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THE CELTIC TRAGEDY

BRITISH RACES, LANGUAGES AND RELIGIONS. — THE
ANGLO-SAXON MYTH AND ORANGE FANATICISM

WANTED

A CELTIC RENAISSANCE FOR THE PERPETUATION OF
THE FRENCH AND GAELIC LANGUAGES, CELTIC
LITERATURE AND CULTURE IN THE
BRITISH EMPIRE

— By —

NORMAN MURRAY

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NORMAN MURRAY,
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THE CELTIC TRAGEDY

*BRITISH RACES, LANGUAGES AND RELIGIONS AND
THE ANGLO SAXON MYTH AND ORANGE
FANATICISM*

INTRODUCTION

For over fourteen hundred years, since the Romans left Britain to take care of itself and the German tribes commonly called Angles and Saxons got a foothold in the Island of Britain there never has been a single day's peace between themselves and the natives of the British Isles. The Angles and Saxons started the wrong way in a new country among strangers and they have continued persistently in the wrong way in dealing with the original natives ever since. The Romans and Normans were wiser and more diplomatic in their dealings with the natives than the German tribes mentioned.

After a stay of over five hundred years in Britain when the Romans left, the British people spoke the same language and continued the same local customs as they had before the Romans came five hundred years before. When the Romans finally departed the natives with much regret bid them farewell. But after a stay of over fourteen hundred years, surrounded by what they contemptuously call the "Celtic Fringe", the Germanic elements of the British peoples are still in many instances as hostile and contemptuous of the other races as when they first got acquainted with each other over fourteen hundred years ago and there is more and more evidence forthcoming every year that the love of other races for them has not increased, in the least during all these long years.

The Normans who subdued the Germanic elements in South Britain some five hundred years after their arrival there, followed the Roman instead of the Germanic policy in dealing with the natives both in France and the British Isles. Instead of everlastingly tormenting the natives to learn their language, they learned the language of the natives wherever they got a foothold, as in France and the British Isles. In the Hebrides or Western Isles of Scotland, they learned the Gaelic language and assimilated with the natives, and in South Britain, they learned the Saxon dialect of the German language, which by degrees came to be called English instead

of German. By degrees also, some changes were made in this dialect of the German language spoken in South Britain, by the addition of many French, Latin and Greek words. Why the German element of the British people, who often devote considerable time and study to the learning of Latin and Greek and other languages, still contemptuously refuse to make any effort to learn the language of the natives in Wales, Ireland, Scotland and Canada, is a riddle hard to solve. The same problem continues in Canada where a large element of the population speak French and many still speak Gaelic. While all the other elements of the population, both in the British Isles and in Canada, generally learn the English dialect, of the German language very little effort is ever made by the Germanic element of our population to learn either Gaelic or French, either in the British Isles or in Canada. No more foolish cry could be taken up by any people claiming foolishly to be the main push in the British Empire than the "One School and Language" cry. Whether it is that this Germanic element is either too stupid or too proud to learn either Gaelic or French is hard to make out. Perhaps it is a little of both. Instead of the foolish cry "One School and One Language", which we hear so often, a wiser motto would appear to be: "The more languages a man speaks the more times he is a man."

A great Empire cannot be held together in amity and good will by the policy of one element of the people of the empire trying to force their language or religion on the other elements of the people of the empire. The best religion and the best language, is that which suits each individual best. There never was a religion or a language which suited the whole human race and there is no likelihood that there will ever be such a religion or such a language. If some people we know would devote half the time and energy they devote to agitation to make other people learn their language, to the learning of the other people's language, it would be much more profitable in the end to themselves and more pleasant and agreeable to their neighbours. The present state of Ireland shows that learning English does not solve the problem of settling the old racial feuds between the Celtic and Germanic elements of that unfortunate country, any more than when most of the people of that country spoke Gaelic only.

The study of the connection between climate, latitude, altitude and proximity to the sea and human physical and mental development, has not yet been sufficiently studied to enable us to account fully for the difference between the different types of men in different countries. Whatever may be the causes, the great difference between the different peoples of different countries is quite plain to

any one with an observative turn of mind who has travelled through different countries. The original type of any particular race is a strong factor in the race, even after he changes from one country to another.

