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Part 3

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THE CELTIC TRAGEDY

*BRITISH RACES, LANGUAGES AND RELIGIONS AND
ORANGE AND OTHER FANATICAL MARPLOTS
AND AGENTS PROVOCATIVE.*

— By —

NORMAN MURRAY

— o —

*THE STORY OF THE OPPRESSION OF THE CELTIC
RACE BY THE ANGLO-SAXON (or Germanic Race) IN
LAND, LANGUAGE AND RELIGION, IN THE
BRITISH ISLES AND CANADA.
CAN THE LEOPARD CHANGE HIS SPOTS OR THE
ETHIOPIAN HIS SKIN.*

— o —

NORMAN MURRAY,
233, ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, QUE.

1930

 THE TRAGEDY OF ACADIA

THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlock

Bearded with moss, and in garments green indistinct in the twin light

And like druids of elds with voices sad and prophetic

Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms

Loud from its rocky cavern the deep voiced neighbouring ocean

Speaks and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest

This is the primeval forest but where are the hearts that beneath it

Leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?

Where is the thatched roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands

Darkened by shades of earth but reflecting an image of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms and the farmers for ever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves when the mighty blast of October

Seize them, and whirl them a loft and sprinkle them far over the ocean

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré

Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures and is patient

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion

List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest

List to a tale of love in Acadia the home of the happy.

Henry Wardsworth LONGFELLOW.

*"If you make yourself a sheep the
wolves will eat you."*

Ben FRANKLIN.

The history of the human race is mostly made up of tragedies. All nations and races had their tragedies. Will they ever cease? At the time of writing (Nov. 1919) French Canada, the pioneers of the British Dominions in North America is being in a sense isolated and abused by domineering elements of other races, lately arrived and treated practically as outlanders in a country they were the first to plow and cultivate. I am writing the history of these Celtic Tragedies in the Old Land and Canada in the hope that some of our wild neighbours may stop and think and adopt a more chivalrous attitude to the modern descendents of the Old Pioneers.

It is safe to say that the story of the Expulsion of the Acadians the original French settlers of what is now known as Nova Scotia but two hundred years ago was known as Acadia is the saddest story in the history of Canada and second only in sadness in the history of the British Empire by the Expulsion of the original Welsh natives of what is now called England, the evictions of Irish Catholics and Scotch Highlanders both Protestant and Catholic from their native lands.

While Protestantism (whatever that means now) had got the upper hand so completely in the British Isles and the unfortunate Catholics had become such a helpless minority that any fear of the restoration of Papal Supremacy was absolutely absurd still Protestant Britain being at war with Catholic France in both Europe and America caused more or less fear of French Catholics in North America.

About 1755, five years before the conquest of Canada by Britain the French population of Acadia had increased in one hundred and fifty years to about 20,000 nearly one third of the white population of what was then known as Canada. Acadia had been colonized before Canada and had been taken from France several years before the conquest of the rest of Canada. For many years every possible effort was made to induce them to take the oath of allegiance to the British crown and they persistently refused to do so without the reservation that they should not be called to fight against France. Quite possible the British authorities understood by that attitude that they would fight for France if ever a favourable opportunity should ever occur. Finally it was decided to expel them and scatter over the New England Colonies those not sent back to France. The Acadians had then become prosperous and all accounts agree that they were a very deserving class of people and very peaceable. They had never caused any trouble to the British authorities except that they would not take the oath of allegiance.

Much has been written on the subject, pro and con, since. That they suffered great hardships cannot be denied. Families were scattered never to meet again. I am not going to take part in the controversy, on either side farther than to say that as they have been a well behaved people, if it was considered a good military policy to transfer them to some other locality they should at least have been paid for the property that was taken from them which was never done. So fourteen thousand of them were scattered all over North America except a few that were sent back to France.

The lines at the head of this chapter expresses the feelings of

those who returned to their old homes after peace was declared between France and Britain. I have seen the same thing in my native land in the Highlands. The village where my grandfather was born was treated when I was a boy in the same manner. What made matters worse than even the Expulsion of the Acadians was that my ancestors were never accused of engaging in rebellion against the new regime that succeeded the unfortunate Stuarts but still because it was thought a wise politic move to scatter the Highlanders all over the world they were treated just like the rest. We need more union among the peoples of Celtic blood to defend our rights in our own Empire.

