

thorough conscientiousness, the self-sacrificing spirit, the purity of motive, with which he entered upon and carried out to completion the liberation and independence of his country. No man could be more pure, no man could be more self-denying. In victory he was self-controlled; in defeat he was unshaken. Throughout, he was magnanimous and pure. In General Washington it is difficult to know which to admire the most—the nobility of his character, the ardor of his patriotism, or the purity of his conduct.

Toward the close of his address to the governors of the several States, on resigning his position of commander-in-chief, he said: "I make it my constant prayer that God would have you and the State over which you preside in His holy protection; that He would incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another, for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large, and particularly for their brethren who have served in the field; and, finally, that He would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation." How simple, truthful, and beautiful are the words of Washington!

In speaking of the soldier's life, it would be impossible to conclude without referring to the Duke of Wellington. He was the Bayard of England. His first and his last word was Duty. It was the leading principle of his life. In public and in private he was truth itself. As a public man, he had but one object in view—to benefit to the utmost of his ability and skill the service of his country. The desire of honor and power seems never to have moved him. He had no personal ambition. He was simply content to do his duty.

His first business was to understand his work as regimental officer, and he had not long assumed the command of a battalion before it became the best disciplined in the service.

Whatever he was commanded to do he did energetically and punctually. He regarded time as a period in which something was to be done, and done seriously and actively.

Another point in which he excelled was obedience. On his return from India, where he had commanded large armies, and administered the affairs of provinces equal in extent to many European kingdoms, he was appointed to the command of a brigade of infantry in Sussex. Not a word of complaint or murmur escaped him; and when taunted good-humoredly with the change of his condition, he said, "I have eaten the king's salt, and whatever he desires me to do, that becomes my duty."

The government of the empire was for him the king's government. The throne was the fountain, not of honor only, but of all the rights and privileges which the people enjoyed. Yet the throne was as much hemmed in by law, and even by custom, as the humblest of the lieges. Like the best of the Cavaliers in the time of the first Charles, it was for the crown, as the greatest institution in the country, that he was prepared to risk everything.

Of his courage it is unnecessary to speak. In these days of artillery and infantry it is unnecessary for a general to expose himself to danger. He has to lead, not to fight—as Gough did, sword in hand, among the common soldiers at Chillianwalla. Nevertheless, as often as his presence on a point of danger, or at the head of a column of attack, was necessary, he exposed himself gallantly. At the battle of Assaye he had two horses killed under him. On the Douro he was surrounded by a body of French horse, and made his way through them, sword in hand. At Salamanca he received a contusion on the thigh, and a ball through his hat. "I found myself near him," says Napier, "on the evening of Salamanca, when the blaze of artillery and musketry, flashing up as far as the eye could reach, made apparent all that he had gained. He was alone; the light of victory shone upon his forehead, his glance was quick and penetrating, but his voice was calm and even sweet."

The Duke's patience was extraordinary. When hemmed in by the army of Messina at Torres Vedras, in 1810, his

own officers almost revolted against him. They were constantly claiming leave of absence, for the purpose of returning to England. "At this moment," he said, "we have seven general officers gone or going home; and excepting myself and General Campbell, there is not one in the country who came out with the army. The consequence of the absence of some of them has been that, in the late operations, I have been obliged to be general of cavalry and of the advance guard, and the leader of two or three columns, sometimes in the same day."

At home, the press took up the case against the Duke, and denounced him. "He did not venture to risk a battle!" Those wonderful men, the Lord Mayor and Common Council of the City of London, addressed the king, calling for an inquiry into the Duke's conduct. The House of Commons murmured. The ministry wavered. Nevertheless, Wellington held on to his lines at Torres Vedras. He had only his English troops to support him, for the Portuguese did little or nothing. With regard to the charges made in the English press, he said, "I hope that the opinions of the people in Great Britain are not influenced by paragraphs in newspapers, and that those paragraphs do not convey the public opinion or sentiment on that subject. Therefore I (who have more reason than any other man to complain of libels of this description) never take the smallest notice of them, and have never authorized any contradiction to be given, or any statement to be made in answer to the innumerable falsehoods and the heaps of false reasoning which have been published respecting me and the orders which I have directed." As to the threat of the worshipful Lord Mayor and Common Council, he merely said, "They may do what they please; I shall not give up the game here so long as it can be played."

