

side demanding a little less. Briefly, it all was a matter of opinion. Long before the war broke out we expressed our strong conviction that the difficulty could and ought to have been settled by the peaceful method of constitutional agitation, aided, at best or worst, by judicious diplomatic pressure (and not sword-clanking) on Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger—we like the stately march of his long procession of fore-names. Such is the opinion of Stanley, Bryden, Selous, the Cape News, and of many others who know South Africa intimately; of the whole British Liberal Press, with the solitary exception of the *Daily News*; of representative clergymen of leading Protestant denominations in England, Australia, and New Zealand; and of the vast majority of the many secular and religious papers which we receive from Great Britain, India, South Africa, and North and South America. *Truth* of November 23 is our authority for stating that at least two of the most prominent British officers who are now at the front disapprove of the war. Mr. Labouchere says: 'Sir William Butler is abused because, when in command in South Africa, he did not conceal his opinion that the troubles at Johannesburg were more due to the South African League than to the Transvaal Government, and a contemptible attempt is being made to throw the responsibility of our being unprepared for hostilities on him. It is, however, no secret that both Sir Redvers Buller and Sir George White disapproved of the war, and did not conceal their opinion before hostilities commenced. A soldier is also a citizen. In the latter capacity he has a perfect right to entertain what views he likes as to the wisdom of a war. But this does not prevent him, when in command, from doing his utmost to secure success to our arms.'

BUT THE  
CHAPLAIN  
WAS THERE.

SOME of William Howard Russell's letters from the Crimea in the winter siege of 1854-55 were sufficiently ghastly reading. But there is a plain directness about the following bit of blunt description which will convey to the lay mind a sufficient idea of some of the sights and scenes that give a meaning to the phrase, 'the horrors of war.' It is an extract from the private letter of a member of the Ambulance Corps attached to the Natal Mounted Rifles. The writer had served in the battles of Elandslaagte, Modder Spruit, and Lombard's Kop. 'I saw,' said he, 'some of the most horrible sights on Monday, and this is my third battle. There was one of the officers brought in by our men on a gun carriage, and he died while they were bringing him to our ambulance wagon. He had his head half blown off, and his right leg just hanging with about an inch of skin to his hip, just like a piece of liver. Then a gunner came in—lost his leg and his inside hanging out, and he was just as sensible as you or I, but the pain he could not stand any longer: that is what he said to the doctor. The priest was on the field, and whispered in his ear; he lay down for a while, then tried to sit up, and called the doctor and asked him to poison him, the pain was too great to bear. So you see what we have to put up with. It almost makes one sick to look at them and other casualties.' And yet the writer is describing what was, after all, little better than a skirmish of outposts. Read Russell's inventory of the casemates of Sebastopol after its capture, or his description of the havoc wrought by shell and *mitraille* at Rezonville, and you will begin to realise the force of Wellington's words: 'Take my word for it, if you had seen but one day of war, you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again.'

SOMETHING  
NEW:  
FIRE BRIGADE  
CHAPLAINS.

THE idea of the military chaplain has just found a fresh and altogether novel application in New York. We know of an esteemed priest in these colonies who does right good service at conflagrations. But did you ever hear of Fire Brigade chaplains? Well, they have been for some time past 'on the strength' of the Fire Department in New York City. Two have been appointed—Father Smith (Catholic) and Rev. Mr. Johnson (of the American Episcopal Church). They provide their own uniform (that of chief of battalion), their own buggies and horses, and serve without pay. They have fire-alarms in their bed-rooms, are roused after the manner of the regular firemen, jump into their clothes, rush to their buggies (which are brought to their doors by paid drivers of the Department), draw on their big rubber boots, coats, and helmets as their horses go at a fine gallop to the scene of the conflagration, report themselves to the chief, and share all the dangers of the 'fire laddies.' Says a New York paper: 'Their presence at a fire is not only comforting and assuring to the firemen, but it has a quieting effect upon the inmates of burning buildings. Hysterical women often subside when the chaplains appear or when they learn of their presence in the house. Often they save life by taking the injured in their buggies to the hospital—injured who otherwise would have to wait for an ambulance and suffer by the delay.'

