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SOME SOLDIER-POETRY.

It is certain that since the time of Homer the deeds and circumstances of war have not been felicitously sung. If any ideas have been the subject of the strife, they seldom appear to advantage in the poems which chronicle it, or in the verses devoted to the praise of heroes. Remove the "Iliad," the "Nibelungenlied," some English, Spanish, and Northern ballads, two or three Old-Bohemian, the war-songs composed by Ziska, and one or two Romaic, from the field of investigation, and one is astonished at the scanty gleanings of battle-poetry, camp-songs, and rhymes that have been scattered in the wake of great campaigns, and many of the above-mentioned are more historical or mythological than descriptive of war. The quantity of political songs and ballads, serious and satirical, which were suggested by the great critical moments of modern history, is immense. Every country has, or might have, its own peculiar collections. In France the troubles of the League gave an impulse to song-writing, and the productions of Desportes and Bertaut are relics of that time. Historical and revolutionary songs

abound in all countries; but even the "Marseillaise," the gay, ferocious "Carmanole," and the "Ça Ira," which somebody wrote upon a drum-head in the Champ de Mars, do not belong to fighting-poetry. The actual business of following into the field the men who represent the tendencies of any time, and of helping to get through with the unavoidable fighting-jobs which they organize, seems to inspire the same rhetoric in every age, and to reproduce the same set of conventional war-images. The range of feeling is narrow; the enthusiasm for great generals is expressed in pompous commonplaces; even the dramatic circumstances of a campaign full of the movement and suffering of great masses of men, in bivouac, upon the march, in the gloomy and perilous defile, during a retreat, and in the hours when wavering victory suddenly turns and lets her hot lips be kissed, are scarcely seen, or feebly hinted at. The horizon of the battle-field itself is limited, and it is impossible to obtain a total impression of the picturesque and terrible fact. After the smoke has rolled away, the historian finds a position whence the

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VOL. X.

1

scenes deliberately reveal to him all their connection, and reenact their passion. He is the real poet of these solemn passages in the life of man.*

One would think that a poet in the ranks would sometimes exchange the pike or musket for the pen in his knapsack, and let all the feelings and landscapes of war distil through his fine fancy from it drop by drop. But the knapsack makes too heavy a draught upon the nervous power which the cerebellum supplies for marching orders; concentration goes to waste in doing porter's work; his tent-lines are the only kind a poet cares for. If he extemporizes a song or hymn, it is lucky if it becomes a favorite of the camp. The great song which the soldier lifts during his halt, or on the edge of battle, is generally written beforehand by some pen unconscious that its glow would tip the points of bayonets, and cheer hearts in suspense for the first cannon-shot of the foe. If anybody undertakes to furnish songs for camps, he prospers as one who resolves to write anthems for a prize-committee to sit on: it is sutler's work, and falls a prey to the provost-marshal.

Nor are poets any more successful, when they propose to make camp-life and soldiers' feelings subjects for aesthetic consideration. Their lines are smooth, their images are spirited; but as well might the

* There is a little volume, called *Voices from the Ranks*, in which numerous letters written by privates, corporals, etc., in the Crimea, are collected and arranged. They are full of incident and pathos. Suffering, daring, and humor, the love of home, and the religious dependence of men capable of telling their own Iliad, make this a very powerful book. In modern times the best literature of a campaign will be found in private letters. We have some from Magenta and Solferino, written by Frenchmen; the character stands very clear in them. And here is one written by an English lad, who is describing a landing from boats in Finland, when he shot his first man. The act separated itself from the whole scene, and charged him with it. Instinctively he walked up to the poor Finn; they met for the first time. The wounded man quietly regarded him; he leaned on his musket, and returned the fading look till it went out.

