

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SOLDIER.

I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me; and I say unto this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.—*The Centurion in St. Matthew.*

It is my destiny, rather it is my Duty. The highest of us is but a sentry at his post.—WHYTE-MELVILLE.

The blood of man is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind; the rest is vanity, the rest is crime.—BURKE.

I came here to perform my Duty, and I neither do nor can enjoy satisfaction in anything excepting the performance of my duty to my own country — *Wellington in Portugal.*

THE life of a soldier is a life of duty. He must be obedient, disciplined, and always ready. When called out by the trumpet, he must come. When ordered to go forth on some perilous enterprise, he must go. There is no arguing; he must obey orders, even though it be to march into the cannon's mouth.

Obedience, submission, discipline, courage — these are among the characteristics which make a man; they are also those which make the true soldier. There must be mutual trust and strict obedience, obedience to all who are over him. "Out of this fiery and uncouth material," says Ruskin, "it is only soldier's discipline which can bring the full force or power. Men who, under other circumstances, would have shrunk into lethargy or dissipation, are redeemed into noble

life by a service which at once summons and directs their energies."

The soldier must be at his post, whether in victory or defeat. He must be constantly on the alert. If on guard at night, he must banish sleep. A moment's disregard might ruin the army over which he watches. The soldier must be always ready to give his life for the safety of his countrymen. To sleep at the advanced post is death.

The soldier must be prompt and active. He must always be ready. This was the motto of Lord Lawrence, "Be ready." The courage and activity of Henry IV. made up for the scantiness of his resources. With 5,000 men he withstood the Duc de Mayenne, who was pursuing him with 25,000, and gained the battle of Argues in spite of the disparity of numbers. This extraordinary result was probably due in a great measure to the difference of personal character in the two generals. Mayenne was slow and indolent; of Henry it was said that he lost less time in bed than Mayenne lost at table; and that he wore out very little broadcloth, but a good deal of boot leather. A person was once extolling the skill and courage of Mayenne in Henry's presence. "You are right," said Henry; "he is a great captain, but I have always five hours' start of him." Henry got up at four in the morning, and Mayenne at about ten. This made all the difference between them.

Marshal Turenne was the soldier's hero. He shared in all their hardships, and they entirely trusted him. In 1672, he was sent with his army into Germany, to make war upon the elector of Brandenburg. It was the dead of winter, and the marches through the heavy roads were very trying and wearisome. Once, when the troops were wading through a heavy morass, some of the younger soldiers complained; but the older ones said, "Depend upon it, Turenne is more concerned than we are; at this moment he is thinking how to deliver us. He watches for us while we sleep. He is our father, and would not have made us go through such fatigue unless he had some great end in view, which we cannot yet make out." These words were overheard by the Marshal, and he declared that nothing ever gave him more pleasur<sup>e</sup>.



than the conversation. Turenne was quick to detect the merits of the commander against whom he was engaged. When in charge of the Royal forces during the wars of the Fronde, Conde was opposed to him, though he was reported to be absent when an engagement took place. But from the manner of the attack, Turenne at once knew that Conde had returned. "Yes," he said, "Conde is there!" He observed in the skilful movements of the enemy a master's hand.

After the Franco-Prussian war a poet of Germany showered a volume of praise upon Von Moltke, in which he maintained that Hannibal and Alexander, Napoleon and Marlborough, were but poor military creatures compared with the illustrious head of the Prussian staff. Von Moltke acknowledged the volume of verses, and answered the poet's letter with much modesty. He told his panegyrist that truly great natures are best known by the test of adversity.

"We have had great success," he said. "Let it be called chance, destiny, fortune, or the ways of Providence—men alone have not done it. Conquests so great are essentially the result of a state of things which we can neither create nor dominate. The excellent but unfortunate Pope Adrian had the following words engraved on his tomb; 'How different is the action of even the best of men according to the times in which he lives!' More than once the most capable has failed, owing to the invincible force of circumstances, while a less capable has been carried by it to triumph."

