The Great War of 189—

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Sources of Science Fiction
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*The Great War of 189—. A Forecast* (1893)
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THE GREAT WAR
OF 189—
A Forecast

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With a new Preface by
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With new Introductions by
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Since the turn of the century the concept of the ‘future war’ has persistently revived itself in fiction and cinema, re-conquering our media-saturated reality time and again, most recently in Hollywood films such as Independence Day, Mars Attacks, Men in Black, Starship Troopers, Alien Resurrection, and The Postman. However, the more popular the future war narrative gets in the late twentieth century, the more urgent it becomes for us to re-evaluate the origins of this narrative in the late nineteenth century — that is, in The War of the Worlds (1898), the masterpiece of H. G. Wells, the British father of science fiction, and in the novels of other writers influenced by it. This Routledge/Thoemmes set provides the most significant works of the novelists contemporary with Wells, recovered and reprinted here as a complete collection.

What then was the Wellsian impact? As Brian Stableford accurately pointed out, The War of the Worlds was the first text to introduce aliens into the role which would become a cliché: monstrous invaders of Earth, competitors in a cosmic struggle. Yes, the story is so simple that whoever reads it must feel encouraged to create his or her version. The aggressive Martians came to earth riding on meteor-like spaceships. Their super-weapon surpassed our weapons tremendously. An unexpected accident takes place, however. Earthly bacteria, benign to humans, annihilate the Martian invaders, who lack immunity to them. This story is powerfully driven by two narrative devices that were to influence its followers: the most formidable invasion and the most unpredictable resolution. Therefore, now in the late 1990s, I would like to focus not simply on the ingenuity of Wells, but also on the way his science fictional devices have been transformed and reappropriated by several newcomers, that is, self-

proclaimed or crypto-Wellsians who faithfully observe the logic of sequelology especially in the age of advanced capitalism. The latest Hollywood films on future war themes could all be reconsidered as sequels to *The War of the Worlds*. From the postmodern 'ironical' perspective, even the very text of *The War of the Worlds* may seem to be hackneyed. But, back in the 1880s, this novel had several precursors I will discuss later. The essence of Wells's revolution with *The War of the Worlds* lies in his brilliant construction of the 'nodal point' that sharply distinguishes between pre-Wellsian and post-Wellsian literary discourses. To put it simply, in Wells we can rediscover the edge of chaos where the cult of advanced technology very naturally transforms itself into the cult of nationalistic ideology.

Let me start with a glance at the genealogy of future war fiction. As I. F. Clarke recently argued, the archetype of future war novels could well be located in seventeenth-century Puritan fanatic Francis Cheynell's six-page fantasy about the Civil War, called 'Aulicus his Dream of the Kings Sudden Comming to London' (1644). We cannot find the name of Cheynell in any encyclopedia or literary biography of science fiction; he only secures a minor place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. This text, however, represents a fearful vision of King Charles triumphant over Cromwell and the forces of Parliament. Since in the May of 1644 it was still thought possible that the king could prove the victor in the Civil War, the readers of the short story must have read into it the author's message: 'ACT NOW BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.' Thus, the genre of future war fiction started with the keenest awareness of the 'present', as is the case with the best science fiction today.

Cheynell's message in the post-Puritan Revolution days makes us reconsider the significance of Robert Fulton (1765–1815), the great pioneer of undersea warfare in the Republican age, as the major prophet of the Reagan's 'SDI' (Strategic Defense Initiative), or 'Star Wars' plan. In the pre-American Revolution

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2 For this fascinating concept of 'sequelology', see Gary Westfahl's *The Sequelizer, or, The Farmer Gone to Hell: Book Three in the Chronicles of Westfahl the Critic*, *Science Fiction Eye*, vol. 11 (December 1992), pp. 23–7.

years, this talented inventor, engineer, and artist, devised a rocket and a hand-propelled paddle wheel boat, showing an aptitude for gunmaking. Notorious though he was for his hunger for fame and fortune, Fulton was undoubtedly one of the representative men of American Republicanism, incarnating what H. Bruce Franklin designates 'ideological contradictions' inherent in the transition from mercantile to industrial capitalism.4 Indeed, while he was eager to achieve 'perpetual peace' in Republican America in 1797, Fulton simultaneously attempted to invent a weapon to end war, 'a curious machine for mending the system of politics', that is to say, a submarine vessel of war designed to destroy the main obstacle to free trade and revolutionary republicanism: the British navy.5 It is radically paradoxical that the pursuit of Republican peace demanded Fulton to end war by inventing the superweapon to exterminate all the enemies. But let us also note that Fulton's paradox is shared by one of the all-American heroes, Thomas Edison; this genius of technology was another representative man of the United States, who billed himself sometimes a man of peace, at other times the master inventor of marvellous weapons that could destroy whole armies with the push of a button. Just like Fulton, Edison became a living expression of the paradox in American military potential, which requires us to accept peace as the effect of an atomic deterrent. This is why, as George Locke lucidly spells out in his Introduction, this collection includes Garret P. Serviss's Edison's Conquest of Mars (1898) as one of the great American sequels to Wells's The War of the Worlds. Thus, from our viewpoint in the late 1990s, Fulton in the Republican age and Edison in the fin de siècle age seem to join forces, if anachronistically, to reinvent the Cheynellian imperative 'ACT NOW BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE', thereby blueprinting the all-American paradox of 'Pax Americana' and 'SDI=Star Wars' in the late twentieth century.

With these precursors in mind, we can safely redefine the status of future war novels that flourished in the late nineteenth century. Historically speaking, the period around the turn of the century coincides with the perceived increasing menace of the Yellow

5 Franklin, p. 13.
Peril and the incredible rise of the Japanese military power. Of course, as Charles Vevier explains, Western culture had long cultivated the theme that the barbarian hordes of Asia, a yellow race, were always on the point of invading and destroying Christendom, Europe, and Western civilization itself. Such a radical prejudice affected the fin de siècle United States; ‘The Burlingame Treaty’ with China in 1868 ignited the fear of the Yellow Peril, for it encouraged the Chinese coolie (a source of cheap labour) to enter the country to help construct the Pacific railroads. Meanwhile, murder, personal and social humiliation, and physical brutality became the lot of the Chinese workers on the Pacific coast, particularly in California and in the mining camps of the mountain states. In the 1870s, the demagogue Denis Kearny in San Francisco heaped political abuse upon the Chinese and invoked boycotts in the name of the American working man. The specifics of the Yellow Peril mania are evident in the Chinese Exclusion Acts, passed between 1880 and 1904. Therefore, it is not very difficult to find, especially in the late nineteenth century, a number of future war novels alluding to the Yellow Peril, such as Pierton Dooner’s Last Days of the Republic (1879), Lorelle’s ‘The Battle of the Wabash’ (1880), Robert Wolter’s A Short and Truthful History of the Taking of California and Oregon by the Chinese in the Year A.D. 1889 (1882), William Ward Crane’s ‘The Year 1899’ (1893), Otto Mundo’s The Recovered Continent: A Tale of the Chinese Invasion (1898), and M. P. Shiel’s The Yellow Danger (1898), included in this collection, and which is thought to have first coined and popularized the term ‘Yellow Peril’ universally.

Invasion from Asia could well have been the greatest danger keenly felt in fin de siècle English-speaking countries. This is the cultural historical context that induced H. G. Wells to write The War of the Worlds (serialized in 1897 and published in 1898). Bruce Franklin elucidates that the Wellsian Martians, ‘with their armoured war machines, poison gas, flying machines, and heat beams, are invaders not so much from the neighboring planet as from the approaching century’ (p. 65). And yet, since the mid-nineteenth century, when Edgar Allan Poe revealed his fear of the

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African Americans and the Asiatics in ‘The Murders in the Rue Morgue’ (1841), the image of the Other in the West has been strongly entangled with that of people of colour. Look at Wells’s description of the octopus-like Martians with ‘no nostrils’ having ‘a pair of very large dark-coloured eyes, and just beneath it a kind of flesh beak’ (book II, chapter 2), and you will recognize a certain racial prejudice underneath. But, I am not interested in attacking the Wellsian sense of ethnicity. For, without this fear of the Other The War of the Worlds would not have become a literary masterpiece. Immediately appealing to the Caucasian audience, this novel became so influential as to bring about many literary variants on it, the Wellsian by-products as George Locke calls them in his Introduction. This is why our collection covers C. L. Graves and E. V. Lucas’s The War of the Wenuses (1898) and Garret P. Serviss’s Edison’s Conquest of Mars (1898).

Rereading The War of the Worlds, however, convinces us of the ultimate irony that while Wells’s Martians wind up being slaughtered by the Earthly germs, it is the non-Caucasian Others that have invariably been conceived as a sort of fatal virus. Let us not forget that this solution wonderfully coincided with the germ warfare dramatized at the climax of M. P. Shiel’s Yellow Danger published in the same year. The good old Cheynellian imperative, ‘ACT NOW BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE’, has become obsolete. Instead, Wells set up a homoeopathic or inoculative (Jennerian?) imperative, ‘DON’T ACT UNTIL A VIRUS IS SLAUGHTERED BY ANOTHER VIRUS’. In fact, the Yellow Peril came to expand its implications especially in the wake of the

Note that the way Dupin comes to determine the identity of the murderer’s ‘voice’ is extremely absurd, especially in our context: ‘Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention.... The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is – not that they disagreed – but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that of a foreigner.... You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic – of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris’ – ‘The Murders in the Rue Morgue’, Collected Works of Edgar Allan Poe, vol. 2, ed. T. O. Mabbott (Harvard Belknap, 1978– ), pp. 549–50, underline mine.