THE GAELIC RENAISSANCE OF NOVA SCOTIA

Hon. G. H. Murray, K.C., LL.D.,

Premier and Provincial Secretary:

Your petitioners, undersigned, submit the following for the consideration of the Council of Public Instruction and of the Government of Nova Scotia:

1. The Federal Census of 1911 gave 35.7% of the population of Nova Scotia as claiming English descent, 29.8% Scottish, 11% Irish and 10.5 per cent. French.

2. The great majority of Nova Scotians belonging to the Scottish race still preserve the Gaelic language and are deeply attached to the traditions embodied in its literature.

3. These traditions embody the highest ideals of honour, virtue and patriotism, ideals that have been preserved and fostered through the medium of the Gaelic language in song and story. Hence the loss of their language would, to a great extent, mean the disappearance of these lofty sentiments that means so much to the life of a race; and this would be a calamity not merely for the Scots themselves; but also for the Empire of which they form so important a part.

4. Every educationist admits how important, nay, how necessary it is for the proper development of the mental faculties, that more than one language should be studied. The value of Gaelic for mental development is enhanced by the fact that in its idioms, its grammar, and its syntax, it differs widely from any other language taught in our schools. Hundreds of our boys and girls study French and German in High School classes and forget

practically all they learned very shortly after leaving school. Should they devote the same attention to their mother tongue instead, they would be the proud masters of one of the oldest, the most copious, the most expressive, and the most euphonious of all living languages.

5. For any advance in philology a knowledge of the Celtic language is absolutely necessary. All the leading Universities of the world have established or are establishing chairs of Celtic. Why should the Celts of Nova Scotia, forming nearly one-half of its entire population, allow Germans and Frenchmen to take the lead in promoting the study of the Celtic languages?

In view, therefore, of the large percentage of our population who speak Gaelic, and whose dearest traditions and loftiest aspirations are embodied in that language; in view of its undoubted educational value, the excellence of its literature, and its great practical utility, your petitioners urge, respectfully but strongly, that Gaelic be included in the courses of study prescribed for both the Common and High School Grades of our Public Schools, and receive at least, the same prominence that is accorded the French language.

And your Petitioners will ever pray.

The Glory of a Great Empire is the variety of Races, Languages and Religions, each striving to excel each other in all good will and not as unfortunately has been too long and too often the case in the past, one type desperately trying to extinguish all traces of the traditions languages and folklore of the others.

The petition printed here which has been presented to my honoured name sake the Premier of Nova Scotia shows that affinity of ideas have been moving quite unconsciously to each other different parties hundreds of miles from each other. A common ancestral language is a strong bond between different peoples even when they differ in religious opinions.

Much has been written about the wild state of the Highlands at one time by people who knew very little about them.

The real fact of the matters is however that at the present time there is no class of people in the whole of the British Empire where there is less friction between Catholics and Protestant than there is among the Highland people both at home and in Canada. When they were exiled to Canada some to Glengary and some to Nova Scotia they have shown an example of brotherly love that it would be well for other people to follow. What a dif-

ferent story we might have now to tell of Ireland if the new colonists in Ulster had tried to learn the Irish Gaelic instead of trying to suppress it. At one time a knowledge of Latin was more necessary than it is now as most of the highest class of literature was printed in that language.

There is a vast amount of Song and Story now in both the Irish and Scotch Gaelic that strangers know, practically nothing about.

There is a sweetness to the ear in Gaelic and French music quite different from English.

Through the long slow process of intermarriages between people who consider themselves of Anglo-Saxon origin and Gaelic and French speaking people there is a more or less cosmopolitan and bilingual spirit growing up among many peoples. When the father happens to be of one race and the mother of another, there is a more sympathetic feeling towards the old traditions of both races. The wisest thing to do is to encourage this sympathetic spirit instead of trying to suppress it.

"The more languages the better."

THE PROTESTANT REIGN OF TERROR IN SCOTLAND.

Continued from page 31, part II.

