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World events, therefore, were never dramatic, seldom even critical, and their reactions on a region like Mid-Tyrone were negligible. To speak symbolically, as far as the people of Ireland were concerned, Ireland was their world, and Tyrone, for all practical purposes, was their country. Hence it was, no doubt, that on the local horizons, local events assumed a size and an importance out of all proportion to their intrinsic merits, and held practically the sole attention of the community. And that circumstance might well be one of the reasons why the bitterness of the split lasted for so long. There was, indeed, little external cause to deflect countrymen, townsmen or parishioners from the happenings of their county, town or parish. Another consequence of this was the vast importance of the local weekly papers, the Unionist "Tyrone Constitution" and the Nationalist "Ulster Herald". Only a small minority of the townspeople, and an extremely small percentage of the rural population wasted any money or time on any of the Dublin or Belfast dailies. Their respective weekly papers were universally brought home with their supplies from the town on the market day, and their columns,

filled with accounts of local Court proceedings, weddings, funerals and political meetings - all printed in detail and the speeches nearly verbatim - and other local trivia, were avidly devoured, line for line, by the members of families or read out at the firesides for the aged and the illiterate. And the leading articles in those papers, nearly always on some phase of politics or religion or local or county problems, provided their readers with their weekly quota of food for thought and political guidance which they accepted as almost gospel truth.

The years that just preceded the battle for the second Home Rule Bill were, indeed, singularly tranquil in Ireland. True, in parts of the West and South there was some agrarian trouble - cattle-driving, boycotts of "grabbed" farms, and the like; but, taking the country as a whole, it would be true to say that, up till then, there had rarely been a more peaceful period since the conquest than those early years of the Liberal Government, from 1906 to the formation of Carson's "Ulster Volunteer Force". Save for those isolated agrarian outbreaks, endemic in their localities, the country was almost wholly

free from crime, certainly from serious crime. And, too, the period was conspicuous for the complete absence of the gun as an "arbitrator" in political issues - in itself a truly remarkable achievement, and one that a student of Irish history can but marvel at. Of course, things had gone well for the Irish; they held the balance of power in the new Parliament, and there was no longer any need to resort to violence for political ends.

In those days there wasn't an Irish Nationalist that did not believe that Home Rule was "in the basket", and put "in the basket" by virtue of those constitutional methods which Parnell had converted the country to after the fall of Fenianism, and which Gladstone had done so much to popularise by his obvious sincerity on its behalf. The wishy-washyness and half-heartedness of the Liberal Leaders on Home Rule were not at all apparent to Irish Nationalists at that time. On the contrary, the Irish were convinced that Liberalism was impregnated by the same good faith and resolution of Gladstone, that his aura had, by no means, faded away, and that presently they would behold a full-blooded Home Rule Bill, firmly set in the Parliamentary stocks, and, in due course, recorded

on the Statute Book. The metamorphosis, in so singularly brief a period, of a people proverbailly Anglophobian and deeply distrustful, with good reason, of the promises of English politicians, into a people wholly friendly to, and having implicit, if pathetic, confidence in the "Great Liberal Party" - to use the term on every believer's lips then - was nothing less than a miracle.

And, still more remarkable was the corollary to this miracle of Gladstone's - for he was its chief architect- the complete turning away from physical force as a means of securing the national objective. Parents, elders, politicians and, particularly, the Church, with the horrors of the abortive rebellions and outrages of the not so remote past engraved on their memories, and a bright faith for the future in their hearts, combined to eradicate the physical force tradition from the mind and soul of the country, as they had, in an earlier generation, combined (sub-consciously, of course) to eradicate the language. To that end they never wearied of counselling the young and ardent against the "criminal folly" and needlessness of repeating '98, '03, '48 and '67, in supine efforts to free Ireland by the sword. That the pen, and more particularly, the tongue, especially when

operating on the battle field of "the floor of the House of Commons" were mightier weapons than the sword, was the favourite test of those countless admonitions.

And, unquestionably, that ceaseless anti-physical force propaganda, in season and out of season, certainly had its effect, and its deep effect, on the youth of my generation. We turned away from force as a practicable or defensible weapon for achieving self-government, as we would, or should, turn away from sin itself. Yes, indeed; it was nearly on a par with that. Physical force, as a policy in Nationalist Ireland was, as we thought, dead as the Dodo, and - I was about to write - buried, long before the critical years that followed 1910. Little did we then realise that it was far from dead; that it was a giantess but refreshing herself with deep sleep before her violent resurrection in 1911-14, and before her bloody efflorescence in 1916-22. And still less could we foresee that, in that efflorescence, our generation, the very generation that had eschewed the mad goddess, would be her sacrificial priests, offering victims of blood on her altars, in many cases our own blood.

In those days of a reviving and hopeful Nationalism I used to go, occasionally, to lectures on Irish history and politics given usually under the auspices of the U.I.L., at one or other of its branches or halls (though I was never a member of that League). Though the U.I.L. was a body strictly pledged and bound to constitutional methods, a surprising number of its lectures dealt with our warlike past, and quite the most popular subject of all was on the Rising of '98, and on the personalities of the famous rebels that took part therein. We had eschewed our physical force past, but we still liked to hear about it, as the reformed sinner is tempted so strongly to recall the trespasses of his past life. How those eloquent "demosthenes" of the National Party used to put our young blood on fire with vivid descriptions of the battles of that great insurrection - Vinegar Hill, Wexford, Enniscorthy, Ballynahinch, Randalstown! Then, seeing that they had lit us up and made our young hearts thump, they became somewhat guilty of conscience and, in their concluding remarks, set out to "bromide" us, ending on a sober and apologetic note on the sword, excusing its use in the past because there was then no alternative, nothing comparable to the

sublime but deadly constitutional weapons of their day, the Pen and the Tongue, that had got us so far on our way without the firing of a shot, or the shedding of a drop of human blood.

With the triumphal advance of Liberalism with "Home Rule" writ large on its banner, a real and a most curious "Union of Hearts" began to manifest itself between British Nonconformist Liberalism and Irish Catholic Nationalism. That two such disparate and largely contrasting interests should become such close and friendly allies was, certainly, something of a phenomenon, but it was nonetheless real for all that. An English, or Scotch, Welsh or Irish (Protestant) Liberal was, in those days, the Nationalist Irishman's brother in a way that the Orangeman or, for that matter, the Catholic English Unionist certainly was not. Nationalist Ireland was convinced that "Democracy" was, at last, firmly entrenched and well "in the saddle" across the Irish Sea, and that the recently emancipated proletariat in the four countries of the British Isles were united by a close fraternal bond, and ready to advance as allies, side by side, to win their respective victories that no Tory or Ascendancy chicanery could,

thenceforward, deprive them of.

Our chosen leaders never wearied of impressing upon us that there was a strong New England in being and in power, an England that we could absolutely trust and back, a Liberal England solidly erected on the lasting foundation of the great Gladstone's own principles, and enveloped in the aura of his prestige that, we could take it, would be as incapable of letting Ireland down as Gladstone himself would have been. The Government and the "Great Liberal Party" were "Gladstone's Men", that should be enough for us. And it was!

Alas, the no far distant future was soon cruelly to reveal how misplaced was that pathetic new faith in the integrity of English Liberalism, and how far from being "Gladstone's Men" Asquith and his colleagues were.

X11. -

We must now return to the arena of Westminster and follow

the fatal events that were then being enacted on that famous "Floor".

All parties - Liberals, Unionists, Labour and Irish - were exceedingly surprised at the wholly unexpected result of that first General Election of 1910. And all parties, save the Irish, who were, naturally, highly elated, and the Labour, who had, for the first time, established itself as a distinct unit in the Parliamentary machine, were deeply disappointed at the result. The consummation they wished least and feared most had come to pass. There could only be a government of the British Isles by and with the consent of the Irish Parliamentary Party; and, well they knew the price they would have to pay for that consent. Asquith and some of his colleagues were believed to have a deep aversion to take office at the head of a government dependent on the will of the Irish Nationalists, and there were rumours that he contemplated resignation. However, if he had any feelings of that kind, he successfully surmounted them and resumed office again as Prime Minister of a Liberal Government.

Thus, the first "battle" in the so-called constitutional struggle ended in a decisive Liberal victory. Comparing small events to great, to, let us say, the American Civil War, it was the "Bull Run" of the struggle for Tory supremacy, as Bull Run

was the first fight in the struggle for white supremacy, though with a diametrically contrary result. It was obvious to all, save those who would not see, that the Liberal victory at the polls had ensured the life of the Budget in its initial form. But the Tories declined to see, and continued to oppose it, though it was strange that they could not have known how futile and foolish that course was, and incredible that they failed to have anticipated its reactions, fatal as they were to be to Tory supremacy. But, like the Bourbons, as we shall see, they had learnt nothing from their original folly, in elevating that not very harmful and far from revolutionary measure to the height and importance of a major constitutional issue.

The next "casus belli" was the Parliament Bill, designed to break the absolute veto of the House of Lords. This particular issue, unlike the Budget issue, lay wholly beyond Tory choice and initiative. It arose from and was rendered inevitable by the ill-judged action of the Lords in electing to defeat the Budget, and a string of other quite legitimate Liberal measures, during the previous four years. It is highly probable that had the Budget not been thrown out by the Lords there would have been no Parliament Act, or any other attempt to interfere with the veto in any way, at least for some years to come. Looking back on that period, and having regard to the personalities involved in

those contentions, it is exceedingly dubious whether anything in the nature of a Parliament Act would ever have been called into existence for the sole purpose of clearing the way for the passage of a mere Irish Home Rule Bill through Parliament. If something of the kind was required of such a measure, some way of side-tracking it by agreement between the big English parties would, probably, have been worked out, and resorted to. And, anyhow, if the imbecile opposition of the Tories to the Budget had not occurred there could have been no Parliament Act, for there would have been no need for it. In such circumstances, the Home Rule Bill, 1912, would certainly have been thrown out by the Lords and Asquith would unquestionably have had no constitutional alternative open to him but to appeal to the country with, judging from the way the latter general and by-elections went, the almost certain result of his defeat. A Tory Government would succeed him, and "Home Rule" would once more go into the moth balls without there having been a gun landed in Ireland.

LIFE IN DUBLIN, 1910.

Before I deal with that critical year, 1910, and its second general election, I must say something about my own doings, and about the Dublin of the period, whither I went as a student. My father, being a solicitor, it was decreed that

I should read for the Bar, the idea being that my younger brother would, in due course, become a solicitor and enter my father's office. Actually, when his time came to choose a profession, my brother opted for medicine.

It so happened that, some time about the year 1903, I think, my father's business increased so much that he was obliged to take in a partner. The old M.P.'s son, George Murnaghan, had been articled to my father, and when he was admitted a solicitor, my father made him his partner and so the firm of Shields and Murnaghan, Solicitors, was established. This partnership lasted till the death of my father, a period of 40 years, and was a very happy and harmonious one. The firm is carried on today by George's son, Gerald Murnaghan.

Hence it was that, early in October 1910, I went to Dublin and commenced lectures in Trinity and King's Inns, with the object of becoming a barrister as soon as possible; for my father was then very delicate and his whole anxiety was to get his sons settled before anything happened to him. Actually, he need not have been so anxious, as he did not quit this world until his 91st year.

This first term as a student was a memorable one for me. It was my first taste of the joys of virtually unrestricted freedom. I had been brought up strictly, and my long spell of

ten years in English schools, with not more than two months in each year spent at home, made me appreciate all the more that new free world, with few restraints and a pleasing feeling of personal independence, into which I now entered.

My train from the north got into Amiens St. terminus a little after midday and, as I had a number of rather bulky and old-fashioned leather cases containing my modest student's chattels-personal, and as Dublin was completely unknown to me, I hailed a side-car (no taxis then) and, having had my luggage duly parked thereon, bade the jarvey drive me to an address in Harcourt St. Dublin jarvies and their cars and, much more so, their cabs, were proverbial - one of the sights of Dublin - and in complete harmony with the city's then staple adjectives - "Dear" and "Dirty". It would be quite impossible for anyone who knew not that period to imagine what they were like; or, for that matter, what the metropolis herself was like. As for the city, let it suffice here to say that it fully justified its epithet "Dear, Dirty Dublin". As one who saw and lived for more than ten years in that pre-Truce Dublin, I find it difficult to discern any close r elationship between the beautiful, clean, spick-and-span Dublin of today with the tawdry, slatternly, smelly, filthy old Dublin of yesterday. But yes: the two Dublins had one thing in common. Dirty and dilapidated as she then was,

the Dublin of yesterday, as the Dublin of today, retained her air of dignity and tradition that never fails to impress those who see her for the first time. She was down at heel and tattered, after more than a century of dispossession, but, behind her rags, she still bore herself in queenly manner; she was still the chatelaine, the grande dame - the thousand-year-old metropolis.

In "Dearness" in its unsentimental meaning, and in dirtyness it would be difficult to beat the hack cars and cabs and their drivers. One of the duties of the city's special police force, the D.M.P., was to see that such vehicles were kept in tolerably clean and proper condition; but, judging from their general appearance at that time, as I remember them, that duty was not taken seriously.

My side-car, or "hack", as such a conveyance was usually termed, maintained faithfully the well-earned reputation. It was dirty and tattered. The horse was a miserable creature with a hollow back and wretched harness, and, today, would not be tolerated in harness anywhere in the country. The jarvey was the personification of "broken-downness" - to coin a suitable term; unshaven, with a heavy, drooping moustache that entirely concealed his mouth and made his words sound as though they came from under a blanket. A dilapidated old bowler ("Jerry") hat, green with

age, was pulled down on his head over his ears; and an overcoat, originally black, with a worn velvet collar, also transformed by age into the national colour. His heavy meat-red jowls, and the unmistakable odour that carried to you with his words, indicated clearly that he was no "bigot" where "refreshments" were concerned. Multiply him three or four hundred times and you have, with few exceptions, the typical jarvey of "Dublin's Fair City" at that time.

His watery but shrewd eye, having sized me up as a greenhorn and I, having made his task easier by asking banal and innocent questions about the buildings we passed on our way, he presently queried: "'Tis your first time in the city, sir?". Then: "'Tis a long piece from Amiens St. to Harcourt St., sir. 'Tis away across the city, at the other end entirely". For the rest of the way he regaled me with sad tales about the cost of living and the high price of oats and hay for his horse and for repairs for the necessary wear and tear of his chariot. Indeed, things were so bad that he seriously considered giving up his philanthropic vocation on behalf of the public. After what seemed to me an interminable time, he pulled up at a house in Harcourt St. When my luggage was taken off the hack I tendered him 2/6d. The look of astonishment that came into the good man's face would have had to be seen to be believed. With a perplexed smile and a frown,

as though not knowing whether to laugh or be angry, he held the half-crown out in the palm of his hand, asking me: "What's the manin' of this?" Being well-primed at home by my father on the grasping and avaricious character of Dublin's Jehus, I reminded him that his legal fare was but sixpence and I had given him five times that amount. Then his face brightened, and he informed me in patient explanatory tones that I was quite correct as regards the city proper, but we had, en route, to cross through portion of the territory of the independent township of Pembroke, and that circumstance immediately negatived the 6d restriction within the city boundaries. I, of course, was bewildered and got away finally with giving him an additional 1/6d. which he accepted with the air of one who was making a great sacrifice to my innocence.

It was a considerable time afterwards that I discovered what a "whopper" he told me, for, of course, one does not pass through any part of Pembroke going from Amiens St. to Harcourt St.

Well, I have only dwelt on this jarvey and his hack because he was such a typical feature of that now dead "Dear Dirty Dublin". Those jarvies were certainly an extraordinary community to be found in any capital city. And not only were they tawdry and avaricious beyond words; they were also extremely unprogressive - "conservative" if you like. Their union, or association, was

strong enough to prevent the motor taxi appearing on Dublin streets long after it had superseded the horse-drawn vehicle in nearly every other big European city. We had to wait for the first Cosgrave Government and the cleaning-up rule of the City Commissioners for that to happen. The jarvies had a powerful "democratic" organisation called the "Anti-Taxi Association". One of the privileges of this enlightened body was to precede the Irish Leader's carriage riding, 300 of them, on their respective "chargers", and each holding up his pennant, a short staff crowned with a card bearing the slogan: "Anti-Taxi Association - Dublin wants no Taxis".

The first students I fell in with in Dublin were Trinity students. I was not long attending lectures before I contacted a number of fellows with whom I was destined to be very friendly. Curiously enough, they were mostly, like myself, Northerners, though I had never met them before coming to Dublin. One was the late Fred Dempsey, son of Sir Alex Dempsey, the prominent Catholic doctor of Belfast. Others were Jack Mitchell of Belfast and Leslie Alderdice of Newry. They were law students, the two latter for the solicitors profession, but Dempsey, like myself, for the Bar. Dempsey lived in Trinity, high up in No.2. He was Nationalist in politics, and, though his father, the distinguished doctor, was a steadfast supporter of the official

Irish Parliamentary Party, Fred held independent views, and, like myself, was highly critical of that Party. Mitchell was a g good, congenital, true-blue Unionist, as was Alderdice; but neither was very intense, being Unionists in much the same way as the former was a Protestant, the latter a Presbyterian. Neither was, in any sense, very political and did not show any strong feeling for, or interest in politics at all. Indeed, I remember Alderdice offering me, on one occasion, a front rank ticket to a big meeting of Southern Unionists in the Theatre Royal which was addressed by Bonar Law. I was not able to accept his offer, and I know he didn't bother his head going to it himself, so I suppose he gave it away to someone else.

This lack of political interest was particularly the case with Alderdice who was very romantic, with a curious, yet attractive, un-northern indifference to the display of his feelings. He was extremely musical and was quite a maestro at the piano which made him in great demand for students' "hooleys" and "skites". It goes without saying that he took a keen interest in the fair sex whom he tended to idealise. Mitchell, too, was, shall I say, as strongly drawn to the opposite sex, but, unlike Alderdice, he was not too "choosey" regarding them, and certainly, he could never have been accused of idealising them. Through those first friends - all, now, I fear, dead -

I made several other contacts among the students with some of whom I became very friendly. There were, for example, Simon the New Zealander, Mannix and Power, two medicos from Cork and Kerry respectively, Catholics, and two Jews, Michael Noyk and Eddie Lipman. The latter was to become one of my closest and (save for one other) my oldest personal friend. He is, thank God, still alive and in the full of his health. Noyk and Lipman were the first Jews I ever met in my life. I knew little about that race and, what little I knew was, in many respects, inaccurate. Indeed, I had a vague kind of an idea that they had passed away from human society as a distinct race or community centuries ago, sometime after the Crucifixion, leaving little trace behind them, and it was certainly a surprise to me that they still existed, and existed in considerable numbers. Brought up as I had been, in an environment where the pull in the community was a religious and not a racial one, and in an environment where not one in a thousand had seen, much less spoken to, a Jew. I was wholly free from anti-Semitic prejudice Of course, I often heard as a child from nurses and others all about how the cruel Jews crucified Our Lord on the Cross. It was only long after I had left my childhood behind me that I learnt that the Crucifixion was an entirely Roman and not Jewish form of execution and was carried out by Roman soldiers, or,

possibly, Phoenicians in the Roman army under Pontius Pilate. Apart from that, I also knew Our Lord to be a Jew, likewise all the Apostles and the first Popes, and this knowledge seemed to neutralise, or soften to some extent the first averment; or, at any rate, to prevent a sweeping condemnation of an entire race. However, be all that as it may, I found them singularly human, very goodhearted and highly intelligent.

A little knot of friends collected around us and Fred Dempsey's room at No. 2 in the College provided a convenient focus for our gatherings together. Thither, when we had nothing better to do, or, to speak more candidly, to avoid doing something better, e.g., our lawful studies, we would resort. There were nearly always some members of the group there; if not, we waited and it was not long till one or other of our comrades made his appearance, as often as not accompanied by a new friend or two, not necessarily students.