In the last sequence of The Yellow Danger, Shiel invents ‘the new Black Death’ as an ethnic weapon for countering Chinese power in Europe. ‘As soon as an idolless Chinaman was gripped by the malady, or even saw the black spot on
Russo-Japanese War in 1905, the year that saw the shocking defeat of Russia by Japan; Yellow Peril literature started attacking not simply China but also Japan as the nemesis, just the way Jack London describes it in his short story 'The Unparalleled Invasion' written in 1906 and published in 1910. Moreover, Roy Norton's novel Vanishing Fleets (1907) represents Americans' fear of the Red Menace, that is, the fear not of American Indians but of Russian Communists. In the heyday of the Russo-Japanese War, the all-American humorist Mark Twain, undoubtedly influenced by the future war novels, provided us, in his pseudo-fairy tales 'Flies and Russians' (1904 or 1905) and 'The Fable of the Yellow Terror' (1904–1905), with a more satirical description of American xenophobia than anything else.

The anti-Asian and anti-Russian discourse prevalent around the turn of the century will let us reconsider the significance of Frederick Robinson's 1914 novel The War of the Worlds: A Tale of the Year 2000 A.D., among many literary variants on a neighbour's cheek, his first instinct was to rush toward the one place of hope—the temple at Paris. And as he rushed, he went spreading far and wide that winged plague, that more putrid Cholera, dissipating it among thousands, who, in their turn, rushed to infect wide millions (vol. 7 of the present collection, p. 342).

As Arthur Calder-Marshal pointed out, this story is incredibly prophetic in its anticipation of the possibilities of bacteriological warfare. Jack London describes the superweapon storming China: 'Had there been one plague, China might have coped with it. But from a score of plagues no creature was immune.... For it was these bacteria, and germs, and microbes, and bacilli, cultured in the laboratories of the West, that had come down upon China in the rain of glass'—'The Unparalleled Invasion', in Curious Fragments: Jack London's Tales of Fantasy Fiction, ed. Dale Walker (Port Washington: Kennikat Press, 1975), p. 118. Also see Franklin, pp. 36-7. He also explains on p. 35 that the Yellow and Black Perils are sometimes closely intertwined, as we can typically see in William Ward Crane's 'The Year 1899' (1893).

On one hand, in 'Flies and Russian' Twain states: 'If we combine these three (the rabbit, the mollusk and the idiot) and add the bee, what do we get? A Russian.... The captive rabbit spends its whole life in meek submission to whatever master is over it; the mollusk spends its whole life asleep, drunk, content; the idiot lives his days in a dull and cloudy dream, and reasons not; the bee slaves from dawn to dark storing up honey for a robber to live on'—Mark Twain's Which was the Dream?, ed. John S. Tucky (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967), p. 422, italics mine). In 'The Fable of the Yellow Terror,' on the other hand, the same author compares the Americans to the Butterflies, and the Asians to the Bees: 'They (the Butterflies) said that those fat and diligent and contented Bees, munching grass and cabbage, ignorant of
Wells’s *The War of the Worlds*. In this novel, a Russian prince, maddened by an American woman’s rejection of his courtship, organizes a grand alliance of the Asians and the Africans and the Latin Americans, as well as the Martians to contain and defeat the United States. What interests us here is that the Wellsian writers come to represent the figure of the Martians not as a specific race, but as whatever the Other specifies in a respective period of history, that is, the Other as such. Back in the late 1890s, when Wells completed his archetypal future war novel, the Martians must have embodied the Other from Asia in general. In the late 1900s, however, the Martians became the omen of the Yellow, Black, and Red Perils. Similarly, in the late 1930s, especially on Halloween 1938, when Orson Welles produced an American radio broadcast of *The War of the Worlds* which the audience believed to be true, this version must have aroused the fear on the American side of fascism represented by Nazi Germany. In the early 1950s, when Byron Haskin’s film version of *The War of the Worlds* was first shown, the Martians, in the years of McCarthyism, must have amplified the fear of Russian Communism. Nevertheless, we must accept the paradox that it is the American xenophobic discourse that has constantly cultivated American exoticism, expanding the possibility of representative arts and narratives. With this cultural historical background in mind, we can safely enjoy the postmodern narratives of future war. The greatest tribute in the 1990s to *The War of the Worlds* is none other than Roland Emmerich’s directed *Independence Day*, released exactly on 4 July in 1996, in which the extremely formidable invaders wind up being massacred by our computer virus, just the way Wells’s Martians are exterminated by Earthly bacteria. Once again, we are confronted with...
the homoeopathic imperative ‘DON’T ACT UNTIL A VIRUS IS SLAUGHTERED BY ANOTHER VIRUS’. This time the American unconscious, in the wake of the Gulf War, clearly reinvented the Other as the Middle Eastern. This is why, despite a number of scathing comments upon the film, this xenophobic narrative refreshed conservative discourses, probably contributing much to President Clinton’s second Cabinet that started in January 1997. Of course, I am not sure how seriously Hollywood speculated upon Clinton’s presidency, and how much Clinton was aware of the impact of Independence Day. And yet, it is undeniable that the huge audience in the United States welcomed this politically correct but sexually ultra-conservative movie of future war.

The most provocative comment upon the movie, however, was made by Arthur C. Clarke, the king of modern science fiction, in the Sources and Acknowledgments section of his novel 3001: The Final Odyssey, published in 1997. Briefly touching on President Clinton’s strategy for countering cyberterrorism, the author asserts very ironically: ‘Since writing the above paragraph, I have been intrigued to learn that the finale of Independence Day, which I have not yet seen, also involves the use of computer viruses as Trojan horses! I am also informed that its opening is identical to that of Childhood’s End (1953), and that it contains every known science fiction cliché since Melies’s Trip to the Moon (1903). I cannot decide whether to congratulate the scriptwriters on their one stroke of originality — or to accuse them of the trans-temporal crime of precognitive plagiarism. In any event, I fear there’s nothing I can do to stop John Q. Popcorn thinking that I have ripped off the ending of ID4.’

Seemingly amnesic, here Clarke rhetorically gives a wonderful insight into how the literary heritage of Independence Day owes much to the future war novels. For, by claiming his own originality playfully and accusing its scriptwriters of ‘trans-temporal crime of precognitive plagiarism’, Clarke succeeds in concealing his own literary debt to H. G. Wells and his descendants. It is self-evident that without reading The War of the Worlds Clarke could not have updated the image of UFOs and aliens in Childhood’s End, published in the same year as the film version.

of the former. What is more, without the impact of post-Wellsian future war narratives he could not have created in his Odyssey series the fabulously virus-like image of the monolith, a teaching machine for human evolution. Though its rectangular form appears too exotic, its virus-like quality cannot help but conjure up the virus-like aliens recreated time and again in the literary tradition of future war novels. Hence Clarke and the director of 2010: Odyssey Two, Peter Hyams, represented the multiplying monoliths as a kind of virus infecting Jupiter. 'So the damn thing's gone down to Jupiter — and multiplied. There was something simultaneously comic and sinister about a plague of black monoliths' (2010, p. 254). Looking at them, Katerina states: 'Do you know what it reminds me of? A virus attacking a cell. The way a phage injects its DNA into a bacterium, and then multiplies until it takes over' (p. 263). Thus, Clarke forbids us to suppose the monolith to be an intelligent being. In the novel 2061: Odyssey Three (1987), the sequel to 2010, Captain David Bowman of the spaceship Discovery, fused with the supercomputer HAL 9000, explains to Dr Floyd the nature of monolith: 'It is only a tool: it has vast intelligence — but no consciousness. Despite all its powers, you, Hal, and I are its superior' (p. 263). And finally, 3001 plunges into the future war between the virus-like monolith and the computer virus: 'This tablet contains programs that we hope will prevent the Monolith from carrying out any orders that threaten mankind' (p. 234).

Despite Clarke's own strong claim of originality, his logical sequence in the Odyssey series invites us to assume that while the mysterious monolith turns out to have been the high-tech signifier of xenophobia and exoticism, Clarke has faithfully recreated the Wellsian catastrophe of The War of the Worlds, as well as M. P. Shiel's germ warfare in The Yellow Danger, and reconstructed the exemplary future war imperative 'DON'T ACT UNTIL A VIRUS IS SLAUGHTERED BY ANOTHER VIRUS'.

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Indeed, in the wake of cyberpunk in the 1980s, science fiction seems to have updated even the good old future war narratives. What is highly paradoxical, however, is that the more high-tech our society gets, the more atavistic our literature becomes. For us to acutely recognize the extent to which the future war literary heritage has unwittingly cultivated the science fiction of the present, it is crucial to re-examine the pre-Wellsian and post-Wellsian narratives emergent in the fin de siècle, in which the signifier of colour, whether yellow or black or red or even white, functioned as the most viable metaphor in the characterization of aliens. In this respect, the Routledge/Thoemmes collection will help you enjoy in the most renovative way the major classics of the genre.

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Japan, 1998
GENERAL INTRODUCTION

Tactics and Technology: A Glance at the Evolution of the British Future War Novel of the 1890s

This collection sketches the development of British novels in the 1890s which speculated about wars that were yet to come. I hope to indicate in this essay how some of those doom-ridden forecasts were hyped by the media of the 1890s into bestsellers.

The British, seemingly so secure in their little island, have nevertheless been decidedly angst-ridden about the prospect of invasion. This is hardly surprising, since much of the culture in the British Isles has been successively wrecked and remoulded by invasions and occupations over the centuries – by the Romans, Vikings and Normans, to name but three to be found in every school textbook. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, Britain had to all intents and purposes been moulded into her now familiar shape. Invasion attempts, such as the Spanish Armada, had been regularly repelled, and the British themselves had been doing their own invading and colonizing, on a worldwide scale. The British Empire was germinating, and continued to grow throughout the nineteenth century, and Britain’s nautical superiority was in a large measure responsible for its apparent imperviousness to any future invasion threat.