The Jew of to-day is very much the same kind of Jew in character as he was in Egypt nearly four thousand years ago ; the Celt and the German have still very much the same characteristic as described by Caesar and Tacitus, nearly two thousand years ago. The Celtic race was an ancient and powerful race, much more ancient than the Greeks and Romans, not to speak of the Germans, who have only been late comers into history. They are said to have been the first to discover the art of melting iron and making it into useful instruments. The druidical circles found in Britain and Gaul are as strong evidences of the antiquity and civilization of the ancient Celts as the Pyramids of Egypt are of Egyptian civilization. The German tribes described by Caesar and Tacitus were evidently some tribes living near Gaul and the Sea. The arrival of the Huns into Europe evidently did not improve the morals of the Germanic peoples with whom they mixed afterwards. The rule of might is right, more than the Golden Rule, has always been followed by the Germanic tribes wherever they went, either in the British' Isles or elsewhere.

Our investigations at present, however, will deal more particularly with the arrival of the Anglo-Saxon branches of them and their conduct towards the natives of these Islands. From the difference between the Welsh and Scotch and Irish, Gaelic, there seems to have been some difference between the Celtic peoples of South Britain and the Caledonians of Scotland and the Scots of Ireland.

History is not very clear as to whether the Picts that originally settled in Scotland were pure Celts or a mixture of Celts and Norsemen. It is quite evident, however, from what we learn from Ossian and other ancient authorities, that there were more or less close relationship between the natives of the north of Scotland and the Norsemen from very early times.

The Roman policy was a policy of reconciliation and friendship with native races. The German policy, on the other hand, was extermination or expulsion of other races wherever they went. When the South Britons quarrelled with the Caledonians, after the departure of the Romans, the South Britons foolishly hired some German bands to help them against the Caledonians. Celtic peoples made many mistakes during their long history and this was about as great a mistake as they ever made. Instead of retiring back to where they came from, after the war was over, these German auxiliaries decided to stay in Britain and take possession of part of

the country for themselves. George Buchanan, the famous Scottish historian, says that German hired auxiliaries, sent an invitation to the British chiefs to meet them in conference, and that the Germans commonly called Angles and Saxons treacherously murdered the British chiefs, and that this put the South Britons into such a panic and confusion as enabled their false auxiliaries to get a strong foothold in the country, from which it was impossible for the Britons to expel them on account of the division among themselves. It would be hard to say now what percentage of the blood of these treacherous auxiliaries still remain in the British people. It is still harder to find out to what extent they assimilated with the natives or more properly speaking what percentage of the natives assimilated with them, for assimilation was not a very strong point with the Angles and Saxons of these days, any more than it is with their descendants now. Many people of other tribes and races made their homes in Britain, since these early days. The Danes came in probably much larger numbers than the original Angles and Saxons that came with Horsa, in the beginning of the sixth century.

Then of course, the invasion of William the Conqueror with his Normans, in the eleventh century, put an end forever to Anglo-Saxon supremacy in reality, so that Anglo-Saxon supremacy is in reality only a myth.

Unfortunately, racial tradition and superstition die hard and through constant and persistent repetition of this myth, many people who have not a drop of Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, for what reason no one knows, take pride in calling themselves Anglo-Saxons.

The unfortunate thing about the Norman conquest of South Britain, was that they did not conquer the whole of the British Isles when they were at it. As many of the native Saxons moved across the border into Scotland, they involved that country in long and disastrous wars with their Southern neighbours which continued till the union of the two countries under one government, which should have been done long before.

My object, however, in writing this article is to show the absurdity of this "Anglo-Saxon Myth", of which we hear so often in speeches, books and newspaper articles. According to these hot air artists, not only the British Empire, but also the United States of America owe whatever supremacy they may now claim in modern civilization to this mythical Anglo-Saxon element.

Now, I am an out and out British Imperialist. To the Englishman, as well as the Frenchman, I am willing to extend the right hand of fellowship as a partner with other races, in keeping up the

honour of this great Empire that our forefathers handed down to us, but with many others, I resent the perpetual reiteration of this Anglo-Saxon myth, as if it were a veritable historical fact which it is not now, nor ever was.

My object, as I said before, is to help to remove a useless, worthless stumbling block and an unnecessary cause of offence to peoples of other races, who have done as much or more in the past, and are doing it now, as either ancient or modern Anglo-Saxons. In the first place, the original Anglo-Saxons brought no civilization with them when they first came to the British Isles.

The Greeks, Romans and Celts had an old civilization before these barbarous Germanic tribes were ever heard of outside of their own back woods, in Central Europe. The literature and culture of the Celtic races, in which they were instructed by the Druids, were committed to memory by the bards and sennachies.