The soldier must have the courage of self-sacrifice. In the autumn of 1760, Louis XV. sent an army into Germany. The Marquis de Castries dispatched a force of 25,000 men toward Rheinberg. They took up a strong position at Klosterkamp. On the night of the 15th of October a young officer, Chevalier d'Assas, was sent to reconnoitre, and advanced alone into a wood, at some little distance from his men. He suddenly found himself surrounded by a number of the enemies' soldiers. Their bayonets pricked his breast, while a voice whispered in his ear, "Make but the slightest noise, and you are a dead man!" In a moment he understood the situation. The enemy were advancing

to surprise the French camp. He called out as loud as his voice could convey the words, "Here, Auvergne! Here are the enemy!" The words decided his fate. He was at once cut down. But his death had saved the army. The surprise failed, and the enemy retreated.

It has been said that the fighting periods in all countries were those in which the arts of peace flourished most prosperously, and where literary genius shone forth with the greatest brilliancy.\* This may be doubted; but take the case of Greece. Socrates, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Xenophon were all men who had fought their country's battles, and afterward conferred honor upon her literature. It was the same in Rome, in the height of her glory. Imperial Cæsar was the greatest of her warriors, and among the greatest of her writers. Even the poet Horace was a soldier in his youth, and intrusted by Brutus with the command of a legion.

It is surprising to find so large a number of illustrious men—poets, authors, and men of science—who have led a soldier's life, and fought by sea and land, at home and abroad. It may be that the obedience, drill, and discipline which are the soul of the soldier's life, possess some potent and formative influence upon the character, and develop that power of disciplined concentration which is so essential to the formation of true genius.

Dante was present as a soldier at the battle of Campaldino, where he fought valiantly in the front line of the Guelph cavalry. It was because of this, and for other reasons, that he was afterward banished from Florence. Peter the Hermit—the leader of the crusaders—was in early life a soldier, and served under the Count de Boulogne in his war against Flanders. He did not distinguish himself as a soldier, so he retired, married, and had several children. His wife dying, he retired to a convent, and afterward became a hermit. He undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and on his return spread abroad the news of the miseries to which the pilgrims were subjected. He preached all over Europe,

\* Bruce, "Classic and Historic Portraits," ii. 207.



and led the first crusaders to the number of a hundred thousand men. Almost the whole of them were destroyed, though other crusades followed.

Among our own poets, Chaucer served as a soldier under Edward III. in his invasion of France in 1379. He was made prisoner of war near the town of Retten, where he remained in captivity for some time. George Buchanan, when a young man, served as a private soldier in the Scottish army, and was present at the attack of the Castle of Wark in 1523. Ben Jonson served as a private soldier in the Low Countries. There, also, was Sir Philip Sydney, whose noble conduct while dying is one of the finest things recorded in history.\* Algernon Sydney commanded a troop of horse in the Irish Rebellion. Davenant and Lovelace held commands under Charles I., while Withers was a major in the Parliamentary army. Bunyan was a private soldier in the service of the Commonwealth. Otway served as a cornet of horse with the army in Flanders, while Farquhar held a commission in the Earl of Orrery's regiment.

Steele enlisted as a private in the Horse Guards, but his merit was soon discovered, and he was raised to the rank of ensign. He particularly distinguished himself at the siege of Namur, and afterward at the siege of Venloo. Coleridge enlisted as a private in a dragoon regiment, but his commanding officer, instead of promoting him, helped him to his discharge. "I sometimes," said Coleridge to a friend,

\* Sir Philip Sydney, while lying mortally wounded on the field of Zutphen, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, called for some drink, which was presently brought him. As he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along, casting his eyes up at the bottle. Sir Philip, perceiving this, took it from his head before he drank, and handed it to the poor man with these words, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." Sir Philip died a few days after at Arnheim. The self-sacrifice of a wounded Danish soldier was almost as great. He handed to a wounded Swede, who lay by him, his draught of beer from a wooden bottle, and asked him to drink from it. The reply was a pistol shot in the shoulder. "Now I will punish you," said the Dane: "I intended to have given you the whole bottle, now you shall only have half of it."

