

But they are barely sufficient for mobilisation and the initial expenses of a serious war. When the ingots are melted down and coined and spent, borrowing must ensue. And that is where the Rothschilds and the rest of the money-lenders come in. In her latest war with America, Spain had to pay the usurious rate of eight per cent., and to eke out her diminishing war-chest by hoarding currency and forbidding the export of silver. Had the war been drawn out much longer, she would have had to resort—as Italy and other countries did—to a 'corso forzoso' or forced and incontrovertible paper money, or, like Greece, to suspension of interest on the National Debt. But few countries nowadays would care to ruin their credit by either of these last-mentioned resorts. The white flag would go up to the mainmast first.

Japan's late war with Russia cost the slant-eyed Eastern taxpayer the tidy fortune of £200,000,000—a vast outpouring of treasure for a country where a few pence a day are high wages and a man might be literally, and not in the figurative sense, 'passing rich on forty pounds a year.' Nippon's dead-meat bill was stated as follows in a cable-message a few days ago: 46,180 killed in action, 10,970 died of wounds, and 13,300 succumbed to sickness—70,450 all told. For an up-to-date war of such magnitude and duration, this butcher's bill seems, as the Italians phrase it, 'very discreet.' The United States holds the record for the price it has paid for the luxury of a war. The Civil War of 1861-4 cost the North £960,000,000 and 280,000 men. The South paid less in treasure (£460,000,000) and more in blood (520,000 men). The grand total of the 'little bill' was £1,420,000,000 and 860,000 men. No other war of the nineteenth century, nor probably of any age, ever approached this in lavish expenditure of gold and human lives. The Crimean War—about the most blundering of all military campaigns with the possible exception of that of South Africa—involved an expenditure of £340,000,000 and (according to Dr. Engel) 150,000 lives. The six-weeks' Austro-Prussian conflict of 1866 cost £66,000,000 and 45,000 men; the Italian war of 1859 about the same; the Franco-German struggle of 1870-1 at least £500,000,000, with a loss of 60,000 men to Germany and 155,000 to France. And over £200,000,000 and some 250,000 lives were spent on the Russo-Turkish war of 1877.

The figures given above (which are Dr. Engel's) do not include the heavy item of mortality from illness. Except among the Japanese in the late war, disease has almost constantly slain more fighting men than bullet or cold steel. It is the old, old story of war, back to the days of good old Homer, whose famous lines in point received the following metrical version at the hands of Samuel Butler—

'A skilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war.'

(Readers of Sir Walter Scott will hardly need to be reminded that 'leech' is the old name for physician). The war against the 31,000 armed burghers of the two Dutch Republics of South Africa ran well into the hundreds of millions sterling—a rather high price to pay for the blessed privilege of introducing a horde of slant-eyed yellow serfs into the Rand, in order to fill to further repletion the bulging pockets of foreign speculators. Add to the wars mentioned above, the Indian Mutiny and a number of other minor wars of the past sixty years, we reach a total expenditure of over £3,000,000,000 and about 2,500,000 lives. In war, the next greatest calamity to defeat is victory. And the moral of it all is this. When a crisis is at hand, clap the raucous jingoes under lock and key and give the still, small voice of reason and prudence a chance of being heard. Mr. Labouchere once suggested a still more drastic remedy for the jingo fever—namely, rough-on-rats.

A Lynching Horror

There was a time when Americans were very touchy about the lecturings which they received on the subject of lynching from 'people with enlarged consciences' at the other side of the Atlantic. The late Dean Hole (Anglican) was about the first transatlantic critic of note who broke the fairly well established literary tradition of unconditional condemnation of the rough-and-ready proceedings of Judge Lynch. He has since then been followed by sundry other non-Catholic clergymen, chiefly in the United States. One at least of these has gone so far as to defend not merely the principle, but the barbarous application to which of late years it has been increasingly put. We refer to the roasting-alive of the real or supposed culprit. Here is a paragraph from a report in a recent issue of the New York 'Sun,' which details the execution of a negro by a mob in Texas:—

'Dry goods boxes were broken for fuel, and a heap a yard high was piled about him and oil was poured upon it. It was ten minutes from the start of the blaze until the negro began to roast. He screamed for five minutes, his eyes bulged from their sockets, and his tongue lolled from his mouth. His death was so horrible that many ran from the scene.'

This horrible penalty of burning alive has been unknown to the law in civilised countries since somewhere about the beginning of the eighteenth century, it ceased to be the legal punishment in England for wives who murdered their husbands. But it is in high favor to this hour with some of the 'best people' in the Southern and Western States, and during the past ten years has been inflicted upon, perhaps, some two score of American criminals or suspects by the greenwood courts of Judge Lynch. At an inquest on a man killed in a Munster faction fight, the cautious verdict ran: 'The deceased met his death by the visitation of God, under suspicious circumstances.' Deaths at the hands of Judge Lynch's executioners in America are, we believe, frequently concealed in the State records under somewhat similar euphemistic headings, such as 'accidents,' 'homicides,' 'misadventures,' etc. At any rate, they do not, so far as we are aware, appear as a separate item in the returns of crime, although they are as constant a cause of mortality as lockjaw or chalky gout. But returns before us, published by the 'Chicago Tribune,' and other newspapers, credit the country with an average of nearly two hundred of those irregular or murderous 'operations' a year—a strikingly large number as compared with those of the legitimate Jack Ketch.

The horrible and apparently increasing frequency of those murders by fire gives a point to the indignant query of Truthful James:

'Is our civilisation a failure?
Or is the Caucasian played out?'

There exists in New Zealand an association of well-meaning people who send out missionaries to 'convert' the 'Romanists' of Bolivia and Argentina, among whom such crimes are unknown. Might we suggest to them the desirability of exporting a few courageous evangelists to preach the elements of Christianity and civilisation to the white savages that 'pot' and cook human beings in (say) Texas and Louisiana? Dr. Durier, the Catholic 'Bishop' of Natchitoches, would probably welcome any earnest allies for his crusade against the blood-stained rufianism that is such a vile outgrowth of the American civilisation of our day.

Though Boreas on biting blast
Howls from the Frozen Pole,
And swent before him, flying past,
The sullen storm-clouds roll,
Though coughs and colds are in his wake,
Yet still I feel secure,
And fear him not, because I take
My WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.