The various nations of Europe, that massive sub-continent lurking just over the horizon, were not content to sit back and let Britain take over the entire planet. France, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Portugal and others were all taking slices of the planetary cake, and occasionally one European regime or another would cast acquisitive glances at the white cliffs of Dover.

The first of the modern conquerors with serious ambitions towards Euro-domination was, of course, Napoleon Bonaparte. In the early part of the century, the British were genuinely afraid that Napoleon was about to invade. The media of the day reflected that fear in the form of a large number of broadsides – single-sheet publications, often illustrated with hand-coloured engravings – on the subject. The texts ranged from serious essays
to satirical poems. Many dozens were published. Of all those dozens, however, only a single one presented in fictional form a forecast of a Napoleonic invasion. Entitled *An Invasion-Sketch*, it was anonymous and was published in a periodical called *The Anti-Gallician* in 1804 before being reissued separately as a broadsheet. Although the novel as a literary form had well and truly arrived (the Gothic novel movement would shortly peak with the works of Jane Austen and Walter Scott), the form looked almost invariably to the past and present for its plots and themes. To my knowledge, none of the Gothic novels devoted itself to describing an invasion of Britain by Napoleon. The newspapers and periodicals of the time were not particularly geared to including works of fiction in their pages, so it is not surprising that fictions extrapolating current events were few and far between.

As the century progressed, more of Britain's population became literate and the demand for literature of mass circulation grew. Monthly and weekly magazines developed, and printing technology improved to such an extent that by the middle of the century there were hundreds of newspapers and periodicals catering for the needs of the people. *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch* were three of the most successful, and have survived, albeit in vitiated form and with only a fraction of their original influence, into the twentieth century. Many of these periodicals, including some daily newspapers, included fiction as an important part of the editorial line-up, and much of it was of a very high quality. Such classics as *Oliver Twist* first appeared in periodical form, and a compelling case could be made for the thesis that the development of nineteenth-century English literature was moulded as much by the requirements of periodicals as it was by the book.

Half a century after Napoleon was vanquished at Waterloo, the British, snoozing comfortably in a cocoon of perceived invincibility, began to feel nervous again. A little difficulty over a piece of land called the Crimea had not been a particular worry, save to the relatives of some members of a certain Light Brigade. It was too far away. But in 1870, there was a dispute rather closer to home. The Germans were giving the French a powerful battering, and the possibility of invasion was on the agenda again.

The Franco-Prussian war gave rise to two main streams of
fictional warnings and speculations. The first was an allegory by H. W. Pullen called *The Fight at Dame Europa's School*. Subtitled *Shewing How the German Boy Thrashed the French Boy; and How the English Boy Looked On*, it was a pamphlet which imagined the real war as a school playground dispute. The first edition consisted of 500 copies printed in Salisbury. It was popular and by 1874 had sold nearly 200,000 copies—a bestseller by any standard. Although not a future war story, it spawned more than 120 pamphlets in reply, and some of them devoted themselves to warnings of what might happen if Britain either did or did not participate.

In May 1871, *Blackwood's Magazine* printed an anonymous novelette called *The Battle of Dorking*. Written by a serving officer, George Chesney, it was reissued the same year as a paperback book of 64 pages, and this too became a bestseller. A warning against military unpreparedness in Britain, it described how German forces invaded England. It too gave rise to a number of pamphlets agreeing or disagreeing with Chesney's thesis. Arthur Sketchley's popular Cockney comic character gave her thoughts in *Mrs Brown on the Battle of Dorking*, while even the pornography industry presented a version in the magazine *The Pearl*, in which the poor British would appear to have been outgunned by more than Germanic military superiority!

Although *The Battle of Dorking* was narrated by a veteran from a viewpoint of a generation later, the story did not employ any advanced technology. Chesney was, however, aware of the development of military technology to the extent that a few years later, in 1879, he wrote *The New Ordeal*, a science fiction story that envisaged a future in which weapons of war had become so destructive that nations had to settle their disputes by conflict between their champions. The early 1870s had seen a mini-boom in science fiction; apart from *The Battle of Dorking*, the success of such stories as Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* (1872) and Lord Lytton's *The Coming Race* (1871) had popularized speculative fiction to such an extent that one might be tempted to say that the dawn of modern science fiction occurred then. But it was a false dawn; by 1879 public interest in speculative fiction had declined to such an extent that *The New Ordeal* found relatively few readers and disappeared into obscurity. Although many works of science fiction appeared during the 1880s (including a
few future war stories), they were relatively unsuccessful, and the main thrust of science fiction during this period was carried by Jules Verne, whose books and imitators were marketed largely towards boys. (Many of Verne's novels were serialized in The Boys' Own Paper before appearing in book form.) Verne concentrated on high-tech adventure stories, and did not concern himself with the future war theme, with the exception of The Clipper of the Clouds (1887), in which we can see a clear antecedent of some of the future war novels of the 1890s.

Although the 1880s was a fallow period for the future war novel, two templates were being created which would provide foundations from which the genre would soar into bestsellerdom and, literally, into space.

The first was in print technology. Until then, illustrations had to be reproduced from engravings on materials such as wood, copper and steel. However, these engraving processes were unsuited to the reproduction of photographs. The development of the 'half-tone' process meant that photographs could be used as readily, and speedily, as any other kind of artwork. Although it took a few years for the process to be refined, the illusion, and indeed the fact, of immediacy rendered it ideal for newspapers and magazines.

The second lay in the ability of three journalists to capitalize on the first. They were George Newnes, Alfred C. Harmsworth and C. Arthur Pearson. They all started in modest ways, and their early publications scorned all but the simplest of illustrations. Newnes started a weekly paper called Tit-Bits in the early 1880s. It consisted, as the title suggests, of short pieces culled from a wide variety of sources, but it did print short stories and, as it developed its style, serials. A few years later, Harmsworth created Answers (originally entitled Answers to Correspondents) in a close imitation of Newnes's paper. It, too, printed serials. But little if any of the material published in those two papers in the 1880s was speculative fiction.

Newnes went up-market in 1890 when he created The Strand, a general interest periodical which would, he promised, feature an illustration on every page. It was an instant success, and that success more than doubled when, within a few months, it introduced Sherlock Holmes to its readers. The Strand was not a pioneer of the monthly, glossy magazine. Other similar magazines such as The English Illustrated Magazine were already
on the bookstalls when Newnes flung his fortune into *The Strand*. *The Strand* simply did the job much better, and came along at the right time to satisfy a huge market for that kind of magazine. By the end of the century, several *Strand* imitators were able to thrive alongside their mentor. They surged successfully into the First World War, survived the rigours of paper shortages in the 1917–19 period and were only finally killed off by the onset of the Second World War.

But at the same time that Newnes created *The Strand*, a former member of his editorial staff, Cyril Arthur Pearson, created a second imitator of *Tit-Bits*. Called *Pearson's Weekly*, it was larger in format than its two antecedents, but nevertheless ploughed the same field with as much success.

Although all three men, George Newnes, Alfred C. Harmsworth and C. Arthur Pearson, were phenomenally successful, creating many periodicals between them and founding such icons of journalism as *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Express*, only one of the three appeared to have more than a casual interest in fiction of the future, and that was Pearson. As we shall see, although Pearson did not initiate the boom in future war fiction which took place in the 1890s, he jumped onto the bandwagon with such force and acumen that, from our vantage point a century later, the genre is his main claim to literary fame. Although *The Daily Express* was his creation, that famous paper is most often associated with the proprietor during its heyday, Lord Beaverbrook. But if we say that Pearson was directly responsible for the first publication of the archetypal invasion story and one of the icons of science fiction, H. G. Wells's *The War of the Worlds*, then few would cavil at such an epitaph.

I have given the collaborative work *The Great War of 189—* the first place in the collection although it is unclear whether it actually saw print before William Laird Clowes's *The Captain of the "Mary Rose"*, which appears as volume 2. The stories were both published in book form in 1892 (although the former is dated 1893), by Heinemann and Tower respectively, in sumptious, profusely illustrated editions. *The Great War of 189—* opened its serialization in the journal *Black and White* dated 2 January 1892, and the Clowes title was serialized in *The Engineer*.

In serial form, *The Great War* probably exerted more influence than *The Captain*, since *The Engineer* was a publication aimed
at a specific and fairly limited audience, whereas *Black and White* was an ambitious new journal in the popular style of *The Illustrated London News* and its longer-established rivals. Moreover, the whole style and presentation of that serial was geared to attract the attention of as many people as possible. It was profusely illustrated (and many of those illustrations were omitted from the book version). Although fiction, it was not, however, a novel but rather what we would today call a dramatized documentary. If a television company today was to produce a six-month-long serial forecasting a possible war in 1999 between, for example, the United States and the European Union, and presented it in the form of news reports, personal experiences and detailed analyses by various pundits, it would probably top the ratings. *The Great War of 189*—was the 1890s equivalent of such a work, and at the cutting edge of the *fin-de-siècle* media, before cinema, television and radio had been developed.


One of the latter group is as renowned in his own way as H. G. Wells; Fred T. Jane not only illustrated several works in the collection and wrote one of them, but also was the creator of *Jane’s Fighting Ships*, and his name is still attached to the series of reference works about military hardware which thrive to the present day.

