

prison-camps, and rebuking the fury of the jingo rabble which was always clamouring for violence and blood. The Premier of New Zealand, Mr. Seddon, would have set the Maori on the Boers, exulting in the thought that then no quarter would be given. England, hereafter, in a calmer mood, will be grateful to the memory of the public men who braved the passion of the hour and sacrificed their political position in what they deemed the real interests of their own country, as well as in that of humanity at large. Had these men lived in the fifteenth century, they might have protested against the burning of Joan of Arc and have been not only denounced as traitors, but murdered.

Could such a victory add much lustre to the glorious annals of Great Britain? Can anybody heartily exult in it save those, or such as those, whose favourite toy was the puppet which mocked the agony and death-cry of the wounded Boer? Was it not too aptly celebrated by the enormous drunkenness, lewdness, riot, and outrage of the Mafeking and Peace nights in London? Can a nation plausibly pretend to be the armed champion of civilization while such barbarism is rampant in its own streets?