Whatever may be said for or against the civilizing influence of Christianity, it is a well known fact that the Anglo-Saxons had not accepted it, either before or until sometime after they came to South Britain. Whether the South Britons were either helped or hindered in their struggles with the Anglo-Saxon Germanic tribes by their Christian principles, is hard to tell now.

As to the comparative utility, usefulness or beauty of Gaelic, French or the modern English dialect of the German language, those who know only one language are not the proper judges. Those one language fiends are very much like the monkey in the fable who lost his tail and advised the other monkeys to do the same so as to be like himself. Some of us who know something of the Gaelic and French language, as well as English, cannot see any valid ground or reason for this foolish agitation for one language, more than the probability that as they are either too stupid or too bigoted and proud to learn any language but one, they wish others to do like the monkey without a tail, already mentioned. Any one with a knowledge of other languages besides English, who ever took the trouble to watch such people at meetings where any language but their own was spoken, could not help remarking the disdain and mockery of these ignorant people, who take pride in claiming Anglo-Saxon Germanic Ancestry. It would be very difficult for those people to prove what race they really belong to, more than the inference that as they spoke only one language, they must therefore be Anglo-Saxons, which would imply that the Anglo-Saxons are the most ignorant part of the population of the British Empire. Not only that, but they wish to make us all Englishmen. They are ridiculously generous in this respect. They are quite willing to include people of various races and languages in what

they stupidly call the English speaking race. The King of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales and the British Dominions beyond the seas, according to many of their writers, is only King of England, and the English people, though even England proper, now occupies only five-twelfths of the area of the British Isles.

Now let us examine this ridiculous and foolish boast more closely. Is the tiger more useful than a cow, because he can kill and eat a cow? Is a pirate, a highway robber or a pick-pocket superior to one who engages in honest commerce? Is it anything to boast of that a hired band of German fighting men generally known as Angles and Saxons after helping the South Britons to drive back the Caledonians, afterwards turned round and treacherously murdered their allies and took possession of their lands and changed the name of the lands they got by fraud to the name of the place they came from on the continent of Europe. The agitation now carried on in some parts of Canada, against the use of the French language in schools, and other places in recent years, is a disgrace to modern civilization and the Orangemen's twelfth of July celebration is no less disgraceful. People whose Anglo-Saxon ancestors left such a bad record behind them, should be more modest than they are.

In the opinion of many people now, this foolish 12th of July celebration should be dealt with by an act of parliament. This annual glorification, adoration and worship of a Dutchman who helped to dispossess his father-in-law of his claims, is becoming tiresome and often a mischievous disturbance of the peace, for no practical purpose whatsoever.

When halls are so plentiful, it is time that public places should be reserved for the public who pay for them, instead of being allowed freely to be used by Orangemen, or any one else with axes to grind. The absurdity of this foolish celebration will appear quite evident to any one who impartially studies the question carefully in the light of modern history.

In the first place, whatever may be said for or against the different policies or affiliations of either William of Orange or his father-in-law, King James, the plain fact of history is, that the issue between the Stewart Kings and the Revolutionists was not finally settled at the Battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, in 1690, but at the battle of Culloden, in the Highlands of Scotland, in the spring of 1746, — 56 years afterwards.

There were hundreds of other battles fought in the British Isles, over the vexed questions of religion and politics, much more important than this battle, and no one celebrates them with speeches and brass bands and coloured ribbons. There is now no

place for the supremacy of one form of religious observance over another, in such an Empire as the British Empire of to-day. Our Empire can only be held together by liberty for every one to practise the religion and speak the language that suits them best.

The amount of civil political and religious liberty we now fortunately enjoy did not come until a long time after William of Orange was dead and buried.

The massacre of Glencoe, in the Highlands of Scotland, left a black stain on the memory of William of Orange, that neither soap nor water, nor any other kind of white wash can wash out.

Now let us come down to our own times, in our own country of Canada. People are at last getting tired of the everlasting feud carried on by the Orangemen and other religious fanatics, in other provinces and the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec. The average French speaking Canadian in Quebec and other parts of Canada is just as happy, moral and as good a neighbour as the bigoted Orangeman and others of his type in Ontario, or any other province of the Dominion.

The French and Gaelic languages are older than the modern dialect of German language commonly called English and quite as beautiful, and expressive to those who understand them, and instead of trying to suppress them, they ought to be more and more appreciated as people advance in culture.