BUCKLE'S EVIDENCE ON THE PROTESTANT REIGN OF TERROR IN SCOTLAND.

first offence lose his goods, for the second offence, be exiled, and for the third offence, be put to death. Though they were a little longer in starting in Scotland, they made up for lost time by being more terrible than any other. Thus it was that the Catholic religion was abolished in Scotland, after lasting nearly one thousand years. But as the sequel will soon show, it was only liberty for the clergy from the control of the Pope. As for the people, it was only a case of jumping out of the frying pan in to the fire, for instead of having one Pope hundreds of miles away they had now a Pope in every village. Instead of private confession to a priest, the sinner had to stand up in church and make confession before the whole congregation. In one sense, Scotland was a paradise before the Reformation, in comparison to what it was afterwards, for

the next 150 years, as far as personal liberty was concerned. They did it more systematically in Scotland than anywhere. Walking in the fields on Sunday was sinful. It was forbidden to go to hold markets on Saturday or Monday as one was liable to do some walking to or from market on the Sabbath. Water for Sunday use must be taken into the house on Sunday. To admire beautiful scenery was a sin. It was sinful to play the bag pipes, the national music of Scotland, even on week days. It was forbidden to travel in Catholic countries. A man of the name of Alex. Laurie was brought before the Kirk session of Perth and questioned as to whether the last time he was out of the country, he visited Spain. It was a sin for a Scotch innkeeper to admit a Catholic into his inn. "The said Alexander Laurie, being removed and censured, was thought good by the Kirk session that he should be admonished that he should not travel in these parts again, except they were otherwise reformed in religion. Still earlier, that is in 1592, the clergy attempted to interfere even with commerce, alleging that the merchants could not make voyage to Spain without danger to their souls, and therefore wished them in the name of God not to go there at all. It was a sin to go from one town to another on Sunday, no matter how pressing the business might be. It was a sin to visit your friends on Sunday. It was a sin to shave on Sunday. On Sunday, no one should pay any attention to his health or think of his body at all. On that day, any horse exercise was sinful, so was walking in the fields or enjoying the fine weather sitting at your own door. To go to sleep on Sunday before the duties of the day were over, were also sinful and deserved church censure. Bathing being pleasant as well as wholesome was a particularly grievous offence and no man could be allowed to swim on Sunday. It was in fact doubtful whether swimming was proper for a Christian, even on week days, and it was certain that God had on occasion shown his displeasure by taking away the life of a boy while he was indulging in that carnal practise. In 1719, the Presbytery of Edinburgh declared — "Yea! some have arrived at that height of impiety as not to be ashamed of washing in waters and swimming in rivers on the Sabbath." It mattered not what a man liked the mere fact of liking it was a sin. The clergy deprived the people of their holidays, their amusements, their shows, their games, and their sports, they repressed every appearance of joy, they forbade all merriment, they stopped all festivities, they choked up every avenue by which pleasure could enter and they spread over the country an universal gloom. Then truly did darkness sit on the land. Men in their daily actions and in their very looks became troubled, melancholy and ascetic. Their countenances

soured and was down cast. Not only their opinions, but their gait, their demeanor, their voice, their general aspect were influenced by the daily blight which nipped up all that was genial and warm. The way of life fell into the sear and yellow leaf. Thus it was that the national character of the Scotch was in the Seventeenth century dwarfed and mutilated. There is but one protection against the tyranny of any class and that is to give that class very little power. Whatever the pretensions of any body of men may be, however smooth their language and however plausible their claims, they are sure to abuse power if much of it is conferred on them. The Scotch clergy did not hesitate to teach the people that on that day (the Sabbath), it was sinful to save a vessel in distress and that it was a proof of religion to leave ship and crew to perish. They might go; none but their wives and children would suffer, and that was nothing in comparison to breaking the Sabbath, so too did the clergy teach that on no occasion must food or shelter be given to a starving man, unless his opinions were orthodox. What need for him to live? Indeed they thought that it was a sin to tolerate his notions at all and that the proper course was to visit him with sharp and immediate punishment. One of the ministers, on the northeast coast, between the Spey and Findhorn, made some fishermen do penance for Sabbath breaking in going out to sea to save a vessel in distress by a storm. They went further and broke the domestic affections and set the parents against their offspring. They taught the father to smite the unbelieving child and to slay his own boy sooner than allow him to propagate error. They laid their rude and merciless hands on the holiest passion of which our nature is capable, the love of a mother for her son. Into that sanctuary, they dared to intrude into that they thrust their gaunt and ungentle forms. If a mother held opinions of which they disapproved they did not scruple to invade her household, take away her children and forbid her to hold communication with them. In one of these cases mentioned in the records of the church of Glasgow, the Kirk session of that town summoned before them a woman, merely because she had received into her house her own son after the clergy had excommunicated him. People were branded by hot irons by the authority of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Some people had to walk bare footed with their hair cut on the side of their heads. It was a sin for children to play on the Sabbath Day. Cheerfulness was a sin. We must always wear a long face. It was a sin to smile or laugh on the Sabbath and to whistle was an awful sin. It was sinful for a holy man to run. He must always keep a solemn, slow gait.