*The Great War of 189*—describes a European war of some complexity involving Russia, Germany, France, Austria, Britain and other nations which, anticipating the First World War, started in the Balkans. Land and sea-based, it uses the military technology of the day and is basically concerned with tactics and strategies. Heinemann excelled with its book edition by producing a large, handsome, profusely illustrated volume, even including some fold-out plates. The book added an appendix with comments on specific aspects of the text by Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Charles Dilke. It was reprinted at least once (dropping the fold-out plates), and was a reasonably popular book but, judging by its relative scarcity today, was not a bestseller.
On the other hand, *The Captain of the “Mary Rose”* caught the public eye in its book incarnation to an extent that its serial version could not have done. The scale of the story is far smaller. It involves a naval conflict between France and Britain in the near future. The book opens in a quasi-documentary fashion not unlike *The Great War*, but becomes more personalized in the story of a wealthy, ex-naval officer who buys a warship and tries with some success to influence the outcome of the conflict. The book, which appears to have been the first enterprise of the newly formed firm The Tower Publishing Company, is another large, handsome volume, profusely, if not especially well, illustrated by Chevalier Eduardo de Martino and Fred T. Jane. The de Martino line drawings were presumably produced for the magazine serialization, while the Jane illustrations, very poorly reproduced by half-tone in those days of the infancy of the process, were, I suspect, commissioned by Tower, who used his artwork in several of their other books.

The success of *The Captain*, which went into several editions over the next two or three years and was quite close to being a bestseller, led Tower into making a specialty of handsomely produced future war novels. Several of these also became bestsellers and this collection has selected a further three titles.

Meanwhile, C. Arthur Pearson, whose *Tit-Bits* imitator *Pearson’s Weekly* had been running successfully but otherwise uninspiring since July 1890, was looking for ways to boost its circulation. The amount of fiction printed in the paper had gradually increased until, in 1892, each number included a short story and an instalment of a serial. The first serial the paper printed, in the latter half of 1892, was a reprint of the best-selling novel of Australia by Marcus Clarke entitled *For the Term of His Natural Life*, and was unlikely to set the world of journalism ablaze.

The second was quite another matter. A fly on the wall in Pearson’s office at the end of 1892 must have witnessed some fascinating conversations. Pearson would have been aware of the magazine success of *The Great War of 189* — and the book success of *The Captain of the “Mary Rose”*. There was probably also an awareness of Jules Verne’s work and the 1887 *The Clipper of the Clouds* in particular; a reprint of that work was issued in 1892. Who in the office had the idea of lifting the technological dimension from the Verne novel, transplanting it
into the developing British future war novel and of extending the arena from the land and sea into the air? It was a logical step to take. Technology itself was on the brink of developing heavier-than-air flight and perhaps wars of the future would make use of flying machines, sooner or later. How would a serial using standard imaginary war ingredients, such as an invasion of Britain, but adding the dimension of flying machines, be received by the public? A staff member - George Griffith, a journalist who had fallen on hard times and was being employed by Pearson in a menial clerical capacity - offered to compose such a serial. The number for 21 January 1893 printed the first instalment of *The Angel of the Revolution*, the public appetite having been whetted in the previous number with a detailed synopsis of the yarn. The serial replaced the thoughtfulness of the drama-documentary *The Great War of 189*— with out-and-out sensationalism. Within weeks the circulation of *Pearson's Weekly* was soaring, and crowds of people were flocking to the railway bookstalls and ports to grab the next instalment as soon as possible. *The Angel* ran until 14 October of the same year. There were no illustrations.

A book edition was clearly essential, and Tower, flushed with the success of *The Captain of the “Mary Rose”*, was on hand to create a sumptious edition. Fred T. Jane was commissioned to supply sixteen illustrations, and the half-tone reproduction was a considerable improvement on that in *The Captain*. The text, however, was cut from about 173,000 words to about 125,000 - the length of a short novel in its own right. (A detailed comparison of the serial and book version of that and subsequent *Pearson's Weekly* serials is to be found in my *Pearson's Weekly. A Checklist of Fiction 1890-1939* (Ferret Fantasy, 1990).) Griffith's name was revealed in an advertisement for the book which appeared in the same number as the conclusion of the serial. The book was a bestseller, running into eight or nine printings in the sumptious format of the first.

Griffith took a short pause before embarking on the inevitable sequel (*The Syren of the Skies* opened in the number for 30 December 1893). Meanwhile, the proprietors of the opposition, Newnes and Harmsworth, were undoubtedly fully aware of Pearson's success. Newnes was enjoying the proceeds of his runaway bestselling fiction - the Sherlock Holmes stories - but Harmsworth made attempts to compete with Pearson. *Answers*
started serializing a future war novel called *The Poisoned Bullet* in December 1893. It was written by William Le Queux, who was to become a prolific writer of mystery thrillers and spy stories. Tower, seeking to add to its future war list, grabbed it, retitled it *The Great War in England in 1897*, presented it in the same packaging as *The Captain* and *The Angel*, and watched contentedly as it, too, rose in the bestseller charts; nine editions were produced in the next two years.

The Le Queux story represented something of a return to the tactics and strategy approach to the future war novel, being basically a chronicle of events with relatively little story on the personal level, and very little thought given to technological advances. The theatre of operations was the standard European one, and the combatants the usual mix.

Meanwhile, although *The Strand* did not explore the future war theme, concentrating on Sherlock Holmes and other detectives as its major sales push, one of its competitors did. *The English Illustrated Magazine* (owned by the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*) serialized E. Douglas Fawcett’s short novel *Hartmann the Anarchist* in 1893. It is difficult to avoid the thought that this story was commissioned in direct response to the success of *The Angel of the Revolution*, and at first glance it seems to be a pastiche of the Griffith extravaganza, right down to the employment of Fred T. Jane as illustrator. But it is basically a story of terrorism by advanced technology (flying machines); although London is partly devastated by Hartmann’s attack, there is no warfare between nations and so it does not really belong in this collection.

We have seen Fred T. Jane’s name occurring in his capacity as an illustrator. He also wrote fiction, and his first novel, *Blake of the “Rattlesnake”*, was published by Tower in 1895. Illustrated by the author, it is subtitled ‘or *The Man Who Saved England. A Story of Torpedo Warfare in 189—.*’ It belongs in the same mould as *The Captain of the “Mary Rose”* in that it is concerned with a relatively restricted theatre of naval warfare in Europe. It considers the possibilities of the use of the recently developed torpedo, propelled by compressed air, and is a solid example of the strand of the future war story whose expressed purpose was to extrapolate specific technological developments. The late nineteenth century produced a number of those speculations, such as H. O. Arnold-Forster’s *In a Conning Tower* (1891) and
James Eastwick’s *The New ‘Centurion’* (1895). The episodic character of *Blake* suggests prior publication in a periodical, but I have not traced it.

The next book in the collection, *The Final War* (1896), looks very much like a Tower publication, but by 1896 Tower had become bankrupt and the remains of its list of current and forthcoming titles spread among the firms which picked up the pieces. It is not inappropriate, however, that Louis Tracy’s book should appear under the imprint of C. Arthur Pearson, since it had been the latest of a string of successful *Pearson’s Weekly* serials. Pearson had taken something of a rest from the future war theme following the conclusion of *The Syren of the Skies* in August 1894. (That sequel to *The Angel* had been set much further in the future than the 1904 of *The Angel* itself, and featured a world catastrophe caused by a collision with a comet – a common scenario in speculative fiction a hundred years later. Interestingly, in view of what was to be published a few years later by Wells, mankind is warned of the impending disaster by the inhabitants of Mars.) Pearson was now able to attract major writers to his weekly, and serialized Rider Haggard’s *The Heart of the World* from 11 August 1894 to 26 January 1895. Griffith’s next serial, *Valdar the Oft-Born*, was an excursion into historical fiction, something of a pastiche of Edwin Lester Arnold’s bestselling novel of multiple incarnations, *Phra the Phoenician* (which had been serialized in the latter half of 1890 in *The Illustrated London News*).

Louis Tracy’s *The Final War* was serialized from 28 December 1895 to 1 August 1896, and once again the book version is substantially cut from the serial, falling some 30,000 words short of the original’s 174,000. It is a fairly standard account of a world war fought on land and sea and with little if any technological extrapolation.

Pearson had attracted other writers to his fold who were to contribute to the theme of this collection. In 1896 he had followed Newnes’s excursion into the field of general illustrated monthly magazines by creating *Pearson’s Magazine*, and little more than a year later he was to hit the future war jackpot by serializing there a novel by a young writer who was already making something of a reputation as a creator of imaginative works of science fiction – H. G. Wells. Meanwhile, in the early part of 1897, Louis Tracy fell ill during the composition of
another serial for Pearson's Weekly, An American Emperor. To help him, another writer, M. P. Shiel, wrote some ten chapters. Pearson was sufficiently impressed with the result that Shiel was engaged to write a future war serial of his own; this appeared in Pearson's all-fiction weekly magazine Short Stories between 5 February and 18 June 1898 as The Empress of the Earth, and launched the career of a British future war fictioneer who was considerably less inclined to confine himself to the European theatre than his colleagues. It was published, in a shorter version, in book form in 1898 by Grant Richards as The Yellow Danger, and features a massive invasion of a war-torn Europe by the Chinese.

To return to 1897, Pearson was responsible for printing two of science fiction's classic novels, both by the young H. G. Wells. Pearson's Weekly serialized The Invisible Man between 12 June and 7 August where it probably received little public attention. Pearson produced it as a book in a rather cheap format, in which form it also did not sell well, despite critical acclaim. It was Wells's other serial, running concurrently in the monthly Pearson's Magazine, that hit the headlines. The War of the Worlds is one of the icons of science fiction, and in profusely illustrated form ran between April and December 1897. The War of the Worlds is the invasion novel taken to its logical conclusion – instead of Britain being invaded by Germany, France, Russia or a combination of those and other European nations, we have Britain (actually, the planet Earth, but the narrative is confined to Britain) being invaded by superior forces from another planet. Although it belongs in the collection, the text is widely available elsewhere, so, instead, I have chosen to compile a final volume with three shorter works, two of which are by-products of The War of the Worlds.