Great, indeed, and mighty (so we thought, at all events) were the discussions that would break out at these gatherings on every conceivable topic under the sun - (to give them their general order of priority, or rather, of interest), sex, sport, religion, literature, medicine (gynaecological and forensic mainly), law, history, politics. Yes, I have truthfully had to put politics last. The students, neither Protestant nor

Catholic, Unionist nor seemed to take any particular interest in politics - Irish, imperial or world. Indeed, they seemed to avoid, to fight shy of the subject. Perhaps that was due to the fact that the company was mixed politically, and the agitator, Carson, was, at the time, deliberately devoting his considerable though negative talents to the ignoble and dangerous task of inflaming political opinion and putting the opposing sections, particularly in the North, at each other's throats for the purpose of defeating Home Rule, and thereby bringing down the Liberal Government. Mere students that we were, and not very responsible at that, perhaps the times, with Carson's "hotting-up" campaign going on in the outside world, gave us a restraint in approaching that vexed subject that was lacking in many of our elders, But, whether that was the reason or not, there was, amongst students in that particular year of 1910, a malaise - a fed-upedness - on politics that made the subject almost distasteful to them. Some of this, in the case of Nationalist students, was, unquestionably, caused by the aftermath of the Parnell tragedy that sickened politics for two generations. Another reason for it was that there was no place for the young man, particularly for the educated or enterprising young man, in the political organisations of that

time. The U.I.L. and the A.O.H. smothered the country in a strong network of branches and lodges under the powerful and autocratic control of elderly men in Dublin who would brook no criticism whatsoever of their methods or proceedings. The good supporter of the party at that time was expected to be one thing and one thing only - a good "Yes" man to Dublin Headquarters. Hence, there was no scope or outlet for the development or display of individuality or personality in any respect, and so, youth held aloof from the vast machine of official Nationalism.

I have been present very often at all-night discussions in Fred Dempsey's rooms, though I was never a resident of the College. The College rules were that no female should be on the premises later than 6 p.m. and that no living-in freshman should be outside the premises, without special leave, after 10 p.m. Any other male, student or not, could remain on in a student friend's room till any time he liked in the morning; there were always "bulldogs" on the door to let him out.

Many's the all-night discussion in Dempsey's rooms was I at. Men from other rooms and from outside kept dropping in during the night, adding their quota to the eternal discussion on all manner of subjects treated with the fullest freedom - for we were all but recently liberated from more or less strict

Victorian homes I must say that those unarranged and largely impromptu sessions, composed of barely post-adolescents, in which every subject under the sun was touched on, until the sun reappeared in the sky above the Campanile, had a really extraordinarily wide educational value. Youth was teaching youth unconsciously, each contributing his own little quota of learning and experience to the general consortium, and each receiving back a much larger amalgam of both. Those assemblies frequently lasted the entire night, and were refreshed and restimulated, as the hours passed, by new men pushing open the door and joining in. Dempsey's was not, of course, the only place where those sessions were held; several others were going on in other parts of the establishment at the same time. Trinity did not, it is true, permit her junior students to go out after 10 p.m., but they were seemingly free to do what they liked in their own rooms and houses - to work, to talk or to sleep all night. These sessions of immured students were clearly a very valuable, albeit unprescribed part of the institution's curriculum, and, from my experience of it, I have often thought that universities without a living-in system miss a great deal of the corporate benefits that a residential, collegium system has to give. Hostels in non-residential

universities may supply something akin to it, but I can't say; certainly, "digs" and lodgings in great cities do not.

I have said that, in general, politics, particularly Irish politics, were hardly touched on amongst students in Trinity, a phenomenon due, in my opinion, to the mixed character of Trinity studentry and to the disparate, intense and extremely centrifugal background of the two great sections of the Irish population to one or other of which the students belonged. This was true for most, but not all of the year. And it certainly did not apply to the fellows and professors, a goodly number of whom were strong politicians, mostly Unionists, though there were a few Liberals among them, and at least one man with definite pro-Irish convictions who was not afraid to avow them. The latter was my friend and fellow-countyman, Professor Joseph Johnston, now a Senior Fellow of the College, still amongst us, and, I am glad to say, very much alive indeed. Joe Johnston hails from the Dungannon district in Co. Tyrone, where his folk, like my own forbears in a nearby area, were strong farmers. He had a brilliant academic career, taking all before him, first in the Royal School, Dungannon, and afterwards in T.C.D. In the latter he sat for the Fellowship examination, at that time the most difficult test in the College, and passed it with record marks and at a record age; he was just twenty-one. In Ulster

he was, naturally enough, claimed for what he undoubtedly was, a brilliant young Ulsterman from whom great things were expected, not least in the Unionist cause. But Joe, to the no small surprise and disappointment of his Unionist admirers, turned out to have convictions in the other direction, and to be strongly opposed to the doctrine of violence and illegality that was then being preached widespread in the north. His first "opus" was an extremely able and cogently reasoned criticism of the Carsonic campaign which was published in pamphlet form and created quite a stir. It was quite unique in being a political treatise, wholly free from polemics and bias of any kind, the ticklish theme being treated on a highly objective and logical plane that deeply impressed its readers. This courageous and altruistic action brought the "boy" Fellow little or no material gain; indeed, the contrary was the case. Many of the Protestant schools in Ulster, on which he had the right to rely for a supply of students, in his capacity as tutor, ignored him, and, I think, that he and his family must have had a pretty lean time during those years. Joe has always placed unhesitatingly at his country's disposal, whenever called upon, his fine ability and exceptional knowledge and experience. At the time of the Boundary Commission, his work on the economic side was outstanding, and his evidence before that Commission devastating.

I know that Judge Feetham, the chairman, was greatly struck and not a little embarrassed by its clarity and force. Why it was not accepted by the Commission is a story for another day.. I am glad to place here on record, for the eyes that may see this statement in future, the many valuable and unrewarded services to his country by this patriotic Irishman.

Trinity was, of course, a post-Reformation foundation. She was established as a centre of Protestantism, and became, in succession, a shrine of Hanoverian Whigism, and, in later times, a strong upholder of the Union, always returning, since 1801, two Unionist M.P.s. In 1910 her parliamentary representatives were Sir Edward Carson and James H. Campbell, later Lord Glenavy. Now, though she was unquestionably tolerant and fair in her treatment of her Catholic students, even in times of strong stress and passions, her fundamental colour escaped and broke out occasionally, and, invariably, on one particular day in the year. Curiously enough, the day chosen for this annual ebullition was, of all days, no other than the National Festival, 17th March.

The outburst was a piece of organised hooliganism, unworthy of a venerable seat of learning, and it was in double bad taste that the day selected for it was St. Patrick's Day. That day was traditionally celebrated by the Lord Mayor's procession through the streets of Dublin. This was a colourful affair,

led by the Mayoral State carriage, drawn by a fine pair of horses carrying his Lordship, resplendent in magnificent scarlet and gold robes, with the heavy chain of office round his shoulders, with his lady, his chaplain and the city mace-bearer. Following him, in other carriages, came the Aldermen and Councillors of the city attired in slightly less resplendent scarlet robes, and, behind them, numerous bands leading the various city guilds, national and other associations.

It was a completely harmless pageant that no one could take exception to; but, for some extraordinary reason that I could never fathom, its passage past the main gate of Trinity on its way to O'Connell St. was always a signal for a violent attack on it by the Trinity students who had concentrated there in force for that purpose. And those attacks were far from being mild token affairs. Missiles of various kinds, including rotten eggs, were rained at the procession and, in particular, at the Mayoral carriage, and often found their mark.

The designed and unprovoked character of the attack inflamed the populace, who made violent assaults on the college, breaking its windows and charging the gates. It ended in a desperate melee between students and citizens, when, eventually, the gates would be closed and the students withdrawn within its walls. It caused, of course, a lot of quite unnecessary bad blood betwee

the city and the university. I have seen the enraged mob, on one occasion, headed by the famous Jim Larkin, burst through the iron gates, knocking students over wholesale, and charge against the great oaken door confining the entrance arch until it vibrated, from which they had to be driven by reinforcements of the D.M.P. I have never understood why the authorities of the College did not take initial action to stop the disgraceful performance by, say, firmly prohibiting the students from creating what was nothing less than a riot in the centre of the capital on the National Day, under pain of rustification. But they never did: on the contrary, they seemed to tolerate, not to say, encourage the brawl. Its annual occurrence, so provocatively offensive to national sentiment, did much to make Trinity unpopular with the general populace, despite the number of leaders she gave to the nation.

In the afternoons I attended lectures at the King's Inns. There I met men from U.C.D. and quite a number of men who were well past students' years, but who were taking the Barrister degree. The King's Inns were much more politically inclined or, perhaps given to more open expression of politics than were the fellows in Trinity. Apart from lectures, each student had to keep Commons to get credit for his course; that is, he had to eat at least four dinners in each of the four law terms. Those

dinners, composed as they were of men of different religions, politics and ages, were pleasant affairs; and, after the presiding Benchers for the night had taken their seats at their table on the dais, and grace had been said, the talks and discussions that ensued were lively, often interesting and often warm. Politics were certainly not tabu; on the contrary, they were much in evidence. The official party element, and, particularly, the Hibernian element, were strongly represented. Many an argument Dempsey and I had with the Party element, and, occasionally, with the Unionist stalwarts. It was at those dinners that I met another man who was to be a lifelong friend of mine - the late Edward M. Stephens. Dempsey was due, when he got his degree, for the north-east circuit, and I for the north-west. There happened, at that time, to be quite a number of north-eastern men eating Commons; some of these were Nationalists of a very political type, strong backers of the official Party and the Hibernian Order. These disapproved very much of Dempsey's anti-Party sentiments, seeing that he was the son of Sir Alexander Dempsey, and the nephew of Belfast Councillor Dan Dempsey, both great pillars of support of Joe Devlin, the Hibernian president, and Belfast nationalism. They often cautioned Dempsey to mind himself if he wanted briefs on his circuit. They never bothered doing so to me; no doubt, they looked upon me as a bad job, seeing that I came from a

notoriously schismatical nationalist, or rather, anti-official Party stable.

Outside their lecture time, students employed their leisure in a variety of desultory ways. If they were athletically inclined (which I wasn't) they could join football, hockey, tennis or swimming clubs of which there were many available, not only attached to the schools and colleges, but outside, and to which students were always welcomed. Some few were beginning to play golf, like Lionel O. Munn, who was a member, for a short time, of the North West Bar, but this game, moderate indeed as it was then compared with today, was beyond the reach of most students. A social side for students, certainly a mixed social side, hardly existed at all. Women were beginning to come to the universities and the professions in growing numbers. Trinity barely tolerated them, although she was the first university in the British Isles to admit them to her degrees, keeping them strictly apart in their Elizabethan Society and ousting them all outside the sacred gates by 6 p.m.

The National University, in this regard, was, curiously enough, much more liberal, the girl- and boy-students mixed freely in U.C.D. on equal terms. But girls in both universities were not then very numerous and most of them were to be found in the medical or arts schools. Men students generally had to

resort to their own wits in providing themselves with female society, and they sought this everywhere - on the highways and byways, in shops and cafes and - above all and before all - from the footlights. The latter were, far and away, the most prized, but few men could rise to the dizzy monetary level of running one of those fascinating but extremely knowing ladies of the world. There was more scope at Pantomime time in the winter when the theatres were filled with teams of beauteous chorus girls who might permit themselves to be escorted back to their digs in Queen's Square, Brunswick St., the traditional quarters of the general run of theatricals in the Dublin of that day; and, indeed, were not remiss at being "paid attention to" during their sojourn in the Capital - provided always that their student swains were not paupers (which the large majority of them were).

In those days the theatres and music halls filled the place that the cinemas have now largely taken. There were, of course, no radio or television, and no popular and widespread motoring. Hence, students were more or less tied to the city during their college days.

There were three music halls, or variety theatres that catered for or helped to cater for the amusement of the masses - The Royal, The Empire (now the Olympia) and the Tivoli. The

last two were cheaper, and the more popular with the students. The average student endeavoured to "do" at least one music hall a week. If in funds, there were more visits, for these halls were extremely popular. There were a host of favourites appearing from time to time in Dublin variety - Happy Fanny Fields, May Moore Duprez and, occasionally, the famous but naughty Marie Lloyd. On the male side I remember Eugene Stratton the "White Nigger" with his pleasant coon lyrics, such as "The Lily of Laguna"; Little Tich, Arthur Prince, the ventriloquist, Dublin's own Horace Wheatley, and, occasionally, the great Harry Lauder. The Gaiety catered for the legitimate drama which we students didn't bother much about, and for light musical comedy and grand opera. We were very fond of the musical comedies of which there would be a fresh one every year. I remember "The Belle of New York", "The Merry Widow", "Miss Hook of Holland", "The Student Prince", "The Chocolate Soldier", "Light Blues". Those were the days when the beauteous musical comedy "queens" reigned in the hearts of many youths. The stationery and tobacco shop windows were filled with postcards and cigarette packets with cards bearing the images of those charmers - Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson, Lily Langtry, Ellaline Terriss, Maria Van Brugh, Gladys Cooper, Dorothy Ward and a whole troop of others that I cannot now recall. The fellows invested

freely in those postcards, framed them and hung them up on the walls of their digs. I think mine was a much more sentimental, not to say, romantic, generation than the present one.

There was also the Queen's Theatre in Brunswick St. (now Pearse St.). Despite the name, this was the home of turgid nationalist melodrama where "England's cruel red" was execrated and Ireland's stainless green hoisted on high.

The Abbey Theatre was going through its birth pains, but, mainly because it had no bar licence, was not frequented much by students.

Before passing from the theatrical scene, I must refer to one other aspect of it, and that a rather important one. That was opera, the love of which was traditional in Dublin for generations. In those days, no less than three opera companies visited the city in the year, each giving a season in the Gaiety Theatre. On those occasions the theatre would be packed out from top to bottom for the entire term of the company's visit. Indeed, an extraordinary feature of those visits was that the "gods", which was never more than partially filled for ordinary drama, were filled to overflowing for opera by a highly appreciative and enthusiastic audience of city artisans, workers and musically inclined students. Custom permitted, during the

intervals, a man or woman in the "gods" to sing one or other of the solos from the particular opera being produced, and I was often astonished how excellently those solos were rendered.

Those students whose homes were in Dublin, or who had friends or connections in Dublin, fared much better; and, indeed, could knock out a very pleasant time, for those were the days of elaborate, frequent and lavish entertaining in people's homes. In this respect I was luckier than many of my colleagues, for I had doctor-uncles practising in Dun Laoire (then Kingstown), and Bray - brothers of my mother. And I also had contacts with barrister and solicitor families through my father. I was at many a private dance and dinner in the houses of such people. And, looking back on them now, I appreciate more than I then did what a godsend they were to us impecunious students. We thought nothing of walking to the houses where those dances were held and walking back to our digs in the early hours of the morning, unless, on the very rare occasions when we were privileged to escort to her home a beauteous damsel; the privilege necessitating the hire of a cab - a definite pecuniary embarrassment!

As an example regarding myself; there were a number of families in the Rathgar area that were very kind to me, who used to give frequent dances in the year. One was the Hanrahans who lived in Highfield Road. Mr. Hanrahan was a solicitor, Clerk of

the Crown and Peace for the Co. Fermanagh, although he was a Corkman and a brother-in-law of Mr. Riordan, Crown Solicitor for the County Tyrone, to whom my father had been apprenticed. Mrs. Hanrahan was an exceedingly charming lady and strikingly good-looking. They had a family of one boy, Jack (also a solicitor) and two or three bright and clever girls - one was a Mod B.A. of T.C.D., a rare thing then - with much of their mother's charm and good looks. The Hanrahans often gave dances a and I thought nothing of going there, dancing all night and walking back "in the clear air of the morning" to my humble digs in Cabra Park, Phibsborough. That, of course, was the usual thing for students on limited allowances. And we (certainly myself) had generally only ourselves to look after, being seldom privileged or perplexed by having to escort to her home a fair companion. Indeed, in this connection, our chief bother (an acute and recurring, but, fortunately for our peace of mind, not a chronic bother) was when our wretched hearts weakened towards a fair one, we could do nothing worth-while on our small students' allowances to pursue any advantage that her dazzling eyes told we had, and, willy-nilly, had to deny ourselves. These lavish affairs in the homes of the well-to-do were the high-water mark of the student's (certainly my) social outlets. They were convivial and pleasant and the full and plenty

catering end certainly appealed to the young "digs" sojourner, accustomed as he was to hard commons.

But there was often a certain stiffness and formality about those home dances that took something from the pleasure for the average unsophisticated and bashful student. On such occasions, whites, full tails and gloves for men and, of course, programmes for all, were de rigeur. That element of embarrassment and stiffness was absent from a kindred type of relaxation which was much more informal and very popular with students. That was the dances or "do's" - as they were called - held at such rendezvous as Muldoon's at Tallaght, and certain small halls in Harcourt St., Harcourt Road and elsewhere in the city and suburbs. Those "do's" were eminently respectable and were financed by subscriptions well within the students' slender means, payable at the door.

Muldoon's, a farmhouse on the banks of the Dodder, was very popular in the summertime and easily accessible for the unvehicled from the city via the Blessington steam tram. For those affairs, formalities in dress and programmes were discarded. By no means all that frequented them were students; indeed, the majority of young men at them were already launched in life, one way or another, and in command of considerably more resources than the student, which circumstance had its effect in their

greater attraction for the fickle sex. The refreshments provided were in the nature of high teas, the ladies usually providing the more tasty ingredients attached thereto, the products of their own fair hands. In so doing, there was, doubtless, an element of self-interest, because tea and cakes were the only "extras" in the luxury line then open to young ladies with reputations to guard, when on their own and in close contact with young men. The convention of the time, seemingly, decreed that, to be steered round the dancing floor and sat-out with later by such young men, was stimulus and compensation enough for the young woman of that day.

As I have said, for girls to smoke, or quaff a glass of any alcoholic liquor, was fatal. True, there were a few ladies who never failed to turn up, and who smoked openly and brazenly, and, tell it not in Gath! who had actually been seen swallowing more than one glass of intoxicant in the company of gentlemen and who were paid great attention to by the Lothario and Don Juan element amongst the men; but such were labelled as "fast" and rather cold-shouldered by most of the women who, I rather think, were not a little envious of them.

The men fared much better at these "do's". They had the consolation of tobacco and alcohol, the latter nearly always in the form of bottles of Guinness which, at 1s.9d. a dozen, did

not break anyone. In this respect the "do's" differed from the more formal home-dances, as I shall call them. At the latter, under the roofs of established and worthy citizens, champagne flowed plentifully in those days and was partaken of, liberally enough, by the fair ones; but the line for them was everywhere drawn at tobacco.

During my student career I was in many "diggings" in Dublin My allowance, as I have said, was modest, for my parents had a thrifty northern outlook on money and did not believe in indulging their children. My mother, especially, held - and I now think with much truth - that character has to be created in children, and that it can only be created, in any worthwhile sense, by constant exercises in self-restraint and self-denial, though how far she succeeded in this wise with regard to myself is a dubious matter. However, be that as it may, I had to make-do as well as I could on my allowance which, modest as it was, was better than that of a good number of my comrades. I discovered after some experience that "digs" in the south side of the city were actually and relatively much higher than those on the north side. I had pals in "digs" up in Cabra Park, Phibsboro', who, I found, were excellently boarded and lodged for £1.1.0. a week. Accordingly, I hied me to that remote

region on the margin of the Fingal fields where, during the long summer nights, the craking of the corncrakes soothed one's sleep. Now, alas, the corncrakes have gone and a tidal wave of bricks and mortar have swamped their nesting meadows.