campaign itself have been conducted in the poet's study as its situations be deliberately transferred there to verse. The "Wallenstein's Camp" of Schiller is not poetry, but racy and sparkling pamphleteering. Its rhyming does not prevent it from belonging to the historical treatment of periods that are picturesque with many passions and interests, that go clad in jaunty regimental costumes, and require not to be idealized, but simply to be described. Goethe, in his soldier's song in "Faust," idealizes at a touch the rough work, the storming and marauding of the mediæval *Lanzknecht*; set to music, it might be sung by fine *dilettanti* tenors in garrison, but would be stopped at any outpost in the field for want of the countersign. But when Goethe describes what he saw and felt in the campaign in France, with that lucid and observant prose, he reproduces an actual situation. So does Chamisso, in that powerful letter which describes the scenes in Hameln, when it was delivered to the French. But Chamisso has written a genuine soldier's song, which we intend to give. The songs of Körner are well known already in various English dresses.*

But the early poetry which attempts the description of feats at arms which were wrought by men who represented turning-points in the welfare of nations — when, for instance, Germany was struggling to have her middle class against the privileges of the barons — is more interesting than all the modern songs which nicely

* See translations of Von Zedlitz's *Midnight Review*, of Follen's *Blücher's Ball*, of Freiligrath's *Death of Grabbe*, of Rückert's *Patriot's Lament*, of Arndt's *Field-Marshal Blücher*, of Pfeffel's *Tobacco-Pipe*, of Gleim's *War-Song*, of Tegner's *Veteran*, (Swedish,) of Rahbek's *Peter Colbjørnsen*, (Danish,) *The Death-Song of Regner Lodbrock*, (Norse,) and Körner's *Sword-Song*, in Mr. Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe*. See all of Körner's soldier-songs well translated, the *Sword-Song* admirably, by Rev. Charles T. Brooks, in *Specimens of Foreign Literature*, Vol. XIV. See, in Robinson's *Literature of Slavic Nations*, some Russian and Servian martial poetry.

depict soldiers' moods.* Language itself was fighting for recognition, as well as industrial and social rights. The verses mark successive steps of a people into consciousness and civilization. Some of this battle-poetry is worth preserving; a few camp-rhymes, also, were famous enough in their day to justify translating. Here are some relics, of pattern more or less antique, picked up from that field of Europe where so many centuries have met in arms.

The Northern war-poetry, before the introduction of Christianity, is vigorous enough, but it abounds in disagreeable commonplaces: trunks are cleft till each half falls sideways; limbs are carved for ravens, who appear as invariably as the Valkyrs, and while the latter pounce upon the souls that issue with the expiring breath, the former banquet upon the remains. The celebration of a victory is an exulting description of actual scenes of revelling, mead-drinking from mounted skulls, division of the spoils, and half-drunken brags † of future prowess. The sense of dependence upon an unseen Power is manifested only in superstitious vows for luck and congratulations that the Strong Ones have been upon the conquering side. There is no lifting up of the heart which checks for a time the joy of victory. They are ferociously glad that they have beaten. This prize-fighting imagery belongs also to the Anglo-Saxon poetry, and is in marked contrast with the commemorative poetry of Franks and Germans after the introduction of Christianity. The allusions may be quite

as conventional, but they show that another power has taken the field, and is willing to risk the fortunes of war. Norse poetry loses its vigor when the secure establishment of Christianity abolishes piracy and puts fighting upon an allowance. Its muscle was its chief characteristic. We speak only of war-poetry.

Here, for instance, is the difference plainly told. Huebald, a monk of the cloister St. Amand in Flanders, wrote "The Louis-Lay," to celebrate the victory gained by the West-Frankish King Louis III. over the Normans, in 881, near Saucourt. It is in the Old-High-German. A few lines will suffice:—

The King rode boldly, sang a holy song,
And all together sang, Kyrie eleison.
The song was sung; the battle was begun;
Blood came to cheeks; thereat rejoiced the
Franks;
Then fought each sword, but none so well as
Ludwig,
So swift and bold, for 't was his inborn nature;
He struck down many, many a one pierced
through,
And at his hands his enemies received
A bitter drink, woe to their life all day.
Praise to God's power, for Ludwig overcame;
And thanks to saints, the victor-fight was his.
Homeward again fared Ludwig, conquering
king,
And harnessed as he ever is, wherever the
need may be,
Our God above sustain him with His majesty!