MORE SECRETS.

"Are you going back on your old friends"?

"This country is English and we should only have one official language and that language, English." "You are siding with the French, shame on you, with all your education." He is against the 'H' English said a lady of my acquaintance, don't buy his book. These are a few specimens of the adverse criticism I have already received about "The Tragedy."

The fact of the matter is that I am not anti any race, language or religion, as such, only against arrogance of some people of various races, languages and religions.

Let the lawyers and civil servants and politicians learn the various languages necessary to their office. That is a great deal easier to do than to compel a whole race to learn a new language.

A desperate effort is being made to isolate this Province for business reasons and the sooner such a conspiracy is exposed the better. French Canadians were the first white pioneers in this country. They stood by our forefathers in 1774 and 1812, when the same type of people who are keeping an everlasting feud in Ireland and Canada made desperate efforts to get the French Canadians of that period to join them in their rebellion against the Mother Country. There are a great many things that need putting right both in the Old Country and Canada but marching out every 12th of July to celebrate the anniversary of William of Orange and his Dutch army crossing the Boyne in Ireland after his father-in-law, James Stuart will not help us very much to solve them.

There seems to be something wrong with the temperament of people who find enjoyment and amusement in annoying their neighbours year after year in this fashion. I could give many incidents during the last thirty-five years where men who boast of being guardians of public liberty had opportunity of doing something practical along these lines without either brass bands or coloured ribbons and they were conspicuous by their absence and silence. For these and various other reasons their annual parades are worse than useless — they are mischievous.

If I chose to do so I could give some incidents where North of Ireland Protestants not only have caused bad feelings between Protestants and Catholics but also between Protestant neighbours belonging to the same church.

We have police and soldiers and the British Constitution to protect our civil and religious liberties and we are better without that class of people altogether.

It is not the real Englishmen that are at the bottom of our racial and religious troubles.

The average Englishman is generally a patient and good natured if a little too conceited individual some times. We get a good deal of our best type of liberalism among Englishmen, but I have yet to meet a real good Liberal from Protestant Ulster. Moses and Joshua seem to be their models rather than the Divine Teacher from Gallile and his disciples.

As to the charge that I am anti-English, that is pure rubbish. I resigned my membership in the Caledonian Society because they refused to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the Union of England and Scotland — the most important event in this history of the countries.

I live in an English house, my favourite preacher is an Englishman, some of the best friends I have in the world are Englishmen but speaking three languages and knowing the characteristics of the different nationalities that compose our Great Dominion, I am trying to teach some of them a much needed lesson for their own good and the glory of our Great Empire of which we all form a part.

THE GROUND OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

by

Nornam MURRAY.

Take your shovels, my brave boys and dig it very deep,
For he burned down our cottages to make more room for sheep;
For the widow and the orphan he left no place to sleep,
But the devil now has got him safely in his keep.

And he killed our poor dog "Astar" the gamekeeper and he,
And now to write his epitaph in rhyme is left to me;
I would not be a landlord's tool to do such deeds as these,
I'd rather live on bread and water with neither tea nor cheese.

I could not be so cruel as to treat the poor that way
If I got the Klondyke's gold to build a palace gay,
I'd rather hear a Gaelic song from a charming Highland maid
Than Irving and his Hamlet from a box with gold o'erlaid.

And if the muse inspires me now to compose a lay,
 I'll tell the public what I know of landlords in my day;
 I'd rather see our lovely glens with French and Irish filled,
 Than as they are with gamekeepers, where hounds not men, are
 drilled.

For nature has intended our hills and dales for men
 And not for bloody tyrants with game and a dog pen;
 For since the time of Tacitus the historian of old,
 Our vales were filled with heroes both chivalrous and bold,
 But our glens are now deserted, and all for love of gold.

And now ye British statesmen be wise and act in time
 To expatriate best soldiers from the country is a crime,
 For with all the cruel treatment that they got from selfish knaves
 They always died like heroes,—so honoured be their graves.