The French Canadians deserve great credit for their perseverance and devotion to their beautiful ancient tongue, in spite of the ravings of ignorant and foolish fanatics in other provinces. Many of us who believe in keeping alive the Gaelic language could wish that our people in this country and other places were as devoted to the preservation of their own mother tongue as the French speaking Canadians are. The original people of Gaul, now modern France, and the ancient people of the British Isles, originally belonged to the same race and spoke the same language, so there is still more affinity between these language than many peoples are aware of.

Some fifty years ago, the same kind of cant that we hear so much about in Canada and other places about Anglo-Saxon superiority was quite common in the United States of America and we occasionally bear the same claptrap yet, but not to the same extent. Dr. Mathews, a well known public lecturer, made it the subject of one of his popular lectures. Let me quote a paragraph or two from his popular lecture on the subject :— " My children ", Dr. Johnson used to say to his friends, " deliver yourselves from cant." Every age has its cant, which in some form of the thing is the prevailing rage. That of our own time is that of Anglo-Saxon glorification. Not a day passes, but we read in print or hear from the

platform, the eternal hackneyed boasting about our manifest destiny, the same wearisome ding-dong about the Anglo-Saxon energy and the rapidity with which the race is belting the globe and supplanting the laws, manners and customs of every other people. This cant has been echoed and re-echoed in newspaper articles, stump speeches, Congressional harangues, and even in works of ethnology, till it has become a nuisance. We are as sick of it as ever Dr. Johnson was of the everlasting, "Second Punic War." "Who will deliver me from the Greeks and Romans?" cried in agony the classic ridden Frenchman. "Who will deliver us from the Anglo-Saxon?" despairingly cry we.

Over two hundred years ago, Daniel Defoe wrote a scathing satire called "The true born Englishman", showing the absurdity of people who have come through the "Melting Pot" of a variety of races boasting of racial purity. How we came to be infected by the Anglo-Saxon mania it would be hard to tell. Even in England, it is ridiculous enough, but there it is beginning to be laughed at by men of sense, who perceive the absurdity of Englishmen claiming to be Anglo-Saxon when there is no such race in existence and never was. Those who echo this boast should read Defoe's "True born Englishman" in which at a time when it was customary to denounce King William "a foreigner", the author was at pains to instruct his countrymen how many mongrel races had had conspired to form the vain, ill natured thing called an Englishman and showed in limping verse but unanswerable logic that —

"A true born Englishman's a contradiction —
 In speech an irony, in fact a fiction;
 A metaphor invented to express,
 A man *akin* to all the universe."

WILLIAM OF ORANGE

Owing to the strange connection of the name of William of Orange with the racial, religious and political feuds in Ireland and Canada at this late day a short biographical sketch will be in order. He was born at the Hague, in Holland, in 1650, and died without issue, in London, England, in 1702, in his fifty second year of age. He reigned in Great Britain for fourteen years, from 1688 to his death. His mother was Mary Stuart, daughter of Charles First, King of Great Britain and Ireland. He married his cousin, Mary, daughter of James the Second of Great Britain and Ireland, and whom he supplanted and took his place on the throne. He spoke English, German and French besides his native Dutch language.

He landed in England, in November 1688, with a Dutch army of 14,000 men and was placed on the throne without striking a blow.

His father-in-law King James absconded, on the 11th of December, so William and Mary, his wife, succeeded without any trouble to the abandoned throne. All this had been accomplished quietly nineteen months before the side-show commonly called the Battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, took place. The final struggle between the supporters of the Stuart cause and the Revolutionists took place in 1745-6, in the reign of George the Second. It was settled at the Battle of Culloden, in the Highlands of Scotland, in April 1746, when the Duke of Cumberland, commonly called Bloody Cumberland defeated Prince Charles Stuart, who was a fugitive for several months, in the Highlands of Scotland, before he managed to get safely to France. Though a heavy reward of several thousand pounds was offered for his capture, dead or alive, no one would take the reward, even among the party who fought against him. Though the Highlands of Scotland were at the time divided in their allegiance, half for and half against the Stuarts, and though the people of the Highlands to-day are almost solid in the belief that it was a good thing that the Stuart cause was lost, no one ever thinks of celebrating their defeat with brass bands and tin whistles either in England or Scotland. Only people who imbibe the spirit of hate from Ulster, in Ireland, make themselves ridiculous in this fashion.