Father Smith and his Episcopalian *confrère* are fast friends. Every night they visit together engine and ladder-houses, etc., and contrive to do a good deal of temperance work among the men. The lion's share of the work falls to Father Smith, as 80 per cent. of the firemen belong to his fold and he has 120 distinct houses to visit. 'I shall never forget,' said Chaplain Johnson in the course of a recent interview, 'the first fire we attended. The men were most profane. Father Smith reproved them. "Who the — are you?" they demanded. The chaplain opened his uniform. At the sight of his priestly garb the men fell back. "Ah, it's you, Father," they said, and the silence that followed was impressive. I have seen him administer the last rites of the Church to a dying fireman brought into a saloon on the East side, followed by the worst of rables. Every head uncovered, every knee bent, and no one can tell the influence it had on that hardened gathering.' Some time ago a vessel was on fire at one of the city wharves. Father Smith, like Casablanca, stood on the burning deck. In the contest between fire and firemen the 'laddies' were left in a minority. The Chief said to the Chaplain: 'You had better go, Father; there's great danger here.' 'Do you stay?' asked the Chaplain, 'and the men?' 'Certainly.' 'Then here's my place,' was the reply. 'Can you swim?' asked the Chief. 'Yes.' 'Now is the time.' And (says our American contemporary) as the burning vessel sank, the chaplain leaped from her side, to be caught by a fireman.

THE favour of princes is proverbially fickle. GOLD, NAPHTHA, Lane, the noted Orientalist, gives us the following entry from a register of Haroun ADMIRAL DEWEY. Er-Rasheed: 'Four hundred thousand pieces of gold, the price of a dress of honour for Jaafar, the son of Yahya, the Weezer.' A few days later the same register had the following: 'Ten keerats, the price of naphtha and reeds, for burning the body of Jaafar, the son of Yahya.' Admiral Dewey has discovered, as many another did before him, that the thundering hosannas of king Demos are to be trusted quite as little as the wreathing smiles and the golden gifts of the king of the *Arabian Nights*. A few weeks ago Dewey was the uncrowned king—nay, the god—of what is called the American 'people.' His name was in every mouth, his praise on every lip. The hero-worship of the man of Manila found vent in a thousand solemn and ludicrous uses and misuses of his honoured name: in Dewey hats, Dewey ties, Dewey beer, Dewey pipes and tobacco, Dewey kerosene, Dewey hair-pins, Dewey spittoons, Dewey 'cocktails' and frying-pans, and the Lord knows what besides—just as the names of British heroes have been immortalised in Wellington boots, Wellington knife-polish, Havelock tobacco, and Cardigan jackets. But Admiral Dewey has fallen from grace. He has committed the unpardonable crime of making a Catholic lady his wife, and followed this up with the more venial offence of bestowing upon her the house that had been presented to him by public subscription. She in turn deeded it to the Admiral's son by a former marriage. The house is thus secured to Dewey's family successors. 'He no doubt thought,' says the *N.Y. Freeman*, 'that the donors intended him to use the house in any way that would afford him the greatest pleasure, and that pleasure he found in giving it to his wife.' The gallant sailor committed the blunder of acting upon the illusion that individual liberty and religious equality are fully recognised facts in the country for which he fought so bravely. And for this high crime the glistening robe of popularity has been rudely torn off his back, and the scalawag Press and platform have set themselves to pile the naphtha and reeds about his feet.

Both the 'religious' and the secular Press in the United States are exercised—each in its own way and from its own point of view—over Dewey's 'capitulation to Rome.' Here is a paragraph from a rabid sheet entitled the *Evangelist*, published in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania:—

Admiral Dewey has been the beautiful ideal hero of an applauding nation. He was Admiral Dewey the Only. The announcement that he was a lover, and would soon be a husband and head of a house and a home, touched every heart. Now he is a married man. May his home be an abode for Christ, an ideal Christian home. But we tremble for the gallant Admiral. He has capitulated to Rome and has suffered a Romish priest to bind him to a Roman Catholic wife, with all that it involves. This is to thousands of his best friends a grievous disappointment, while the minions of Rome rejoice and will take the utmost advantage of their opportunity. The day that Rome sits down in Dewey's house a new chapter begins in his history. How will it end? Is it 'the passing of Dewey'?

Of course, in the writer's view, the 'new chapter' in the brave Admiral's life is to be, without doubt, 'the passing of Dewey.' Those who are acquainted with the marvellous capabilities of this class of 'religious' paper will not be surprised at the frantic no-Popery of the *Evangelist*. There is a far more deadly significance in the following cold-blooded extract from the letter of the Washington correspondent of the *Boston Herald*:—

PRICE & BULLIED,  
JAY ST., INVERCARGILL.

BUYERS OF DRAPERY AND READY-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS, AND SHOES WILL  
DO WELL TO SEE OUR CASH PRICES BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.  
STRANGERS SPECIALLY INVITED.