After some searching, I found a suitable digs in Cabra Park, kept by a Mrs. Casey, whose husband was employed in Mountjoy Brewery. Both Mr. and Mrs. Casey were amongst the hardest-working people I have ever come across and richly deserved every shilling they made. They had a growing young family at the time, but so well-disciplined were they that one never heard them. Mr. Casey was an accomplished musician. He played the 'cello, and it was an inspiration for us idling students to see the way that little man set off after his tea, after a hard day's work in the Brewery, to play in one of the theatrical orchestras, or as an occasional extra in Clarke-Barry's dance orchestra, then the "de luxe" dance band in Dublin.

On changing my residential venue from the south to the north side, I got into an entirely different segment of student life by reason of the fact that two of my fellow-diggers were National University medical students with close contacts with the big Mater Hospital nearby. The medicos were undoubtedly the students par excellence in those far-off days. Their formidable numbers, nearly outnumbering all the other faculties together, gave them

great importance. Then the requirements of their very special studies, by no means confined, as were the studies of other students, to the classrooms - their attachment to hospitals and their residence therein at certain stages in their long course, their close association with lady medicals and nurses, made them the envied of the men in the law, engineering, science and arts schools and, generally speaking, gave them a gratifyingly free expansive life with plenty of human interest not vouchsafed to other students.

But, if the medicals were the envied of studentdom, they certainly had a different reputation outside the colleges . Landladies dreaded them, and many would decline to board and lodge them, once they ascertained that they were medical students I well remember, when going my rounds looking for digs, being often asked by landladies at the door if I was a medical student, and, on one occasion, having to produce my legal text-books to convince the good lady.

Yes, the medicos bore a reputation then for wildness and disorder that, indeed, three generations of them had richly earned. I have neither time nor space here to give any specific instances of the extraordinary scenes and episodes in which they figured, but they were numerous in my time and comprised quite a mythology of their own back over the years, and a mythology that

had the advantage of having numbers of their great "legendary characters" - their Cuchulaiins, their Finns and Ossians - or, more correctly perhaps, their Bricrius, alive and transmuted by the gods into eminent surgeons and physicians, high-grade specialists looked up to by everyone, and clearly highly worthy of emulation.

The sprees and parties and practical jokes of the medicos were notorious; and many of them, in addition, suffered from a strange amnesia regarding their weekly bills.

On the whole, I fear that my generation of students was, generally speaking, more given to enjoying life and having a good time than to its books, and in this regard the medicals held the palm. That, perhaps, was mainly due to the "times that were in it". The world that Ireland was then part of had been, for the greater part of a century, and was a tranquil, lazy, opulent world, a vast part of which was under the British Raj; and, as far as one could see, was likely to remain so for a thousand years. Those were, indeed, for people of the student class, at all events, happy, carefree days, with a background of solidity behind them, and a promise of timeless security before them. Nobody, accordingly, felt it incumbent on him to die of overwork; and the average run of students saw to it that they lost no popularity nor earned the nefarious epithet of "swot" by bulging out their bare pass degrees with honours or

scholarships.

Again, in this respect, a goodly percentage of the medicals distinguished themselves and, in particular, they distinguished themselves by the production of a special type - the "chronic". The chronic medical enjoyed an extraordinary prestige amongst students. For them, he was enveloped in a sort of aura, and his exploits, his carousing achievements, his prowess amongst the fair sex, his contempt for professors and "swots", and his ability in failing examinations caused him to be looked up to with something akin to awe by the younger men. I knew a number of those "élite", and often envied them their nonchalance, and their great popularity.

Their popularity increased in accordance with the number of years "chronicism" they had put behind them. I knew one, or, rather, I had but a bowing acquaintance with the great man, the primate of the entire "corps chronique", with no less than 18 "chronic" years to his credit. Another had 14 such years behind him, and there were numbers with 10, 8, 6, down to the mere neophytes of the caste with but 2 or 3 years "after them". The curious thing was that, ultimately, most of those chronics qualified and made, in many cases, excellent doctors. Numbers of them, when World War I broke out, managed to get through their long-deferred finals, and joined up in the medical services of

the British army and navy, where the adventurous life was certainly agreeable to, and suitable for them, and where a remarkably high percentage of them made good, returning from the wars with their breasts lined with rows of medals.

As I have said, the generality of Dublin students were not too study-greedy "in illo tempore". A considerable percentage of them, a far greater percentage than today, did just the minimum of work to "save their bacon", and preserved their time for fun, pranks and the bars, which were their clubs, and where they could regale themselves and wax merry at the minimum of expense, a pint of stout being 2d, a bottle ditto, and a glass of whiskey 6d - the latter generally beyond the average student's pocket. Many a good night had the writer and a friend or two on what was then known as a "cart-wheel", the five shilling piece, a beautiful, large, deeply-rimmed silver coin, with St. George killing the dragon on its reverse side, now obsolete, like the golden sovereigns and the half sovereigns

I have referred to the lack of interest in politics amongst students of all colleges. That was true; though were you to ask them what politics they were, they would, with few exceptions, reply that they were Nationalist or Unionist, as the case might be, just as they would say Catholic or Protestant, if asked their religion. Unionists were always

the one brand, orthodox; but it was somewhat different with Nationalists. Most Nationalists were backers of John Redmond and the official Irish Party; but, now and again, one came across others who deviated in greater or lesser degree from the official Party line, independent Nationalists, like myself, or from Co. Cork, "All-for-Irelanders", whose prophet and leader was that picturesque figure, the r edoubtable William O'Brien. During the whole of my course as a student, I never met one who avowed himself a Sinn Feiner, or an extremist or separatist in any shape or sense. Indeed, the students that I came across all had an unconcealed contempt for the Sinn Feiner, the Separatist, and, of course, for the Republican. They regarded such as being either idealistic idiots, baying for the moon, or designing mischief-makers, paid and employed by the Castle to subvert and destroy the Home Rule movement. I remember a group of typical medical students attached to the Mater Hospital discussing a loquacious but somewhat eccentric old lady, a patient there, who was rather given to expressing subtle but biting views on English royalty, or on matters English, generally. Apart from that, she was decidedly difficult and exacting as a patient, which did not make her over-popular with the nurses and the medicos. She had had a rather tough argument with some of them, and this was being gone over by the group,

when one of them remarked gravely that "he would not be at all surprised if she was a bloody old Sinn Feiner" and the rest of the group thoroughly agreed with him about that awful possibility in her case. This was my nearest approach to Sinn Fein until after I had been called to the Bar. It goes to show what a slight hold Sinn Fein, and the Separatist movement, had at that time, but, five or six years from the Easter Week Rising, on the educated youth of the country.

True, there were a number of seats held in the Dublin Corporation by Sinn Fein and I.R.B. elements, but their names were almost unknown to the great bulk of students, who, anyhow, took no interest in Dublin ward politics, despising the Corporation as a corrupt and hopelessly inefficient body.

Apart from the Dublin of studentdom, there were, in those days, at least half a dozen different Dublins, each living its own self-contained life, and having greater or lesser contacts with the other Dublins.

There was, first of all, Castle Dublin - the official Dublin of the British Raj, headed by the Lord Lieutenant, and comprising the officers of the army of occupation, the heads of the Civil Service quartered in the Castle, and in various Government Departments, scattered throughout the city; the heads of the R.I.C. and D.M.P.; the law officers of the Crown, and the Judges

of the Court of Appeal and the High Court. These constituted a ruling caste, a separate section of society, living an Olympian and largely exclusive existence in the midst of the commonalty, meeting in exclusive clubs such as the Kildare St., the Sackville and the Hibernian United Services Club. They were, such of them as were permanent, nearly all strong Unionists of a definitely Orange tinge, many of them English, particularly in the higher ranks, with little or no real sympathy for the people or their aspirations. It is true that when the Liberal Government came into power, the political chiefs then appointed, such as the Earl (later Marquis) of Aberdeen and Augustine Birrell, his Chief Secretary, were avowedly sympathetic with Irish Nationalism in its Home Rule form; but the permanent chiefs of the Castle Civil Service, never changed on a change of government, remained "semper idem" adamantly hostile to Irish nationalism, even in its feeblest form, and avowed protagonists of the Union, which they regarded as being synonymous with loyalty.

Occupying as they did, pivotal and keystone positions in the country's machinery of government, they were a constant and effective clog on the ameliorative or sympathetic efforts of any of their political heads. And, curiously enough, the Lord Lieutenant's and particularly his wife's real sympathy for, and interest in the Irish people, made them intensely unpopular with

with "loyalists" throughout the country, many of them going out of their way to snub the official representative of the King to whom they avowed such deep loyalty, by declining to accept his invitations, and by maintaining a constant underground movement of criticism and abuse against him and his Court. So many, indeed, of these "loyalists" behaved in this manner, that Aberdeen, like the man in the gospel who invited the wedding guests, went out into the highways and byways and repaired the lapses and lacunae in the ranks of his Court by the well-to-do lawyers and doctors of the city, largely of nationalistic hue, albeit of a very weak shade. The energetic, kindly and very democratic Elspeth Aberdeen (she was a fine Scotswoman) set about, with those new "courtiers" establishing many good institutions such as her White Cross campaign against T.B., run by an organisation called the "Women's National Health Association", with branches and helpers all over the country, and with its own monthly paper "Slainte".

These Castle people, as I have said, kept much to themselves, but, looking back on it now, what a wonderful time of it they all had! Those were the days when a £1 contained 20 full-blooded shillings, each one of which would buy more than 10/- today; when there was no super-tax and very little

income tax, and when there were very many wealthy people, several with large unearned incomes, especially in the British army. Hence, there was a perpetual round of festivities to pass the time and kill ennui, for neither in the army of occupation, nor in the Civil Service of the Castle, was anyone likely to die from over-work in those genial, leisurely days. There were luncheons, garden-parties, dinners, balls galore, varied by house-parties for hunting or shooting in the winter, and fishing in the summer.

As I have just said, those Olympians were certainly not killed with work. Was it any wonder that Dublin had the reputation of a "Dream City" for them, a veritable ambrosial retreat which they were overjoyed at being posted to and which they loathed leaving. Apart from the remarkable number of wealthy people occupying such posts in the Dublin garrisons, the Curragh, Newbridge, Kildare, in the upper ranks of officialdom and the great circulation of money, another factor, and a most important one, made all that pleasant, festive, leisurely life possible, viz: the existence of that now-defunct social species, a necessity to the maintenance of the opulent life - the domestic servant. In those days they were to be had, male or female, butlers, coachmen, footmen, housemaids, parlour-maids nursemaids, cooks in abundance, and for really miserable wages

(£50 a year, all found, would be the maximum, and £18 to £20, all found, the more than average for housemaids). It was a poor house, indeed, that could not afford a few of them.

Grafton Street was then, far more than it is in our proletarian era, the fashionable street of Dublin, the shops displaying goods and wares that were on a par with Bond Street at its most opulent Edwardian days, and of a quality and luxury that are certainly not to be seen often there, or elsewhere in Ireland, or indeed in the British Isles nowadays. Dublin's "Haute Monde" "did" Grafton St. religiously two or three times every day. In the mornings and afternoons it would be crowded with men and women, attired in the fashion of the moment, sauntering leisurely and aimlessly up and down its pavements. Both sides were lined with the carriages and the autemobiles of the affluent, in charge of liveried coachmen and chauffeurs. The latter were then gradually, but very slowly, tending to replace the former, which were still very much in the ascendant numerically. True, there were not many Rolls Royces, but there were quite a number of large Daimlers and Darracqs, and a sprinkling of Argyles - then very popular makes for the people with the money. Motor cars were built with the chassis much higher off the ground than today, so that, to speak to an occupant, it was often necessary for the "not so tall" to

stand on the footboard that was then fitted to every car. That was a very favourite and much-sought perch, for the socially ambitious young ladies to display themselves in public, particularly in a fashionable area like Grafton St., whereby they proclaimed three things: firstly, that they knew motor-owning people, and opulent ones at that; secondly, that they had pretty dresses completely a la mode, and thirdly, that they had shapely legs and ankles - all very legitimately ambitious and very, very young-ladyish! This, I know, is but a trivial circumstance; my reason for inserting it and a lot of other trivia like it, is to try to recall, if possible, some of the atmosphere of that vanished era; and atmosphere is composed of countless atoms of trivia.

Frequently during the week, the Lord Lieutenant's large Rolls Royce limousine was to be seen parked outside Switzer's, or some other shop, for the convenience of Her Excellency's shopping, a large D.M.P. man on guard beside it. This big car could always be readily recognised by the large white square that stood up, vertically, on the roof just over the chauffeur's seat, and that indicated to all and sundry, and particularly to the police, that that was the vehicle of the King's representative, and all traffic and everything else must clear the way for its passage. The white square was a veritable "Faugh a ballagh", and certainly always had the desired effect.

Amongst the idle, sauntering Grafton St. crowds would always be a fair quota of students, consuming the time they should have been working, replete with pipes or cigarettes in mouth, velour hats of various hues, canes under their arms and, of course, gloves - ever on the lookout for the "glad eye" from the complementary sex. In the afternoon, great numbers of the ladies of fashion repaired, either with lady friends or men friends, to the fashionable restaurant of Mitchell's to drink tea, or, many said, something stronger than tea. Ladies in those days were not supposed to want anything so "unrefeened" for their particular sex as alcohol. A lady, young or old, seen drinking any strong drink in public, was at once the object of stringent criticism, and highly uncharitable assumptions. And, of course, were she to enter a pub, with or without an escort, in the free and nonchalant way her daughters and grand-daughters do today, her reputation was lost, and lost irrevocably.

But then, as now, ladies were human; and the urge came upon numbers of them to desire to seek a stimulant. Nature, 'tis said, will out, and again, that she abhors a vacuum; and nature was met in this regard by Mitchell's, which was known as the "lady's pub", by the ingenious method of, at the lady's wish, of course, lacing her coffee or tea with a goodly ball of brandy or whiskey. And, if the lady liked five or six, or more cups of tea or coffee, who was to say her nay, or who was to

point out the finger at her? And, even if she did come out into Grafton St. a little wobbly, there was always her cab or carriage, owned or hired, to drive her home, and a uniformed commissionaire to show her safely into it.

As the afternoons waned, the fashionable Grafton St. crowds would thin and gradually dissolve, and the carriages and limousines that, for the most part of the day, lined both sides of the street, would gradually take their departure. And, just at that point of time when the last persons and the last vehicle of fashion had vanished, and the last shop had closed, suddenly and unobtrusively out of nowhere, seemingly, another parade would enter the famous street. The "haut monde" would give way to the "demi-monde". Fugitively and furtively would this new parade trip swiftly and softly down the street, in ones and twos, and even threes, onward to the shady side of O'Connell St., under the questioning and none-too-friendly eyes of the police, leaving, hanging on the air in their wake, a curious, sugary perfume.

There were indeed many worlds in Dublin then, all leading, more or less, a kind of corporate life of their own with, of course, contacts, weak or firm, with the other worlds. Apart from the official Castle world and its many rings of satellites, and the adolescent world of the students, there was the big

professional world comprised of barristers, solicitors, surgeons, physicians, engineers and university professors. That particular world could be said to form largely the "intelligentia" of the city, though that claim could be far better established by yet another world of poets, writers, painters, dramatists, musicians, actors and actresses, with their various romantic hangers-on and admirers that was traditional in the city, and that, at the time I am writing of, formed a powerful though limited Bohemia, radiating much influence on national and metropolitan thought and politics. Though members of this "Bohemia" were patronised from time to time by the Castle world and the professional, they were very far from having any close ties with those, to them, disparate and highly conventional sections of the community. The professional world, like the Castle world, were great entertainers and dispensers of hospitality. Entertaining, and on a lavish scale and constantly - luncheons, dinners, balls, etc. - came readily and easily to them, for they were an affluent class, housed in great homes in the fashionable squares of the south side, or in the suburbs, with numerous servants and excellent cellars. The surgeons and physicians, graduates of Dublin's three medical schools, were the largest element in this world, and the most conspicuous in the field of hospitality. The life

of a prosperous Dublin medical man at that time was one long round of entertainment. How they ever managed to grapple with their work, to keep themselves up in their growing science, was a puzzle to many. But they not only appeared to do so, but to command and get very high fees. It was a sight to see the great medical men of the squares setting forth on their calls in those days.

There were few motors, of course, and sidecars or "jaunting" cars were their vehicles. And very smart, indeed, they were, beautifully built with strong, light springs and rubber tyres, with the owner's "crest" on the polished backboard and on the harness, and drawn by splendid horses. It was a sight to behold those comely machines flying through the streets of Dublin, driven by liveried coachmen, sitting on one side, and the doctor on the other, crowned with a shining "topper", the coat-tails of his morning dress streaming out behind him.

When such a vehicle entered a quiet suburban street, it was "news" indeed. On the car's entry, automatically and, as if by one movement, the discreet blinds and curtains on the windows of neighbouring and opposite houses would be cautiously drawn back and many pairs of curious eyes would fix themselves on it to ascertain, first of all, where it was going to stop. Eventually the car would pull up at a house and down would hop

the tall, handsome doctor in his topper and tails and, above all, his small black bag, and rush or run (never walk, he was far too busy for that!) to the halldoor, where he would be received like a prince.

The other professions also kept up a high standard of entertainment, but perhaps just not so lavishly as the medical. This professional world was the mainstay of Dublin's social clubs. There, lawyers and doctors met to kill a few hours of the day or night. Those clubs were ridiculously snobby and exclusive in those days, and drew the line at what they called "business" - a conscious piece of English snobbery that seemed to have established itself firmly in the Irish capital. But, in the snobbish line, the professionals were themselves paid out by the Kildare St. Club, who would not tolerate anyone so "declassé" as a doctor or a solicitor amongst their membership. Only one of the latter was ever admitted to the Kildare St. Club, and for obvious reasons, viz: the solicitor for the Inland Revenue Commissioners!

The present-day democratisation of this once aristocratic and exclusive club, the quondam Dublin rendezvous of Ireland's territorial Lords, and their blood connections, has been one of the many great miracles wrought in the past 30 years or so. This professional world, I need hardly point out, was not very

nationalistic or pro-Irish, save in a very faint-hearted "genteel" way that would not compromise their entente with the Castle people, and the Imperialists which they so much prized. They were, as a body, incorrigible climbers and place-hunters, constantly on the lookout for honours and jobs, as such classes always are in a subjugated country, playing up to those whom they imagined, often falsely, were their betters, or who had influence. Every now and again some of the doctors, and a few of the solicitors, would succeed in getting themselves knighted, or made Privy Councillors, and entitled to term themselves "The Right Honourable So and So". Even an odd Lord Mayor, or City Sheriff, of Dublin or Cork, attained to a knighthood, and, indeed, in a few isolated cases, to the dizzy level of a baronetcy. Hence it was that one of Dublin's sardonic wits dubbed the town "The City of Dreadful Knights".

Outside those worlds was the large and very opulent world of the big commercial men, nearly all retail princes, like the drapers - Switzers, Brown Thomas, Todd Burns, Pims, and the grocers - Findlaters, Williams, Leverett & Frye - owners of large emporiums (beyond Guinness and Jacobs there were few manufacturers) who could buy and sell many in the other worlds but whom the other worlds did not "recognise" because they were "engaged in trade". All very silly, and now, less or more,

a thing of the past in our democratic and republican atmosphere - buidheachais-le Dia.