Some things happened in Scotland during the brief reign of William of Orange, that are not very glorious and which some people would like us to forget. I am not going to follow the example of the worshippers of William, by throwing mud on their idol, as they do on those who differ from them in the matter of race, language or religion,, or blame him for all the deplorable things that happened during his brief reign. I will simply quote the Encyclopaedia Britannica's account of the Orange Order and what it is supposed to represent and also a short account from reliable authority of the Massacre of Glencoe, in the Highlands of Scotland, in Feb. 1692, in the fourth year of William's reign, and two years after the now famous side-show, at the Boyne, in Ireland, where William, with well trained Dutch troops, defeated his father-in-law's untrained Irish followers which is now the subject of much rejoicing by people whose ancestors had little to say in the matter. I will also copy a short sketch from Macaulay's history of that period, when something happened in Edinburgh, sometimes called the modern Athens, almost as black as the massacre of Glencoe, five years before the hanging of the boy Thos. Aikenhead.

ORANGEISM

Orangemen, an association of Irish Protestants, originating and chiefly flourishing in Ulster, but with ramifications in other parts of the United Kingdom and in the British colonies. Orangemen derive their name from William Third, but neglect the example of that tolerant prince. They are enrolled in lodges and it is said that the initiated can always recognise each other. Much may be learned from their toasts about which there is no concealment. The commonest form is, — “ the glorious, pious and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from popery, slavery, knavery, brass money and wooden shoes ”, with grotesque or truculent additions, according to the orator’s taste. The brass money refers to James II’s finance, and the wooden shoes to his French allies. The final words are often “ a fig for the bishop of Cork ”, in allusion to Dr. Peter Brown, who, in 1715, wrote cogently against the practise of toasting the dead. Orangemen are fond of beating drums and flaunting flags with the legend “ no surrender ”, in allusion to Londonderry. Orangism is essentially political. Its original object was the maintenance of Protestant ascendancy and too much of that spirit still survives. By public anniversaries painful to their neighbours, by repeating irritating watch words, Orangemen have done much to influence sectarian animosity ; if their celebrations were private, little could be said against them. The first regular lodges were founded in 1795, but the system existed earlier. The Brunswick clubs, founded to oppose Catholic emancipation were springs from the original Orangetree. The orange flowers are worn in Ulster on the 1st and 12th of July, the anniversaries of the Boyne and Aughrim. Another great day is the 5th of November, when William landed in Torbaylin, England, with 14,000 Dutch soldiers, to pull his father-in-law down from the throne of his forefathers. (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 9th ed.)

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

The principal circumstances of this famous tragedy are briefly as follows. The state of the Highlands, in the year which followed the parliamentary session of 1690, was such as to give the government much anxiety. The civil war which had recently been flaming there continued still to smoulder, and at length it was determined, at court, to employ £12,000 or £15,000 in quieting and reconciling the refractory clans. The Edinburgh authorities issued a proclamation exhorting the clans to submit to William and Mary and, offering pardon to every rebel who would swear, on or before

December 31st, 1691, to live peaceably under the government of their majesties, and threatening all who refused to do so to be treated as enemies and traitors. All the chiefs submitted before the 31st of December, except MacIan, the chief of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, whose submission from unforeseen causes was delayed till the 6th of January. The magistrate to whom he took the oath of allegiance transmitted a certificate to the council, at Edinburgh, explaining the circumstances of the case. The certificate was never laid before the council, but was suppressed by an intrigue, directed, it is supposed, by the Master of Stair (sir John Dalrymple, afterwards second Viscount and Earl of Stair), on whom, undoubtedly, rests the chief blame for this odious transaction. The enemies of MacIan now hurried on their plans for his destruction. The Master of Stair obtained the King's signature to an order directed to the commander of the forces in Scotland, and which runs thus:— "As for MacIan of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the other Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves."

