



Men at the Helm.

Albert I, King of the Belgians, whose armies have distinguished themselves for remarkable efficiency and courage. King Albert has remained constantly at the front with his troops.

Browsings Among the Books.

JAPANESE COURAGE.

[From "Human Bullets," a story of Port Arthur, by Lieut. Tadayoshi Sakurai. In commenting on this book, T. P.'s Weekly says: "The Japanese idea of courage is very different from that of the British. A Briton can master fear. The Japanese probably does not know what it is to be afraid." "Human Bullets" is published by Constable & Co., London. Price, 5s. net.]

We were determined to deal a heavy blow on some vital part of the enemy, however often and however badly we might be repulsed or routed. We were ready to sacrifice not only a brigade, but even a whole division, for this important object. Accordingly another great assault was planned for 3 a. m. of the 24th. For several days our company had been bivouacking in the ravine of Yangchia-kou, but now on the night of the 23rd we were to leave this place and proceed to the rendezvous of Wuchia-fang. Our own captain gathered together his lieutenants and said:

"Farewell! I have no other words to say to you! I have decided to leave my body on to-morrow's battle-field. Please take this water-cup of long separation."

Before these words from our captain we, too, had made up our minds to die this time. We exchanged the farewell cup of water from our water-bottle, saying:

"This evening our water tastes like golden nectar!"

Our detachment reached the river at the other side of a mountain that looks like the back of an elephant. It was so dark that we could not see anything at all. We groped our way towards Wuchia-fang, when in front of us we heard a sound of human voices. I threw myself on the ground and, looking up, saw through the dark that a long line of our wounded were laid down on the river beach. We marched on, sick at heart, over such a tremendous number of the wounded, it took us some time to reach the end of this long line. Their groaning, hard breathing, suffering, pain, their exposure to the night dew without anything to cover them up, was pitiful.

In the meantime we were losing our way, we could not find Wuchia-fang, but suddenly came into the headquarters of the Ninth Division. General Oshima, the commander, was seen clad in his dark, winter uniform, in spite of the season, a silk crepe obi tied tightly about his waist, from which a long, Japanese sword was hanging. At the sight of the gallant general we felt as if we were in a region of romance. When his division occupied Panlung, General Oshima is reported to have stood at the head of his army in his dark uniform, making himself the only dark target for the enemy's shot, thus trying to inspire his men with courage and confidence. I asked the way of a staff-officer, and our company turned back in the proper direction. We could not, however, find the right place; we asked again, and were told to go to the right; when we went to the right, we were told to go back to where we started; we were utterly at a loss where to go. The time for our rendezvous was fixed at one o'clock—it was now only a little before that time. If we should fail to appear on the spot in time, it would disgrace us, and we had to think not only of our personal disgrace, but that the prospective attack needed as many fighters as possible.

The delay in our arrival might become a cause of defeat. The captain and all of us were extremely anxious and worried. Fortunately, however, at this juncture we came across a man belonging to the engineer corps, who minutely explained to us how to find Wuchia-fang, telling us to go through the opening a little further on, where our engineers were then engaged in sapping. We went on as instructed, and soon found our siege trenches; we went along these until we came to an opening, beyond which we had to go through the fields exposed to the enemy's view. We ran on, but presently a flash of search-light came!

The captain was intense. Our disappointment was agonizing. Were we to miss our opportunity to join in the general assault? The captain said, "I cannot expiate my fault even with suicide!" Not only he, but all of us, felt that if we failed to join this battle, the company itself would be disgraced for ever; and that compared with that disgrace our unanimous suicide was a mere trifle!

What a scene of horrors! No stretcher or medicine-chest could be brought there. The dead and wounded were piled one upon another in nooks and corners, some groaning with pain, some crying for help, and some perfectly quiet, breathing no longer. We hardly found space to walk without stepping on them. It was an infernal tunnel of the dead and dying. We groped to the right not to step on a dead comrade, only to kick a wounded one on the left. Where we stepped, thinking it was on mother earth, we found ourselves walking over the khaki-colored dead. "Don't step on the corpses!" I shouted to my men; but at that moment I was treading on the chest of one. "Pardon" was the only apology I could offer the dead thus unintentionally insulted. Along this long, narrow path, full of corpses, it was impossible not to step on our poor, silent comrades.

We were almost at the end of the ravine—a few steps more would have brought us face to face with wire-entanglements—when we stopped short for a while. All at once the enemy's machine-guns began at our left, shooting out flames of fire through the dark. Presently we heard the noise of a gun detachment; six of our guns were trying to climb Panlung through the same ravine. In this narrow pass the infantry and artillerymen were jumbled together to escape the fire of the Russian machine-guns.

We were now at the foot of the ob-

more miserable than before, because the artillery men had been through the same place after us, and many dead and dying had been run over by the gun-carriages. Those who had been breathing faintly had breathed their last under the iron wheels those who had already died were cut to pieces. Shattered bones, torn flesh, flowing blood, were mingled with broken swords and split rifles. What could be more shocking than this scene!

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

[From "Essays," by Oliver Goldsmith, essayist, humorist, novelist, poet.]

In one of these, my late rambles, I accidentally fell into a company of half a dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair, the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

Amongst a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared, that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; that the Germans were drunken sots, and beastly gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, and surly tyrants; but that in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the world.

This very learned and judicious remark was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company—all, I mean, but your humble servant, who, endeavoring to keep his gravity as well as he could, and reclining his head upon his arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if he had been musing on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation: hoping by this means to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining himself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his imaginary happiness.

But my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without consideration, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every one in the company; for which purpose, addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable, so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments. I therefore told him that, for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of these several nations with great care and accuracy: that perhaps a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm, that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labor and fatigue, and the Spaniards more staid and sedate than the English; who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong, and impetuous; too apt to be elated with prosperity, and to despond in adversity.

I could easily perceive that all the company began to regard me with a jealous eye before I had finished my answer, which I had no sooner done than the patriotic gentleman observed, with a contemptuous sneer, that he was greatly surprised how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they



The Militarist Idea.

The Kaiser and his six sons. It is reported that four of these princes are in hospitals suffering from wounds.

"Lie down!" was ordered, and we waited, holding our breath for that terrible light to disappear. But the searchlight would not disappear. Meanwhile communication with our rear was cut off. At last we came to the place which we imagined to be the rendezvous. We found none of our army there, but dark corpses were strewn on the ground. Probably our army had already gathered themselves at the foot of the East Panlung Fort, which was supposed to be the center of our attack. Looking at our watches, we found that it was a few minutes past one o'clock. We tried hard to find our main body, but in vain. Were we too late? The anxiety of our

jective mountain, but no trace of the main body could be found. What a disappointment and pain for us! Where was it? Was the expected assault postponed? After a great deal of cogitation the captain decided to go back to Wuchia-fang and wait for further orders. This was his deliberately-formed conclusion, and, of course, we had to obey him, though very reluctantly. Once again we must go through that infernal tunnel. Those corpses of the dead comrades on which we had stepped and to which we had apologized in horror, had to be trodden on once more. We looked for the dead and wounded in the dark, and found their condition still worse and