There was also a political world centred on the Corporation, which was then composed of about ten Aldermen and sixty Councillors, and which governed a city not half as populous as the Dublin of today. Of course, great areas that are now within the municipal confines of Greater Dublin then were divided into independent townships. North of the city there was Howth with its own Urban Council, and southwards you ha the townships of Pembroke and Rathmines-and-Rathgar. Those adjacent townships were, of course, in reality nothing more than the greater suburbs of Dublin. They had been created by Unionist Governments in the past for the purpose, no doubt, of salving some metropolitan areas from the Nationalist avalanche which they had foreseen would inevitably engulf the city; and for many years, those townships were under Unionist control. But, at the time I am writing of, the only real Unionist stronghold left was Rathmines-and-Rathgar. Pembroke was nationalist of an eminently reputable and inoffensive type; and Howth was also highly respectable and politically nondescript. The reason for the quality of the Councillors in those three townships was that the townships comprised good-class residential areas, where the professional and well-to-do classes who made

their livelihood in the city, whither they went every day, had their homes. These suburban townships were, indeed, Dublin's premier dormitories, and, as these urban areas were all comparatively recent in origin, unlike Dublin, and as they contained no factories or mills of any description, there were few, or comparatively few, artisan or labourers' dwelling-places.

There were other "urbanalities" somewhat further out - the coast townships - Blackrock, Kingstown, Dalkey and Killiney-and-Ballybrack; all, too, under eminently respectable conservative governance, and all now absorbed into the large and Mayorless borough of Dún Laoghaire.

Rathmines, as I have said, was a Unionist stronghold all during my student days, and for many years afterwards. When the noisy, electric tram rattled over the Portobello Bridge camel-back, you found yourself in another world, and sensed an indefinably different atmosphere from that of the city you had just left. The first thing that brought it home to you was the sprinkling of Union Jacks flying from numbers of the shops, and sometimes even from the tall towers of the conspicuous Town Hall. True, Union Jacks were not rare in the city, particularly in Grafton St. and College Green, but they were generally only flown there on festive occasions such as the King's birthday, Trinity Week, etc. But in Rathmines there were, at all times,

a few on display. Undoubtedly, the mainstay of Rathmines Unionism was the large element of Protestants of various confessions residing within the township. But, though they were united and well-organised with their associations and clubs, Protestants by no means constituted an absolute majority of its citizenry. Indeed, I don't think they exceeded a third. It was clear then that a very substantial percentage of the Catholics voted for the Unionist and ratepayers' candidates, not so much because they shared their politics, but, rather, because they were good men of affairs, and ensured sound, economical urban administration; and, strangely enough, in this regard, a Unionist M.P. was generally returned for that constituency.

The typical Rathminsian, and even more so the Rathgarian, was a remarkable type. To begin with, he had developed a most peculiar accent which, immediately he opened his mouth, revealed his venue. It is quite impossible to describe the accent in mere words, and it is greatly to be regretted that it disappeared before the coming of recording; a record of it should have been made and preserved in the national archives. The best description I can give of it is that it was what the "Rathmines Johnny", as the city "Jackeen" contemptuously referred to him, thought was a good-class English accent. English accents, as

we Irish know, are hard to imitate with any degree of accuracy; and a fortiori, all the harder when, like the vast mass of Rathminsians in those days, one has never been to England. The Rathminsian was terrifically, indeed embarrassingly loyal to King and Empire, on certain aspects of which, its army and navy, for example, and its world-wide conquests, he was intensely interested and extremely well-informed. After that, his big interest was the delectable "loyal burgh" of Rathmines. As for Ireland, for the greater part of it at all events, his interest was nil. And, indeed, as I am determined to make this narrative as candid as possible, I must say this for the Rathminsian: when his much-vaunted loyalty was put to the great test in World War I, he was certainly not found wanting, but joined up at once in the Dublin Fusiliers, and, in nine cases out of ten, never saw his beloved Rathmines again.

But, to return to the Dublin Corporation of those days, At that time, that Corporation possessed an unenviable and, I fear, well-earned reputation for inefficiency, extravagance and corruption. Nepotism was widespread in the City Hall, influential corporators having no qualms in placing their relations and connections into well-paid, cosy and often redundant jobs in its various services, regardless as to whether or no they were suitably qualified for them. For the greater

part of the first two decades of the century, the city was completely in the hands of ward politicians, many of them of very doubtful character. There were pickings and prizes to be got in being an Alderman or a Councillor, say, for example, in voting on contracts or awarding tenders, which were not to be despised or sneezed at. After all, every office has, or should have, its particular perquisites and rewards, and why not that of the unpaid member of a public body? At all events, such was the simple creed of those City Fathers of 40 years since.

The Corporation was, of course, Nationalist in its political complexion, though there was a small group of Unionists returned for wards in places like St. Stephen's Green, and in the ex-townships of Drumcondra and Clontarf. Though the vast majority of the Corporation was Nationalist and, more or less, pledged supporters of the Irish Parliamentary Party led by John Redmond. National politics really played a very small part in municipal affairs, only revealing itself in occasional resolutions supporting Home Rule and the Irish Leader, or whether or no the King, or other royal personage, or representative, was to be officially recognised on his visit to the city. With them the thing that counted and loomed large on the horizon of Cork Hill was ward politics of a definitely corrupt character; the last thing that most of the City Fathers

bothered about was ratepayers' interests, as was amply reflected in the conditions of the streets and municipal property generally, the large number of their employes and the, for those times, exceedingly high level of the city rates.

In this delectable body the ruling element was the publicans. At that time, nearly two-thirds of the corporators were publicans, or backers of the powerful publican interest. Many of them rose to the dizzy eminence of the Lord Mayoralty and the City Shrievalty, and quite a number of them succeeded in getting themselves knighted.

While such was the general structure and set-up of the Corporation, I must refer to a fine but, unfortunately, very limited stream of fresh blood that, in the early years of the century, had been infused into its moribund corpus, by the capture of some dozen seats by Sinn Fein candidates. They comprised such well-known figures as Alderman William Cosgrave, Seán T. Ó Ceallaigh and Seán McGarry, all still happily with us. and Aldermen the late Dan MacCarthy and the late Tom Kelly. The Sinn Féin Councillors were all men of integrity and character, dedicated to an altruistic nationalism and, far from seeking for, actually despising rewards or bribes for their public services. From the day this small but very active group took their seats in the Municipal Council, they waged a determined and constant

warfare against the corruption, intrigue and œaucus rule of the Corporation, often with unexpected success. And that was about all they could arrive at, for they were neither numerous nor powerful enough to effect what was their real objective, a clean sweep of the Corporatorial Aegean stables.

The work they accomplished, and the success they achieved in their crusade towards clean administration, was out of all proportion to their numbers and importance at that time. Naturally, they were not at all beloved by their fellow-Councillors of the orthodox political creed. And, as Home Rule rose more and more distinctly on the horizon, like an illusionary morning sun, that gallant band of Sinn Féin reformers lost considerably in numbers to the Party men, so that by the year 1910, they had dwindled down so much that they were powerless to effect any change of consequence in the then prevailing conditions. The times were deadly opposed to "Extremism", "Separatism" and "Republicanism" in every shape and form. Hence, the seasoned ward politicians could rub their hands with satisfaction in the realisation that there was not, nor was there likely to be any serious threat to their venal sway. They had matters all their own way, so far as control of the city was concerned, and battened on that situation.

Finally, there was proletarian Dublin, the biggest and, in more ways than one, probably the most important of all the many Dublins. For where would the others be without it? The upper and white-collar levels of this Dublin were mainly concentrated in such suburbs as Phibsborough, Drumcondra, Glasnevin, Clontarf, and, in the smaller terraces and villas of Rathmines, Rathgar and Pembroke in the south city. Below this white-collar line was the vast mass of unskilled labour of whom, perhaps, the only coherent and articulate element were the dockers, organised into a powerful trades union, and led by Connolly, Larkin and O'Brien. This great proletariat was wretchedly housed in those dreadful Dublin tenements, where conditions were unbelievably squalid.

During the last decade of the nineteenth, and the first part of the twentieth century, Dublin had been undergoing a vast change in her social andeconomic life. With the coming of better transport facilities in the shape of suburban railway lines and electric tramway extensions, the better-off classes on the north side relinquished their residences in the graceful old Georgian squares and streets, such as Mountjoy Square, Gardiner Street, Temple St., Great Denmark St., Henrietta St., Rutland Square, and re-established themselves in such pleasurable outlying suburbs as Blackrock, Kingstown (as it then was), Dalkey,

Killiney, and as far away as Bray and Greystones on the south, and Howth, Sutton and Malahide on the north.

And so, those beautiful, dignified old houses, that had sheltered so many generations of opulent Dubliners, fell into the hands of a new and not-too-savoury class, a kind of urban gombeen man and every bit as bad as his rural cousin, known as a tenement or slum landlord. Those tenement owners bought up rows and rows of those deserted Georgian houses for a song and set out the rooms as "tenements" at exorbitant rents to very poor and needy families. Often there would be as many as three or four families inhabiting a few rooms.

Dilapidated and decaying as were those fine old houses of the Grattan period, their exteriors still managed to preserve some traces of their quondam dignity. But their interiors were another matter altogether. No words of mine could possibly convey any notion of their condition. In many cases the hall-doors had been removed, and the first thing that met the eye, on entering the hall, was the rotting staircases with their smashed and broken balusters, and many of the steps missing, the wood having been removed by the inmates for firing in the winter. Then there were the great old rooms, bereft of all furniture save the most miserable makeshifts, with the faded paper of two generations back peeling off the high walls in long ribbons

because of the damp; with holes in the flooring so that you had to mind your step, and the laths showing through the broken plaster in the ceilings. What beds! What dirt!

There was never, by any chance, water laid on, and, of course, no flush lavatories; the result was an indescribable accumulation of filth in the yard, the passages and the basements I have been in numbers of those tenements, visiting some of the miserable denizens, and it often took me all I could do not to be overcome with the all-pervading stench of stale human ordure. How those unfortunate people put up for so long with those shocking conditions in the heart of a great modern European city is a matter to be wondered at; and it is still more to be wondered at how any so-called Christian could make money, with an easy conscience, on such human misery, indeed, depravity. And make money and flourish those slum owners did. Numbers of them got elected to the Corporation, in some cases by their "grateful tenantry" and were looked up to as highly respectable and worthy citizens of "no mean city".

A complement, and an essential one to that institution of slum proprietary, was the nightly "flittings" of whole families. Many a night, in winter no less than summer, did I encounter them on my way home to my digs - an ass a cart loaded up high with the pitiable "Lares and Penates" of the family, trotting

furtively and swiftly through the darkened streets to another wretched habitat, followed by the family, usually a long one, on foot, the mother, the father, and one or two of the elder girls bearing the later editions.

A "flit" was the last straw, if a few shillings could be scraped together to pay for the hire of the ass and cart; for, were they to remain, the sheriff's men would be in on the morrow, and their pathetic scraps of property put under the hammer, and the proceeds thereof handed over to that "improving landlord", the slum proprietor, towards the arrears of rent.

It was from those slums that, in those days, the newsboys and paper boys sallied forth in the evenings to sell the various editions of the city's three evening papers - the Evening Mail, the Evening Telegraph, and the Evening Herald. As the issues were released to them, the streets would resound with their sale cries: "Late Buff", "Final Pink", "Final Mail" - the colours indicating the particular paper, which were all produced on newsprint so tinted. And, now and again, the city would ring with that then most exciting slogan, bringing everybody out with their pennies (newspapers were then only ½d each), "Stop Press Ed-it-ion", a cry that, today, the Radio has silenced. The newsboys of that time were, from the standpoint of appearance, pathetic figures. They were, literally, in rags;

old, torn, cast-off coats and trousers, fastened by pins, strings and laces in place of buttons, and often with no shirt behind them. The vast majority of newsboys had no stockings or shoes, andwent about barefooted in the midst of winter, blue with cold, half-starved and famished, and with noses perpetually on the run.

Nevertheless, despite the obvious misery and extreme discomfort of their existence, there was no gayer, brighter or wittier crowd of youngsters to be found anywhere. Their successors today are well-dressed and well-nourished "toffs" compared with them.

Before concluding this section on life and conditions in the pre-World War I in Dublin, I feel I must draw attention to one of the most striking differences between the two periods - that in the social and economic position of women. In those days, as I have pointed out, no woman smoked tobacco or drank alcohol, or, if she did, she indulged her "vice" in secret. To have done so in public would at once have bestowed on her the vary harmful epithet of "fast". And, of course, if she was seen entering or leaving a publichouse, with or without an escort, her r eputation would have been irretrievably lost, were she of the "respectable classes". Of course, highly

respectable old ladies, street vendors in Henry St., Moore St. and elsewhere in the city, and the equally respectable wives of highly respectable labouring men, would go into a "lounge" occasionally and discuss their troubles and affairs over a few harmless "pints of plain". But they belonged to an independent class of society that could defy convention with impunity; and, anyhow, they were all safely beyond the "canonical age". For all other classes of women, without exception, the position in this respect was as I have stated.

Dublin was then, as, indeed, it is to an extent today, despite the wholesale emancipation of women in the meantime, mainly a man's city. However, even 40 years ago, when a man counted much more, domestically, than he does today, the Dubliner would take his wife and children out "for an airing" on Sundays and holidays. And, being an extremely gregarious species, he would generally arrange with a married pal to join in with him and bring his wife and family along too. Accordingly, they would engage the services of a Jehu for the day and take their families for a "drive in the country" on the sidecar or cab, as the case might be. Where necessary, two or more vehicles were hired. On Sundays and holidays one would see long lines of those festive equipages, loaded with families, setting forth on the various roads leading out of the city to the coast, the hills or the

country. Dublin being then very much a man's city, it was accepted by all and sundry, as a matter of course, that your adult male Dubliner required, from time to time, a certain amoun of stimulant, in the form of his native black beer, to enable him to stand up to the trials of life. Accordingly, when the vehicleshad covered a few miles of its odyssey, the Jehu would be directed to pull up at a wayside tavern, whither the two "family men", having assured their spouses that they "would not be a minute", would repair. In my walks in the Dublin environs I often s aw, on holidays and weekends, as many as a dozen cars or cabs, filled with women and children, anchored outside some favourite pub, the jarveys collected together in a group convenient to the pub's entrance.

Those wives and offspring would often have to wait thus outside the tavern until the spirit stirred their lords and masters to return and continue the trip. "Tempus fugit", as we all know, and nowhere more speedily than when we are engaged in "taking our ease in our inn". This fact was well known and provided for in those days. For example, the pubs always stocked a good supply of large and colourful chocolate boxes, tied up in brilliant ribbons. After the lapse of a certain period of time, one or other of the men, but never the two (or more) together, would issue from the pub, laden with a few such

boxes, and would duly present them, with suitably mollifying and felicitous words, to the angering ladies. This was understood to constitute adequate compensation for the delay to date, and to keep them harmoniously occupied for a further period. The "message" having been delivered, the donor would return to his friends in the tavern with the self-satisfied air of a man who could not escape being conscious of his admirable qualities as a husband.

Later, very much later, should the gentlemen's business have still further unavoidably detained them, a curate (never the husbands at this juncture) would be dispatched to the ladies in waiting bearing a tray containing glasses of "port wine" for them (not, in such circumstances, deemed to be alcoholic). By that time, no doubt, their ladies were seething over with wrath, and had had quite enough of the "country air".

What I have described with, I hope, not too much exaggeration, were commonplace scenes on Sundays, holidays and non-working days, forty years ago, in Dublin and its environments.

Dublin was then, indeed, very much a man's city, and nowhere was that fact clearer or more striking than in the pubs. They were, of course, almost exclusively male retreats; and

you were at once aware, when you entered them, of the absence of the "hand that rocks the cradle", for, as is the case today, there were no barmaids save in the hotels, of course. The great majority of Dublin pubs at that time were, to put it mildly, extremely uninviting, not to say, unsavoury places for anyone in which to spend his leisure. Their principal feature - in many cases their only feature - was a long, narrow bar counter, at one side of which the curate stood against a background of bottles and casks, and on the other side, the clientele. There were seldom any chairs, and never anything in the nature of armchairs or upholstered seats. There might be a few stools at the counter, and rough deal benches lining the walls, but nothing else in the nature of seating accommodation. The floor was invariably covered with a thick layer of sawdust, renewed from time to time during the day by fresh shaking from the sawdust box. In some cases the sawdust was replaced by straw. The sawdust was necessary to absorb the spillings from the tumblers and glasses, and the expectorations of the numerous pipe smokers, then a very general habit. Hotels and "uppish" bars supplied spittoons for that product, but they were not regarded as necessities in the general pubs.

Those pubs were certainly tawdry and unkempt places, but the strong and very cheap drink of the period soon made men

oblivious of their drab surroundings. Drunkenness then, amongst all ranks of society, was far from unusual. Scenes Scenes of extreme intoxication, that are now unknown, were then commonplace. One saw, too often, old and young, in every possible stage of inebriation, from fighting-mad, shouting and bawling and so-called singing, to lying in a doped slumber on the filthy floors. At closing time, in particular, and, indeed, much earlier in the day, there were men to be seen, swaying about on the streets, heading indeterminably for their homes. These unseemly sights are very, very rare today in Dublin, and, indeed, in Ireland. Three events have wrought their obliteration: the great increase in the price of drink, the lowering of its specific gravity and, perhaps most of all, the inclusion of women in the "drinking classes". It is only within the last twenty years that Dublin's "publand" has been brought further up to the level of modern conditions and civilisation, and we can thank its post-war invasion by the women mainly for that merciful piece of progress.

I have endeavoured to give a rough picture of the Dublin of my student days in the s econd d ecade of this century. I am well aware how inadequate that picture is. But, possibly, some of my points and recollections, perhaps the most trivial, may be of some assistance in the future to the student of those times, enabling him, it may be, to catch a reflected gleam

of that Dublin of the Tens, the last decade of the great pre-Armageddon age. I hope so. It is always difficult to describe, much more to recapture in mere words, the atmosphere of a vanished period, even one that we have lived through, and, in particular, that of forty years ago.

What changes has man not seen in that comparatively short space of time - changes vast, fundamental and revolutionary in every aspect of human activity and outlook, no one of which in the days of my youth would have been thought feasible at any time. Yet they have all come to pass within a single lifetime.

LEADERS IN THE "ORANGE CARD" WAR.

Before I deal with the next big battle in the war between Tory supra-constitutionalism and the Liberal right to rule, I shall proceed to give, briefly, my impressions of a few of the more outstanding of the leaders in the great fracas. For one cannot ignore the human element, so important in all historical situations, if one wishes to size up, anyway accurately, an historical or political crisis. The personalities of the dramatis personae in all such circumstances count enormously, influencing in greater or lesser degree, and often dominating the salient events in the issue.

I shall begin with the Prime Minister. Henry Herbert Asquith was very much of a flunkey, a toady, where those he looked up to were concerned. Having regard to his background and career, an unusual if not disparate sequence, he could not perhaps have very well escaped being such. Springing as he did from a Non-conformist family, and a poor and uninfluential one at that - his father was a wool-spinner and weaver; his mother the daughter of a wool-stapler - he definitely bore the mark of the despised and disliked "chapel people".

By the sheer force of a superb intellect, he carved his way through school and college, with no money behind him, by dint of a series of scholarships, finally crowning his scholastic life with a first class in classics at Oxford and the degree of barrister-at-law. Thus equipped, he could hardly fail to make his mark, even in the extremely aristocratic and snobbish English world of the time, despite its power and influence and despite its arrogant contempt for those not regarded as being on its Olympian level. And, of course, he did make his mark, and made it at the highest level.