Accordingly, on the 1st of February, 120 soldiers, most of them Campbells, who had a personal spite against the Macdonalds, — led by a Captain Campbell and a Lieutenant Lindsay, marched to Glencoe. They had been warned by Stair to do nothing by "halves, and they were exhorted to be secret and sudden"; and they obeyed their instructions. Arrived in the Glen, they told the Glencoe men they came as friends, and only wanted quarters. For twelve days, the soldiers lived in the glen. Captain Campbell or Glenlyon, as he was called from the name of his estate, while visiting daily at the chief's house, employed himself in observing carefully what avenues and passes there were by means of which the Macdonalds might escape and reporting the result of his observations to Lieut. Col. Hamilton, who was approaching with troops to secure the passes. The morning of the 13th of Feb. was fixed for the slaughter and on the night of the 12th, Glenlyon was supping and playing cards with those whom he meant to assassinate before dawn. At five in the morning, the murderous work began. When the day dawned, 38 corpses, among whom were several women, and more dreadful still, the hand of an infant that had been struck off in the murderous tumult, were lying in or around the village in their blood. But the massacre comprehended only a small portion of the tribe, for Hamilton had not come up in time, the passes were open and 150 men, and probably as many women, escaped, but only in many cases to perish from cold and hunger, among the snows, in the high mountain gorges. When Hamilton did arrive, he was disappointed in finding the work so imperfectly done and seizing an old Highlander, whom being above seventy, the other butchers

had agreed to let live murdered him in cold blood. The huts of the village were then set on fire, and the troops departed, driving with them the flocks and herds of the glen.

The question as to the share of guilt of this transaction by King William has been discussed with no little warmth on both sides. Lord Macaulay pleads, in vindication of the King's conduct, that the certificate delaying the submission of MacI'an had been suppressed ; that he knew the Macdonalds only as a rebellious clan, who had rejected his conciliatory offers ; and that in signing the orde. for their extirpation, he certainly never intended them to be murdered in their sleep, but merely that their organization as a predatory gang should be broken up. The scene of the massacre is visited annually by the tourists. (Chambers' Encyclopaedia.)

PERSECUTION OF WITCHES AND HERETICS

In the above abstract, taken from an authority not very likely to be disputed, is shown what was understood by William of so-called glorious, pious and immortal memory and advisers as political liberty in Scotland, which boasts of being ahead of England and Ireland. Now let us have a short glance at the kind of religious liberty people had after getting free from the power of the Church of Rome. The famous Lord Macaulay, in his popular history, which strange to say, he calls "The History of England", while like Buckle's History of Civilization in England, it is mostly devoted to Scotland, gives an interesting account, in the 22nd chapter, on the state of religious liberty while he is describing the foundation of the parish system of schools which has done so much to enable Scotemen for generations to push ahead in various parts of the world.

"In the very month in which the Act for the settling of schools was touched with the sceptre, the rulers of the church and state in Scotland began to carry on with vigour two persecutions worthy of the 10th century, a persecution of witches and a persecution of heretics (or infidels). A crowd of wretches, guilty only of being old and wretched or miserable, were accused of trafficking with the devil. The Privy Council was not ashamed to issue a commission for the trial of 22 of these poor creatures. The shops of the booksellers of Edinburgh were strictly searched for heretical works. Impious books among whom the sages of the Presbytery of Edinburgh ranked Thos. Burnett's sacred theory of the earth, were strictly suppressed. But the destruction of mere paper and sheep-skin could not satisfy the bigots. Their hatred required victims who could feel, and was not appeased till they had perpetrated a crime such as has never since polluted the Island of Britain.

A student of 18, named Thos. Aikenhead, whose habits were studious and whose morals were irreproachable, had in the course of his reading, met with some of the ordinary criticism of the Bible. He fancied he had lighted on a mine of wisdom which had been hidden from the rest of mankind, and, with the conceit from which half educated lads are seldom free, proclaimed his discoveries to four or five of his companions. Trinity in unity, he said, was as much a contradiction as a square circle. Ezra was the author of the Pentateuch. The Apocalypse was an allegorical book about the philosopher's stone. Moses had learned magic in Egypt. Christianity was a delusion and would not last till the year 1800. For this wild talk, of which in all probability, he would himself have been ashamed, long before he was five and twenty, he was prosecuted by the Lord Advocate. Aikenhead might undoubtedly have been tried by the law of Scotland, punished with imprisonment till he would retract his errors and do penance before the congregation of his parish; and every man of sense and humanity would have thought this a sufficient punishment for the prate of a forward boy, but Stewart (the prosecuting Lord Advocate), as cruel as he was, base called for blood.