The first, The War of the Wenuses, by C. L. Graves and E. V. Lucas, is a spoof in which females from Venus invade Earth in giant crinolines, devastating the (male) population with the dreaded 'mash' glance.

The second is by an American writer, Garrett P. Serviss, an astronomer who later wrote several popular science fiction novels. Edison's Conquest of Mars appeared as a serial in an American newspaper, the New York Evening Journal, from 12 January to 10 February 1898. It is a sequel to The War of the Worlds, in which the Earth's greatest scientists, led by Edison,
mount an expedition to fly to Mars and sort out the Martians once and for all. This sequel is not, however, based on the British Heinemann or the American Harper book editions of Wells, nor on the serials in Pearson's Magazine and the New York Cosmopolitan. The Wells story was syndicated across America for serialization in various newspapers, and the locale was changed from London and Surrey to various places in America, with suitable rewriting (not by Wells) to accommodate the change of scene. The Serviss story presumably followed on from such a serialization in 1897 of The War of the Worlds in the New York Evening Journal, and was not published in book form during the author's life-time; the collection text is reproduced from a book edition published in Los Angeles in 1947 by Carcosa House.

The Wells novel having taken the future war novel into space, it seems logical to conclude the collection with a remarkable short science fiction novel published in 1900 by Elliot Stock called The Struggle for Empire. Written by Robert William Cole, it takes the whole scenario into space and forecasts for the year 2236 a fully colonized Solar System — an Earth-dominated empire which extends into interstellar space. Another similar empire based on the Sirian planet Kairet wages war against the Solar System; after a battle in space, the Sirian fleet invades the Solar System. A remarkable anticipation of the movie Star Wars, it even concludes with the hero marrying a princess!

George Locke
London, 1998
INTRODUCTION

Notes on the Authors


Captain Frederic Natusch Maude (1854–1933) was a soldier and a battle analyst. His books include *Cavalry: Its Past and Future* (1903), *Cavalry Versus Infantry* (1896), *The Evolution of Modern Strategy from the 18th Century to the Present Time* (1905), *The Invasion and Defence of England* (1888), *Letters on...*
Tactics and Organisation (1891), Military Letters and Essays (1895), Notes on the Evolution of Military Tactics (1905), The Science of Organisation, and the Art of War (1912), Voluntary Versus Compulsory Service (1897), War and the World's Life (1907) and several titles in the 'Special Campaign' series, 1902. Maude also published, anonymously, The New Battle of Dorking (1900), in which Chesney's scenario of an imaginary invasion of England is brought up to date. It forecasts an unsporting French invasion which takes place during the summer, when the French army and reserves are on manoeuvres and the British on their holidays, slumbering by their bathing machines.

Archibald Forbes (1838–1900) was a journalist, being War Correspondent of the Daily News, and has a substantial bibliography of related matter to his credit.

Charles Lowe (1848–1931) was an author of biographies, including Bismarck, and military historian.

David Christie Murray (1847–1907) was a prolific popular novelist who did not, as far as I have been able to discover, make any other contributions to future war fiction.

Frank Scudamore published several short foreign-language phrase books for the use of military personnel participating in the First World War and, in 1925, a book of reminiscences. The book was translated into German by Dr Emil Witte, and published in Germany in 1894, or possibly earlier.

George Locke
London, 1998
THE GREAT WAR OF 189—
BATTLE AT ALEXANDROVO BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT BETWEEN THE GERMAN AND RUSSIAN FORCES (p. 71).
THE GREAT WAR
OF 189—

A FORECAST

BY
REAR-ADMIRAL P. COLOMB
COLONEL J. F. MAURICE, R.A., CAPTAIN F. N. MAUDE
ARCHIBALD FORBES, CHARLES LOWE
D. CHRISTIE MURRAY, AND F. SCUDAMORE

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES
SPECIALY MADE FOR ‘BLACK AND WHITE’

BY F. VILLIERS

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
1893

[All Rights Reserved]
NOTE.

The following narrative appeared originally in the pages of *Black and White*, the work being the outcome of consultations between some of the most eminent authorities upon modern warfare and international politics. The story has been carefully revised, and is now reprinted in response to a general wish that it should be available in a convenient form.
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THE GREAT WAR OF 189—
THE GREAT WAR OF 189—
A FORECAST.

In the following narrative an attempt is made to forecast the course of events preliminary and incidental to the Great War which, in the opinion of military and political experts, will probably occur in the immediate future. The writers, who are well-known authorities on international politics and strategy, have striven to derive material for their description of the conflict from the best sources, to conceive the most probable campaigns and acts of policy, and generally to give to their work the verisimilitude and actuality of real warfare.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

FULL ACCOUNT OF THE MURDEROUS ASSAULT; CRITICAL CONDITION OF THE WOUNDED PRINCE.

(By Telegraph from our Own Correspondent, Mr. Francis Scudamore.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sunday, April 3 (via VARNA).

Noon.

A REPORT has been current here since a late hour last evening, to the effect that an attempt has been made to assassinate Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, at a mining town named Samakoff, about forty miles south of Sofia. It is said that the Prince, who had been shooting in the Balabancha Balkans, was driving into Samakoff towards evening yesterday, when his carriage was stopped, and he was attacked by a number of men armed with knives and pistols. The Prince's attendants succeeded in saving their master's life and in beating off some and capturing others...
of his assailants, but not before His Highness had been severely wounded.

Prince Ferdinand was carried into the house of an American missionary resident in Samakoff, where he now lies. His Highness’s condition is serious, and is rendered the more critical from the fact that there is no very adequate surgical aid obtainable in Samakoff, and it was necessary to telegraph for doctors to Sofia and Philippopolis.

The greatest excitement reigns in Constantinople since the receipt of this intelligence, and very grave anxiety is expressed in diplomatic circles as to the possible consequences of this terrible misfortune.

-----

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

It is impossible to overrate the grave significance of this attempted assassination at Samakoff, which in the light of our Correspondent’s telegrams would seem to be the prelude to very serious complications in the East. It is, of course, too early to estimate its influence upon general European politics, but we are quite within reason in saying that the dramatic incident may prove to have endangered the peace of Europe. We have long familiarised ourselves with the thought that the Great War of which the world has been in constant dread for some years back, and which is to re-adjust the balance of the Continent, is much more likely to break out in the region of the Danube than on the banks of the Rhine, and the incident at Samakoff may well precipitate the catastrophe. The situation is most perilous, and it is to be hoped that strenuous endeavours will be made by the Powers to chain up the ‘dogs of war,’ and spare this dying century, at least, the spectacle of their release. Since the Treaty of Berlin patched up the last serious disturbance in Europe, there has been peace; peace, it is true; but a peace subject to perpetual menace, and weighty matter for the consideration of statesmen. Europe has lived, as it were, in armed camps, neutral
and watchful; and all the time the nations have prepared against war as though war were at their doors. The dastardly outrage at Samakoff comes at a sorry time.

For we repeat our firm conviction, based on long and close attention to the political motives at work among the nations, that it is on the Danube and not on the Rhine that the torch of war will first be kindled. To a pessimist, indeed, if not to an unbiassed observer, we may well seem of late to have been drawing nearer and nearer to a general war. The world has never been afflicted with more persistent rumours of war. No single day has passed without bringing us its perturbing crop of tremors and apprehensions about the stability of the European peace. From week to week the Jewish speculators on all the Bourses of Christendom have been robbed of their sleep, and, worse still, of their dividends, by telegrams as to the secret massing of troops on this or that frontier, and of ruinous uprisings in various subject and down-trodden countries. Now it is the Black Sea Treaty that is going to be forcibly robbed of its entire Dardanelles clauses, and again the Bargain of Berlin is about to be perforated, for the sixth time, by the sword-point of the Czar. Then the Roumanians wake up to find the Russians beginning to hem them in on three sides; while, again, newspaper readers are horrified by a revelation of the rapacious passions which some dignify by the title of 'principle of nationality,' and others denounce as criminal 'lust of land,' that are on the verge of outbreak at Athens and Sofia, at St. Petersburg, at Belgrade, at Vienna, at Paris, and even at Rome.

Where is the wisdom of highly-placed men like the German Emperor and his new Chancellor assuring the world, in addresses from the throne and after-dinner speeches, that the peace of Europe was never more assured than at present, and that the political horizon is without a cloud even of the size of Elijah's ominous and initial speck of vapour? What is the truth or the wisdom of such assurances, when the thorn of Alsace-Lorraine is still sticking in the flesh of the unforgiving and revengeful French; when Italy still has some territory 'unredeemed;' when Denmark still harbours
a deep grudge against her truculent despoiler; when even the peace-
ful Swedes, who are still animated by the spirit of the Great Gusta-
vus, long to free their former subjects, the Finns, from the tyrannical
mastery of the Russians; when the Spaniards would gladly profit by
a European complication—even if they shrank from the thought of
an audacious coup de main—to repossess themselves of Gibraltar;
when the Portuguese, following suit, would never hesitate to kick
their British rival in Africa, if they deemed him to be down; when
the Cretans, egged on by the Greeks, are firmly resolved to throw
off the galling yoke of the Turks; when ex-ministers like M.
Tricoupis stump about the Balkan Peninsula, openly preachiug
Pan-hellenism and Balkan Federation against the advocates of
disunited nationalities; when the Servians secretly vow to settle
up old scores with their Bulgarian vanquishers, and when these
Bulgarian victors themselves, with their Prime Minister more than
their Prince at their head, are sternly determined to be free and
independent alike of Sultan and of Czar; when Austria continues
to cast longing eyes in the direction of Salonica; and when, above
all things, the Colossus of the North, with his head pillowed on
snow, and his feet swathed in flowers of the sunny South, has
sworn by the soul of his assassinated and sainted father that he
will ever remain true to the intention of his sire in exacting a
solid equivalent of power, prestige, and territorial foothold on the
Balkan Peninsula for all the blood and treasure spent by Russia in
the task of 'liberating' the Bulgarians; when all these things, all
these slumbering passions and meditated schemes of aggression
and revenge are duly considered, how is it possible for any one, be
he sovereign or subject, to lull the world asleep by false assurances
of peace which is sooner or later doomed to be broken?