Their wants were few and simple but their hearts were true as
 steel
 To them your foreign sauces were as chaff to pure oatmeal,
 And though they had no carpets to cover their rude floors,
 The poor and weary traveller was welcome at their doors.

Though they often fought the Saxons, in quarrels not their own,
 They are now brave defenders of the Empire and the throne,
 For whenever danger threatens from any foreign foe
 To stand up for his country poor Donald is never slow.

And now you Lowland Scotchmen, and sons of England too,
 We want you now to help us give Highlanders their due,
 For the chiefs they served so bravely betrayed them like knaves,
 But still they will get their rights as honest men and brave.

We seek no separation from the Britons of the south,
 Though legalized robbery took the bread out of our mouth;
 We committed no outrages on our oppressors as you know,
 But when we start an open fight tyrants then must go.

For our land was made for people and not for shooting grouse;
 Nor for alien sportsmen in our glens to carouse,
 So let us be united the Lowlands and the Hills,
 Instead of deer and partridges we want more plows and mills.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DESERTED VILLAGE

By

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE DESERTED VILLAGE HERE
 APPLIES WITH EQUAL FORCE TO IRISH, HIGH-
 LAND SCOTCH OR ACADIAN EVICTIONS.

I'll fare the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
 Princes or lords may flourish or may fade;
 A breath can make them as a breath has made
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride
 When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all the green;
 One only master grasps the whole domain
 And half a tillage stints the smiling plain;

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way
 Along thy glades a solitary guest,
 The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest.

Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies
 And tires their echoes with unweari'd cries,
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all
 And the long grass, o'ertops the mouldring wall;
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began
 When every rood of ground maintained its man,
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life required but gave no more;
 His best companions innocence and health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.

(To be continued in Part IV)

WHAT TWO RACES?

The Editor, Montreal Daily Star,—

Sir,—From time to time we read of references to two races in Canada. To me such talk is pure balderdash. What do people who write and talk like that mean by race? Speaking a certain language often has no racial meaning whatever. There are Germanic or Teutonic and Celtic races, there are Latin and Greek races, but to speak of an English-speaking race seems to me absolutely absurd. Scores of races speak English. Thousands of people in this country speak two languages and many speak three or four. Do they therefore belong to as many races as they speak languages? Those who know anything about anthropology classify the Welsh, Irish (except Ulster), the Highland Scotch and French either in Canada or Europe as of the Celtic race. Who authorized these self-constituted authorities to divide us up into two races. In our references to our Canadian citizenship, let us speak as Canadians not as two distinct races. A man need not be any the less a patriotic Canadian because he may quite properly connect the land of his birth with his classification of himself, as English-Canadian, Irish-Canadian, or Scotch-Canadian, but for goodness sake let us drop that mischievous classifying of those whose mother country is old Gaul as a class by themselves distinct from all the others.

Norman MURRAY.

Dec. 18/19.

GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

The Editor, Montreal Daily Star.

Sir,—Any real Highlander glancing over the program of the Caledonian concert would not fail to notice one very important

omission. There was not one song on the program in the language of Galgagus and Ossian. Gaelic is preached in a hundred churches every Sunday in Canada and thousands can speak it, but a Montreal so-called gathering of the clans leaves it out.

Norman MURRAY.

IRELAND'S WRONGS.

The Editor, Montreal Daily Star.

Sir,—Someone signing himself E. J. L. States that half a billion dollars were spent by the British taxpayer to enable the Irish farmers to buy their own farms from the landlord. In the first place, this money was only loaned, as the farmers are pledged by the British Government to pay this loan back. The real milk in the cocconut is, however, in the following question: How comes it that these Irish farmers, whose ancestors were there before the dawn of written history, have to buy their own farms from English landlords? The same question applies also to English and Scotch farmers. Why should not these farmers be freeholders in the British Isles, as in Canada? Is it not a fact that the oppression of the Russian peasants by the landlords, as described by Tolstoi over twenty years ago, had a great deal to do with the present deplorable state of that unfortunate country, as was the state of France before the Revolution? Now, I am a believer in constitutional methods of reform; what is called democracy does not appeal to me very strongly, as the rule of the mob is always worse than the rule of the aristocracy, but is it not time that something was done to reform the British land laws?

Norman MURRAY.

Dec. 4th, /19.

SECOND REVIEW FROM "LA PRESSE".

