

THE WAR IN ULSTER AS SEUMAS MACMANUS, THE FAMOUS HUMORIST, SEES IT

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS

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The Ulster Orangeman is defying England out of the excess of his loyalty to her—is threatening her to assert his allegiance—and says he will lambaste England to prove his love for her.

Yet we Ulstermen, who know the Orangeman as a neighbor and fellowman, smile at the idea of his going out with a loaded gun to maim and kill the British army. And he smiles with us—behind his hand.

Before I left my Donegal (Ulster) home, last fall, to come on my annual American lecture tour, the Ulster Orangeman and myself had our dally joke, when we met, about his bluff being good enough to scare the Englishman.

Notwithstanding the fright into which England and the newspapers are thrown, I can assure you with first-hand knowledge that the Ulster Orangeman, in the bulk, has no more idea of fighting than of flying over the moon—or over the Atlantic for the fifty-thousand-dollar prize.

There will be rows, ructions and shindigs in plenty if the home rule bill passes—but they'll be in Belfast and a few of the other larger towns of Ulster where the side streets afford good cover for stoning the police. They'll riot if the bill passes or if it does not pass—if anything happens, or if nothing happens. It would be a bad sign if rows did not happen, bemoaning that there was something seriously the matter with the health of the usually exuberant Orange workingman community.

But the country Orangeman, the farmer's son, is too decent a fellow, and has too much respect for his Irish neighbors and for himself, to treat himself to the indiscriminate hurling at all heads of "kidneys" (two-pound paving stones), iron bolts and such

like confetti, which are always handy to the Belfast loyalist.

The country Orangeman (and I know him well) is not only decent, but hard headed, as is becoming in one whose ancestors came from the Land o' Cakes and Whisky.

Because Carson (who is a genuine demagogue) has so wrought upon their imaginations, and because the English government has had the weakness to try wheedling, and cuddling, and bribing, I shouldn't be surprised, however, if a handful of hot-heads here and there went out with guns and fired at everything in sight and brought down a rheumatic crow; got cinematographed and jailed and pardoned, and, as martyrs, died of old age.

The shortness of the English memory is a marvel. They already seem to have forgotten that the Ulster Orangemen threatened war every time that Ireland was on the brink of a remedial measure—land act, local government act, or church disestablishment act. The Ulster Orangeman, if you would believe the demagogues, is always "getting his gun."

When we were wringing from a tearful England the Gladstonian land act of '81—an act that should give the Irishman the right to improve his land without his rent raised therefor—the venerable and noted William Johnston of Bally Kilby, the Orange leader (who with sweet piety, hated the world, the flesh, the devil and the Pope), told the trembling British parliament that if Irish agitators were to be pandered to in this way he would call the Orangemen to come forth and "line the ditches of Ulster, a gun in their right hand and a Bible in their left"—and, if my memory serves me right, I think their lurch in the other hand—and for "their God and their country" make the mill wheels turn with blood! And when the act