"compare my life with that of Steele (yet, oh, how unlike!), from having myself, for a brief time, borne arms, and written 'private' after my name, or rather after another name, for being at a loss, when suddenly asked my name, I answered 'Cumberback,' and verily my habits were so little equestrian that my horse, I doubt not, was of that opinion."

Besides these, Sotheby was an officer in the 10th Dragoons before he became the poet and translator of the Georgics of Virgil. William Cobbett rose from the ranks to become sergeant-major of foot before he became an author. F. R. Lee, R.A., served as an officer in the 56th Foot before he turned his attention to the art of landscape painting; and Sir Roderick Murchison was Captain of the Enniskilling Dragoons before he became one of the lights of modern geology.

In the noble age of Spanish literature all her poets and great authors were soldiers and adventurers, who had fought at home and abroad, by sea and land. Lope de Vega was a soldier on board the Spanish Armada. He was one of the few that returned home to write his multitude of plays, and afterward to become priest and familiar to the Inquisition. The great Cervantes was a soldier, and fought by sea and land. He distinguished himself by his bravery at the battle of Lepanto, where he received three arquebus wounds, two in the breast and one in the hand, which disabled him for life. But, as he himself afterward said, "The lance never blunts the pen," and he lived to write his great "Don Quixote."

Calderon, another Spanish soldier, became a dramatist and afterward a priest. Mendoza de Santillana, a great Spanish soldier, was regarded as the most eloquent scholar at the court of Juan II., while Boscan, Montemayor, Garcilago, and Ersquilla, were both eminent soldiers and great authors.\*

\*The last of the old Spanish infantry formed by Gonzalo de Cordova were all cut off, standing fast to a man, at the battle of Rocroy, in 1643, not one man breaking his rank. The whole regiment was found lying dead in regular order. How different from the



There was a certain resemblance between Cervantes, the glory of Spain, and Camoens, the glory of Portugal. Both were soldiers and literary men. Cervantes lost his left hand in battle, and Camoens lost his right eye. Both became famous long after their bones had crumbled into dust. It is not known where Cervantes was born. Madrid, Esquivias, Seville, and Lucena contend for the honor of his birthplace. It does not matter. He died very poor, he was buried in a place which is now forgotten, and his remains are left un-honored.

Not long ago the Portuguese celebrated the tricentenary of Camoens, their greatest poet. There were processions, bands, and flags, and general rejoicings in Lisbon. Yet 300 years before, Camoens died there of hunger, with scarcely a rag to cover him. How did this happen? Camoens was a valiant soldier and a noble poet. When employed at Ceuta with the troops, he displayed great bravery. In a naval action off Gibraltar he had the misfortune to lose an eye. But he received neither reward nor preferment. Shortly after his return to Lisbon he embarked for India, beguiling the voyage by the composition of his "Lusiad." From India he went to Macao, in China. Returning to Goa, he was wrecked at the mouth of the river Mecon. He made for the shore. In one hand he carried the manuscript of his poem, while he swam with the other. He lost all his worldly possessions. On his return to Lisbon the plague was raging. He was then very poor, as he always was. Two years after the "Lusiad" was published. It was received with great enthusiasm. The young king granted him a pension amounting to £5 sterling. But Camoens fell into ill health, his pension was not paid, he was neglected by the court, and lived upon charity. His faithful servant was his only friend. He stole out at night to beg for bread. In 1580 Camoens died in an hospital, and his body was removed to the church of Santa Anna, where it was buried.

Spanish infantry during the Peninsular war! It was difficult to keep them in order. On one occasion the Duke of Wellington saw 10,000 of them run away. They ran until they were out of sight.

