

ters, the fraternity would graciously consent to remain 'loyal' to the Crown. The dream of a perpetual monopoly of power was rudely broken by the agitations for Reform, Catholic Emancipation, and Disestablishment. The pocket-loyalists—as the Protestant historians Molesworth, Killen, and others testify—thereupon became 'absolutely furious,' and rose against the Crown in a state of armed frenzy bordering on open rebellion. 'Every attempt,' says Molesworth, 'made by English statesmen to apply to Ireland the most elementary principles of civil and religious liberty was encountered by these (Orange) societies with bitter hostility and fresh insults on their Catholic compatriots.'

The standing boycott of Catholics in Derry and Belfast endured until Parliament was shamed into applying a tardy, grudging, and partial remedy by special Acts passed in 1896. For the rest, discrimination is still exercised against Catholics to a disgraceful extent in the matter of public appointments in the most distressful country. Just before the recent general election the Orange party levelled a charge against the Government that they had endeavored to give to Irish Catholics something like a fair share in the administration of a country of whose population they form three-fourths. The plaint of the brethren became the rallying-cry of their opposition to Mr. Plunkett at the polls. At the census of 1891 the three leading denominations stood numerically as follows:—Catholics, 3,549,956; Anglicans (Episcopalians), 602,300; Presbyterians, 444,974. Anglicans and Presbyterians taken together were considerably less than a third of the Catholic population of the country. The Attorney-General hotly stigmatised as 'baseless' and 'shameful' the Orange accusation that the Government had endeavored to be simply fair to Catholics in its distribution of patronage. The 'shameful accusation' was disposed of by him in the course of a speech which is instructive as showing the extent to which the old spirit of ascendancy is still rampant in Ireland.

'No record,' he said, 'was kept of the political or religious opinions of the persons employed in Government posts. He had, however, caused inquiries to be made, and the result he had arrived at, which was substantially accurate, he would give. Of the Privy Councillors appointed to were Episcopalians, three Presbyterians, two Roman Catholics; Judges of the Supreme Court, two Episcopalians, one Presbyterian, and one Roman Catholic; County Court Judges, two Episcopalians, one Presbyterian, and one Roman Catholic; Crown solicitors, five Episcopalians and one Roman Catholic; Resident Magistrates, 10 Episcopalians, one Presbyterian, and three Roman Catholics; Presidents of the Queen's Colleges, two Roman Catholics; Resident Commissioner of the National Board, one Catholic; Commissioners of the Local Government Board, two Episcopalians and one Catholic; Inspectors of the Local Government Board, five Episcopalians, one Presbyterian, and two Roman Catholics; auditors of the Local Government Board, five Episcopalians and one Roman Catholic.' The case is even more complete, for one of the Catholic appointments to the Queen's Colleges has since been nullified. The list accounts for 67 official appointments. Of the 67 only 15 are Catholics. In other words, while more than three out of four of the population are Catholics, more than three out of four of the appointments made by the Executive of the Country are Protestant. 'Those figures,' said the Attorney-General, 'showed that these accusations were as baseless as they were shameful, and removed forever and forever all justification—the alleged justification—that was put forward for this opposition to Mr. Plunkett.'

But Mr. Plunkett was, nevertheless, packed off into the obscurity of private life, chiefly by the vote of the saffron-scarved brethren. They still live on the memory of the good old days of their patron saint, King William, when no Catholic could hold any office, civil or military, under the Crown; and their 'accredited organ' in Australia, the *Victorian Standard*, in its issue of May, 1893 (p. 6), editorially characterised as a 'fatal error' the Emancipation Act of 1829.

WARRIORS
THAT FEAR.

'BANJO' PATTERSON shares one conspicuous merit with the great war correspondent Archibald Forbes: there is a halo of refreshing candor about his descriptions of some of his experiences in the South African war. He sketches in the comic and paltry, as well as the tragico-heroic, side of this squalid struggle. *Inter alia* he tells how youthful officers, despite their best resolutions, 'ducked' when they heard the demoniacal shriek of the first shells that were fired at them with hostile intent. And again, he records how, on one occasion, when Mauser bullets began to play the devil's tattoo about him, he dropped into a friendly hollow in the ground and lay there as flat and motionless as a pancake until the leaden music had ceased to play. 'The Man from Snowy River' was, we know, gifted with as bulky a stock of native pluck as most men. But fear of death is a natural instinct. The mere possession of it—and a keen sense of the fact of such