The French had been baffled by the British troops behind the lines of Torres Vedras; and at length they began to retreat. The Duke followed them. They destroyed a great portion of their guns and ammunition, in order that their retreat might be less hindered. They plundered and murdered the peasantry at pleasure. Many

of the country folks were found hanging by the sides of the road, for no other reason than that they had not been friendly to the French invaders. The French line of retreat was marked by the smoke rising from the villages to which they had set fire. The Duke overtook Massena's army at Fuentes d'Onoro, and inflicted upon them a sharp defeat. He next took Almedia, stormed Ciudad Rodrigo, stormed Badajoz, defeated Marmont at Salamanca, and immediately after entered Madrid. Strange to say, while the Spanish Brigadier Miranda had no fewer than forty-three aides-de-camp, Wellington, on his triumphal entry into Madrid, was accompanied by one officer only, Lord Fitzroy Somerset!

Wellington was most humane toward the people of the country through which he passed. The Spaniards feared their own troops more than the English. The Spaniards pillaged wherever they went, though this was forbidden to the English. Yet the latter were terribly hampered for money and means of transport. When Wellington's troops were in pursuit of Massena, the soldiers took some wood to burn from the grounds of the Count Costello Melhor. With a generosity rare in the leaders of armies, the Duke paid out of his own purse the cost of the wood which his poor soldiers had taken. "A regard," he said, "to the interests of the army, added to a feeling of pity for the unfortunate inhabitants, ought to prevent the wanton destruction of forage, and of everything else."

While the Spanish soldiers in various ways, and particularly after Talavera, exhibited a hostile feeling to the English, the Duke required that "the peaceable inhabitants should be treated with the utmost possible kindness." When the Spanish troops entered France they immediately began murdering and plundering the inhabitants. On discovering this, the Duke immediately ordered them back to Spain, and fought the battle of Orthez without them. "I am not base enough to allow pillage," he said to Don Freyre. "If you wish your men to plunder, you must name some other commander."

Wellington was ill supported at home. He had no power of honoring men for their deeds of bravery. While the

French marshals had the power of stimulating their men by promotion, Wellington could not promote any officer for his gallantry. All the preferment was done by the Horse Guards at home; and men who had never quitted Britain were promoted over the heads of the heroes of the Peninsula! Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, who had intrenched the lines of Torres Vedras, directed the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Burgos, and Salamanca, was a lieutenant-colonel three years later, when he was killed by the bursting of a shell in the trenches of San Sebastian. And the brave and indefatigable Lieutenant-Colonel Waters held in 1815 the same rank at Waterloo which he had acquired in 1809 at the passage of the Douro. Yet Wellington was constantly reporting their valuable services in his dispatches to the British Government.

His soldiers appreciated his unceasing efforts to better their condition; and they were touched with his anxiety to save their blood. They admired his impartiality, his truthfulness, his justice, and his disinterestedness. He inspired the officers, as well as the soldiers, with unbounded confidence. He forgave far more men than he punished. It was necessary to keep up the discipline of the army, but he always took the most favorable view of those in error. When an officer behaved ill before the enemy, instead of handing him over to a court-martial he begged that the resignation of the unfortunate man might be accepted. "I prefer," he said, "letting him retire rather than expose him to the world." On one occasion a sergeant deserted, taking with him the pay of the company. A woman was at the bottom of it, and had fooled the man into committing the crime. He had before an excellent character. The Duke forgave him. He again became a non-commissioned officer; he was recommended for a commission, and afterward became an excellent staff-officer in the Peninsular army.

Wellington treated his subordinates with extreme politeness. He possessed in a high degree the calmness, urbanity, and charm of manner which spring either from high birth or from a natural elevation of character. In his orders he never commands; he only entreats and requests. In his conversa-

tions with his officers he entreated them not to use harsh language to their inferiors. "Expressions of this sort," he said, "are not necessary; they may wound, but they never convince."

Though in the midst of war, he had the greatest sympathy for his men. Napier states that he saw the Duke in a passion of tears when, after the assault of Badajoz, the report was made to him that upward of 2,000 men had fallen in that terrible night. When Dr. Hume entered the Duke's chamber on the morning of the 18th of June to make his report of the killed and wounded at the battle of Waterloo, he found him in bed asleep, unshaved and unwashed as he had lain down at night. When awoke the Duke sat up in bed to hear the list read. It was a long list, and when the doctor looked up he saw Wellington with his hands convulsively clasped together, and the tears making long furrows on his battle-soiled cheeks.