The Lord Advocate exerted all his subtlety. The poor youth, at the bar, had no counsel. He was altogether unable to do justice to his own cause. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged at the foot of the gallows. It was in vain that he with tears abjured his errors and begged piteously for mercy. He petitioned the Privy Council that, if his life could not be spared, he might be allowed a short respite to make his peace with God. It remained to be seen how the ((Presbyterian) clergy of Edinburgh would act. That divines should be deaf to the entreaties of a penitent who asks, not for pardon, but for a little more time to receive their instructions and to pray to heaven for the mercy which cannot be extended to him on earth, seems almost incredible. Yet so it was. The (Presbyterian) ministers, not only demanded the poor boy's death, but his speedy death, though it should be his eternal death. Even from their pulpits they cried out for cutting him off.

Aikenhead was hanged between Edinburgh and Leith (Jan. 9th, 1692.) The preachers, who were the boy's murderers, crowded round him at the gallows, and while he was struggling in the last agony, insulted heaven with prayers more blasphemous than anything that he had uttered. Wodrow has told no blacker story of Dundee. All this happened in the ninth year of the reign of the glorious and immortal William of Orange. The Covenanters had gained the upper hand over the Catholic Church of Rome, and the Episcopal Church of England and this *Reign of Terror* was the im-

mediate result. No ! the so called Reformation of Luther, Calvin, Knox and the Blue Beard Henry VIII was not a forward but a Reactionary Movement.

Norman MURRAY,
233, St. James, St.

September 2nd, 1919.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTEMPT

To the Editor of *The Gazette* :—

Sir. — In reading Mr. Phalen's excellent articles, it occurred to me that he should enlarge his field of observation, in which case he would find, as I did, the same spirit of contempt for other people as well as the French-Canadians exhibited in many other places as well as Canada by the same type of people. What exasperates French-Canadians in Canada and the Celtic natives of Ireland most is the idea that their case is peculiar. The same hostile attitude of contempt and disdain is exhibited by the same type of people everywhere — towards the Welsh south of the Tweed, to the Gaelic-speaking Highlanders of Scotland, to the Celtic people of Ireland and to the French-Canadians of Canada. It is the spirit of ignorance of a very common type of humanity. Such people know absolutely nothing of the spirit of chivalry. When French-Canadians take a philosophical view of the situation and understand the psychological condition of that type of mind, it will make quite a lot of difference. It is simply a type of contagious insanity.

Some years ago, a book was written which caused considerable excitement, called "The Unspeakable Scott." The author considered himself an Anglo-Saxon and the subjects of his particular satire, the Lowland Scotch, were as Anglo-Saxon as himself, or much more so.

In South Britain, they had a song : "Tabby was a Welshman, Tabby was a Thief" ; in Ireland it is Paddy and his pig, and Croppy He down. In Scotland, it is Donald the sheep stealer, and in Canada, it is "Jean Baptiste, the Pea Soup". So really French-Canadians have little to complain of in comparison to the rest of us. When French-Canadians, as I said before, realize that quite a lot of other people had to put up with the same sort of thing much longer than they had they will learn to ignore it more than they do at present and give such ignorant boorish people a fool's pardon.

Norman MURRAY.

THE LANGUAGE QUESTION

To the Editor of *The Gazette*.

Sir. — In Mr. Phalen's excellent article on "The Causes of Disunion", he makes a slight mistake in reference to the Gaelic language in the Highlands of Scotland. I know of no coercion for the suppression of the Gaelic language. There have been schools established in the Highlands where the reading lessons have all been in Gaelic. Gaelic is still preached in some churches in Glasgow and Edinburgh. The chief cause of the misunderstanding about Gaelic and French is the foolish idea that these languages are of no use. Nothing is more likely to exasperate a Gaelic speaking Highlander than to notice a Lowlander laugh at a Gaelic song and then expect the Highlander to get enthusiastic about broad Scotch, which is really old English — in other words a German dialect. No more foolish cry can be taken up than the one school one language theory. Our Quebec system is much better than the Ontario system. Instead of one school and one language, a much better idea is "the more languages a man speaks the more time he is a man." No person can be considered educated, who can speak only one language. Gaelic, French, Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish, etc., have close affinity to each other, as English, German, Dutch and Norwegian languages have with each other. The rub comes in when some people who can speak only one language and that often imperfectly, wish other people to speak only one language and that their language. Unfortunately, some people that ought to know better are getting ashamed of the Gaelic language, instead of teaching it to their children as they ought to do.

Norman MURRAY.

NOTICE

Part 2 will contain further illustrations of Orange folly and fanaticism, the Protestant Reign of Terror in Scotland copied from Buskile, *The Daughter persecutes the Mother*.