

WANTED TEACHER for the ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOL, ST. BATHANS. Must be able to lead the Choir. Salary, £65 per year; which can be considerably increased by Private Tuition. Services to commence on the 7th January. Applications, together with Testimonials, to be forwarded to

MR. SEXTON,
ST. BATHANS.

MARRIAGE.

HANNAN—CROWE.—On November 21, at the Church of the Holy Name, Ashburton, by the Very Rev. Dean O'Donnell, Michael Hannan, to Ellen, eldest daughter of the late Patrick Crowe (of Leeston) and of Mrs. Ellen Crowe (of Ashburton).

MISSING FRIENDS.

DIAMOND.—The Brothers and Sisters of CHARLES DIAMOND, native of the Parish of Lavey, County Derry, Ireland, and lately in New Zealand, anxiously request information of his whereabouts. Communications will be thankfully received by Miss Mulholland, 'Rockmount,' Rattray street, Dunedin.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

H. M., Westport.—Received.



'To promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.'

LEO XIII to the N.Z. TABLET.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1900.

IS THIS CIVILISED WARFARE?



THE knight of the days of chivalry was the beau-ideal of the Christian soldier. But he is as dead as the Barmecides, and has left no heir. He had remote ancestors in some of those horny-fisted citizen-soldiers who were taken from plough and hoe to be consuls and dictators in the palmy days of the Roman Republic: CURIUS, who gloried in having no money himself, but in his capacity to command those who had; FABRICIUS, who, after his triumphs, was found by his inglenook eating the roots and herbs which he had cultivated with his own browned and horny hands; SCIPIO, who overcame his enemies almost as much by his generosity and moderation as by the weight of the onset of his conquering legions. We do not now enslave, as in those far-off pagan times. Nor do we (usually) strip the dead upon the field, nor waste time sprinkling salt on the sites of razed cities, nor pound each others' brains out to the flowing courtesies of BAYARD or RICHARD of the Lion-heart. War is a business affair nowadays—undertaken chiefly for the purpose of securing gold-deposits or diamond-fields in the territory of some weak neighbor, or of opening up new markets for SMITH's rum, BROWN's cotton goods, JONES's crockery-ware, and ROBINSON's pots and pans and iron buckets. The commercial aspect of war has so far overlain the purely professional, at least in Great Britain, since the days of MARLBOROUGH, that it is the recognised practice to pile the shekels high for conquering heroes, and, in 'Mr. Dooley's' words, to 'ilivate them to the peerage.'

We have in the present century bolted the door upon some of the more savage incidents which marked the warfare of a previous day. But the campaigns that are at present dragging slowly along in South Africa, China, and the Philippines, give us grave cause to doubt whether war, as conducted by Christian countries, can even yet be

properly described as 'civilised.' We have had Geneva Conventions and codified International Laws of War since the sackings and massacres of Badajos, San Sebastian, Tripolitza, and Belgrade. But the Lord of Misrule is often the lord of war. Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar; and the demon in a man or a battalion or a regiment often works out, even still, in war-time, through the thin veneer of manners and observances that frequently pass muster for 'civilisation.' Military discipline was severe to the verge of savagery among the troops of the Fatherland in the Franco-German war. Yet it did not prevent the wanton burning of villages, the occasional execution of unoffending non-combatants, and wholesale looting by officers and men alike during that memorable campaign. British and American naval officers that wore clean linen and had the *entrée* to what is termed 'the best society,' ordered the inhuman shelling and destruction of defenceless Samoan villages in 1898. American army officers witnessed, directed, or took part in the murder of prisoners and non-combatants and the wholesale plundering and desecration of churches in the Philippine Islands. Tientsin was conscientiously looted. So was Peking. And reports of grievous massacres of non-combatants by 'civilised' troops from Russia and Germany come like a wail of the dying from Paotingfu and the banks of the Amur. We are still evidently far off from the verification of LEONE LEVI's statement: that an armed conflict between nation and nation is now 'merely a duel between the military and naval forces of the States at war,' and that the unauthorised seizure of the private property of an enemy for the personal benefit of the soldier is punishable by a firing party, a rapid volley, and the sudden death of the offender. So it is—on paper, where moderation and discipline may be bought by the ream or volume at 'cut rates.' 'To be good is noble,' says MARK TWAIN, 'but to show others how to be good is nobler, and is no trouble.' Hand-books on International Law do the 'nobler' work. But military practice lags leagues behind with heels of lead, while military precept flits far ahead on wings of airy gauze.

The war between Briton and Boer was begun and carried out under circumstances of mutual aggravation which might naturally be expected to produce its quota of sufficiently lurid situations. The Cape and British and American and Colonial papers have from time to time published accounts of some of them. The noted Australian war correspondent, 'Banjo' PATTERSON said in the course of one of his lectures that matter had appeared in the British and Colonial Press which it was a disgrace for soldiers to write and for editors to publish. Incidentally, however, 'the Man from Snowy River' confirmed the truth of some of the most disgraceful of the statements to which he appears to have made such angry reference. In BRONSON HOWARD's comedy, *Henrietta*, one of the characters says of the French Anglomaniacs: 'Each fellow wants every other fellow to believe that he is the devil of a fellow—but he isn't.' It is, of course, possible that a similar spirit of frothy bravado may have prompted an individual trooper or 'TOMMY' here and there or now and then to make himself appear 'the devil of a fellow.' But the theory of a general and widespread conspiracy of exaggeration and lying cannot for a moment be entertained, and in the main the letters of volunteer and regular must be taken as fairly representing actual occurrences of the campaign. At any rate, a particularly ugly anthology of military excess and ruffianism might be easily compiled from the letters of British and colonial soldiers in South Africa published in the leading daily papers of Australasia and Great Britain. The most amazing part of this bad business is the cool lack of any sense of shame with which men at the front have recorded—in words that are before us—and newspaper editors have published, accounts of the 'pig-sticking' or bayoneting of disarmed and helpless Boers; picking the pockets of prisoners; stealing money, watches, music, love-letters, etc., for personal use, from private houses which had *not* sheltered the enemy; the customary smashing and wanton destruction of pianos, harmoniums, and other furniture and effects—and this even on British territory. A London weekly before us reports two 'TOMMIES' as having 'swelled their purses by more than £100 apiece' at Elandslaagte. A trooper of the First Australian Horse wrote from Arundel of a rumor that 'one of the Lancers "came across" £400 the other day in one of

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