Writing the same day to his friend Marshal Beresford, he said, "Our losses quite prostrate me, and I am quite indifferent to the advantages we have gained. I pray God that I may be saved from fighting any more such battles, for I am broken-hearted with the loss of so many old friends and comrades." To Lord Aberdeen he said, "The glory of a triumph like this is no consolation to me." And yet he had won a great battle, and the Allies were in the glow of victory! When riding over the field, and hearing the cries and groans of the wounded, the warrior gave vent to the lacerated feelings of the man in the memorable words, "I know nothing more terrible than a victory—except a defeat."

When afterward addressing the House of Lords he said, "I am one of those who have probably passed more of their lives in war than most men, and principally, I may say, in civil wars, too; and I must say this, that if I could avoid by any sacrifice whatever even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would *sacrifice my life* in order to do it."

The Duke was a most humane man. He protected the Spanish people against the cruelty of their own soldiers. He also protected his enemies. After the battle of Talavera

the English came to blows with Cuesta's soldiers in order to prevent their killing or mutilating the wounded Frenchmen. M. Chateaubriand has said, "We have too much respect for glory to withhold our admiration for Lord Wellington. Indeed, we are touched, even to tears, when we see that great and venerated man promising, during our retreat in Portugal, two guineas for every French prisoner who should be brought in alive."

The whole of the Duke's career abounds in traits of this kind. In India he recovered and brought up the son of Doondiah, found lying among the wounded. He interested himself in the recovery of General Franceschi, whom the Spaniards had left to die in a pestilential dungeon. He delivered young Mascarhenas, and many other victims of the cruelty of the Spanish Government. He protected with solicitude, against the fury of the Portuguese soldiers, the wounded French, and such of the enemy's soldiers as the fortune of war threw into his hands after the evacuation of Oporto. "By the laws of war," he said, "they are entitled to my protection, which I am determined to afford to them." He permitted the French surgeons to attend to the sick of Soult's army, and to pass to and from the Allied camp, with a safe-conduct.

He possessed the same sense of honor in dealing with the enemy. When it was proposed to him in India to end the war with Doondiah Waugh by a stroke of the poniard, he rejected the offer with contempt. And when there appeared a likelihood of a revolt of Soult's troops in Spain, and the Duke was asked to support it, he gave the same steady refusal. He considered it unworthy of himself, and of the cause of which he was the champion, to obtain through a military revolt what ought to be the reward of ability and valor only.

When at Torres Vedras, the Prince of Essling was anxious to inspect the English lines. He advanced under one of the English batteries, and examined it with a glass resting upon a low garden wall. The English officers observed him, and although they might have overwhelmed the staff of the commander-in-chief by a general discharge of the

guns, they only discharged a single shot in order to make him aware of his danger. The shot was discharged with such accuracy that the wall was beaten down on which the Prince's glass rested. Massena understood the courteous notice. He saluted the battery, and remounting his horse, rode away.

It was the same with Wellington at Waterloo. While the Duke was watching the French formations, an officer of artillery rode up, and pointing to the place where Napoleon stood with his staff, observed "that he could easily reach them, and had no doubt that he would be able to knock some of them over." "No, no," replied the Duke; "generals commanding armies in a great battle have something else to do than to shoot at each other."

After the fall of the empire Wellington rejected with disdain the proposal to get rid of Napoleon by putting him to death. "Such an act," he said, "would disgrace us with posterity. It would be said of us that we were not worthy to be the conquerors of Napoleon." To Sir Charles Stewart he wrote, "Blucher wishes to kill him; but I have told him that I will remonstrate, and shall insist upon his being disposed of by common concord. I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so vile a transaction: that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners; and that I was determined that if the sovereigns wished to put him to death they should appoint an executioner, which should not be me."

It was a strange return for his anxiety about the preservation of Napoleon's life, that the latter should have bequeathed a legacy of 10,000 francs to the wretched creature who made an attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington!