His natural leanings towards the great and the mighty in the land were enormously strengthened when, in 1894, he married Miss Margot Tennant, the daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, a wealthy iron-master. This lady was a very different proposition

from his first wife, the quiet and unambitious Helen Melland, and came from a very different stable. Margot Asquith was a brilliant woman, with a captivating, if somewhat eccentric, personality, a lover of the limelight, a socialite of the first order, in constant and conspicuous circulation in the haute monde all her mature life. In that world, an incredibly opulent and leisured world in those days, she was on terms of the closest friendship and, indeed, familiarity with the aristocracy and the plutocracy, from the Court and the peerage down to the squires and the great magnates of industry and commerce. She dragged her Herbert, by no meals unwillingly, into that glittering world that, at heart, he had always yearned for but, till his second marriage, could never enter. Soon, under her escort, he was hob-nobbing with the Balfours, the Cecils, The Lansdownes, the Littletons, the Stanleys, etc., ete., political opponents no less than political allies, but all of the beau monde, spending the weekends in their castles and stately homes (indeed, this became quite a hobby, almost an addiction of his) and, generally, passing as much of his time in their agreeable company as he possibly could manage.

This flunkeyism, this social weakness in Asquith's character, gravely handicapped him in leading a highly controversial struggle against the deepest prejudices of his latter-day intimates.

Here is a quotation from Spender's "Life" of Asquith that is revealing on this side of his character. It refers to the winter of 1905-06 when the Liberals were returning to power after twenty years in the wilderness, and there were many anxious and important discussions going on amongst them as to the structure of the future cabinet, and the agenda for the session:

> "It is characteristic of Asquith, and of the relations of Party leaders at that time, that he was staying at Hatfield as the guest of Lord Salisbury during the two most critical days in the formation of the Liberal Cabinet. Having said all that he had to say to Campbell-Bannerman, he reached Hatfield in time for dinner, and, after dinner, as his wife records in her diary, 'threw himself into the social atmosphere of a fancy dress ball with his usual simplicity and unself-centredness'".

The atmosphere was, undoubtedly, a congenial one; but, we might be allowed to question its suitability for a leader in a reforming and progressive Liberal Government, whose avowed purpose was the abolition, or, at least, the weakening of Tory supremacy, the maintenance of which was the causa causarum of his host.

This kind of life, to a man like Asquith with a definite social (though not intellectual) inferiority complex, could not but have a profound influence on his outlook, and on the ardour

of his reforming Liberalism. Generally, one would expect to find a person of his origins on the extreme left, or radical wing of Liberalism, but there was not a spark of radicalism in Asquith. He was a thorough-going Whig, as close to Conservatism as his position as the wearer of Gladstone's mantle would permit. Before he became Prime Minister he sided always with the right-wingers in the Liberal Party. He was known to have criticised Gladstone's Home Rule Bill as being untimely; and he was an active member of the imperialist Liberal League which, led by the reactionary Rosebery and including such men as Sir Edward Grey and Haldane, strongly supported the war against the Boers and opposed the anti-war "Little Englanders", like Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lloyd George, as vigorously as the Conservatives themselves. Rosebery had repudiated Home Rule after Gladstone's death, and considered it should not be put forward again by the Liberals, unless and until it had been sanctioned by a majority of the electors of England, the "predominant partner" in the Union; and Asquith and other Liberal Leaguers, though they did not go quite so far, were all for putting Home Rule at the end of the longest finger possible. Asquith, at heart, cared little for Home Rule; and he certainly did not relish being placed in the position of having to father it through Parliament, if for no other reason than that

that position seriously undermined his popularity in the castles and mansions to which he had won an entrée, through his second wife, and to which he had grown so addicted.

Hence, when he succeeded Campbell-Bannerman in 1908, at the head of a Government with an overriding Liberal majority at its back, that awkward and alien foundling was kept well in the background. Somehow I could never regard Asquith as having his heart seriously in the fulfilment of any item of the new progressive Liberal programme. He was lacking in that deep Gladstonian earnestness for the cause and aims of his Party that, in large measure, Campbell-Bannerman, and, as regards his own particular radical objectives, Lloyd George and, on the opposite benches, Bonar Law possessed. He struck one as being very much of a dilettante in this respect, without much conviction in the hopes and aims of the "great Liberal Party", at the head of which fortune had placed him. True, he enjoyed the eminence and prestige of his office of Prime Minister, and he delighted in his House of Commons life, for that was the place, par excellence, where his excellently flexible and highly trained brain could display itself to the fullest advantage, and he certainly enjoyed exercising it. Nevertheless, provided that he had to hold office as a Liberal and not as a Conservative, he would clearly have been much more at home as

head of a government of Roseberys, Greys and Haldanes, eminently respectable imperialists and very close, in kidney, to the Balfours, the Cecils and the Hartingtons. Asquith was kept to the bridge, and to the wheel of the Liberal barque, mainly by the zeal and vital momentum of the powerful radical-cum-Labour forces behind him, constantly prodding at his back. When I return to the political sequence of this narrative, we shall mark his reactions at the various stages of the crisis which, I think, will bear out, on the whole, my estimate of his character.

David Lloyd George was a very different "cup of tea" from his leader. His origins and background were wholly different. To begin with, he was not English. He was a Welshman, a Celt, with all the emotionalism, the excitability, the tendency to hyperbole and a very liberal share of the trickery and unreliability of his race. He was a full-blooded peasant and had an abundance of vitality and high natural intelligence, inde indeed genius, that, despite his meagre education - only that of a national school - enabled him, an unknown, penniless and obscure Welshman, to carve out for himself a meteoric career that swept him, Like Asquith, eventually to the Premier's chair. Lloyd George was no flunkey, no toady. Coming as he did from sturdy peasant stock, from the fundamental, the primeval

stratum, he had no need, or t emptation, to be doubtful or unsure of his position in society as Asquith had. And, unlike Asquith, far from having awe and veneration for the peers of the ruling caste, he had, in his earlier days, at all events, an almost venomous contempt for them, nearly primitive socialist in character, which he took no pains whatever to hide. In those days he was a fiery democrat and, of course, a Radical wholehogger, all for the "have nots" against the "haves", particularly if the former were Welsh "chapel people". Later in life, he shed much of his wild demagogy and his radicalism, but, d espite the innumerable blemishes on his character, for e xample, his appalling treacheries to friends and foes alike no one, at any time in his life, could have accused him of toadyism.

What was this "man of the people's" attitude to Irish Home Rule? It is true that he began his public life as a fervent Welsh Nationalist, as a leader, with Tom Ellis, of the newly-founded "Young Wales" movement "CYMRU FYDD" (Wales for Ever"), and w ent around his native land a dvocating two things in unmistakably clear and forceful language, viz: disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales, and Home Rule for Wales. Indeed, he was all his life a protagonist of Home Rule - for

Wales wholeheartedly; for Ireland, yes, but very half-heartedly. This differentiation appears curious until the reason is sought. And reason there was, and a strong one too, though not one of principle. Lloyd George was, deep down in his Nonconformist peasant heart, anti-Catholic and anti-Papist. His great idol in the Liberal Party, on whom he largely patterned himself, was Joe Chamberlain; and when the latter broke with Gladstone on Home Rule in the 'eighties, Lloyd George nearly followed him into the Liberal-Unionist camp. Two things dissuaded him therefrom; one was the advice of his wise old uncle, William George, the village cobbler and Baptist preacher who reared him, and who perceived that the Liberal Party was in for a lengthy boom, and the second was the departure from the Liberals of most of their aristocratical support, thereby intensifying the strong "class" favour of the conservative Party and, at the same time, leaving many gaps to be filled by bright and active proletarians such as Lloyd George. "At one time" writes his recent biographer, Malcolm Thompson, "the Whigs had included in their ranks the cream of high society, the wealthiest and most noble families; compared with them the Tories were a socially inferior party, representing chiefly the rustic gentry of the countryside .... Liberalism was driven to seek new supporters among the freshly enfranchised masses and to devise

policies and programmes that would gain their goodwill". These circumstances created Lloyd George's opportunity; they posted for him the road for his political travels and his goal. Hence he remained with Gladstone though, as the same biographer tells us, very frankly, "he had no great enthusiasm for Irish Home Rule, though he realised the case for it. But, to evangelical Nonconformity it was distasteful, as holding a threat of Rome Rule, which a generation nurtured on Foxe's Book of Martyrs, held in deep abhorrence". Such was the source and secret of Lloyd George's lukewarmness on Irish Home Rule, and it explains his silence regarding it in his speeches when the great controversy was raging, remarkable for so voluble and radical a politician. It also throws a beam of clear light on what was almost his last act on the Irish question: his famous and oft-quoted letter to Carson of 19th May 1916, wherein he enjoined him that "we must make it clear that at the end of the provisional period Ulster does not, whether she wills it or not, merge into the rest of Ireland".

That was the real Lloyd George, so far as Irish Home Rule was concerned. For once in his life he revealed his sincere and inmost belief. On that fundamental point he and Carson were not divided, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. As we proceed, we shall see how this conviction,

this prejudice of his, coloured all the critical approaches to Home Rule that he was called upon to make.

BIOGRAPHIES OF WINSTON CHURCHILL, BALFOUR, BONAR LAW AND CARSON.

The Battle for the Parliament Act, 1910.

With the return of the Asquith Government to power after the general election in January 1910, the Liberals registered their first victory in the determined Tory onslaught against them. But they had, indeed, suffered grievously at the polls, having lost 103 seats to the Unionists, and, worse still, lost the predominant power in the new House of Commons that they had enjoyed for 4 years, to Redmond and the Irish Party. Indeed, the new Government, though it comprised purely Liberal Ministers, was in every effective sense an inter-party Government, relying upon a coalition with Irish Nationalists and Labour and kept in office wholly by the goodwill of the former.

The election, as we know, was caused by the blind obdurance of the Tories in refusing to pass the Budget for the year 1908-09 which had been sponsored by the new Chancellor, Lloyd George. There was nothing really very revolutionary or untoward in that Budget that could possibly have justified the bringing of the government to a standstill, and the forcing of a dissolution, but the Tories hated the new Chancellor and

and elected to treat his by no means immoderate and, as it subsequently turned out, virtually uncollectible duties on land values as "unconstitutional" and "revolutionary". Had Asquith remained Chancellor, there can be little doubt that the Budget would have passed through with little ado. But with Lloyd George, the Tory "bete noire", in his shoes, they jumped at the Budget, as a dividend-paying target, on which to launch a major assault against the government, in pursuance of their general campaign for supremacy.

The forcing of the election on such an issue was a particularly stupid move on the part of the Conservatives, in their own interests, as time was to tell; but, apart from that, there was much in the Liberal contention that it was unconstitutional. Not for 250 years, or more, had a Finance Bill been blocked by the unrepresentative House. The traditional contention of the Commons had ever been that, seeing that their's was the elected House, it alone should have full control over moneys voted by Parliament. Whatever disputes and doubts there might have been about their right to that claim, were considered to have been put to rest, finally in the year 1860, when the Commons asserted, and vindicated, their sole right of control over all money bills. Actually, that particular bill was hardly a money bill at all.

Nevertheless, their claim was admitted and established. It was a bill for the abolition of duty on paper which, having passed the Commons, was thrown out by the Lords. As a result, Lord Palmerston, the then Premier, brought in Resolutions which secured to the Commons exclusive power over the collection and expenditure of all moneys for governmental purposes. The electorate at the recent general election had once again vindicated that right of the Commons and had repudiated the Lords' action. There was obviously nothing now for the latter to do but to pass the Budget as soon as possible and with the best possible grace.

The enactment of the Finance Bill was imperative and urgent, for the Treasury had fallen into arrears to the tune of £30,000,000 and the public services of the Kingdom and Empire, for nearly nine months, had to be carried on by borrowed money. But, at that point, a new crux arose from quite a different quarter, to harass still further a much bothered government. This time it came from the Irish Nationalist Party, the Government's main prop behind its existence. The Nationalists were in Parliament for one reason, and for one reason only, as they frankly avowed, viz: to get a Home Rule Bill for Ireland transferred into an Act of Parliament. During the previous four years of the Liberal Government, the Nationalists were

powerless to exert any pressure on the Cabinet regarding Home Rule, as the Liberals then commanded a majority of 214 over the Tories, and a clear-cut majority over Tories, Nationalists and Labour of no less than 175. With such strength they could do what they liked, and they did. And Home Rule was the last thing they thought of, or bothered about, ignoring, as they could well afford to, the constant reminders as to their promises thereon of their Nationalist allies.

But now the position was entirely changed, and the Government was soon to know it. Asquith, unlike Campbell-Bannerman, was always suspect by the Irish as being too much under the influence of the old Whig, imperialist wing of the party. He was, at any rate, very indeterminate in character, lacking the strong convictions, and certainty of direction of his Liberal predecessors in office, and far from possessing the qualities of leadership essential to deal with the grave crises before him that were, even then, gathering momentum. As Haldane truly said of him: "He has fewer views of his own than most of us".

Redmond and Dillon certainly were well aware of this, and with the urging of their supporters in the Irish Party and in Ireland, and goaded on by the growing volume of caustic criticism from antagonists, such as All-for-Irelanders and Sinn

Féiners, they put up their point of view, indeed their demand, to the Government in no uncertain manner. And so, just before the opening of the new parliament, Redmond presented an ultimatum to the Master of Elisbank, the Chief Liberal Whip, for transmission to the Prime Minister. This document laid down his terms for a continuance of the Irish-Liberal alliance. They were threefold:

(1) The Government to introduce the Veto Resolution and Bill at once;

(2) The King to be asked at once to guarantee the creation of new peers if the Parliament Bill were rejected by the House of Lords; and

(3) The Budget to be postponed "until after the foregoing".

This ultimatum was received by Asquith and his colleagues with indignation and anger. It was intolerable to them that mere Irishmen should aim a sword at the heart of His Majesty's Government. And, next day, the Premier, having informed the King of the Nationalist action, assured him that "of course the Cabinet was agreed that no such assurance could, or would be given". A little later, on 25th February, the Chief Whip, on the Cabinet's instructions, told Redmond that it could not give him the assurance for which he asked, and that he must act on his own responsibility, as they would on theirs. And, thereupon, there ensued a ding-dong battle between those ill-assorted allies that continued for weeks, with Redmond

returning again and again for his assurance, and always receiving the same answer. Asquith appeared to be adamant that the Budget must first be presented to the Commons, and in essentially the same form as it had left the last House. If the Irish wanted to turn the Liberals out of office, they could do so, "and the blood be on their own heads".

Nevertheless, despite Asquith's firm "non possumus" attitude on Redmond's demands, and greatly to the surprise of all, a complete change presently came on him. He performed a regular somersault, so that on April 5th we find him rising up in the House and moving the Veto Resolution and, shortly afterwards, introducing the Parliament Bill, as well as re-introducing the belated Finance Bill. Redmond had won. And before that month was out, the famous and "heinous" Budget that the Tories had waged such war against, with such high cost to the country, went through the House of Lords in its original shape, with all its "highly unconstitutional" features and without a single speech against it, much less a division.

On 6th May 1910, King Edward VII died somewhat unexpectedly and was succeeded next day by his son, the Prince of Wales, as George V "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions Overseas, King, Emperor of India, Defender of the Faith". The passing of the popular Edward,

and the proceedings in connection with his funeral and the accession of the new monarch, caused a halt in the violent controversy between the two big British parties which was growing, day by day, more and more bitter.

The Kaiser, who had come over for the funeral of his uncle, was naturally interested, and telegraphed his Chancellor, von Bethman-Hollweg, his impressions of contemporary England wherein he described the great hatred of the Ministry, and the highly unsettled conditions of the country.

Suffragettes - a female species utterly alien and incomprehensible to the continental mind - breaking windows, burning churches and letter boxes, and "eminent lawyers and statesmen" arming and drilling to resist an Act if Parliament".

Here, I think, his late Imperial Majesty was somewhat previous, for at that time, beyond threats, there was no overt act of private army organising, drilling or arming. That was all to come later. Apropos this statement of the Kaiser, it was truly observed that it was "scarcely surprising if some foreign governments concluded that Great Britain had lost her ancient sobriety and self-control, and had entered on a period of civil strife and turbulence".

The death of Edward VII struck the perturbed Premier as being a good opportunity to endeavour to come to terms with the

Tories. Accordingly, in that June, Asquith met Balfour and proposed a conference between the parties on the questions that divided them, and to this Balfour agreed. The conference was composed of four members from each party on the Government side, Asquith, Lloyd-George, Lord Crew and Birrell; on the Tory side, Balfour, Lansdowne, Austin Chamberlain and Cawdor. The far from bellicose Mr. Asquith was extremely delighted by the acceptance of his conference idea, and he could not refrain from giving expression to his pleasure in colourfully heroic and singularly hyperbolistic language, wholly alien to his natural sober and measured prose. "The Nation" he declared, "witnessed an incident unparelleled in the annals of party warfare ..... the combatant forces, already in battle array, piled their arms while the leaders on noth sides retired for private conference".

This inter-Party conference gave a six months respite to the Tory-Liberal war. It held nearly 30 sessions, and, though nothing came of it, there escaped from it certain very significant orientations that reflected curiously on the whole queer build-up of that very "ersatz" war. From these orientations, it is clear that there were powerful forces in favour of a settlement, and it is probable that those forces might have won through, had it not been for intransigents like Carson and

Bonar Law. There were wheels within wheels, of course, as there always must be when personalities like Lloyd George have a hand in the game. We know now that that ambitious politician was, even at that comparatively early stage in his career, playing a hand of his own, working through his "alter ego" on the opposite side, F.E. Smith, through Balfour for a "National Government" from which his leader, Asquith, was to be excluded, a condition that, seemingly, gave him as small concern as its eventual achievement did seven years later. But Asquith, as we know, was a personal social friend, and, even more so, his wife, Margot, of Balfour, and nobless oblige ordained that, in that regard, the latter could not be party to Lloyd George's intrigue against his leader. And there was still more going on. The Irish Party, always suspicious of Asquith, was constantly on the qui vive. For example, on 5th June, Dillon wrote to Redmond that "it looked as if we were faced with another attempt to bolt on the part of the Government". And, towards the end of that month, Redmond has put on record that he had been invited to meet Walter Long, and "discuss with him the possibility of settling a Home Rule scheme to be adopted by consent as part of the settlement of the constitutional crisis".

Lloyd George and F.E. Smith were at that time unquestionabl working together for a "common purpose" Ministry which would involve settlement of the constitutional issue, the granting of

a measure of Home Rule, and a bigger navy, the latter a sop to the Conservative imperialists.

Balfour was, undoubtedly, attracted to the plan, but felt that, because of his commitments to the Irish loyalists, he could not well, at that late stage, change over to Home Rule. In other words, he found it virtually impossible to get out of the strait jacket of non possumus Unionism which, willy-nilly, he had worn for the better part of his political career.

Getting on to the end of the conference's life, there was a remarkable stirring in the Conservative press that was far too unanimous and contemporaneous to be fortuitous, indicating the measure of support, in most unlikely quarters, there was for a thorough-going and final settlement of those balking, irritating and nearly endemic issues.

"Pacificus", in a letter to the "Times" on 22nd November, wrote: "Ulster Unionists cannot champion Home Rule; but they might, nevertheless, submit to it, without loss of dignity or self-respect". And the "Times", with a balancing Leader, inclined clearly to a settlement on that basis. The "Morning Post" actually broached all-round federal Home Rule, and was followed, in similar vein, by the "Daily Telegraph", the "Globe" and the "Daily Express".

It was clear that the wiser, more responsible and more far-seeing elements in English Conservatism were becoming alarmed at the shape and the direction the Tory campaign against a Liberal Government was taking, and at the rising tide of bitterness and disruption it was causing in the community. They were beginning to perceive that, far from destroying Liberalism, it was becoming more and more likely that the campaign would destroy that precious heritage, the British Constitution, of which they had always regarded Conservatives to be its particular custodians. But they were presently to discover that it was then too late to stay the course of the heady current that they had themselves so largely helped to create, or, rather, that there was no man of sufficiently big calibre to take over command to that end before it was too far gone. That eleventh hour eagerness for a settlement by those Conservatives is certainly an interesting and revealing light on the affair, and goes to show how really little Home Rule, as an issue, mattered to official English Conservatives. They never fought it on a point of principle, but merely as a card - like the Budget Bill and the Parliament Bill - in the struggle to destroy resurgent radicalism, and thereby to maintain in permanent pattern the traditional ascendancy rule of their caste and order. But, in so doing, they had let the Djinn

out of the bottle with a vengeance, and none of them could then have contemplated, despite his undoubted disquiet, the great and irrevocable havoc that that demon was to do to their constitution and to their Empire before he was rebottled, at least partially; for he is still abroad, the more's the pity!