The Triple Alliance will no more succeed in terrorising the
souls of all these secret plotters and designers, and in giving them
pause, than three inter-locked mountain oaks or firs could stay the
downward course of an extended series of separate avalanches, which
rend away with them pines, and oaks, and all, in their resistless
rush. But has the avalanche, which we thus dread, really and truly
at last begun to move? We sincerely trust not, but for the present at least, the omens in the East have an exceedingly ugly and alarming look, and we shall await the arrival of further telegrams with the greatest anxiety. The Triple Alliance is not an embankment that can bar the advancing flood of war, but rather a detached fortress which must itself soon incur the danger of being surrounded and even submerged by the rushing, whirling waters of European strife. Though the parties to this three-cornered pact have agreed to place their fire-engines, so to speak, at each other's disposal in the event of external danger from fire to their respective domiciles, it is beyond the reach of these Powers to prevent the outbreak of a conflagration, from accident or arson, among the rickety, wind-swept, and thatch-roofed mansions of their neighbours; nor is there any fact better established in connection with fires than that they are used by thieves and anarchists for the purpose of sudden plunder and disorder, at once upon the persons and property of the victims and beholders of such catastrophes.

Let us suppose, for example, that as a consequence of this most alarming incident at Samakoff, hostilities should ensue between Russia and Austria, the former being the aggressor. In that case Germany—in virtue of her published Treaty with the Hapsburg Monarchy—would almost immediately have to take the field. Now, in such a contingency, is there not a grave danger that France, seizing the golden opportunity for which she has so long been waiting, would at once mobilise her army, and march the greater part of it towards the Rhine? And is it not certain that the immediate result of such a revengeful step on her part would be that Italy, true likewise to her Treaty engagement with Germany, would make haste to spring upon the flank of the Republic?

It is not well to forecast evils, but at the same time it is well to look clearly ahead. We know surely enough the real nature of the feelings with which the Bulgarians are regarded by their 'Liberators,' just as we are equally cognisant of the true character of those who profess to be the Sultan's 'friends,' and who, with the
privilege of most intimate amity, have repeatedly helped themselves to disintegrating slices of his dominions. We need not remind our readers of the bitterness which still rankles in the breasts of the Roumanians at the memory of the manner in which they were 'rewarded' for services rendered at the Gravitza Redoubt and elsewhere during the war against the Turks; a bitterness which was only equalled by the rage of the Russians when they recognised the supreme folly of their conduct in forcing Roumania to accept the Dobrudja in exchange for Bessarabia, and thus depriving themselves of a pied à terre and strategical base of operations south of the Danube, in the direction of the grand goal of their ultimate ambition—the Golden Horn. It is as much the desire of Russia to undo this unfortunate bargain as it is to shake herself free from the intolerable shackles that restrain her liberty of action in the Black Sea, and seal up the outlets thereof against her ships of war. Russia is only awaiting a proper opportunity for accomplishing these two other stages in what she deems to be her destiny (and does not everything come to him who can wait?) just as she continues to pursue her anti-English policy in Central Asia with steady, disdainful, unresisted strides, ever lessening the distance between her own frontiers and those of India, and thus paving the way for the execution of her policy of preventing the forces of England from being thrown into the balance should any complication arise in the East of Europe. ‘And ever,’ as Tennyson sang, ‘upon the topmost roof the banner of England blew;’ but that proud banner has now, at last, been blown away by Cossack colonels from the topmost roof of all—the ‘Roof of the World’ itself, thus enabling Russia to overpeer our very Indian plains, and thence despatch her Caleb's and her Joshua's to spy out this other land of promise.

It may be quite true—and, indeed, from all we know of the character of the Czar, we think it is quite true—that Alexander III. has a holy horror of war, into which he is determined not to plunge his people; and we have been assured by the greatest master of modern war, the late Count Moltke, that the period of dynastic conflicts, or struggles resulting from the personal passions and
petulance of rulers, has come to an end, and been succeeded by wars between peoples and nations. This is also quite true; but it is precisely herein that the greatest danger lurks. For a ruler—as witness the case of the present Czar's own father—may prove too weak to restrain or deflect the set of the popular tide, and be plunged into a war against his own will. It is also conceivable that the French Government might find it impossible to resist the clamours of the Chamber to embrace the first opportunity—and what could be a better one than a general European conflagration? for ousting the English from Egypt—an object which all good Frenchmen deeply have at heart. But it is on the Balkan Peninsula, where there are no rulers or restraining influences to speak of, that popular passions and aspirations must enjoy most unbridled sway; and therefore it is that we look with anxiety for the further development of this tragic event at Samakoff, which has already thrown the Balkan countries into a state of wild excitement, and all Europe into a fit of ever-increasing alarm.

(By Telegraph from our Special Correspondent, Mr. Francis Scudamore.)

PHILIPPOPOLIS, April 4.

(Sunday Night.) I date this message from Philippopolis, whence indeed it will be despatched on our arrival there tomorrow; but, as a matter of fact, it is written in the sleeping car of a special train by which I am travelling to Ichtiman en route for Samakoff, in company with Drs. Patterson, Stekoulis, and Lelongt, who have been invited by telegraph to meet their Bulgarian colleagues in consultation at the bedside of the wounded Prince. It is to these gentlemen's courtesy that I owe the privilege of my passage.

I am enabled, by the kindness of my friends at the United States Legation, which, as is natural in the circumstances, has received minute information as to the occurrence, to give you a fuller and more authentic account of the Samakoff tragedy of yesterday by which Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria so nearly lost his life, than is likely to have been transmitted as yet, and of
which no doubt garbled first reports have already thrown consterna-
tion into every European capital. I have already stated that it is in the house of an American missionary that Prince Ferdinand is at present lying. I must now explain that Samakoff, which is nestled in the heart of a picturesque valley formed by the rough triangle of the Kilo Dagh, the Kadir Têrê, and the De mir Kapou Dagh at the head of the Balabancha range of Balkans, is not only one of the wealthiest towns in the principality,—thanks to the iron mines by which it is surrounded,—but is also famous and dear to Bulgarians by reason of the presence there of the American Mission School, whose principals rendered such devoted and signal service to the oppressed Christians throughout the terrible time of the massacres of 1876 and the war of 1877. At that time, when, as will be remembered, to be a Bulgarian was all-sufficient reason for being summarily hanged (if a man), or foully outraged (if a woman), the principal of the school and his courageous wife snatched many victims from the gallows, and rescued from a terrible fate, by harbouring in the mission-house, numerous young girls and children, fugitives from the devastated villages of the Balkan slopes. And when brighter days dawned for Bulgaria, and it became a principality, the services of the American Mission at Samakoff were not forgotten. It became a custom, inaugurated by Prince Alexander and studiously maintained by his successor, for the Ruler of Bulgaria to visit Samakoff in an informal manner once or twice a year, for the purpose of inspecting the mission school and complimenting its directors.

The snows which have held Samakoff isolated from the rest of the world throughout the past four months, are now just melted, and thus it chanced that Prince Ferdinand, who for a week past had been shooting in the hills around Philippopolis, decided to pay his first visit of the year to the missionaries of Samakoff, and had, unfortunately as it turns out, announced his intention of so doing.

The Prince, with this purpose in view, left Philippopolis on Friday evening, passing the night in his sleeping-car, and yesterday morning started in a calèche from Ichitman-i-Vakarel, formerly
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the boundary between Bulgaria and the province of Eastern Roumelia, to drive to the little township in the mountains.

His Highness has usually been accompanied on these visits by one or other of the ministers, but on this occasion, owing partly, no doubt, to his hurriedly-formed plans, he had with him only one of the aides-de-camp who had been of the shooting-party. The Prince's carriage was preceded by half-a-dozen mounted guards, and followed by a like number, as an escort. This is a precaution which Prince Ferdinand's advisers have prevailed with him, much against his will, to adopt of late, in view of the renewed activity of Russian agents and sedition-mongers throughout the Principality and the neighbouring States, where, indeed, a great anti-Bulgarian and anti-Turkish propaganda has been actively carried on for the past year; and in view also of the growing apprehension of his advisers that the recent success in this city of assassins in Russian pay, coupled with the immunity from punishment which the Czar's representatives have shown their ability and readiness to secure for them, would prompt the conspirators, soon or late, to fly at higher game than either M. Stambuloff or the late Dr. Vulkovitch. That his Highness's advisers were in the right has been proved by the attempt of yesterday. The event, however, may be said to offer encouragement at once to would-be regicides and to their intended victims, inasmuch as it has been shown yet once again to the former, how useless as a protection against assassins is the presence of an armed escort, and to the latter, how apt is a well-matured plot to be frustrated by a commonplace accident.

The Prince's carriage was expected to reach Samakoff about noon, and shortly before that hour a considerable number of persons had collected in the main street, while small crowds had gathered round the gates of the Prefecture and about the door of the American Mission-house, which is situated in a side street leading off the high road, and where the usual modest preparations had been made for the princely visit.