Earlier than this it was the custom for soldiers to sing just before fighting. Tacitus alludes to a kind of measured war-cry of the Germans, which they made more sonorous and terrific by shouting it into the hollow of their shields. He calls it *barditus* by mistake, borrowing a term from the custom of the Gauls, who sang before battle by proxy, — that is, their ards chanted the national songs. But Norse and German soldiers loved to sing. King Harald Sigurdson composes verses just before battle; so do the Skalds before the Battle of Stiklestad, which was fatal to the great King Olaf. The soldiers learn the verses and sing them with the Skalds. They also recollect older songs, — the "Biarkamal," for instance, which Biarke

* Among such songs is one by Bayard Taylor, entitled *Annie Laurie*, which is of the very best kind.

† *Braga* was the name of the goblet over which the Norse drinkers made their vows. Probably no Secessionist ever threatened more pompously over his whiskey. The word goes back a great distance. *Paruf* is Sanscrit for rough, and *Rāgh*, to be equal to. In reading the Norse poetry, one can understand why *Brāga* was the Apollo of the Asa gods, and why the present made to a favorite Scald was called *Bragar-Laun* (*Lohn*). *Bravo* is also a far-travelled form.

made before he fought.* These are all of the indomitable kind, and well charged with threats of unlimited slaughter.

The custom survived all the social and religious changes of Europe. But the wild war-phrases which the Germans shouted for mutual encouragement, and to derive, like the Highlanders, an omen from the magnitude of the sound, became hymns: they were sung in unison, with the ordinary monkish modulations of the time. The most famous of these was written by Notker, a Benedictine of St. Gall, about the year 900. It was translated by Luther in 1524, and an English translation from Luther's German can be found in the "*Lyra Germanica*," p. 237.

William's minstrel, Taillefer, sang a song before the Battle of Hastings: but the Normans loved the purely martial strain, and this was a ballad of French composition, perhaps a fragment of the older "Roland's Song." The "Roman de Rou," composed by Master Wace, or Gasse, a native of Jersey and Canon of Bayeux, who died in 1184, is very minute in its description of the Battle of Val des Dunes, near Caen, fought by Henry of France and William the Bastard against Guy, a Norman noble in the Burgundian interest. The year of the battle was 1047. There is a Latin narrative of the Battle of Hastings, in eight hundred and thirty-five hexameters and pentameters. This was composed by Wido, or Guido, Bishop of Amiens, who died in 1075.

The German knights on their way to Jerusalem sang a holy psalm, beginning, "Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of the earth." This was discovered not long ago in Westphalia; a translation of it, with the music, can be found in Mr. Richard Willis's collection of hymns.

One would expect to gather fragments of war-poetry from the early times of the Hungarians, who held the outpost of Europe against the Turks, and were also sometimes in arms against the imperial policy of Germany. But De Gerando informs us that they set both victories and

defeats to music. The "Rákótz" is a national air which bears the name of an illustrious prince who was overcome by Leopold. "It is remarkable that in Hungary great thoughts and deep popular feelings were expressed and consecrated, not by poetry, but by national airs. The armed Diets which were held upon the plain of Rákos were the symbol of ancient liberty to the popular apprehension; there is the 'Air of Rákos,' also the 'Air of Mohács,' which recalls the fall of the old monarchy, and the 'Air of Zrinyi,' which preserves the recollection of the heroic defence of Szigeth."* These airs are not written; the first comers extemporized their inartificial strains, which the feeling of the moment seized upon and transmitted by tradition. Among the Servians, on the contrary, the heroic ballad is full of fire and meaning, but the music amounts to nothing.