Carson, the prime enemy of any Anglo-Irish settlement on the basis of any kind of autonomy, was as much on the alert as Redmond. He, too, was an Irishman, and had all an Irishman's distrust of the "Sassenach". He was, of course, well aware of all the planning and intriguing that was going on behind the scenes, and of its nature; and he decided to take speedy action to destroy effectively any possible chance of agreement on the main issues. To this end, he first circulated a wound robin document for signature amongst the Conservatives and Unionist Clubs, reiterating the faith of the signatories in the Union and condemning "the unauthorised scheme of 'Home Rule all round' which had lately been canvassed in certain papers". He, of course, collected quite a large number of signatures to that document, including that of Walter Long who, but four months previously, had, as we have seen, been inviting Redmond to discuss a Home Rule settlement with him. Verb. Sap.!

On 17th November, at a time when the press campaign for a peaceful solution was at its height, Carson attended the annual

meeting of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, and there moved and, of course, got carried a resolution exhorting "all Unionists throughout the kingdom to maintain unimpaired their unalterable opposition to the policy of Home Rule" or to the weakening the Union between Great Britain and Ireland". And, in order to smash utterly the peace movement in so far as Unionists were concerned, he referred to the press reports and denounced as "an infernal lie ..... on the authority of Mr. Balfour himself" that their leaders "were mediating a surrender of my rights and those who think with me in Ireland". ("My" rights was good and royal!) And Carson concluded his speech there with this remarkable pledge to his "fellow-loyalists" in the south and west of Ireland, which he failed to keep, and which has never been forgotten by those, and their successors, whom he so badly let down: He told them that it had been suggested that the question might be solved by the grant of a separate parliament to "Ulster". The Irish Unionist Party had considered the proposal and had asked him to say that "Ulster" would never be a party to any separate treatment; that "Ulster" would never desert those who thought with them in the other parts of Ireland. "If we sink we sink together", he concluded, "but, with God's help, we'll win". These activities of Carson's, of course,

gave the coup de grace to the last hope of those on both sides who were earnestly working for, and looking to, the conference for a settlement by general agreement. Actually, the conference had held its 29th and final session a few days earlier.

Asquith and Crew saw the King, who reluctantly agreed to create sufficient new peers to carry the Parliament Bill through the House of Lords, if that course were ever necessary, but he insisted that there would first have to be a General Election in the event of the measure being rejected by the Lords. The Bill was, of course, thrown out by the Lords, and Parliament was dissolved. That December saw the country, for the second time within a year, in the throes of a fierce and bitter General Election.

The proximate issue was, of course, the rejected Parliament Bill, but there were other great issues involved, for the enactment of which the Parliament Bill was but the clearing of the road. Indeed, not only the whole Liberal programme, but Liberal Government was at stake. For the real issue, dominating all others that, though kept well in the background, was the "causa causans" of the war, was the perpetuation of effective Tory supremacy, and the "divine right", not, this time, of the King, but of the House of Lords. And the Government had not been long in office before Tory intentions

on its life began to manifest themselves, and most of the Liberals were aware as to what the game was, and of the need to prepare to meet it, if they valued the political future of themselves and their party. Certainly, Campbell-Bannerman had no illusions on the subject, and had not only propounded drastic proposals effecting the structure of the House of Lords, modelled on an old plan of John Bright's in his radical days, but had persuaded his colleagues, even his sediment of Whigs, that nothing less than his plan would enable him to redeem his promises to the electorate to "find a way of making the will of the House of Commons prevail". And when, within the first three years of the Government, no less than two of its major measures - the Education and the Plural Voting Bills - had been wrecked by the Lords, it was manifest to the most guileless Liberal M.P. that the sooner that something like Campbell-Bannerman's plan was law, the better for them and for their Party's programme. For example, on 22nd February 1909, Ponsonby, M.P. for Stirling Burghs, moved that, in view of the repeated rejection by the Lords of measures passed by the Commons, legislation should be introduced in that session securing that the will of the Commons should prevail within a single parliament. And Asquith, who was, indeed, no Campbell-Bannerman, replied that there was no controversy as to the

magnitude, or urgency, of the issue. For twenty years it had overshadowed the whole field of British politics. The House of Lords, he declared, had become more and more identified with a single party; and Lloyd George, more directly, called it a branch of the Unionist Party, which, in effect, it was.

The issue was now knit for the second battle in the famous "war", called into being by the Tories, and an extremely bitter and vitriolic battle it was.

Again, the timorousness and lack of earnestness of Liberals about Ireland's claims was revealed by the complete absence of Home Rule in their official election manifesto, and in most of their election addresses, and the silence of their leaders on that subject in their speeches to the electorate. The Prime Minister only once mentioned Ireland; that was when he was heckled by a man at a meeting in his own constituency of East Fife, and then he contented himself with a mere reference to his Albert Hall speech the year before when, it will be remembered, he put forward a policy for Ireland "which, while explicitly safeguarding the supremacy and indefectible authority of the Imperial Parliament, will set up in Ireland a system of full self-government in regard to purely Irish affairs", which was all that Irish Nationalism then claimed.

Indeed, during the whole election, Asquith's official

attitude, as revealed in his speeches, was that expressed by him at Bury St. Edmunds - "the sole issue of the moment was the supremacy of the People; and it was sought to confuse the issue by catechising Ministers on the details of the next Home Rule Bill". Other leading Liberals, such as Grey, Haldane, Lloyd George and Churchill, were also quite silent on the very important Home Rule issues. That was not surprising in the cases of Grey and Haldane, who were unrepentant Whigs, but it certainly was in the case of Lloyd George, who had come forth as a freedom-loving progressive left-wing democrat. Churchill, I think, did make a few references to his favourite device for rendering Irish Home Rule harmless, viz: "Home Rule all round". But if the Liberals were coy and shamefaced about referring to Ireland, that was certainly not the case with the Irish National and Irish Unionist leaders. For example, Redmond in Wexford was in fine form attacking the Lords from an Irish angle. "The House of Lords", he then declared, "had offered and insulted and starved and murdered the Irish race. Thank God ..... when the future of Irish freedom was still hanging in the balance ..... the Irish Nationalists struck the blow that had precipitated the ruin and destruction of the House of Lords". A splendid piece of Celtic hyperbole, of Celtic "huel", shall we say, from a man of Norman descent!

Carson raised the question of Home Rule several times during the election, and, in a letter to the "Times", and particularly at Macclesfield, where he addressed to the Prime Minister a series of queries as to the sort of Home Rule intended, with special reference to its financing. Those queries were, of course, ignored.

But, if the Home Rule issue was not ostentatiously put forward by the Liberals, there can be no doubt that it was a factor, and a big factor, in the general issue. Everyone knew that Home Rule for Ireland, since Gladstone's leadership, and, certainly, having regard to its specific reindorsement by Asquith in his famous Albert Hall speech of 10th December 1909, was a major commitment of British Liberalism. Certainly Carson and the British Conservatives knew it, for they fought the election largely on Home Rule, noising abroad all over the country, and in their newspapers, that if it became law it would mean the smashing of the Union, and the destruction of the British Empire. Of course, it would have meant no such thing; actually the contrary. Are we not sick and tired of hearing these times from the Northern Unionists how they have preserved the Union in regard to the Six Counties despite the fact that they have local Home Rule? How then could the granting of their measure of Home Rule for the whole 32 counties

constitute the "smashing of the Union"? If that argument is right, it would have been much more consistent of them to have declined for the Six Counties any form of Home Rule, and remained wholly united to the Westminster Parliament. But even had the election been fought without reference to Home Rule from any quarter, the British Parliament, unlike our Oireachtas, which is enclosed within the tight jacket of a rigid written constitution, is supreme as regards its legislative powers, and does not require that any of its intended acts should, or must, be first placed before the electorate. There are instances of statutes enacted by every P arliament that the people had never an opportunity of voting on. Take, for example, the highly important Finance Acts: most of their provisions, of acute interest to the taxpayer, have become law without any reference to him. Indeed, as we all know, the taxpayer and voter is deliberately kept in the dark about what he shall have to meet where the Budget is concerned. Secrecy is the very essence of those all-important measures, and we know how responsible people, like Ministers, who have broken that secrecy, have fared; They were forthwith deprived of their ministerial seals and gravely damaged, in some cases ruined, in their careers.

Well, that second election was memorable for the violence and vituperation that poured forth from Tory platforms on the heads of the Government. Their "bete noir" was, as I have said, Lloyd George. They held him principally responsible for the Parliament Bill, and they accused him, by no means untruly, for he was then an advanced radical, of harbouring a determination to weaken, if he could not abolish, Tory dominance in national affairs. They detested him, though they could not despise him. His dangerous and subtle ability, and astonishing powers of invective prevented that; indeed, drew from them a most unwilling but, nonetheless, real respect. To the Tories the little Welshman was the great iconoclast of all they held sacred, and, during the election, they gave full vent to their hatred of him by lambasting him as an unscrupulous demagogue, a Billingsgate rowdy, a lowdown Radical "tyke" from Wales - the very worst of the species - bent on bursting up the Empire and destroying the aristocracy and the gentry, the country's national leaders.

Winston Churchill, Lloyd George's then "fidus Achates", came second, and a very close second in Tory loathing. In a sense, their detestation for him, the detestation of their bluest blood, was even deeper; for was he not of the authentic Tory line, the nephew of a duke of England, a man whose blood

and tradition should have made it utterly impossible for him to be anything else but a Tory, and a leader of Tories like his revered father. To have him deserting to the Liberal, nay, the Radical side, to have him becoming the intimate of that low Welsh rabble-rouser, was surely too much for decent blood to stand. Hence this terrific bitterness against Churchill, manifested in a nearly unanimous action by their marching out, en masse, on the first occasion he took his seat in the House of Commons as a Liberal.

Redmond, of course, they also disliked as the "Dollar Dictator", the man who had the Government in his pocket, whom they represented as an Anglophobe, whose dearest prayer was that England and her Empire might be overtaken by disaster. Actually, the opposite was true of Redmond, despite his occasional lapse into "rebel" rodomontade; he was the last of the great agitators for United Kingdom unity, as I hope these papers shall prove; in other words, the last of the real Unionists.

Asquith they regarded as nothing more than the miserable puppet of Redmond, and the British Radicals and Socialists, bound to them hand and foot and compelled to do their every bidding.

However, be that as it may, and even had the election been

fought without any reference to Home Rule from any Party, the British Constitution, being untrammeled by any written organic law, is supreme in all its acts. It is wholly unrestricted with regard to its powers of enactment, and does not require for their subsequent validation that any of its acts should, or must, be placed before the electorate in the first instance, even those supposed to effect that vague entity the "existing (British) constitution". It was then, and is today, particularly now, the House of Commons - probably the most sovereign and flexible legislative body in the world.

Despite all those wellknown legal and constitutional facts, the Conservative Party, in furtherance of its offensive against a Liberal prevalence, did not hesitate, for want of a stronger argument, to resort to the artifice that the people must first vote, at a General Election, on any bill of importance before it is introduced in Parliament. And this novel and, as far as I know, unprecedented artifice they used on no less than three occasions, viz: when the Lords rejected the 1909-10 Budget, and with regard to the Parliament Bill and the Home Rule Bill. Only in the case of the Parliament Bill did they get their General Election, which, as we have seen, went against them. This pose that the Conservatives were taken short, were tricked about the imminence of those Bills they did not like,

particularly about the Home Rule Bill, is disclosed as false by the facts of history themselves. During the controversy over the Budget and the Parliament Bill in the previous year, Carson clearly had no illusions. He did not even pretend to be taken short. On 14th April 1910, he rose in the House of Commons. "The Government", he said, "go to the country on the Budget Bill. They come back here and find themselves in the position that they are unable to pass it without the Irish Members". And he declared that if that happened, as happen it did, the Liberal Government would have to put through a Home Rule measure as payment to the Irish for their support of the Budget. And with true "rebel" rodomontade he went on to adumbrate on the "scandalous Liberal-Nationalist bargain leading to that devoutly-to-be-wished objective of the Irish, "the dismemberment of the Empire".

Again, when the mysterious conference, composed of picked Liberals and Conservatives, and held after the death of King Edward VII in the May of 1910, finally broke up on that November, there was no mystery at all about the reason for its dissolution; it was on the Home Rule question. Lord Lansdowne, one of the leaders of British Conservatives, had no illusion on the matter. Speaking in Portsmouth on 28th November 1910, he declared: "Mr. Asquith, to my mind, makes it perfectly clear

that the first step that will be taken will be to deal with the question of Irish Home Rule". Nor had the veteran anti-Home Ruler any misgivings thereon; for, in a letter to the "Times" of 8th December 1910, he wrote that Home Rule was the first issue. Likewise, Mr. Lyttleton, another Tory leader, declared in his election address specifically that "the Parliament Bill once passed, a Radical Government, if faithful to its pledges, would carry Home Rule". Lastly, to quote the then leader of the Conservative Party, Mr. Arthur Balfour, himself, in a message to the "Times" (12.12.10) in the very month of the election, wrote that "the avowed intention of the Government was, after dealing with the Second Chamber, to grant a sweeping measure of Home Rule to Ireland. And, of course, he was quite right, whatever about the "sweeping" character of the measure.

This evidence all goes to show how hollow and insincere was the Unionist argument against the Home Rule Bill (and mark its main argument) that that Bill's passage through Parliament was unconstitutional because it had not been placed definitely before the electorate. Amongst the storm of views, aims, intentions, accusations and counter-accusations that so heavily charged the atmosphere during that hectic election, a very few significant and historic statements must be recorded, for 'twere pity they were lost to posterity.

Captain Craig, Carson's chief lieutenant, later to

become Viscount Craigavon of Stormont and first Premier of Northern Ireland's "Home Rule Government", speaking at Lisburn, said: "Perhaps the time had arrived" he told the Orangemen there that December, "when they should change their tactics .... and spend money hitherto used in the sister counties, in buying arms and ammunition ..... In a short time the Unionist clubs would be reorganised" he promised them, "and he would advise all the young men of the countryside to join, and to employ some old soldiers to train them in military tactics, and God help Mr. Birrell and the Nationalists if they came near them". This extraordinary and then novel utterance had two distinctions: it was the first time that language deliberately instigating armed resistance to a prospective British statute was heard from a political platform in the British Isles since the Fenian days, and it was the first time ever that it was heard from a Unionist and Conservative platform. At the time, it passed practically unnoticed, being generally regarded as a bit of Orange platform braggadocio. And that is all that might have come of it had the ideas thus expressed not received the powerful and eminently respectable support that they were destined to get.

The result of the second General Election of the year 1910 came as a complete surprise to everybody, but most of all to

the British Conservatives and the Ulster Unionists. It had been thought, and generally expected, that the enormous expenditure of money by the Tory oligarchy and their numerous wealthy supporters, the terrific and continuous onslaught of their powerful press and oratory, the menacing and abusive character of their language would startle the vast mass of indeterminate voters into plumping solidly for them, thereby bringing down the Asquith Government and replacing it by a strong and enduring Tory regime that would get going on those "reforms" of the franchise and parliament that would ensure the future and continuance of Conservative influence and rule.

But nothing of the kind happened. Despite the terrific and unscrupulous efforts to intimidate them with the bogeymen of revolution and chaos, the electors returned an almost exact replica of the outgoing Parliament. It is doubtful whether in history so exact a parallel can be found in analagous circumstances for such a happening. The Liberals went out 275 strong, and came back with but the loss of three. The Unionists, of all blends, went out 273 and came back exactly the same strength as their Liberal opponents, that is, with the loss of one. The Labour Party and the Nationalists both bettered themselves by two additional seats, coming back 42 and 84 respectively. The people gave a definitely "as you were"

verdict, again placing the Irish Party into the position of dominance; indeed, with a perceptible slant in favour of the Government's programme seeing that the majority of the progressive parties over the Conservative was 126 as against the former 122.

Again, Irish Nationalists, British Labour and British Radicals hearily welcomed and rejoiced at the Kingdom's conclusive verdict and at the position created in Parliament by that verdict, but not so, or to the same extent, British Liberalism, or, rather, British Whiggery. It pined after the delectable position it had enjoyed in the 1906 election that returned it to power, free from all entanglements, with its allies. But, pine as they would, they had no choice before them but to accept the position, if they wanted to continue on as a government. The first thing they were confronted with was the Parliament Bill. The Whigs clearly saw that now they could not escape that duty, distasteful, indeed, as it was to them, and to their social contacts in the opposite party, for, not alone were the Irish determined on it, but so were their own large and very articulate Radical element and, of course, their Labour confederates.

The Orange element in Ireland, having been duly inflamed by Carson and his British Conservative friends, were bitterly disappointed at the result, as they felt sure that their new

tactics of violence and threats in language would win out, and result in a great Unionist victory, and the utter rout of the Liberal-Radical Government combination that they abhorred. This deep chagrin soon manifested itself in a new and even more bitter and defiant note in their speeches. In January, for example, before the new King was crowned, doubtless to intimidate him suitably, and his newly-restored statutory advisers, Captain Craig (later Lord Craigavon) gave forth these truly loyal sentiments. He warned England, from his personal knowledge, that Germany and the German Emperor would be preferred to the rule of John Redmond, Patrick Ford and the Molly Maguires. The motive behind that threat becomes more significant when we recall what the world situation was like at the moment they were uttered. "The year was one of continued excitement" writes Mrs. Stopford Green. "The coronation in June was quickly followed by the "Agidin" claim in July. It will he remembered that War with Germany was thought inevitable; officers were ready for their marching orders, and the fleet lay with sealed orders awaiting the signal to set sail. The close of the grave railway strike in England was determined by the extreme danger of the foreign situation and the pressure which the Cabinet, under such perilous conditions, brought to bear on industrial magnates in England".

The wild talk of arming and promoting a rebellion against unpalatable laws was not the mere mouthings of chagrined Orangemen that could be ignored. It began to grow apparent that there was much more behind it than that; that, in fact, the idea appeared to have the incitement and backing of at least a section, and that an influential section, of the official Conservative Party. On 15th February 1911, for example, we find that the Right Honourable Mr. Walter Long, M.P., one of the leaders of that Party, stated positively ~~that~~ in the House of Commons in the Debate on the Address that, speaking for the whole Conservative Party, "we are opposed to Home Rule in any shape or form. We believe that Home Rule is not necessary at all for this country or for Ireland". That, of course, was all right and quite unobjectionable as a statement of his and his Party's views on that issue. But, most significantly, he added that, in his belief, founded "on information coming to us first-hand", such a measure would produce something akin to Civil War if imposed on the minority. Referring to this particular period, the Hon. George Peel, in his book "The Reign of Sir Edward Carson" writes: "It seems that even at this early date, long before the Home Rule Bill had been introduced in 1912, vague breathings and mutterings of armed resistance and so forth had been vented abroad. In January 1911, these rumours were

investigated and rebuked in an article entitled: "The Alleged Arming of Ulster": "We are glad to be able to refute a story which is being circulated to the discredit of Ulster. Rumour has recently asserted that this province, which boasts of its loyalty to the Crown and Constitution, is arming against the prospect of Home Rule. This, it was stated, is not true, because there had been no unusual importation or sale of arms. A special inquiry on the spot established the fallacy of 'the wild legend of an Ulster rising'. 'The issue of Home Rule must be fought out in Parliament ..... To resist the decrees of Parliament by force of arms is to wage war against the Crown'".