The Duke was a man of truth, and he wished his subordinates to appear like himself. In 1809 he wrote to General Kellerman, "When English officers give their parole that they will not attempt to escape, you may depend upon it that they will keep their word. I assure you that I should not hesitate to arrest and send back immediately to you any who should act otherwise."

The Duke was a magnanimous man. Bribes could not buy him, nor threats annoy him. When a lower place was offered to him he said, "Give me your orders, and you shall be obeyed." His obedience, rectitude, and fidelity were perfect. He thought nothing of himself, but of others. He was altogether devoid of envy. He never detracted from the fame of others in order to enhance his own. He was as careful of the reputation of his officers as he was of his own. When anything went wrong—as at Burgos—he took the entire fault upon himself. He bore up Graham, Hill, and Crawford, against the aspersions made upon them at home. He possessed that firmness of conviction and grandeur of soul which could afford to despise injustice and calumny. When complimented by the Municipality of Madrid, he took no credit for his own services, but observed that "the issues of war are in the hands of Providence."

But the greatest of all Wellington's characteristics was his abiding sense of Duty. It was the leading feature in his character—the one regal and commanding element that subordinated everything to itself. It was his constant desire and fixed determination faithfully to do whatever he saw to be his duty—to do so because it *was* his duty. He lived for one thing—to do his duty as a soldier—to do it with all his might, to do it at all hazards, to do it in the best possible way, to the utmost of his ability, to the extent of his resources, and so as to secure ultimate success. It is instructive to observe what unity, simplicity, and strength some one principle clearly apprehended and consistently followed out will impart to character.* Brialmont, at the close of his life, says that "he was the grandest, because the truest man, whom modern times have produced. He was the wisest and most loyal subject that ever served and supported the British throne."

Here is an instance of the way in which a solid nation has been made. When Prussia was under the foot of Napoleon, when its government was a cipher, and Prussia a mere tributary of the French Empire, Von Stein came

* See the Rev. Thomas Binney on "Wellington."

forward to rescue his country. In October, 1807, Stein conceived the idea of emancipating it by conferring liberty upon the people. The essence of his plan was contained in these striking words: "What the state loses in extensive greatness it must make up by intensive strength." The true strength of the kingdom, he said, was not to be found in the aristocracy, but in the whole nation. "To lift up a people it is necessary to give liberty, independence, and property to its oppressed classes, and extend the protection of the law to all alike. Let us emancipate the peasant, for free labor alone sustains a nation effectually. Restore to the peasant the possession of the land he tills, for the independent proprietor alone is brave in defending hearth and home. Free the citizen from monopoly and the tutelage of the bureaucracy, for freedom in workshop and town hall has given to the ancient burgher of Germany the proud position he held. Teach the land-owning nobles that the legitimate rank of the aristocracy can be maintained only by disinterested service in county and state, but it is undermined by exemption from taxes and other unwarrantable privileges. The bureaucracy, instead of confining itself to pedantic book knowledge, and esteeming red tape and salary above everything else, should study the people, live with the people, and adapt its measures to the living realities of the times."

Such was the plan upon which Stein proceeded. Villanage was abolished by indemnifying the nobles. Class distinctions in the eye of the law were abolished. A municipal system was established. The youth of Prussia were gradually and yet universally trained to the use of arms. In the meantime Napoleon had heard of "one Stein,"* who

* When Stein was about to leave Berlin for Breslau, the new French minister to the Prussian Court arrived, carrying with him the following decree:

"1. Le nommé Stein, cherchant à exciter des troubles en Allemagne, est déclarée ennemi de la France et de la Confédération du Rhin.

"2. Les biens que ledit Stein posséderait, soit en France soit dans le pays de la Confédération du Rhin, seront sequestres. Ledit Stein sera saisi de sa personne partout où il pourra être atteint par nos troupes ou celles de nos alliés.

NAPOLEON.

"Le 16th Décembre, 1808."

was engaged in retrieving the reverses of Prussia; and in 1808 he was compelled to resign his office and take refuge in Austria. But his plans were sedulously carried out by his successor, Count Von Hardenberg. Shortly after, the battle of Leipsic took place, when the armies of Napoleon were driven back toward France. Some of Stein's plans had not been carried out, and the national representation which he proposed was postponed until a future day. Still village was abolished, and the foundation of Prussia's future prosperity were laid. Stein died 1831, leaving behind him the reputation of having been one of the firmest characters and the greatest statesmen that Prussia ever produced.

