

it and to lend it some color of justification not only is truth as to the condition of Russia suppressed but currency is given to all kinds of wild statements and palpable exaggerations. The Bolsheviks are not angels from Heaven. They have, like most revolutionaries, executed a good number of their enemies, but these executions have mostly taken place since the intervention of the Allies gave encouragement to the counter-revolutionaries and made them more formidable. Mr. Litvinoff, who is an honest man and a Tolstoyan before he is a Bolshevik, puts the total number of executions since the Bolsheviks came into power at four hundred, half of them of ordinary criminals. That is probably an under-estimate. If information were allowed to come through from other sources we might get nearer the truth. This then, so far as there is a policy, appears to be the policy. It has got to be changed. Perhaps the Government are already awakening to the fact, but find it diffi-

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cult to get out of the mess they have themselves created. Let them take heart. It is easier now than it will be later. Every week, every month that they stay in Russia and wage a war on Russia which has lost every shred of avowable reason and has no justification will make it more difficult to escape. If with the coming of spring they should see fit to resume or extend their military operations, it is well they should understand that it will not be tolerated in this country. The workers here are not going to send their sons to slaughter and be slaughtered against the workers of another country against which we have never even declared war and for the purpose of destroying a form of social economy with which some of them at least are in sympathy. If it is sought to check the progress of Bolshevism and prevent its spread to this country, that is precisely the way to defeat that object. We prefer not to consider the possible further consequences of such reckless folly.

THE TREES OF ENGLAND

THE trees of England! While she hath her trees
 She hath great virtues still! While formal yews
 Guard her trim gardens, she can never lose
 Homes for her scholars, men of learned ease.
 And while her pines stand stark against blue seas
 Murmuring of yet bluer seas to cruise —
 Her sons, that hear them, as of old shall choose
 To quit her peace, and though it burn or freeze,
 To win for her in grim and perilous realms
 New and great glory. With her mighty-thewed
 Oaks shall abide her spirit bluff and strong;
 And while her winds are prayerful in great elms,
 Poets shall seek her haunts of solitude,
 And English leaves shall murmur through English song.

The New Witness

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GIBRALTAR AND CEUTA

BY SIR CHARLES CALLWELL, K.C.B.

THE attitude maintained by Spain during the world war has hardly been of a character to rouse Entente peoples to enthusiasm. Whatever has been the reason for it, King Alphonso's subjects, his Government, and his army have appeared on the whole to be in sympathy with Germany rather than with the Allied States. Madrid has on occasion displayed a tenderness towards Hun pirates which to us seems difficult to account for. That small neutral nations which have been to some extent at the mercy of the Great General Staff of Berlin, such as the Dutch, the Danes, and the Norwegians, should have felt themselves obliged to tolerate the outrages committed upon their shipping and their sailors by the U-boats, is intelligible enough. But that Spain, situated geographically at so great a distance from the Central Powers, far beyond the range of Teutonic Zeppelins and aviators, and absolutely secure from military invasion, should have taken such insults lying down either argues pro-Germanism or else connotes a singular decay in spirit on the part of what used to be regarded as a proud and honor loving nation.

It is the latter point — the question whether Spanish patriotism is what it was — that especially interests us when we come to investigate the project, vaguely mooted from time to time of late years, of effecting an exchange of the European for the African Pillar of Hercules. Do the Spaniards of to-day, as Spaniards undoubtedly did in the past, bitterly resent British

presence on the Rock of Gibraltar? Or do they acquiesce in an arrangement of somewhat long standing with merely a mild protest, as they have for all practical purposes been acquiescing for the last year or two in the sinking of their vessels and the murder of their seamen by the crews of submarines belonging to an ostensibly friendly State?

There was a period in the early days of the present war when the accession of Spain to the cause of the Allies would have been extremely welcome and when such an alliance would have been worth purchasing at a considerable price. Leaving the fighting forces of the land of the Dons ashore and afloat entirely out of account, the unchallenged claim upon the industrial capabilities, upon the mineral wealth, and upon the animal resources of the Iberian Peninsula which such a political transformation would have conferred on our side, would have been an asset of the utmost value to the Entente. A full and free use of the numerous ports and harbors and inlets on the coast of the Spanish mainland, of the Balearic Islands, and of the Canaries and Azores, would have been of no little assistance to the naval forces that were engaged in combating the under-water craft of the Central Powers. Nor would the moral effect of one more important nation, a nation possessing widespread influence in South America, declaring itself to be at one with us have been a factor to be disregarded. We have got on pretty well without Spain as it has turned out; but one does wonder whether she