That admirable and sound statement of the law appeared in no less an organ than the "Daily Mail" of 19th January 1911 - an uncompromising mouthpiece of Tory orthodoxy. At that period, at all events, the very idea of armed rebellion against a statute of Parliament was still anathema in orthodox Conservative and constitutional circles. As Mr. Peel truly comments: "The particular significance of this investigation lay not in the special conclusion arrived at, whether accurately or otherwise, but in the fact that, any rate, early in 1911 the Ulster leaders had not yet felt their way sufficiently to announce, and even advertise, their plans as was done later.

They had still to see whether the Unionist Party, as a whole, were firm for them". That was the rub: if they armed the Orange population and drilled it for a rebellion, would British organised Conservatives support them? If not, it would clearly be useless to proceed with the project, and it would most certainly have had to have been abandoned for some other artifice well within the meanings of the Constitution. As Mr. Peel writes:"However, as the months of 1911 passed onward, the situation gradually cleared up to the extent that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Walter Long, the two Unionist leaders in the Commons at that date most concerned with Ireland, presented an absolutely uncompromising front against Home Rule in any shape or form. For instance, in May (19.5.11) Mr. Balfour stated, with reference to the yet unknown Home Rule Bill of the Government: 'I cannot imagine any Bill which they can produce to which I will give my assent', and generally the mood of the leaders was well expressed by Professor Dicey, the literary champion, in writing that the mere suspicion that any Unionist leader favoured Home Rule all round would be 'death to Unionism' (latter in Times 21.7.11)".

Ignoring the blatant falsity of the Professor's averment that Home Rule would mean 'death to Unionism' - the contrary, indeed, would more likely have been the case as things

transpired - that evidence shows that the life-roots of the anti-constitutional conspiracy were already in existence, brought into being, unquestionably, by some degree of agreement and understanding between the Ulster and British confederates in the Tory Party.

King George V opened his first Parliament on 6th February and, a fortnight later, the Parliament Bill was reintroduced and had its first reading. Next month it passed through its second and third readings in the face of strong opposition, and went up to the House of Lords. Another achievement of that noble House in that same month we certainly must not overlook. On 7th March, the famous Budget of 1907-10 slipped quietly and with lamb-like softness through the Upper House, without a noble Lord therein to say 'boo' to it, despite the terrific struggle, and furore, the members of that august assembly created against its enactment but a few months beforehand. Following the passing months, 11th May of that year must be noted. Since the reintroduction of the Parliament Bill, the Unionists, British and Irish, had busied themselves organising resistance to its becoming law. On that date there was a luncheon in London of peers and commoners, to organise resistance to the Bill, and Lord Curzon, freshly arrived from

India, where he had been a singularly indiscreet and tactless Viceroy, gave a strong lead to the company. "Let them make their peers", his lordship dramatically declared, "we will die in the last ditch before we give in". From this historic phrase there sprung the terms "Ditchers and Hedgers" - the former the inflexible uncompromisers, and the latter the weak-kneed compromisers, when, shortly afterwards, as we shall see, the question of passing the Parliament Act by the House of Lords came up for ultimate action. And it will be noted that "dying in the last ditch" would not be in respect of Home Rule, but in respect of the Parliament Bill.

June came, and with it the coronation ceremony and festivities in connection with the new King. In July, George V of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India" visited in state "that part of his United Kingdom called Ireland". The new monarch was a very different individual from his father, lacking the latter's personality, bonhomie and, indeed, his broad human sympathies and intuition. George V's lack of personality, his pedestrian "ordinaryness" and his obvious lack of knowledge of, and, hence, disinterest in Ireland, produced, naturally, no very enthusiastic reactions towards him in the Irish. Nevertheless, on his visit to Ireland that July, he was

accorded a very cordial reception as he and his Queen and family drove through the thronged and beflagged streets of the capital. Dublin Corporation officially ignored the visit, but numbers of Aldermen and Councillors attended the functions on their own. A highly surprising and unexpected attendant was the Lord Mayor himself, who, from having graduated to his high office along the irreconcilable Nationalist road, having only the year before, in anticipation of that royal visit, been the proposer of the resolution against it, that was carried in the Corporation, suddenly decided to attend the loyal proceedings in his official capacity, to offer, on behalf of the city and its denizens, his humble duty to his liege and sovereign. Accordingly, he ordered out the city's State coach and, vesting himself in all the panoply of his State robes of office, replete with gold chain and sword, he awaited, with his lady, the arrival of the coach. But his coachman and his footmen never appeared; the mayoral grooms declined to harness the horses and the mayoral coachman to drive it. There was nothing left for His Right Honourable Lordship and his lady but to hire a public conveyance and hie them forth to the official grand stand in that very ignominious, and only alternative, for the First Citizen of the country's First City. Royalty, apparently, thought little of the Lord Mayor's blitz

conversion to loyalty, for he returned, as he came, with ne'er a prefix to, nor an affix after, his name.

King George and Queen Mary visited the Royal College of Maynooth, as his father had done, and got there, in contrast to the city's official "non-video", as warm and as friendly a welcome. They were received by His Eminence, Cardinal Logue, His Grace, Archbishop Walsh, a number of other Bishops, Dr. Mannix, the President, and the Professors of the College. The Royal Standard and the Papal flag flew side by side, in unique harmony, over the college; a loyal address of welcome was read to the royal pair. Comparing those royal visits of George, his father and his grandmother, and their unquestionably friendly reception by the Irish people, with "the times that are in it", one can only be staggered at the unbelievable changes that have taken place in this land, in the historically short period of little more than 40 years. O tempora, O mores! The new spirit of friendship towards the monarchy in the Nationalist world, created by, what looked like, the resolve of the Liberal Government to have Home Rule enacted and stimulated by the royal visit behind what looked like a clear Home Rule atmosphere, was given expression to by John Redmond. Speaking at Woodford, Essex, he went out of his way for the first time to stress the loyalty of Nationalists to the Crown

and Empire. True, Redmond was duly denounced for this utterance by "Irish Freedom", the Dublin Republican organ, for betraying Irish Nationalism "in an orgy of Imperialism", but, nevertheless the sentiments he had expressed did, at the time, with Home Rule coming solidly up the way, represented the outlook of the vast majority of Irish Nationalists.

It seems that on 14th July the Cabinet informed the King that their only way out was to ask him to carry out the pledge he gave them secretly in the November of the preceding year, on the eve of the General Election, on which he had insisted, as a condition for the giving of the pledge, and create adequate peers to secure the passage of the Bill through the Lords. The King, reluctantly, undertook to discharge his undertaking, and, on 21st of that month, Asquith informed Balfour, the Conservative leader, that he had secured the King's consent to so increase the personnel of the upper house. This news came as a bombshell on the Conservative Party, who had such a poor opinion of Asquith and his Cabinet, as fighters, that they were sure they would compromise in some way rather than take the extreme and awful step of "involving the Crown". To their infinite surprise, they had decided to do it; their Radical element, backed by the Nationalists, had, seemingly, been too strong for them. That evening, a meeting of peers

which Balfour, as Conservative leader, attended, was summoned, and met at Lansdowne House. It came to the conclusion that the only prudent course open to the peers was to sink further opposition to the Parliament Bill "now that they were no longer free agents". But it soon transpired that the Lansdowne meeting by no means represented the united opinion of the entire Conservative Party in the matter. There sprung up a very defiant and aggressive body of peers, wholly opposed to the "surrender", and backed by many of the Conservative M.P.s. This dissident element gave a dinner on the night of 26th July in the Carlton Club to its leader, the aged Earl of Halsbury, and was attended by peers and commoners of his way of thinking. Carson was the principal speaker, and he let himself go in characteristic hyperbole, talking of the conspiracy "to destroy your Constitution which has existed for 700 years". As though, by any stretch of the imagination, the puny Home Rule concession could possibly be said to do that. If it could, then, a fortiori, the Six County Home Rule that now exists, and that Carson accepted, has done, and has been doing, that for the last 36 years.

Just prior to this meeting, on 24th, to be exact, Asquith moved in the House of Commons that the Lords' amendments to the Parliament Bill be disagreed with, and was howled down, not by

the Irish "bogmen", but by the "gentry" of the Unionist Party. The next day, the party of gentlemen carried out another well-organised brawl in the very bosom of the "Mother of Parliaments" Unlike the Irish Nationalist rows, none of the gentlemen were expelled; the whole House had to be adjourned to meet their humour. But, despite that unseemly and ineffective display of chagrin, the House of Commons passed the Parliament Bill through all its stages by substantial majorities, and sent it up to the House of Lords. That noble assembly was certainly in a quandary when the detested measure returned to them, with its emasculated limbs fully restored. They said that they were then faced with but two courses, and no more: either to reject the Bill again, or to pass it. The former was what they all had at heart, if it could be done without the terrible concomitant of filling their gilded chamber with "riff-raff" and the "dregs" of the Radical opposition, perhaps even - unbearable thought! - a considerable splashing of terrible Irish "bogmen"cas well!

The Parliament Bill, as I have said, went up to the House of Lords, and, on 10th August, came before the peers there for their final decision on it. It was known that there were not only misgivings about the action to be taken, but that a large majority of their lordships were in favour of giving up the fight and endorsing the Bill. That was the case, as events

proved; but it was also the case that a very substantial and implacable element of diehards had been organised by Lord Willoughby de Broke and Lord Lovat, organisers of the English Covenanters and Volunteers as Auxiliaries for Carson's army. Indeed, so strong was this opposition, that many felt the "Hedgers" would be vanquished by the "Ditchers" and the Bill discarded.

An amusing and curious debate ensued, with high pitches of strong and bitter feeling amongst those erstwhile friends in the great cause. Feeling reached its highest level, understandably, when the elegant and pompous Lord Curzon, the creator of the "Ditchers" and the inventor of the very term, rose, not to back Halsbury and de Broke, but, to the surprise of most there, to lead the "Hedgers". After many speeches of shame-faced explanation on one side and uncompromising defiance on the other, the vote was eventually taken - resulting in the passage of the Bill by a majority of 17 votes. The vast mass of peers abstained from voting and left the determination of the issue to the active "Hedgers" and, of course, the "Ditchers". I think the actual figures were 44 for the Bill and 27 against. For the second time, the great Ulster-cum-Tory bluff was called.

Thus vanished the second of the cards that the new Toryism was playing for its ends. There remained in their

hands but one card, the Home Rule card, the "Orange card". And it was soon evident that that card, the possible "ace" in their hand, was going to be played by Carson to its fullest possible extent. How full that extent was to be depended on one thing, and one thing only, then by no means specifically apparent: was the great British Conservative Party prepared to back Carson, at least in his contingent rebellion? After the action of the peers in regard to the Parliament, and, having regard to the support they received thereon by the bulk of the Conservative Party in the Commons, led by its leader, Balfour, Carson and his Irish supporters had every reason not to be oversure of support from that source.

However, nothing daunted, and seeing that the House of Lords, the great fortress of himself and his English confederates, for the maintenance of whose "Divine Right" they had all been fighting, had been irreparably weakened, Carson and his Irish supporters determined that his best course was to push on and expand his physical forceand illegal activities. In the words of Mr. Colvin, Carson's biographer: "the (former) attacks on the Union had been defeated in Parliament, and at the polls, but in 1911, the capitulation of the House of Lords left Ireland bare to the enemy (sic!), and in Ireland there was this stronghold where the fight could be continued, the Protestant

north". And so to Protestant Ulster, Carson and his Parliamentary Lieutenants and confederates hied themselves.

On 23rd of that September, Carson summoned the Orangemen, and the members of the Unionist clubs in Ulster, to meet him at Craigavon, his chief lieutenant, James Craig's, residence on the south shore of Belfast Lough, just outside the city. Thither, we are told by the same biographer, over 100,000 people (not all men, by any means) marched in columns of four (p presumably the men) and assembled in a large meadow in front of the residence. Before such an audience, Carson's histrionic and melodramatic qualities were bound to tell, and he was in the full of his peculiar form. Throwing out his chest and squaring his shoulders, he told them in his deep, brooding Dublin accent that "we will yet defeat the most nefarious conspiracy that has ever been hatched against a free people". Hardly a measured understatement, and running the risk of having him labelled as a "typical exaggerative Paddy from the south", only that the Orangemen and their English supporters were equally hysterical in their language, as we shall see. He went on to tell them that they had to "maintain the British connection, and their rights, as citizens of the United Kingdom and British Empire", which, of course, Home Rule would certainly not disturb. Then he struck a more ominous note,

what he called the "logical conclusion". "We must be prepared, in the event of a Home Rule Bill passing, with such measures as will carry on for ourselves the government of those districts of which we have control. We must be prepared ..... the morning Home Rule passes, ourselves to become responsible for the Government of the Protestant Province of Ulster .... Our motto is", he declared, "We rely upon ourselves". There was Griffith's gospel of Sinn Féin being put into actual effect, against a harmless statute of the King's Parliament, to which those first "Sinn Féiners" were perpetually proclaiming their undying loyalty. One wonders had Carson been secretly studying Griffith's famous book "The Resurrection of Hungary"?

Teo days afterwards, Carson met 400 delegates from Unionist Clubs and Orange Lodges in Rosemary Hall, Belfast, who resolved unanimously as follows: "That we, delegates of the Ulster Unionist Association, the Unionist Clubs of Ireland, the Loyal Orange Institution of Ireland, in united meeting assembled, recognising that the public peace of this country is in great and imminent danger by reason of the threat to establish a Parliament in Dublin, and knowing that such a step will inevitably lead to disaster to the Empire, and absolute ruin to Ireland, the degradation of our citizenship in the United Kingdom, and the destruction of our material prosperity

and our civil and religious liberties. Hereby we call upon our leaders to take any steps they may consider necessary to resist the establishment of Home Rule in Ireland, solemnly pledging ourselves that, under no condition, shall we acknowledge any such Government or obey its decrees ....." They passed a second Resolution too: "That inasmuch as H.M's. Government has intimated its intention to pass a measure of Home Rule for Ireland, and, as we have again and again expressed our determination not to submit to Home Rule, the time has now come when we consider it our imperative duty to make arrangements for the provisional Government of Ulster". Thereupon those 400 non-elected but arbitrarily nominated "delegates" took it upon themselves to appoint a commission of five to frame a Constitution for their self-appointed Provisional Government, declaring "the powers and duration of such Provisional Government to come into operation on the day of the passage of any Home Rule Bill, to remain in force until Ulster shall again resume unimpaired her citizenship in the United Kingdom". A number of points emerge from this curious and confused statement that are worth noting. First, the definite evidence, despite the resolve expressed to resist "a Parliament in Dublin" to the death, that Carson was then considering what he ultimately effected, viz: the abandonment

of his own particular people, the Southern Unionists, whom he represented in Parliament as M.P. for Trinity College, Dublin, and, secondly, the absurd statement about "resuming" their citizenship in the United Kingdom, which a Home Rule measure would never have deprived them of.

From that event the physical force preparations quickened up rapidly.

In this wise was the "Ulster Provisional Government" founded. But you cannot have a Government without a force of some kind to maintain it, and to carry out its behests, and so we find a Colonel Wallace, "both a soldier and a solicitor", conveniently at hand to take the first step in establishing an army for that purpose. We read in Colvin: "Being a lawyer, his first idea was to put the movement on a legal basis. According to law, any two Justices of the Peace had power to authorise drill and 'other military exercises within the area of their jurisdiction', and application was duly made by Colonel Wallace and another officer of the Belfast Grand Lodge of the Orange Institution 'for lawful authority..... to hold meetings of members of the said Lodge and the Lodges under its jurisdiction, for the purpose of training and drilling themselves and of being trained and drilled in the use of arms'". And Colvin adds, with much frankness: "There was an undeniable

candour and, at the same time, a certain irony in their statement of the purpose for which this authority was required: '... they desire this authority as faithful subjects of His Majesty the King .... only to make them more efficient citizens for the purpose of maintaining the constitution of the United Kingdom as now established, and protecting their rights and liberties thereunder". They were going to be "decent loyal rebels" at all cost! Even the enactments of the rebel government were to be passed "by the Central Authority, by and with the assent of His Majesty the King". The date when the Belfast Justices of the Peace granted Wallace's application to drill is another fatal date of that history that should not be forgotten. It was 5th January 1912.

Before I pass from the year 1911, I must draw attention to a very special date. It is 13th November. On that day Bonar Law was elected Chairman, or leader, of the Conservative Party in succession to Balfour. That is the third fatal date in the latter-day history of the United Kingdom, and of the British Empire; the first has already been recorded, viz: 21st February 1910, when Carson replaced Walter Long as Chairman of the Irish Unionist Party. Balfour had lost considerable prestige among his own Diehards and, of course, the Ulster Unionists, by his leading the "Hedgers" in the

Parliament Bill affair. But, apart from that, he had been, for some time, growing uneasy at the way the great Party that he led was being seduced from its traditional constitutional road, and deflected along the way of rebellion and physical force. Coming, as he did, from aristocratic and very conservative stock, with constitutionalism inbred in his blood, his system could not but react, uneasily, to the violent campaign of anti-law and order which Carson, with the enthusiastic backing of some of his own lieutenants, was flaming up in the country. To my mind, Balfour was growing uneasy in the highly responsible position he occupied, of leader of the King's Opposition, and wanted to get out of it before things grew worse. It is true, of course, that, when he had thrown off the mantle of leadership, he was often as bad as the worst of them, in his contribution to the hotting-up campaign. For example, in the very next month after his resignation, we find him, on his native heath, at Haddington, attacking the Prime Minister himself as a "traitor" who had struck a "felon blow" at the State. But that was merely showing that, despite his climb down from high and dangerous responsibility, he was still semper fidelis "to the cause", and could be as good as the wildest of them - then a la mode - when he liked. But, it is clear to me that the main reason for his abandonment of the

Conservative leadership was, not age or health, but anxiety with regard to his responsibilities therein, should that Party back rebellion in Ulster. There could not have been a worse leader selected in his place than Andrew Bonar Law, the son of a Canadian-Scottish manse, whose main religious tenet was a profound fear and horror of "Popery", and particularly of the Irish edition of "Popery". I have given my idea of his character elsewhere and need not waste time on it further. And the curious thing about Bonar Law's election was that it was a pure chance, a freak of fate, that got him the chair; for, if ever there was a dark horse, he was one.

The two obvious contenders for Balfour's vacant chair were Walter Long and Austen Chamberlain, and between these two there was very considerable rivalry in the party with, at one time, a danger that that rivalry would divide the whole Tory organisation. Chamberlain was not liked by the dyed-in-the-wool Tory "True-blues" because he was a Liberal-Unionist and, as such, should not be made the leader of Conservatism; and Long had many enemies and rivals in the Unionist rank and file who were not prepared to back him. Anxiously, the friends of the Party unity hunted for a "compromise" candidate. First they thought of Carson, but he would not leave the chairmanship of the Irish Unionist Party. Eventually, one was found, a most

unlikely one, the man whom Asquith described as "meekly ambitious" - Bonar Law. And Law, with the powerful support of the Aitken press, was duly elected - a most fateful election for all the great interests of State and constitution involved, as all who read the history of that time can now plainly see.

With Bonar Law's election in Balfour's stead, the "Orange Card", the card of physical force, and no compromise whatsoever on any kind of all-Ireland autonomy, that was to be played had every prospect of achieving the purposes expected of it. Colvin records in his book on Carson that "Before going to the meeting, Bonar Law had gone to Carson and offered to stand down in his favour; and Carson, again refusing, had urged Bonar Law to go forward. And so it came about that when Mr. Long moved, and Mr. Chamberlain seconded the proposal, Sir Edward Carson ± left the rooms and returned with Mr. Bonar Law, like a bride on the arm of her father". A fatal union, indeed, for England, Ireland, and what was once the great British Empire!