About three years ago, when a monument to Stein was unveiled at Berlin, Dr. Gneist, Professor of Law, called to remembrance the great things that the hero had done for Prussia. He said that he vindicated religion as the only true basis of moral life; that sensual pleasures, idleness, and the love of gain and riches can never be effectually counteracted except by patriotism and the love of one's neighbor; and that constitutional forms are a matter of comparative indifference so long as liberty exists. "The man to whom we are indebted for these teachings was not a man of words, but of deeds—deeds founded upon a character full of patriotism, energy, truth, and faith. Deeply imbued with the fear of God, and therefore free from all fear of man, aiming at great objects, and never hesitating to pursue them in the teeth of all difficulties, he frequently contented himself with laying down principles, leaving their execution and the cautious choice of ways and means to others. Full of noble indignation against fear and diffidence, selfishness, and false appearances; haughty, abrupt, and imperious where these qualities were required, he boldly warred against prejudice and obsolete customs. It was a merciful provision of Providence that this noble Stein, this precious stone and gem of our unity, was a rough diamond, preserving in his character the rigor and vigor indispensable in the reformer. Nor need we rejoice at having a monument to remind us of the departed statesman; all the institutions of modern Germany bear the impress of his mind. Neither do we wish to boast

of this monument as a symbol of glory. The very idea of glory was utterly abhorrent to his pure soul, to all he wrote and did. No, as the inscription tells us in the most unpretending language, this is no monument of glory but of gratitude; no monument of victory but of thankfulness."

We who live now have seen a nation grow up into vitality under our own eyes. Forty years ago the fortunes of Italy looked very dark to her warmest admirers. That capability for self-government which, for a time, was the glory of the Italian republics, seemed to be extinct. It was thought that the people had lost their old political qualities. At the break-down of Napoleon, Italy was parcelled out among a set of petty absolutists, who governed the people with a rod of iron. It was not till 1848 that Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, came boldly forward and asserted the principles of constitutional government. In that year a great war of revolution spread over Europe. Barricades were erected in the streets of Paris, and Louis Philippe fled to England. At Berlin the troops and people fought in the streets, and the city was declared in a state of siege. A Polish insurrection broke out, which was subdued after a frightful slaughter. The city of Prague revolted against the Austrians. Messina was bombarded by the King of Naples. The Pope fled to Gaeta, and a Roman republic was set up. The people of Milan rose against the Austrians, and drove them out. Venice followed, and a provisional government was formed under Daniel Manin.

Charles Albert went to the aid of the Milanese. The Austrians, in great force, drove him back toward Turin, defeated him at Novara, and resumed possession of the revolted provinces. The king abdicated in favor of his son Victor Emmanuel. When the young king accepted the crown he pointed his sword to the Austrian camp, and said, "Per Dio l'Italia sara!" It seemed at the time to be a vain-glorious boast. Yet his prophecy was fulfilled. Marshal Radetzky proposed to him that he should abolish the constitutional charter granted to the people by his father, and follow the Austrian policy of repression and obscurity. The young king rejected the proposal, and declared that,

sooner than subscribe to such conditions, he was ready to renounce not one crown only, but a thousand. "The House of Savoy," he said, "knows the path of exile, but not the path of dishonor." Radetzky, though a conqueror, acknowledged the greatness of the young king. "This man," he said, "is a noble man; he will give us much to do."

The king was supported and upheld by able statesmen. In the days of sorrow that succeeded Novara, Cavour said, "Every day's existence is a gain." When the war with Russia took place it seemed a bold thing on the part of the King of Sardinia to send fifteen thousand troops to the Crimea. When Cavour was told of the Sardinian infantry struggling with mud in the trenches, he exclaimed, "Never mind; it is out of that mud that Italy is to be made." Austria regarded with indignation the growing power of the king, and called upon Sardinia to disarm, under threat of immediate hostilities. Victor Emmanuel issued a proclamation. "Austria," he said, "is increasing her troops on our frontier, and threatens to invade our territory, because here liberty reigns with order, because not might but concord and affection between the people and the sovereign here govern the state, because the groans of Italy here find an echo; and Austria dares to ask us, who are armed only in self-defence, to lay down our arms and submit to her clemency. That insulting demand has received the reply it deserved; I rejected it with contempt. . . . Soldiers, to arms!"