"How miserable a thing it is," said Josefe Judis, the friar, on the fly-leaf of his "Lusiad," "to see so great a genius so ill rewarded! I saw him die in an hospital at Lisbon, without possessing a shroud to cover his remains, after having borne arms so victoriously in India, and having sailed 5500 leagues: a warning for those who weary themselves by studying night and day without profit, as the spider who spins his web to catch flies." This is the man whose ashes were done honor to at Lisbon, on the 10th of June, 1880.

Ignatius Loyola was one of the soldiers of Spain, whose life has had as great an influence upon history as all the others combined. A severe wound in the leg, received at the siege of Pampeluna, confined him for a long time to his couch. The "Lives of the Saints" having fallen into his hands, he read it carefully, and from that time his mind awoke to a new life. He proceeded to the monastery of Monserrat, and remained there for a time. One night he went into the convent chapel to watch his arms, according to the ancient custom of chivalry, and dubbed himself the Virgin's Knight. He issued forth as the founder of that militant order, the Company of Jesus, who, whatever may be said of them, renounce the habits of idle leisure and of pampered luxury.

One of the most remarkable of French soldiers was Rene Descartes. He was born in Touraine in 1596. He was educated by the Jesuits, who had a college in the neighborhood of his father's house at La Fleche. He contracted a friendship with the eminent monk Marsenne, who determined Descartes' studies in mathematical and philosophical subjects. He did not venture to publish his first speculations. Being of noble condition, he engaged in the profession of arms. He first served as a volunteer with the French army in Holland, and then under the Duke of Bavaria. He was present at the battle of Prague in 1620, in which he conducted himself with great intrepidity. During his career as a soldier he occupied his leisure hours in the pursuit of mathematics and philosophy. While at Breda with his regiment, he one day saw a group of people surrounding



and reading a placard. It was written in Flemish, which he did not understand. He therefore made inquiry as to its meaning. He found that it was a challenge to solve a difficult mathematical problem. The person who explained it to him was Beckmann, Principal of the College of Dort, who wondered that a young soldier should take such an interest in mathematics. Nevertheless, Descartes promised him a solution, which he sent to the Principal early next morning.

After the Bavarian campaign his regiment went into winter quarters at Neuberg on the Danube; and there, when only twenty-three years of age, Descartes conceived the bold idea of effecting a complete reform in modern philosophy. Leaving the army shortly after, he travelled through the greater part of Europe, visiting, in succession, Holland, France, Italy, and Switzerland. After completing his travels he resolved to devote his whole time to philosophical and mathematical inquiries, and, if possible, to renovate the whole circle of the sciences. He sold a portion of his patrimony in France—knowing the danger of living under the tyranny of the French kings—and retired to Holland. But even there his writings involved him in much controversy. The Church rose in arms against the heresy of his philosophy. He then accepted the invitation of Christina, Queen of Sweden, and retired to Stockholm to work and to die. He accomplished what he intended to do. He revolutionized philosophy, geometry, and optics.

There have been other French soldiers distinguished for their scientific career. Maupertuis carried on the study of mathematics, in which he afterwards became so distinguished, while acting as captain of dragoons. Malus, while serving with the army as an engineer, occupied his spare hours, at advanced posts, in the study of optics. Niepce was acting as a lieutenant in the 1st French Dragoons when he began the study of chemistry, and more particularly the chemical action of light, which eventually led to the discovery of photography. M. Droz served for some years as a private soldier before entering upon the line of studies which ended in his being elected to the Professorship of

Moral and Political Science to the French Institute. Larmark, the naturalist, also served for many years as a soldier in the French army, and greatly distinguished himself, under Marshal Broglie, for his bravery. Having been wounded in battle, and suffering from ill health, he was compelled to leave the army, after which he devoted himself to the study of the sciences in connection with which his name is so closely identified and so highly distinguished. His History of Invertebrate Animals is his best monument, being regarded as one of the most profound and complete works on natural history.