From this action, it was obvious that Carson and Law had agreed to carry out the former's policy of violence; but, less than six months later, that alliance was to be given definite and unmistakable shape, as we shall see presently. Everything was going splendidly for Carson, and the playing of his last card, his "Orange Card". Everything, but one thing. That

Hamlet's ghost, that wretched skeleton in the harmonious cupboard - the Southern and Western Loyalists of Ireland, that Carson so often swore he would never desert, no never, no matter what the cost. At Croydon, for example, he declared: "We will stop at nothing if an attempt is to be made to hand the Loyalists of Ireland over to those whom we believe to be the enemies of our country, and who certainly are the enemies of yours". Despite all his protests of unending fidelity to those people, who were, in a way that the Ulsterians were not, his own people, the Loyalists of South and West were not feeling just a hundred per cent. happy.

To go back to Colvin again: Having stated that his hero did not mind most Liberal taunts, he goes on to give an exception: "But the Liberals touched him more nearly in another and more subtle line of attack - the attempt to divide the Unionists of Southern Ireland from the Unionists of the north. His heart was with the people among whom he had been born and bred, but he realised the difference between these two, and the danger of division. In the north, the Unionists were compact and powerful - at least half of the population - and in control of its territories, its industries and its economic power; in the south, they were a scattered minority ..... protected only by the power of the British occupation, a

sacrifice, were that arm withdrawn, to the vindictive savagery of an ancient fued. Conceal it from themselves as they might, there was for these Southern Unionists a dilemma, which grew the more dreadful as it approached, either to go into exile, or submit to a triumphant enemy"(sic). How strange those prospective fears of "the enemy" seem today anent the actual position in the Republican part of Ireland! And, so great were the fears that, according to Colvin, a desperate temptation assailed those poor Southern Loyalists: none other than "to make terms (with the "enemy", presumably) while terms could be made".

Carson knew all that, and he also knew that the Government were proceeding slowly, if deliberately, with their Irish policy Hence he proposed, according to his biographer, Colvin, "a demonstration which would both frighten them and impress the country, and that must be done in Ulster. The Irish Nationalists, he calculated, would not have Home Rule without the north; and if he could prove that the north would not have Home Rule, he would bring the whole thing to a stand". And, Colvin also tells us, Carson was convinced that the one hope for the Southern Loyalists lay in northern resistance. "It seemed to him", writes Colvin, "as plain as a pikestaff, that to finance Home Rule would be utterly impossible without

the taxable resources of Belfast ..... To stop Home Rule in Ulster would ..... prevent it for all Ireland".

So that was the depth and height of his frequently avowed pledges of faith to his own Southern Unionists. They were all based on a gamble, the gamble that, because "Ulster" would not accept Home Rule, ergo, Redmond would not accept Home Rule without the north, and, therefore, the whole Home Rule agitation would collapse and wither away; and Carson would be the saviour of southern, as well as northern, loyal susceptibilities.

One of Carson's strongest opponents at that particular time was the Right Honourable Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P., the Home Secretary. In nearly all his speeches and public pronouncements, at that time, Churchill denounced Carson, and the agitation of violence and force that he was conducting. For example, at Dundee, his own constituency, on 3rd October 1911, he spoke scornfully of "the squall which Sir Edward Carson was trying to raise in Ulster, or, rather, in that half of Ulster of which he has been elected Commander-in-Chief. Are we never," he asked, to be allowed to examine this great issue free from party rancour? Sir Edward Carson says 'No' .... He will attempt to set up, in Ulster, a provisional, that is to say, a rebel Government, in defiance of laws which will

have received the assent of Parliament, and of the Crown .... These are his threats ..... We must not attach too much importance to these frothings of Sir Edward Carson ..... I daresay, when the worst comes to the worst, we shall find that civil war evaporates in uncivil words". But Churchill, ever a man of action, was not content with making speeches throughout the country. He would go to Belfast and make one there in the very heart of the rebel city. Accordingly, for that purpose, the Ulster Hall had been taken by the Ulster Liberal Association for 8th February 1912. But those good citizens reckoned without their real host. On 11th January 1912, the Standing Committee of the Ulster Unionist Council unanimously resolved that "it observed with astonishment the deliberate challenge thrown down by Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. John Redmond, Mr. Joseph Devlin and Lord Pirrie, in announcing their intention to hold a Home Rule meeting, in the centre of the loyal city of Belfast, and resolves to take steps to prevent its being held".

This high-handed action to forbid the Ulster Hall, a Corporation property open to all citizens to assemble for lawful purposes, to one of His Majesty's first Ministers, shocked not only Liberals, but friends of the Unionist cause. For example, "The Times" wrote: "We cannot pretend to rejoice in the decision of the Standing Committee ... As a matter of political

ethics, their action is hard to justify, and, even from the point of view of mere political tactics, its wisdom is open to question".

Carson, of course, endorsed the banning of the Ulster Hall to a meeting of his political opponents, and the upshot of it was that he and his fellow rebels in Belfast won out, prevented His Majesty's First Lord of the Admiralty - as the Right Hon. gentleman had become in the interval - from going to and speaking in the Ulster Hall, and compelled him to resort to a canvas marquee in Belfast Celtic Football grounds. As Colvin truly observes, Carson and his friends "had, in effect, forbidden a Minister of the Crown to do a thing and the Minister had obeyed them". Carson had won his first victory in the campaign of the "Orange Card", and, though he knew he had, he did not at that time realise its sweeping effect. For example, though the Liberals made a big show by drafting into Belfast five battalions of Infantry, a squadron of cavalry and a detachment of Royal Engineers; yet, on that same day, 6th February 1912, Asquith sat down and wrote to the King that, although the Bill, as introduced, was to apply to all Ireland, the Irish leaders were to be warned that "the Government held themselves free to make changes, if it became clear that special treatment must be provided for the Ulster counties, and that,

in this case, the Government will be ready to recognise the necessity, either by amendment, or by not passing it (the Bill) on under the provisions of the Parliament Act".

Carson's victory was much greater than he could possibly have realised. Not merely had a Minister of the Crown been prohibited from addressing the supporters of his Party in a public hall in one of the King's cities, and that the most loyal but the principle of Partition had been given birth to and had been accepted by Carson's chief political opponent, the Prime Minister himself, albeit tacitly at the time. Much was to flow from those events.

No wonder the Unionists were jubilant, and their jubilation manifested itself in speeches from their leaders, more and more bellicose. Asquith was to introduce the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons on 11th April 1912, and, accordingly on 9th of that month, Carson and his new ally, Bonar Law, betook themselves to Ulster to work up the mobs there. And then, in Belfast, before a great multitude of Orangemen, Carson announced that "Mr. Bonar Law and I have shaken hands on this business and we are going to see it through". After which, Bonar Law gave the Orangemen this message on behalf of the Unionist Party: "Though the brunt of the battle will be yours, there will not be wanting help from across the Channel". And a few days later,

at Balmoral, before a crowd of 100,000, Bonar Law, with Sir Edward Carson, Lord Londonderry and Mr. Walter Long, took the salute of the Ulster Volunteers, as they paraded before him in serried ranks. As Carson's biographer, Colvin, with remarkable candour, observes, regarding that event: "We are now unhappily accustomed to force in civil affairs, but to the 70 or 80 Members of Parliament who looked on at that great demonstration, it must have been a startling phenomenon, a formidable threat to that system of government by consent which had been taken for granted in these islands for a hundred years and more". A "startling phenomenon" and "formidable threat" of physical force to ordered democratic government it certainly was, endorsed and countenanced as it was, by the presence and the words of the Chairman of the British Conservative Party, and the Leader of the King's Opposition. None of those witnessing it saw then, or could guess at the long shadows it was to cast in front of it, and the long progeny of "private armies" it was to beget, not only in the British Isles, but in Europe, and the British Empire.

But, as though the endorsements it had received were not considered sufficient, the rebel parade received the blessings of certain sections of official Christendom. We are told that the Primate of All Ireland, and the Moderator of the Presbyterian

Church, opened the day with prayer, and blessed the drums and lethal weapons. The Leader of His Majesty's Opposition harangued those warriors in this wise: "You are the men who know what you are fighting for, and love what you know" - a quotation from Cromwell's speech to his Ironsides. "You are a besieged city", he informed them. "The timid have left you. Your Lundys have betrayed you; but you have closed your gates. The Government have erected by their Parliament Act a boom against you to shut you off from the help of the British people. You will burst that boom. That help will come, and, when the crisis is over, men will say to you, in words not unlike those used by Pitt - "You have saved yourselves by your exertions, and you will save the Empire by your example'". What a pity Bonar Law, and his companions on that occasion, are not here today to see what their policy of violence has done to the Empire by their example!

Colvin comments (with truth): "Inspiring as such words were, there was more in the presence of Mr. Bonar Law than in his speech, for, standing there and taking the salute, he was making, not only the Ulster cause but the Ulster policy, his own. There was a symbolism in this presence at the saluting point of a military review, of which, were it for good or ill,

none could miss the significance. And, to make it more obvious - the Ulster Leader and the Leader of the whole Unionist Party Carson and Bonar Law - each grasped the other's hand, as though formally ratifying a compact, made thus publicly on the eve of battle". And Walter Long, the cool, English squire and prominemt figure in the Party of the Constitution, declared with, Colvin says, "English bluntness" - not sedition, of course - that "if they are going to put Lord Londonderry and Sir Edward Carson into the dock, they will have to find one large enough to hold the whole Unionist Party". "Thus", finally comments Colvin, "on the eve of the Home Rule Bill, not only the Unionists of Ulster, but His Majesty's Opposition, were ranged together in defiance of a proposed law". To which we say, "Quite so".

On 11th April 1911, the Prime Minister, Asquith, presented the Third Home Rule Bill to the

House of Commons. Carson's attack on the Bill was mainly twofold: that if Ireland was really a nation the Bill did not go anything like far enough. The police were to be reserved from them for six years; in religious matters they were denied discretion in their own schools and in legal matters there was an appeal outside them to the Privy Council. Mr. Asquith called the Irish a "nation", yet maintained "in this Bill unimpaired and beyond the reach of challenge or question the supremacy, absolute and sovereign, of the Imperial Parliament". On the other hand, he affirmed that the Union was good for Ireland. "The one boast of every Irishman now", he said, "whatever his political creed may be, is the advancing prosperity of his country and the progress that her citizens have made". "What", he proceeded, "is the object of the United Kingdom? As I understand it, it is that all parts shall be worked together as one whole, and with the object that the poorer may be stronger by the co-operation of the richer". In the course of his speech he made this interesting point: "I would like to know when a statesman takes up a question with that line there, what argument is there that you can raise for giving Home Rule to Ireland that you do not equally raise for giving Home Rule to that Protestant minority in the

North East Province?" (And, a fortiori, one would have liked to have asked Carson, for not giving Home Rule to the close on half-million Catholic minority which is a third of the total Six-County population! - K.R.O'S.)

In the debate Churchill played a different tune from his, up to then, strong man role. "It was impossible", he declared, "for a Liberal Government to treat cavalierly or contemptuously ..... the sincere sentiments of a numerous and well-defined community like the Protestants of the North of Ireland". And he went on: "No Liberal will deny that it is the right of every citizen, nay, a duty, provided the circumstances are sufficient, to resist oppression". Then, retreating from that dangerous encouragement to Carson and his rebels, he pointed out the perils of unconstitutional resistance. "The utmost they (the Protestant north) can claim is for themselves ..... Do the counties of Down and Antrim and Londonderry, for instance, ask to be excepted from the scope of this Bill? Do they ask for a Parliament of their own, or do they wish to remain here?"

Sir Edward Grey, a few days later, referred more vaguely to a solution. "If Ulster defeats the solution we propose, or makes it impossible ..... some other solution will have to

be found which will free this House and put the control of Irish affairs in other hands".

But it was not until 11th June 1912, when the Bill was in Committee, that the question of the exclusion of portions of Ulster came to a head and, for the first time, took tangible shape. On that date, two young men, the Hon T. Agar-Robartes, Liberal M.P. for a Cornish constituency, and his friend, the Hon. Neil Primrose, a son of the Earl of Rosebery, recently elected as a Liberal, proposed that the four North-Eastern counties of Antrim, Down, Armagh and Derry should be excluded from the jurisdiction of a Home Rule Parliament in Dublin.

Carson declared that he would vote for the Robartes' Amendment, which he did, but, at the same time, declared that he would "never agree to leave out Tyrone and Fermanagh". So that it would seem that even at that early date the assignment of those two counties with anti-partition majorities had been decided on by the Unionists. And Carson made clear his real reason for backing the amendment which was, not that he wanted any form of exclusion compromise as such, but because, in his opinion, exclusion would make the whole Bill unworkable. He recalled an utterance of Birrell's that, without Ulster, Home Rule would be incomplete and ineffective and said:

"I agree with him. I believe it would be almost impossible ..." Accordingly, on his own showing, he was demanding Partition purely and simply as a foil, "a card" with which to destroy Home Rule for Ireland in any shape or form; and, by destroying Home Rule, destroy also, for many long years to come, at all events, a British Liberal Government.

"Ulster asks for no separate Parliament", he declared, "she never has, in all the long controversy, taken that course ..... and you need fear no action of Ulster which would be in the nature of desertion of any of the southern provinces. If Ulster succeeds, Home Rule is dead. What I said there (i.e. a little earlier in Dublin for the ears of his own South Irish Unionists) is exactly what I am saying now, that Ulster will ask for no separate Parliament". That was the great gamble that he had deliberately decided on: rouse "Ulster" up to demand an exclusion of territory sufficiently large, and Irish Home Rule was dead as the doorpost. It was the typical ascendancy outlook ingrained and begotten in him. Can any good come out of Nazareth? Can the "south" set up on her own successfully without the "north". A gamble that, as events proved, he lost, and lost badly.

Lloyd George opposed the Robartes-Primrose Amendment.

"What", he asked, "is the demand of Ulster (sic!). Not that she should be protected herself, not that she should have autonomy herself, but the right to veto autonomy to the rest of Ireland. That is an intolerable demand". And that was exactly Carson's demand, Carson's gamble.

On 17th June 1912, Bonar Law, the leader of His Majesty's Opposition, rose up in the House of Commons and delivered himself of language that no leader in England claiming to be head of the constitutional party had ever before uttered and uttered inside those precincts dedicated to the rule of law. He said: "They know that if Ulster is in earnest, that if Ulster does resist by force, there are stronger influences than parliamentary majorities. They know that in that case no Government would dare to use their troops to drive them out. They know, as a matter of fact, that the Government which gave the order to employ troops for that purpose would run a greater risk of being lynched in London than the loyalists of Ulster run of being shot in Belfast".

Bonar Law, Chairman of the British Constitutional Party, had thus out-Carsoned Carson, and had done it with undisguised contempt for the Royal Government and its forces for law and order that he was deliberately, and of malice aforethought,

outraging and daring. He also did it with complete impunity and immunity. Carson, up to then, had never gone quite so far in his language; later, of course, he followed the example of his new pupil and certainly levelled up with him - even he could not excel him - in barefaced incitement to violence and rebellion against an Act of Parliament. It will be remembered how, but a year or so beforehand, he deprecated the very idea of the army being subverted from obeying orders to put down insurrection, even were that insurrection caused by the privileged "loyalists" of Ulster.

Prior to Bonar Law's leadership, Carson and his Orangemen were the sole disseminators of sedition and contingent treason which public opinion was inclined to dismiss as the rantings of an irreconcilable and bigoted, but not very formidable element in the north-east corner of Ireland that would, in due course, simmer down and be forgotten. Bonar Law, however, by out-Carsoning Carson, and by committing the great Conservativ Party to Carson's fatal gamble, gave the new irregularism a menacing and decidedly dangerous directive that was destined to have a determining influence on subsequent British and Irish politics and indeed on that of many other countries as well.

From the day Balfour wisely stepped down from the

Conservative leadership and was replaced by Bonar Law, the conspiracy against the life and future of the Liberal Party grew more audacious, more reckless and, of course, much more formidable. It could well afford to do so because it had immensely strong backing. All the social prestige and the then enormous wealth and resources of the aristocracy, the upper middle class bourgeoisie and their powerful press, were solidly and enthusiastically behind it.

As an instance of the immense social prestige of Tory aristocracy in those days, Austen Chamberlain, who was only on their social fringe, used to say that he could always tell the state of his own political fortune by the number of fingers, two or ten, the influential Lady Londonderry gave him when they met!

The speeches of the leading Conservative statesmen of that day soon began to reflect the new anarchism. Even today, after more than forty years, they make extraordinary reading as the propaganda of an avowedly law and order party. I do not propose to waste time here by filling these pages with excerpts from those lawless orations. They are on record in ample measure for posterity to read and benefit from. I shall content myself by giving some quotations from

the new Conservative leader's statements, and those of his ally, Carson, on some of the pivotal occasions in his revolutionary career. I should mention that, at the time of his very unexpected election to Balfour's vacancy, it was vainly hoped by several that a shrewd, cautious Scots-Canadian like him would exert a beneficial influence on the Party and maintain it on the strictly constitutional causeway of its time-honoured traditions. True, Carson had been going around declaring that the new Conservative Chief was behind his policy of violence, heart and soul, but that was discounted in many quarters. However, they had not long to wait before Carson's averment was proved true, and a hundred per cent. true at that.

Bonar Law began at once on what Asquith called the "New Style". In one of his first speeches as leader in the Albert Hall he announced that the era of compliments amongst politicians was ended and delighted his audience with a speech of a corner-boy character, described as "full of bitter jibes and stinging scores". The Government were "Gaderene Swine", "Humbugs", "Artful Dodgers", "Tricksters", etc. "This", says Spender, "was the new note which was to become thriller with every month to July 1914".

On the eve of the introduction of the third Home Rule

Bill, Bonar Law, with several prominent English Conservatives, crossed over to Belfast and addressed a series of meetings throughout the Six Counties. At Omagh, he declared in the presence of Carson that he shared the feelings of his audience on the Home Rule question and "intended to support them to the utmost of his power." And at Belfast he gave them "this message on behalf of the Unionist Party: though the brunt of the battle will be yours, there will not be wanting help from across the Channel". And at the great meeting at Balmoral, a few days later, Carson, having proclaimed that "if necessary, they would treat the Government with force" oratorically demanded of Bonar Law that "you and I, in the presence of this, our nation (sic!) should shake hands over this question", which confirmatory act was duly accomplished by the confederates, and their pact thus ostentiously sealed.

Apropos this Balmoral (Belfast) meeting, Carson's biographer, Ian Colvin, comments, with truly surprising candour: "In the Show Ground at Balmoral . . before a crowd of people estimated at 100,000, Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Edward Carson, Lord Londonderry and Mr. Walter Long took the salute of the Ulster Volunteers. We are now, unhappily, accustomed to force in civil affairs, but to the 70 or 80 Members of Parliament

who looked at that great demonstration, it must have been a startling phenomenon, a formidable threat to that system of government by consent which had been taken for granted in these islands for a hundred years or more. The manhood of loyal Ulster, an army ..... of between eighty and ninety thousand men in military order and showing in their carriage the effects of drill and discipline, divided into columns, marched on either side of the little pavilion in which these four men stood". And he goes on to tell us that a "solemnity characteristic of Ulster made the demonstration the more impressive. The Primate of all Ireland and the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church opened the day with prayer".

Thus was the first private army officially launched in the Liberal and Constitutional Europe of the early decades of this century, launched before "H.M.'s. Opposition" and blessed by the leaders of the "loyal" churches. Not one of those looking on at that great parade of contingent rebels saw into the near future the large crop of spiritual children that were to emanate in Europe and elsewhere from that original private army.

As the candid Colvin further observes: "Thus, on the eve of the Home Rule Bill, not only the Unionists of Ulster,