La tragédie celtique par Norman Murray.—M. Norman Murray, dont nous avons déjà entretenus nos lecteurs, publie aujourd'hui, le deuxième pamphlet de la vigoureuse et juste campagne qu'il mène contre l'orangisme. Nous avons dit tout le bien que nous pensions du premier, la justice nous commande d'en dire autant du second. M. Murray combat pour la bonne cause, et comme dans cette lutte, il se montre l'un de nos plus vigoureux défen-

seurs, nous ne pouvons que le remercier et l'encourager dans son travail d'épuration et de tolérance.

On peut se procurer les pamphlets de M. Murray, en s'adressant au No 233 de la rue Saint-Jacques. Ils se vendent dix sous l'unité.

"La Presse", Nov. 29th, 1919.

THE BOYCOTT THAT FAILED.

The success of my effort so far shows that my many years of study of this subject has not been in vain.

So far, however, "La Presse" the the great French newspaper of Montreal and "La Aurore" the French Protestant weekly were the only papers that took any notice of my new venture. The success and the reception of it by the public at the time when there were so many other attractions connected with the Christmas season is more than I expected when I started.

WHO ARE THE ORANGEMEN?

As I have pointed out before and as every student of history knows, the foolish Celts of South Britain hired a band of German ruffians, called Angles and Saxons to fight against their Caledonian neighbours after the departure of the Romans from Britain. They afterwards remained in Britain after the war and either expelling or exterminating some of the natives, seized their lands and settled in their place, where they had things very much their own way till my name sake William the Norman came and knock-ed spots out of them and subdued them. Some of the irreconcilable of them were unfortunately allowed to settle in the East of Scotland where they were everlastingly in hot water either with their Norman neighbours, south of the Tweed, or with the Highlanders of the north. In course, of time when King James tried to force episcopacy on the Scotch, he transplanted a lot of the irreconcilables of German origin to Ulster, in the North of Ireland. They told the natives to go to hell or Connaught as they wanted that country as they would make better use of it than they were doing. The state of that country has been a disgrace to the reputation of the British Empire ever since. Some of the same bunch found their way to this side of the Atlantic. They were among the first to raise in revolt against the mother country in what is now called the United States of America. Some of the unfortunate Highland Scotch Jacobites, who were exiled there after Culloden, including the famous character Flora McDonald, who still believed in the old Catholic religion, being always faithful to their fatherland, stood up for the reigning dynasty — the

House of Hanover, — and when the war was over they came to Canada. Poor Flora remarked It has been a sad story for us we fought for the Stuarts at home and for the House of Hanover in America, and we lost in both cases. There is nothing more remarkable in human history than the devotion of the old Highland Scotch Catholics to their old fatherland. But to continue our story of the wild Orangemen, some of them found their way into Canada and they start their old game of quarrelling with the other races. This time, it happened to be French Canadians. Now one of the undisputable facts of history is that while the Ulster Orangemen south of the line of 45 rose in revolt against the Mother-Country, poor abused Jean-Baptiste stuck to his new neighbours and help very much to hold Canada as a part of the Empire. He did the same in 1812. He never got the credit he deserves for these two occasions, and it is time that justice was done where justice is due.

If his attitude was less satisfactory in 1914, much of the blame belongs to the crazy Orangemen and their one school and one language agitation.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL

The ordinary way of writing history is to begin at some far distant period and work up towards our own time. Now it often occurred to me that as history gets the less interesting the farther back we go, I would try a little experiment in a new way and work backwards. Now it is not the purpose of this history to work backwards to the creation of the world, the deluge or Exodus of the Children of Israel out of Egypt or that Tragedy in Jerusalem, nearly two thousand years ago. The period I look back to is however fourteen hundred years ago when the old Roman Empire fell to pieces and hordes of barbarians swarmed over Europe from Asia in three great tranches, — Huns, towards Prussia, Bulgars or Magyars towards Central Europe and Turks towards Asia Minor.

The split in the Christian Church, shortly after it got fairly established into East and West or Greek and Roman, Athanasians and Arians, weakened the resisting powers of the peoples of Europe, so that they became an easy prey to the barbarous invader. The Huns drove the Gothic tribes of Germans west and south and the Goths in their retreat got as far as Rome in the south and the Island of Britain in the west, and that is the real beginning of the Celtic Tragedy.

Notice.—Part 4 will be the beginning of the second edition of the Abolition of British Landlordism, the Root of the Great Economic Evils in the British Isles and various other places.