The first important production of the warlike kind, after Germany began to struggle with its mediæval restrictions, was composed after the Battle of Sempach, where Arnold Struthahn of Winkelried opened a passage for the Swiss peasants through the ranks of Austrian spears. It is written in the Middle-High-German, by Halbsuter, a native of Lucerne, who was in the fight. Here are specimens of it. There is a paraphrase by Sir Walter Scott, but it is done at the expense of the metre and *naïve* character of the original.

In the thousand and three hundred and six
and eightieth year
Did God in special manner His favor make appear:
Hei! the Federates, I say,
They got this special grace upon St. Cyril's day.

That was July 9, 1386. The Swiss had been exasperated by the establishment of new tolls by the nobility, who were upheld in it by the Duke of Austria. The Federates (*Confederates* can never again be used in connection with a just fight) began to attack the castles which shel-

* Laing's *Sea-Kings of Norway*, Vol. II. p. 312; Vol. III. p. 90.

* A. De Gerando, *La Transylvanie et ses Habitants*, Tom. II. p. 265, et seq.

tered the oppressive baronial power. The castle behind the little town of Willisow is stormed and burned. Thereupon the nobles swear to put these Swiss free peasants down and get them a master. The poet tells all this, and proceeds to describe their excesses and pride. Then,—

Ye Lowland lords are drawing hither to the
Oberland,
To what an entertainment ye do not understand:

Hei! 't were better for shrift to call,
For in the mountain-fields mischances may befall.

To which the nobles are imagined to reply,—

“Indeed! where sits the priest, then, to grant this needful gift?”
In the Schweitz he is all ready,—he'll give you hearty shrift:

Hei! he will give it to you sheer,
This blessing will he give it with sharp halberds and such gear.

The Duke's people are mowing in the fields near Sempach. A knight insolently demands lunch for them from the Sempachers; a burgher threatens to break his head and lunch them in a heavy fashion, for the Federates are gathering, and will undoubtedly make him spill his porridge. A cautious old knight, named Von Hasenburg, rides out to reconnoitre, and he sees enough to warn the Duke that it is the most serious business in which he ever engaged.

Then spake a lord of Ochsenstein, “O Hasenburg, hare-heart!”

Him answereth Von Hasenburg, “Thy words bring me a smart:

Hei! I say to you faithfully,
Which of us is the coward this very day you'll see.”

So the old knight, not relishing being punned upon for his counsel, dismounts. All the knights, anticipating an easy victory, dismount, and send their horses to the rear, in the care of varlets who subsequently saved themselves by riding them off. The solid ranks are formed bristling with spears. There is a pause as the two parties survey each other. The nobles pass the word along that it looks like a paltry business:—

So spake they to each other: “Yon folk is very small,—

In case such boors should beat us, 't will bring no fame at all:

‘Hei! fine lords the boors have mauled!’”

Then the honest Federates on God in heaven called.

“Ah, dear Christ of Heaven, by Thy bitter death we plead,

Help bring to us poor sinners in this our strait and need;

Hei! and stand by us in the field,
And have our land and people beneath Thy ward and shield.”

The shaggy bull (of Uri) was quite ready to meet the lion (Leopold), and threw the dust up a little with its hoof.

“Hei! will you fight with us who have beaten you before?”

To this the lion replies,—

“Thank you for reminding me. I have many a knight and varlet here to pay you off for Laupen, and for the ill turn you did me at Morgarten; now you must wait here till I am even with you.”

Now drew the growling lion his tail in for a spring:

Then spake the bull unto him, “Wilt have your reckoning?

Hei! then nearer to us get,
That this green meadow may with blood be growing wet.”

Then they began a-shooting against us in the grove,

And their long lances toward the pious Federates move:

Hei! the jest it was not sweet,
With branches from the lofty pines down rattling at their feet.

