driven from their homes by a stronger and more war like Race—the Huns from the Highlands of China. The Germans then played the same game on others, less warlike than themselves. The Franks got the upper hand in Gaul and changed the name of "Old Gaul" to their own name. They called it France—the land of the Franks. The Angles and Saxons about the same time invaded Britain.

THE SAXON INVASION OF BRITAIN.

Most historians agree that the British Celts of the South invited the Angles and Saxons to help them in their quarrels with their neighbours from the North. Always the same old folly that had been the ruin of the Celtic people all down the ages. They found their mistake when it was too late. Let me quote the English historian Green's account of this Anglo-Saxon invasion of Britain. It has no parallel in Europe, except the thirty years civil war in Germany, 1618 to 1648. "For the Fatherland of the English Race, we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth Century the one country which bore the name of England was what we now call Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula, which parts the Baltic from the Northern Seas. It is hardly necessary to argue that they were a German tribe, as the only language they knew when they came to Britain was German. For all practical historical purposes Angles and Saxons were synonymous terms. Angles and Saxons by degrees became so mixed that no one could tell for a certainty whether he was of Angle or Saxon origin—so a convenient compromise was made and these invaders of Britain came to be called English or Anglo-Saxons." Green's great delusion was that these German invaders were the creators of the British Empire. The Empire was built by a compromise and amalgamation of races of which German races by their lack of sympathy were never capable. The

Normans and Celts rather than the German invaders, not only laid the corner stone, but were the chief builders of the British Empire. A people incapable of learning other people's language, are never ideal Empire builders. Welsh, Irish, Scotch and French can and do learn English—but how many English of German origin can speak Welsh, Irish or Scotch, Gaelic or French. Now let us hear further John Richard Green's account of the conquest of Britain by the German tribes of Angles, Saxons and Jutes—daylight robbers. He is quite honest about it. He does not seem to be the least shocked by the horrible deeds which he records.

"The Victory of Aylesford did more than give East Kent to the English, it struck the key note of the English conquest of Britain. The massacre which followed the battle indicated at once the merciless nature of the struggle which had commenced. While the wealthiest Kentish farmers fled in panic overseas to Armorica or Brittany, the poorer Britons took refuge in hill and forest, until hunger drove them from their lurking places to be cut down or enslaved by their conquerors. It was in vain that some sought shelter between the walls of their churches, for the rage of the English seems to have burnt fiercest against the Clergy. The Priests were slain at the altar—the churches fired—the peasants driven by the flames to fling themselves on a ring of pitiless steel. It is a picture such as this which distinguishes the conquest of Gaul by the Frank, of Italy by the Lombard proved little more than a forcible settlement of the one conqueror or other among tributary subjects, who were destined in a long course of ages to absorb their conquerors. French is the tongue not of the Franks but of the Gaul whom he overcame and the fair hair of the Lombard is all but unknown in Lombardy. But the English conquest was a sheer dispossession and slaughter of the people whom the English conquered. In all the world struggle between Rome and the German invaders, no land was so stubbornly fought for or so hardly won. The conquest of Britain was indeed only partly wrought out after two centuries of bitter warfare. But it was just through the long and merciless nature of the struggle, that of all the German conquests this proved the most thorough and complete. At its close Britain had become England, a land that is not of Britons, but of Englishmen. It is possible that a few of the vanquished people may have lingered as slaves around the homesteads of their English conquerors, and a few of the household words (if these were not brought

in at a later time) mingled oddly with the English tongue. But doubtful exceptions, such as these leave the main fact untouched. When the steady progress of the English conquest was stayed for a while by Civil Wars, a century and a half after Aylesford, the Briton had disappeared from the land which has been his own and the tongue, the laws and religion of the English conquerors reigned without a rival from Essex to the Severn and from the British channel to the Firth of Forth—but no further thank God.' Such is the testimony of one of the standard historians of the British people. He has made some mistakes however. All Britain is not England yet and it is not likely ever to become all English, and though a desperate effort has been made for a long time to make England mean Britain, the attempt has absolutely failed. Our great Empire is not English—it is British. Our Army is not an English Army—it is a British Army. The Premier of the British Isles is not an Angle or a Saxon. He is a Welsh speaking Celt. The pioneers and makers of Canada have been French and Scottish Celts and not Angles or Saxons. The latest tragedy is in Ireland. Like the foolish Celts of South Britain, one faction of the Irish asked the English King, Henry II for help against another Irish faction, and Henry sent over Strong Bow with an Army, and they have stayed there ever since and are likely to continue so. Now I am not going to discuss the present situation in Ireland. I do not sympathise with either the Orange or the Sinn-Fein methods—but I am going to dig a little at the root of the trouble. My sympathies are certainly more with the Celtic element than with the other element, though I am of the opinion that they are going the wrong way about getting justice. In fact, they seem losing a spoonful trying to liek the back of it.

What I believe in is a general constitutional revolution to sweep away the whole land aristocracy in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, all of which can be done without shedding one drop of blood, if the people go the right way about it. The treatment of the Irish natives by the Anglo-Saxon aristocracy has been cruel and abominable, but they did the same thing in England and Scotland. They were quite impartial about it. The Land laws in England itself is still worse than it is in Ireland. The Irish having been the more recent sufferers, their hardships are better known to the public. The more ef-

(To be continued on Part V)..