His Highness, on arrival, after halting for a moment or two at
the gate of the Prefecture where he did not alight, drove on through the town towards the Mission-house. At the moment when the carriage turned the corner into the narrower street, a man wearing the long black gown and brimless stovepipe hat of a priest of the orthodox church stood forward from the crowd, in which were several other persons dressed as he was, and, raising a revolver, took deliberate aim at his Highness. And then occurred the accident to which, in all probability, Prince Ferdinand owes his life. The cartridge did not explode. The sham priest lowered his weapon slightly, raised it once more, and again pulled the trigger; but as he did so the pistol barrel was struck up—the ball burying itself in the wall of a house across the street—and the assassin was seized and firmly held by many willing hands. The whole occurrence had taken but a moment. The Prince, when he saw the pistol levelled at him, had leapt to his feet, with the evident intention of throwing himself upon his murderer. As it was, his Highness's intervention seemed very necessary on behalf of the baffled assassin, who stood in no small danger of being lynched incontinently by his furious captors.

The carriage had stopped; the escort was hastily dismounting, and the Prince, shouting orders to the people to spare their prisoner's life, had alighted, and turning, was in the act of throwing his heavy pelisse to his companion, when sudden as thought a second ruffian sprang from amid the vociferating mob, hurled himself upon the Prince, and thrusting a great, broad-bladed Circassian khanga into his bosom, was away and out of sight almost before any of the bystanders had recovered from this second shock of horror and surprise. His Highness, who had sunk to the ground under the blow, though he did not lose consciousness, was at once carried into the Mission-house, distant a few yards only, and very speedily all the best medical advice obtainable in Samakoff was at hand, while telegrams for further assistance were at once despatched to Sofia and to Philippopolis, the latter place being perhaps more rapidly accessible than the capital. The first examination of the wound
showed that the broad knife had turned on the point of a rib—very fortunately—and had therefore missed, by a hair's-breadth, the envelope of the heart. It was not till to-day that a persistent recurrence of internal haemorrhage aroused the gravest fears of the Prince's surgeons, and prompted them to appeal to Constantinople for further advice.

The pretended priest, when searched, was found to be costumed beneath his robes in the ordinary dress of the petty trader of the towns here. His long flowing locks proved a wig, and his thick unkempt beard was also false. Upon him, among other papers said to be of great importance, but as to which I know nothing, was found a passport issued by the Russian Consulate at Odessa no less recently than last month, and bearing the visita of the Russian Chancellor at Sofia. The passport is made out in the name of Ivan Bendukdjeiff, and belongs, the fellow avows, to a man, a stranger to him, who left it with him by mistake a week ago. But the authorities entertain few doubts as to the scoundrel's
identity with one of the men implicated with Shishmanoff in the recent murder of Dr. Vulkovitch.

I have said that the news of this dastardly attempt on Prince Ferdinand's life caused the greatest excitement in Constantinople. There is indeed no doubt that both the Palace and the Porte are very seriously alarmed, as, in view of the Sultan's disgraceful action in the Vulkovitch affair, it is only just they should be. It is significant of his Majesty's state of mind that, when early this (Sunday) morning, first the French and then the Russian Ambassador drove to the residence of the Grand Vizier, they were unable to see him, orders having been sent from Yildiz ordering the Pasha not to receive them. Sir Clare Ford, on the other hand, had a long interview with the Sultan this morning.

**Philipopolis, April 4.**

When the train steamed into the station here, I learned in the restaurant, where every one was eagerly discussing the events of the past two days, that the second assassin was captured yesterday afternoon at Banja, as the result of an order widely circulated by both telegraph and horse messengers throughout the country, calling upon all Tchorbadjia, or headmen of villages, to detain any stranger found within their jurisdiction, and at once communicate with the nearest central authority. The man has been identified as one Nicholi Naoum, a very well-known character who, besides being suspected of participation in the murder, last spring, of M. Beltcheff, is known to have been acting for the past six months as a revolutionary agent on the Macedonian frontier. Naoum, who, as leader of a gang of border brigands, has gained a bloody notoriety in connection with various dastardly outrages against society, is believed to have been recently engaged in distributing arms and ammunition among Macedonian villages, and in inciting the Macedonians to molest the Bulgarians dwelling among them. Naoum, when arrested, was found to be provided, like his accomplice, with a Russian passport executed in regular form. He was immediately carried back to Samakoff and confronted with Bendukdijeff,
against whom he at once began to rail as a bungler, making no attempt to exonerate himself, or to deny his share in the tragedy. In this course, perhaps, he was guided by the knowledge that his life was already forfeited for many atrocious crimes before he set his hand against Prince Ferdinand. As a consequence of his last admission of guilt, a very brief trial was necessary, and the two wretches were hanged this morning outside the house in which they had lodged on Friday night in Samakoff.

The Prince is apparently doing well. M. Stambuloff, who, on receipt of news of the disaster, hurried to his master's bedside, remained but one hour in Samakoff, during which time, despite
the doctors, the Prince insisted on seeing him, and returned direct to Sofia. Late on Saturday night, at a meeting attended by most of the Ministers, hurriedly convened, he was declared Regent during the serious illness of the Prince, and for such time as might be necessary, and the formal proclamation in accordance with this decision was issued yesterday morning.

**Sofia, April 6.**

Instead of accompanying Dr. Patterson and his colleagues on a fruitless expedition to Samakoff, I bid them good-bye at Ichtiman, where they left the train, and came on here. As might be expected, I have found this city boiling with tumultuous emotions, and not only—though that were sufficient cause—on account of the outrageous attempt on Prince Ferdinand's life.

It appears that the Cabinet has received news of the greatest importance from the Macedonian frontier. The assiduous efforts of Russian agents, who have been actively engaged for the past six months or more not only in the provinces itself, but also in the Greek and Montenegrin borders, in formenting an anti-Bulgarian rising, are now on the eve of being crowned with success. Already reports have reached the capital of disturbances, caused apparently by raids made across the border at Petrovich and Melnik. That there is a great shifting of troops at present in progress as a result of this intelligence, is not denied. It is said, indeed, though I cannot as yet tell with what truth, that a half division has been ordered to Petrovich, and another like force to Strumnitzia. The latest rumour here is to the effect that the movement in Macedonia is as much anti-Turkish as anti-Bulgarian, and that Turkey is also despatching a large military force to Salonika. If this report be true, it is surely an instance of the irony of fate. In this country it is a matter of common talk that any anti-Bulgarian movement in Macedonia is mainly due to the attitude of Zukuir Pasha, the Vali of Salonika, towards the large Bulgarian element of the population of the province under his control. This functionary's persistent ill-treatment of Bulgarians has been very frequently re-
THE BULGARIAN MOBILISATION—TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF PHILIPPOULIS.
presented to the Porte in notes from this capital as being contrary at once to the interests of Turkey and of Bulgaria. The Principality, it has been said, has consistently refused to take side with those who seek the dismemberment of Turkey, and has claimed a right to expect that the development of the Bulgarian element in Macedonia would not be crushed by Pashas who, by their arbitrary actions, paralyse the intentions of the central government, and prepare the way for events which had better, in the common interest, be avoided. It is needless to say these sensible warnings have been altogether disregarded by the Porte, with the present inevitable result.

It is further rumoured here—for the place is full of suspicion—that in view of certain movements of Servian troops, a large Bulgarian force has been hurriedly thrown forward to strengthen the troops at Radomir, Trn, and Zaribrod.

Sofia, April 8.

The latest reports as to Prince Ferdinand are more favourable than could have been hoped for. The dangerous symptoms have subsided. Internal hæmorrhage has been checked. The Prince sleeps and takes nourishment, and his pulse and temperature are satisfactory. Hopes are held out that in a week's time His Highness may be moved from Samakoff. Meanwhile, during the past few days, events have marched so rapidly that people here are prepared for almost any eventuality. There is no longer any attempt to conceal the movements of Servian troops. Great numbers of men are already massed at Nisch and Vranja, and at points on the line of railway between Nisch and Pirot. The main body of the Servian army has its headquarters at Knuzevat. From Belgrade, we learn of the steady despatch of war material and siege-train to Negotin on the frontier against Widdin, and a telegram from the same source announces the arrival at Nisch of a train of the Red Cross Society, consisting of eighteen carriages furnished with all the necessary equipment for active service.

News from Constantinople is to the effect that the Porte, alarmed at the aspect of affairs in Macedonia, has, in addition to
the calling out of the last class of rediffs, decided on the formation of five new Army Corps. Fresh levies are to be made in order to form a strong reserve. The transport of rediffs, mainly from Smyrna, Skanderoun, and the Tripolitaine, is being carried on on a large scale. Over 27,000 reservists have already passed through Smyrna. Many of the Austrian Lloyd vessels being engaged in the transport of troops to Salonika to guard the frontier line and to reinforce the Bitolia garrison, the Seraskierate is negotiating with

some English shipping companies for additional transport. More than fifty thousand troops are to be employed on the Macedonian border in a line stretching from Mitrovitza on the north, all round to Raslok on the south-east. Their chief stations will be Palanka, with Unkub as base, and Djuma and Neurokoy with Strumdja as base. No further disturbances are reported from the frontier.

M. Stambuloff left here last night to inspect the troops on the frontier. I am, of course, unable to give any information as
to their numbers or disposition, but it may be said that Bulgaria is well prepared to resist any attack. It is infringing no rule to say that the Prince's army possesses no fewer than 400 pieces of ordnance of all calibres. The report that his appointment as Regent has met with disapprobation among a large section of the community here is absolutely without foundation.

A trusted agent of the Government has also left here for Berlin, for the purpose, it is understood, of raising a loan in that capital.

SOFIA, April 10.

We are now at war, and fighting is going forward even as I write. This morning rifle-shots were exchanged between Servian and Bulgarian patrolling parties on the frontier, near Trn, without result on either side. A body of some 300 Servians then crossed the frontier and advanced about a mile, seeking to cut off a party of fifty Bulgarians, who, however, retreated and escaped. Later on heavy fighting was reported in the neighbourhood of Vlassina. How it originated is immaterial. The Bulgarians lost 17 men killed and 54 wounded. This set fire to the torch all along the frontier line. Some time before the official declaration of war, which, though it announced that hostilities would begin at noon to-day, did not reach the Minister for Foreign Affairs here until nine o'clock this evening, reports had been posted up in the cafés announcing fighting in the vicinity of Planinitza, Beuskedol, Miloslawtzi, Zelene, and Gard, in the Trn district. The Servian Minister, who had twice telegraphed to his Government for instructions during the afternoon, demanded a special train as soon as he had presented the declaration of war, and left half an hour later, under escort, for the frontier.