The nobles' front was fast, their order deep and spread;

That vexed the pious mind; a Winkelried he said,

“Hei! if you will keep from need
My pious wife and child, I'll do a hardy deed.

“Dear Federates and true, my life I give to win;

They have their rank too firm, we cannot break it in:

Hei! a breaking in I'll make,
The while that you my offspring to your protection take.”

Herewith did he an armful of spears nimble
take;
His life had an end, for his friends a lane did
make:

Hei! he had a lion's mood,
So manly, stoutly dying for the Four Cantons'
good.

And so it was the breaking of the nobles' front
began

With hewing and with sticking,—it was God's
holy plan:

Hei! if this He had not done,
It would have cost the Federates many an
honest one.

The poem proceeds now with chaffing
and slaughtering the broken enemy, en-
joining them to run home to their fine
ladies with little credit or comfort, and
shouting after them an inventory of the
armor and banners which they leave be-
hind.*

Veit Weber, a Swiss of Freiburg, also
wrote war-verses, but they are pitched on
a lower key. He fought against Charles
the Bold, and described the Battle of
Murten, (Morat,) June 22, 1476. His
facetiousness is of the grimmest kind. He
exults without poetry. Two or three
verses will be quite sufficient to designate
his style and temper. Of the moment
when the Burgundian line breaks, and
the rout commences, he says,—

One hither fled, another there,
With good intent to disappear,
Some hid them in the bushes:

* It is proper to state that an attack has
lately been made in Germany upon the au-
thenticity of the story of Winkelried, on the
ground that it is mentioned in no contempo-
raneous document or chronicle which has yet
come to light, and that a poem in fifteen verses
composed before this of Halbsuter's does not
mention it. Also it is shown that Halbsuter
incorporated the previous poem into his own.
It is furthermore denied that Halbsuter was a
citizen of Lucerne. In short, there was no
Winkelried! Perhaps we can afford to "re-
habilitate" villains of every description, but
need therefore the heroic be reduced to *dés-
habillé*? That we cannot so well afford. We
can give up William Tell's apple as easily as
we can the one in Genesis, but Winkelried's
"sheaf of Austrian spears" is an essential ar-
gument against original sin, being an altogeth-
er original act of virtue.

I never saw so great a pinch,—
A crowd that had no thirst to quench
Into the water pushes.

They waded in up to the chin,
Still we our shot kept pouring in,
As if for ducks a-fowling:
In boats we went and struck them dead,
The lake with all their blood was red,—
What begging and what howling!

Up in the trees did many hide,
There hoping not to be espied;
But like the crows we shot them:
The rest on spears did we impale,
Their feathers were of no avail,
The wind would not transport them.

He will not vouch for the number of
the killed, but gives it on hearsay as twen-
ty-six thousand drowned and slain; but
he regrets that their flight was so precipi-
tate as to prevent him from recording a
more refreshing total. He is specially
merry over the wealth and luxurious
habits of Charles, alludes to his vapor-
baths, etc.:—

His game of chess was to his cost,
Of pawns has he a many lost,
And twice* his guard is broken;
His castles help him not a mite,
And see how lonesome stands his knight!
Checkmate's against him spoken.

The wars of the rich cities with the
princes and bishops stimulated a great
many poems that are full of the traits of
burgher-life. Seventeen princes declar-
ed war against Nuremberg, and seventy-
two cities made a league with her. The
Swiss sent a contingent of eight hundred
men. This war raged with great fierce-
ness, and with almost uninterrupted suc-
cess for the knights, till the final battle
which took place near Pillerent, in 1456.
A Nuremberg painter, Hans Rosenplüt,
celebrated this in verses like Veit We-
ber's, with equal vigor, but downright pro-
saic street-touches. Another poem de-
scribes the rout of the Archbishop of
Cologne, who attempted to get possession
of the city, in 1444. All these Low-Ger-
man poems are full of popular scorn and
satire: they do not hate the nobles so
much as laugh at them, and their discom-

* Once, the year before, at Granson.

figures in the field are the occasion of elaborate ridicule.