possession—are no impeachment of a man's courage, and the acknowledgment of it is a testimony to his sense of truth and honor. It is only your braggart cowards that never admit such an experience as fear: such as Don Adriano de Armado in peace; Parolles in war; Bob Acres on occasion; Falstaff at all times; and (in Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*) the two poltroons Dametas and Clineas, who protested that they would fight their duel like Hector, and bragged themselves the most valiant champions in the world—each confiding in the cowardice of the other. Sir Philip Sydney, Sir John Moore, General Wolfe, and Nelson were nerve-bundles of sensibility and of delicate constitution: they probably felt the knee-shaking and the 'sinking' about the epigastrium that have often been experienced by men who—like the nameless soldier of *The Red Badge of Courage*—afterwards proved themselves heroes of Homeric mould. And if report be true, Frederick the Great was but a sorry hero in the earliest tussles of the Seven Years' War.

In the second volume of Coleridge's *Works* a distinguished British naval officer tells the following story at his own expense: 'When Sir Alexander [Ball] was Lieutenant Ball, he was the officer whom I accompanied on my first boat expedition, being then a midshipman, and only in my fourteenth year. As we were rowing up to the vessel which we were to attack, amidst a discharge of musketry I was overpowered by fear, my knees trembled under me, and I seemed on the point of fainting away. Lieutenant Ball, who saw the condition I was in, placed himself close beside me, and still keeping his countenance directed towards the enemy, took hold of my hand, and, pressing it in the most friendly manner, said in a low voice: "Courage, my dear boy! Don't be afraid of yourself! You will recover in a minute or so. I was just the same when I first went out in this way." Sir, added the officer, it was as if an angel had put a new soul into me. With the feeling that I was not yet dishonored, the whole burden of my agony was removed; and from that moment I was as fearless and forward as the oldest of the boat's crew, and on our return the lieutenant spoke highly of me to the captain. I am scarcely less convinced of my own being than that I should have been what I tremble to think of, if, instead of his humane encouragement, he had at that moment scoffed, threatened, or reviled.' Pride, ambition, a sense of honor, the presence of comrades, and finally habit, usually overcome the pressure of vulgar and unromantic 'funk' on the young soldier in his first encounters with the enemy, when overmastering feeling would tempt him to make a bee-line to the safe side of the first wall or tree or boulder that promises to protect his cuticle from the impact of hostile lead. Men of some name as fighters have run fast and far from battle. James II., for instance, 'stoutly ran away' from the Boyne and easily won the race from there to Dublin. And the Earl of Argyle shifted scenery so fast in his hurry to get away from Munro that he was made the subject of the following sarcastic quatrain, which is preserved in *Wishart's History of Montrose*:—

But thou that time, like many an errant knight,
Didst save thyself by virtue of thy flight;
Whence now in great request this adage stands,
One pair of legs is worth two pair of hands.

'Bolting' from the zone of fire is a rather usual incident in war. It is a failing with soldiers of every army. Germans were furious with 'Fighting Phil' Sheridan because he faithfully described in his *Memoirs* some panics which he witnessed among the sturdy soldiers of the Fatherland during the campaign of 1870-1. Fear is credited with sometimes doing braver feats 'than ever courage did in arms.' The English Cervantes says:—

For men as resolute appear
With too much as too little fear;
And when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying,
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions, rout.

But fear more commonly gives wings to flying heels than steadiness and strength to nervous hands. A large body of German troops—with all the moral advantage of rapid and repeated victories on their side—once bolted pell-mell from the danger-zone in 1870. They swept with them in their mad onset their officers, who swore like the British army in Flanders, and hurried off in their panic-flight the aged Emperor, who tried in vain to induce them to again face the foe. At the battle of Wörth the sight of an officer (Futzunde Lascarre) unconsciously leading a charge against them with his head blown off by a round shot, very nearly caused a scare among one of the most gallant of all the Prussian infantry regiments. General von Goben's victorious troops were for a few moments on the quivering verge of a panic at Forbach, in August, 1870, when a solitary French charger galloped in amongst them with the severed and bleeding arm of its lost rider still firmly grasping the reins. And do not the livid pages of *La Débâcle* give as a fearful insight into the effects, among the French