Of French literary men, De la Rochefoucauld, of the "Maxims," was in early life a soldier, and severely wounded both at the siege of Bordeaux and at the battle of St. Antoine, during the wars of the Fronde. Paul Louis Courier, author of the "Simple Discours," served with the Republican army on the Rhine, and afterward in Italy, as an officer of artillery. He mentions in his letters how great was his grief, when studying Greek, to find one day that his Homer had been pillaged, during his absence, by the Austrian hussars.

War has, in all ages, been accompanied by deeds of cruelty. Cities have been ravaged, countries have been made desolate, and lives innumerable have been lost, in the mad riot of conquest. In the Middle Ages chivalry was invented, to redress in some measure the horrors of war. In order to qualify a man for the duties of knighthood, he was subjected from boyhood to obedience and courtesy. He was instructed in the arts of managing a horse and lance; and in the society of ladies he was trained in gentleness, modesty, and grace. On his arrival at manhood he underwent the solemn installation of knighthood. Religion was associated with the institution. Hence the strict fast, the night vigil in the church, the baptism, the confession, and the sacrament. Thus a high standard of valor and true nobility was in many cases established.

The Chevalier Bayard has always been spoken of as the true and chivalrous knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Bayard was born in 1476, at the Chateau Bayard, in



Dauphiny. He chose the profession of arms, and went through the usual training of the knight before entering the service of the king. It is unnecessary to follow his history, during which he conducted himself as a true knight. His principal services were performed in Italy under Francis I.; at Fornova, at Milan, at Genoa, at Padua, at Verona, at La Bastia, and at Brescia. At the siege of this latter place he led the attack. He leaped the rampart and received a terrible pike-thrust in his thigh, the spearhead remaining broken shaft off in his flesh. "The town is gained," he said "but I, shall never enter it. I am wounded to the death." The Duke of Nemours, learning that the first fort was taken, but that Bayard was mortally wounded, felt as much grief as if he himself had received the blow. "Let us go, my men and comrades," he cried, "and avenge the death of the most accomplished knight that ever lived." Brescia was taken, and the Venetians were driven out.

While the French went about pillaging the town, Bayard was taken up from the dead and dying, and carried on a wooden gate to the nearest dwelling. The house belonged to a gentleman who had fled, leaving his wife and two young and beautiful daughters to the care of Providence. The lady herself opened the door, and received Bayard. Though supposed to be dying, he had strength enough left to order that the soldiers were not to be permitted to pillage the house, and he undertook to indemnify them for the loss of their plunder.

The lady had Bayard carried into a fair apartment, where she threw herself upon her knees before him, and said, "Noble lord, I offer you this house and all that it contains; all is yours by the laws of war. I only ask you for one favor, which is, that you will preserve the lives and honor of myself and my two daughters." Bayard, though scarcely able to speak, said, "I do not know whether I shall recover from this wound I have received, but as long as I live neither you nor your daughters shall suffer any injury. I promise you all the respect and friendship in my power. But the most urgent need now is to procure me some help, and that quickly."

The lady, accompanied by one of the soldiers, went in search of a surgeon. As soon as he arrived he examined the wound, which was large and deep, but happily, as he declared, not mortal. The Duke of Nemours also sent his surgeon, and what with the careful nursing and dressing of the wounds, Bayard was soon in the way of recovery. In the meantime he asked the lady where her husband was. "I don't know," she answered, weeping bitterly, "whether he is dead or alive, but I believe he has taken refuge in a convent." When they learned the place of his retreat Bayard sent two archers and the maitre d'hotel to bring him back to his home. He was then assured of his safety and protection, so long as the patient remained in his house.

When the surgeon assured him of his wound being healed, and that, with the help of his servant, he might easily heal the external scar by means of his ointment, Bayard rewarded the surgeon with his usual liberality, and resolved to join the army in two days. When the gentleman and lady of the house thought of the ransom they would have to give to Bayard for his protection, they collected together all that they had. It consisted of 2500 golden ducats in a highly ornamented steel coffer. The lady entered Bayard's room, and threw herself on her knees. The good knight forced her to rise, and would not listen to her until she was seated near him.