The Emperor Napoleon took part with the King of Sardinia, his ally, and declared war against Austria. War commenced, and the Austrians were driven back at Montebello, Palestro, Magenta, Malignano, and Solferino. The treaty of Villafranca concluded the campaign; and Lombardy, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and Bologna were united to Northern Italy. Then Garibaldi took the initiative, and invaded Sicily. He won battle after battle, and entered Naples alone, as a first-class passenger in a railway train from the south. Never was a kingdom so conquered before. But the times were ripe, and the people were on the side of

Italian unity. Venetia and Rome were the last to enter the national compact.

Italy was welded into one state. United, it became a new nation. It is now one of the great European powers. Italy has, within a few years, stepped forth into the theatre with a promise of future greatness. We regard this fact as one of the greatest moral conquests of the nineteenth century. Nations are not born in a day; but here is an instance of a nation preparing, through generations of struggles and vicissitudes, to assert its supreme right, and to claim its supreme privilege as a united people.

Let us not forget the horrors of war in our exemplification of the life of the soldier and the patriot. Europe is full of standing armies. Science has of late been devoted to the invention and manufacture of man-slaying machines—the steel rifled cannon, the Minie, the Gatling, the Martini-Henry gun, the torpedo, and other machines of war. Every nation stands watching each other, and on any slight provocation is ready to fight for revenge, for supremacy, or for conquest. It is the same in France, Germany, and Russia.

The last European war was in the East. The Russians bore down upon the Turks, and after much furious fighting the Turks were driven within the walls of Constantinople. Let us look at a battle-field after the glories of a fight are over—the martial array, the charge, the intense excitement, the deeds of valor, and the glory after victory. In May, 1879, Mr. Rose accompanied General Scobeloff on a visit to the Shipka Pass.* "Near the villages of Shipka," says Mr. Rose, "General Scobeloff came out of his tent, and being joined by the whole staff, we commenced, under his direction, an inspection in detail of his positions. We had gone a few steps when we came upon a wooden cross erected under the shadow of four spreading beeches. The general at once uncovered, an example which all followed, and stood for a few minutes in silence. Turning away,

* "Senova and Shipka Revisited." By W. Kinnaird Rose. *Gentleman's Magazine*.

the general said to me, 'That is the grave of a hero; and on the day of the battle I specially ordered that cross to be planted over his grave, so as to mark his last resting-place. He was a mere boy of between fifteen and sixteen, of good family in Russia. During the war, fired by military ardor, and the righteousness of the cause for which the armies of Holy Russia were fighting, he escaped from school and home, and made his way to the seat of war. Turning up at Plevna, I accepted him as a volunteer, and he fought gallantly and well at the great assault and subsequent capture of Osman Pasha's stronghold. At Senova he led a company of the 32d Regiment, and their duty it was to make the assault on the central redoubt. Carried away by his enthusiasm and utter disregard of danger, the brave boy speedily left his men a considerable way behind, and escaped the shower of bullets only to be bayoneted as he entered the redoubt. His was a brief but heroic life!'"

Such was heroism; and next for the result. "Crossing the stream, we entered the centre redoubt on the little peninsula, and what a sight was presented! All around the door of the redoubt were scattered broken canisters, fragments of shell, rags of uniforms, as if the battle had only taken place a few days ago. But I was hardly prepared for the ghastly scene within. Several hundred men had been hastily buried there; but the rain and the snow had beaten aside the loose earth, wolves and dogs had done the rest, and all over the floor of the redoubt was scattered a vast *mélange* of human bones. Vertebrae, arm and leg bones, commingled in the strangest fashion with skulls, bleached by sun and rain. 'Mark how these lifeless mouths grin without breath! Mark how they laugh and scorn at all you are, and yet they were what you are!' I have experienced all the shuddering of a ride over a battlefield immediately after the event, when as yet the earth was covered thick with other clay—heaped and pent, rider and horse, friend and foe—but it did not possess half the ghastly horror of this scene sixteen months after war had ceased its tumults and alarms. General Scobeloff said to me as we

gazed on this charnel house, 'And this is glory!' 'Yes,' I responded, 'after all, general,

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

'You are right,' he replied, 'and yet I am nothing but a soldier.'