A solemn Te Deum was sung this evening in the Cathedral, M. Stambuloff and the Ministers being present. The streets are crowded—no one shows any intention of going to bed; the popular enthusiasm and confidence are immense, and there is apparently a general sensation of relief at the relaxation of the strain of the
past few days, and a feeling of satisfaction that the dastardly attack on the Prince will be promptly avenged. I am, by the way, authorised to state that, by order of Prince Ferdinand's physicians, all news of these exciting events is rigidly withheld from his Highness.

Fresh troops are hourly leaving Sofia and Philippopolis for the front.

At the moment of closing this despatch, news comes of an important action near Dragoman, with reported defeat of the Servians with heavy losses.

Sofia, April 11.

There is to be no more fighting. The brilliant and most sanguinary engagement at Dragoman, which I reported in progress last night, in the course of which the Bulgarians, who were completely successful, drove the enemy back from all their positions on the heights above the pass: an incessant artillery duel, main-
tained ever since the commencement of hostilities between the heavy Servian batteries before Negotin and the Bulgarian forces garrisoning Widelin, and a very successful unopposed advance along the Vranja road as far as the Morava river by a Bulgarian force, composed of three brigades from Sofia, from Trn, and from Radomir, make up all there is to report of the campaign. For when hostilities were about to be opened this morning near Kumareno, which was evidently held by a large Servian force, an officer bearing a white towel, with a pink fringe, tied to a hedge stake, as a flag of truce, rode out from the Servian lines and demanded a pourparler. It then transpired that the Servians found themselves in a terrible quandary, and were at their wits' end what to do.

Late last night a large Austrian force had, without warning, crossed the Save into Belgrade, which city they had taken so completely by surprise that it was not until the morning that the populace was made aware of the presence of the strangers in their midst by the sight of the troops bivouacking in the squares, and the officers quietly breakfasting outside the principal cafes. An Austrian force, said the parlementaire, had also crossed the Danube to Semendria, and there were rumours that another force had crossed the same river at Orsova. In these circumstances, with their capital cut off from them, and their young king and government in a manner locked up, the Servian generals considered they had no alternative but to demand a suspension of hostilities, at least for forty-eight hours. An armistice was therefore granted, much to the Bulgarian leaders' annoyance and disgust.

We learn that Austria has notified the Powers that she has occupied Semendria and Belgrade as a precautionary measure, in view of the wanton aggression of Servia.

It is here considered unlikely that Bulgaria will have any more trouble from this quarter. On the other hand, however, grave rumours reach us from Constantinople, where apparently there is very great anxiety as to certain mysterious and as yet undefined threats by Russia. The Turkish capital is, as matters
THE OCCUPATION OF BELGRADE—'HERE AT LAST!'
stand at present, likely to be the chief centre of interest for some time to come, and I shall therefore return there to-morrow morning.

All through the day long trains of Bulgarian and Servian wounded have crept one after another into Sofia. It is noteworthy that a considerable percentage of the sufferers are bright and lively and make light of their injuries. These are men who have been struck by the small nickel bullets of the new rifle, which has been used in pretty equal proportions on both sides.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 15.

There is no doubt good cause for the grave fears at present agitating Porte and Palace. By his foolishly near-sighted policy of pandering to the wishes of whatsoever Power bullies him with most brutal persistency, at the risk though it be of injuring a friendly State, the Sultan has, as he is beginning to realise, succeeded in alienating, for the moment at least, the sympathies of all his legitimate friends. By his attitude—wilfully perverse and undignified—throughout the varying phases of the Vulkovitch episode, his Majesty has aroused throughout Bulgaria deep distrust of himself, and fierce indignation against his ministers and his methods. The inane and futile strivings of the Porte to throw difficulties in the path of the young Khedive, and to cheat him, if possible, of rights clearly accorded and amply paid for, have produced similar sentiments in Egypt and in England. And having, at the cost of much labour and intrigue, achieved this wholly unsatisfactory position of being an object of contempt, suspicion, and obloquy, the Sultan finds himself suddenly but decidedly thrown over by the very Powers with whom he had sought to curry favour. The Russian Ambassador is now too thoroughly pre-occupied with the immediate policy of his own Government to have any further care to wear gloves in his dealings with the Porte, and his mood has so affected M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, that that astute personage, unable to find those sweet professions and gracious persuasion—half unmeaning promise, half veiled threat with which he has been wont to dorloter the
Ministers at Bab Aali—come readily to his tongue, has ceased for a fortnight past to hold any other than mere chancellerie communication with the Turkish Government.

Let it be said at once that, despite very natural indignation, Bulgaria shows every disposition to behave well towards the Suzerain Power. Officially, indeed, her attitude has been in every way admirable. When the Servians opened hostilities, when they declared war, when they asked for an armistice—in every phase, in short, of the quarrel, M. Stambuloff apprised, and asked counsel and aid of, the Sultan. To be sure he got nothing for his pains, but it must have been a satisfaction to the Sultan to receive proof that, in one quarter at any rate, he is not regarded as a European Power of merely sentimental importance.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 16.

Fresh alarm was caused here this morning by the discovery that our telegraphic communication has been interrupted at once with Odessa and with Batoum. All inquiries as to the cause of the rupture made by other routes failed to elicit any explanation. Later in the day a vessel of the Cunard line arrived in the Bosphorus, and her captain has stated that the Russian harbour-master at Odessa is detaining all ships, of whatever nationality, in that port. His own vessel, he says, was the last to leave Odessa, and only got away by a chance, the order having reached him when he had already got under way. He states that there were several Russian ironclads, and quite a fleet of torpedo boats at Odessa, all with steam up, and says that when he was on shore there the day before yesterday the town was full of soldiers, and the approaches to the dockyards crowded with a constantly-increasing mass of guns, horses, ammunition, and other war material.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 18.

I have received a telegram from my correspondent in Sofia, who tells me that the Bulgarian Government understands that the Russians are preparing an expedition for sea at Odessa, and intend
to occupy some portion of Bulgarian territory. The Princely Government has reason to expect the attack will be directed against Varna, and has called upon the Sultan to aid Bulgarian arms by sending his fleet to guard the Varna roads. The Sultan has as yet made no reply to this request, says my correspondent, but it is not difficult to guess what His Majesty’s action will be, inasmuch as Turkey has no single ship of war in condition to be got to sea under a month at the least, and it is more than questionable whether even then any of the ironclads could be completely manned or provided with serviceable ammunition. There are, indeed, some torpedo boats—unprovided, I understand, with torpedoes—and a couple of the monitors that did some service in the Danube in the last war. If the Admiralty should elect to place these vessels at the service of the Bulgarian Government, they might be of some use as scouts. But that is about all that Turkey can hope to do for her vassal.

Here there is terrible anxiety lest the Russian expedition be directed, not against Varna or Bourgas, but against the Kavaks, and the Seraskierate is busily taking precautions to meet such a contingency with all the forces available.

Despite the recent draining of the Stamboul camp by the despatch of a large force to Salonika, there are still some 45,000
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men in and around the capital. These, with the exception of the Sultan's guard of about 15,000 men, have been distributed along the chain of forts extending from Roumelie Kavak to the Golden Horn. The telegraph is kept busily at work summoning troops from all parts of the Empire. 15,000 men from the Adrianople garrison are expected to arrive here to-night.

The Russian Ambassador is said to be ill. He has not left the Embassy in the Grand Rue de Pera for now almost a week, and refuses to receive any one. Even his French colleague found the door closed to him yesterday.

RUSSIAN INFANTRY LANDING AT VARNA.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 19.

A Russian force, variously computed at from 50,000 to 70,000 men, occupied Varna this morning. There was some smart resistance, but the comparatively small Bulgarian force was powerless against the heavy metal of the Russian fleet, and after an hour's fighting was compelled to abandon the position.

Coincident with the receipt of this news is the delivery of a
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note by the Russian Ambassador—suddenly restored to health—to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, setting forth that, as a result of the extraordinary and uncalled-for position taken up by Austria, the Czar's Government feels the necessity of acquiring a material guarantee for the maintenance of peace, and will therefore effect a peaceful occupation of Bourgas and Varna with that end in view.

RUSSIAN MOVEMENT UPON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.

MOBILISATION OF GERMAN ARMY CORPS—WILD EXCITEMENT IN BERLIN.

(By Telegraph from our Special Correspondent, Mr. Charles Lowe.)

BERLIN, April 21 (8.50 P.M.).

Never since the fateful days of July 1870 has so much excitement been caused here as by the news—which now seems to be beyond all doubt—that Russia, having received an evasive, or, as other telegrams put it, a flatly negative reply to her peremptory demand for the immediate evacuation of Belgrade by the Austrians, has already begun to move down immense masses of troops towards her south-western frontier; and it is even rumoured that a division of cavalry has suddenly made its appearance near the border, on the Warsaw-Cracow road, at a place called Xiaswielki. This is a grave situation, indeed, as alarming as it is sudden. The Unter den Linden, which is a perfect Babel with the bawling voices of the newsvendors, is rapidly filling with crowds rushing hither, as to the main channel of intelligence, from all parts of the city, and the Foreign Office in the Wilhelm-Strasse is besieged by a huge throng clamouring to hear the truth.

For on this depends the issue of peace or war for Germany. Let but Russia lay one single finger of aggression on Austria, and Germany must at once unsheathe her sword and spring to