"My lord," she said, "I shall thank God all my life that it pleased Him, in the midst of the sacking of our town, to lead such a generous knight to our house; and my husband and children shall always look upon you as our tutelary angel, and shall ever remember that it is to you we owe our lives and our honor. . . . We confess we are your prisoners; the house, with all it contains, is yours by right of conquest; but you have shown us such generosity and greatness of mind that I have come to beg you to have pity on us, and to be satisfied with the little present that I have the honor to offer you."

She presented the coffer, and showed Bayard its contents. "How much have you here?" he said. "My lord, there are only 2500 ducats; but if you are not satisfied, mention



the sum you wish to have, and we will try to get it." Bayard, who thought nothing of gold or silver, immediately rejoined, "If you were to offer me 100,000 ducats, I should not value them so much as all the kindness you have shown me since I have been with you, and the company you have borne me, both yourself and your whole family."

The lady again threw herself on her knees, and, with tears in her eyes, begged him to accept her present. "I shall consider myself the most unhappy woman in the world if you refuse it." "As you wish it so much," replied Bayard, "I accept it; but I pray you send your daughters here that I may take leave of them." Bayard divided the ducats into three lots—two of 1000 ducats each, and one of 500. When the young girls came, they threw themselves on their knees at his feet, but he made them get up and seat themselves.

"My lord," said the elder of them, "you see before you two young girls who owe their lives and honor to you. We are very sorry not to be able to show our thanks otherwise than by praying to God for you all our lives, and asking Him to reward you, both in this world and the next."

Bayard, affected almost to tears, thanked them for their help and charming society, for they had been his daily companions, and amused him by working in his room, and singing or playing to him on the lute. "You know," he said, "that soldiers are not ordinarily loaded with jewels to present to young ladies. But your mother has just compelled me to accept from her the 2500 ducats that you see there. I give you a thousand each to form part of your marriage portions; and as to the remaining 500, I intend them to be distributed among the poor convents which have suffered most from the pillage."

Thus the matter was settled, amid the tears and thankfulness of the whole family; and when Bayard went away he carried with him the joy and goodness and self-sacrifice of the true Christian knight.

About this time Pope Julius offered to make Bayard Captain-General of the Church. To this proposal Bayard replied that "he had but one Master in heaven, which was God; and one master upon earth, which was the King of France, and that he would never serve any other."

After many battles and adventures, always conducted with loyalty and bravery, Bayard met his death-wound at Rebec, near Milan. Admiral Bonivet, a favorite of Francis I., had placed him in a most dangerous position—perhaps from jealousy. While on his post there, an arquebus was fired upon him by the Spaniards. The stone struck Bayard across the loins, and fractured his spine. When he felt the blow, he cried, "Oh, God, I am slain!" Then he kissed the cross hilt of his sword, using it as a crucifix.

His comrades wished to withdraw him from the fray. "No," he said; "I do not wish, in my last moments, to turn my back on the enemy for the first time in my life." He ordered himself to be carried under a tree. He had still strength left in him to call out "Charge!" "Let me die," he said, "with my face to the enemy." His followers were bathed in tears at his side. "It is God's will to take me to Himself. He has kept me in this world long enough, and showed me more goodness and favor than I deserved. . . . I beg you all to leave me, for fear that you should be taken prisoners; and that would be another grief to me. I am dying; you cannot relieve me in any way."

