

assassin, torturer, mutilator, and cannibal. We have dined in our thousands to acclaim his disgrace. We heard of nothing but "red rubber;" of negroes with hands and feet, and indeed all that was off-choppable, off-chopped; of rape, robbery, murder, anthropophagy, and so on, until even our sanest etymologists began to derive Belgium from Belial and Belphegor, and other leading Lucifuges of the hierarchy of the pit, and now it is Gallant Little Belgium, and les braves Belges, and enough about heroes and martyrs to make any decent man vomit!

Anything the Belgians may have got, they asked for. . . .

We have received and feted the would-be assassins of the Tsar; we have imagined Red Sunday in St. Petersburg, and fulminated against Pogroms and preached against Vodka and brutal Cossacks till any one who has ever been to Russia wants to go away quietly and die.

England has spent about nine centuries in hating and despising France, in crying out on her for Atheism and immorality, and all the rest of it; Edward VII, one night upon Mont Marte, shwears the Frensh are jolly good shportsh, bigod, and lo! the Angel of the Entente Cordiale.

It is disgusting to have to foul clean paper with the name Servia.

These swineherds who murdered and mutilated their own king and queen; whose manners make their own pigs gentlefolk; these assassins who officially plot and execute the dastard murder of the Crown Prince of a nation with whom they are at peace; these ruffians so foul that even cynical England hesitates to send a minister to their court of murderers—these be thy gods to-day, O England!

"Heroic little Servia!"

I have not a word to say against the Montenegrins. They are decent, honest, cutthroats.

And now wé come to the treacherous monkeys of Japan, the thieves and pirates of the East. Who makes the shoddy imitations of European and American machinery, forges the names of famous firms, sticks at no meanness to steal trade? Who, under cover of alliance with England, fostered in China a boycott of all English goods?

Only yesterday Japan was at the throat of Russia—or at least trod heavily on one big toe. Today in Tokio they sing the Russian national anthem, and cheer the ambassador whenever he appears.

Why not? of course. It is natural, it is human; it is all in order. But it is fickleness and treachery; it is hypocrisy and humbug. Diplomacy is of necessity all this; but at least let us mitigate the crime by confession!

Human natures is never so bad when it is not shack led by the morality of emasculate idealists.

Does any person who knows the Far East believe even in an opium dream that Japan had any quarrel with Germany, or any care for her alliance with England? Kiau-Chau was an easy enough prey; well, then, snatch it, and chance th ewrath of schoolmarmed America and the egregious Wilson. But for God's sake, and by the navel of Daibutsu, and the twelve banners of the twelve sects of Buddah, let us spew out the twaddle about honor, and justice, and oppressed China, and the sanctity of alliance!

The English are ever on the lookout for atrocities. Bulgarian atrocities, Armenian atrocities, Tripolitan atrocities, Congo atrocities, and now German atrocities. One notices that the atrocity of the atrocitators varies with their political objectionability. The parable of the mote and the beam was made for England, surely.

And it is England that can produce a firm of piano manufacturers to start a boycott of German pianos—their own pianos being all German but the cases!—and a boycott of German music. And it is England that can show a composer who writes to the papers that he will now "try harder than he ever tried before" to beat Bach and Beethoven and Brahms and Strauss and Wagner! In the meantime he will refrain from the wicked and unpatriotic luxury of Vienna steak! And since Kant thought two and two made four, for all true Englishmen they must make five in future.

Have Englishmen forgotten their own Royal family?

"The very dogs in England's court  
They bark and howl in German."