Then the Spaniards approached to take him prisoner. The Marquis of Pescara said, "Would to God, Lord Bayard, that I might have given all the blood I could lose without dying, to have taken you prisoner in good health. Since I have held arms I have never known your like." The marquis did the dying hero every courtesy and homage. But when the Constable of Bourbon advanced—the constable who had deserted his king and country to take service under the Spanish emperor—and said, "Ah! Bayard, how much I pity you!"—Bayard raised himself from his couch, and replied in a steady voice, "My lord, I thank you. I don't pity myself. I die like an honest man. I die serving my king. *You* are the man to be pitied; for bearing arms against your prince, your country, and your oath." Shortly after he expired.

It was only after Bayard's death that Francis I. discovered the value of the knight he had lost. Francis had intrusted the conduct of his army to his favorites rather than to honest



and noble men. "We have lost," said the king, too late, "a great man, whose name alone made his armies feared and honored. Truly, he deserved more benefits and higher charges than those he had." After the battle of Pavia, in which Francis I. "lost all, save honor," he felt his loss much more severely. "If," said he, "the Knight Bayard, who was valiant and experienced, had been alive and near me, his presence would have been worth a hundred captains. Ah, Knight Bayard! how I miss you. I should not be here if you were alive!" But the king's regrets were too late. Bayard was dead, and he himself a captive.

Bayard was manly, noble, and pure. He was spotless and fearless. He was just, generous, merciful, and truthful. His courage always rose with the difficulties to be surmounted. He despised rich men, unless they were also good. He distributed all the money he received. He never refused to assist his neighbor, either by service or by money; and this he always did secretly and kindly. It was said of him that he endowed and married more than a hundred orphan girls, gentle and simple. Widows were always certain to obtain his help and consolation. He was most kind to those who served under him. He would remount one man at arms, give his clothes to another, and pay the debts of a third. He never left a lodging in a conquered country without paying for all that his men had taken. He was a sworn enemy to flatterers, and detested slander. His virtues appeared in childhood, and they were developed as he grew older. He was crowned with a renown which the remotest posterity will respect and admire.\*

War in defence of one's country has always been regarded as honorable. War for conquest is for the most part regarded as dishonorable. Yet it is often defended, under the guise of spreading civilization! In such cases the vulture is

\* It may be mentioned that the sword of Bayard is in the possession of Sir John P. Boileau, Bart. The shield given by the knight to Henry VIII., at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, is in the Guards' Chamber at Windsor Castle.

the chief conquerer. Patriotism is a principle fraught with high impulses and noble thoughts. It springs from a disinterested love of country. Who does not sympathize with Arnold von Winkelreid at Sempach, with Bruce at Bannockburn, and with Hofer at Innsbruck? Their deeds were noble; the very thought of their example has contributed to elevate the minds of their countrymen. They left behind them an idea of duty which can never be forgotten.

Nor is patriotism in any way incompatible with the exercise of a world-wide philanthropy. He whose heart is entwined by the ties of home and fatherland is more susceptible of pure emotion, of warm sympathy, and of strenuous effort, than the man whose feelings centre in himself, and wastes his time in pleasure, frivolity, and indifference. Every man should grasp the idea that he is but a link in the chain of creation, and that, notwithstanding his love of country, he has the world open to him for the exercise of his deeds of devotion and charity.

Patriotism, nobility, and soldiership culminate in the life of Washington, the leader and deliverer of his country. He was one of the greatest men of the eighteenth century—not so much by his genius as by his purity and trustworthiness. His English descent was a goodly heritage. He came from an Anglian stock settled in the county of Durham; from thence his ancestors emigrated to America, and settled in Virginia about the year 1657.

The character of George Washington was such that at an early age he was appointed to positions of great trust and confidence. At the age of nineteen he was appointed one of the adjutants-general of Virginia, with the rank of major—nor did he ever deceive those who put trust in him. He was ever prompt, obedient, and dutiful. At the age of twenty-three he was appointed colonel, and commander-in-chief of all the forces raised in Virginia, for co-operation with the English troops in the defence of the Western Territory against the French. He was trained not only in success, but in failure, which evoked his indomitable spirit.

The life of Washington has been so often written that it is unnecessary to refer to it further than to point out the