The *Lanzknechts* were foot-soldiers recruited from the roughs of Germany, and derived their name from the long lance which they carried; * but they were also armed subsequently with the arquebuse. They were first organized into bodies of regular troops by George Frundsberg of Mindelheim, a famous German captain, whose castle was about twenty miles south-west of Augsburg. It was afterwards the centre of a little principality which Joseph I. created for the Duke of Marlborough, † as a present for the victory of Hochstädt (Blenheim). Frundsberg was a man of talent and character, one of the best soldiers of Charles V. He saved the Imperial cause in the campaign of 1522 against the French and Swiss. At Bicocco he beat the famous Swiss infantry under Arnold of Winkelried, a descendant, doubtless, of one of the children whom Arnold Struthahn left to the care of his comrades. At Pavia a decisive charge of his turned the day against Francis I. And on the march to Rome, his unexpected death so inflamed the *Lanzknechts* that the meditated retreat of Bourbon became impossible, and the city was taken by assault. His favorite mottoes were, *Kriegsrath mit der That*, "Plan and Action," and *Viel Feinde, viel Ehre*, "The more foes, the greater honor." He was the only man who could influence the mercenary lancers, who were as terrible in peace as in war.

The *Lanzknecht's* lance was eighteen feet long: he wore a helmet and breast-plate, and was taught to form suddenly and to preserve an impenetrable square. Before him all light and heavy cavalry went down, and that great arm of modern war did not recover from its disgrace and neglect till the time of Frederic. But his character was very indifferent: he

* It is sometimes spelled *landsknecht*, as if it meant *country-fellows*, or recruits, — men raised at large. But that was a popular misapprehension of the word, because some of them were Suabian bumpkins.

† The French soldier-song about Marlborough is known to every one.

went foraging when there was no campaign, and in time of peace prepared for war by systematic billeting and plundering. It was a matter of economy to get up a war in order to provide employment for the *Lanzknecht*.

Hans Sachs wrote a very amusing piece in 1558, entitled, "The Devil won't let Landsknechts come to Hell." Lucifer, being in council one evening, speaks of the *Lanzknecht* as a new kind of man; he describes his refreshing traits of originality, and expresses a desire to have one. It is agreed that Beelzebub shall repair as a crimp to a tavern, and lie in wait for this new game. The agent gets behind a stove, which in Germany would shield from observation even Milton's Satan, and listens while the *Lanzknechts* drink. They begin to tell stories which make his hair stand on end, but they also God-bless each other so often, at sneezing and hiccupping, that he cannot get a chance at them. One of them, who had stolen a cock and hung it behind the stove, asks the landlord to go and fetch the poor devil. Beelzebub, soundly frightened, beats a hasty retreat, expressing his wonder that the *Lanzknecht* should know he was there. He apologizes to Lucifer for being unable to enrich his cabinet, and assures him that it would be impossible to live with them; the devils would be eaten out of house and home, and their bishopric taken from them. Lucifer concludes on the whole that it is discreet to limit himself to monks, nuns, lawyers, and the ordinary sinner.

The songs of the *Lanzknecht* are cheerful, and make little of the chances of the fight. Fasting and feasting are both welcome; he is as gay as a Zouave.* To be maimed is a slight matter: if he loses an

* Who besings himself thus, in a song from the Solferino campaign: —

"Quand l' zouzou, coiffé de son fez,
A par hasard queuqu' goutt' sous l' nez,
L' tremblement s' met dans la cambuse;
Mais s'il faut se flanquer des coups,
Il sait rendre atouts pour atouts,
Et gare dessous,
C'est l' zouzou qui s'amuse!
Des coups, des coups, des coups,
C'est l' zouzou qui s'amuse."

arm, he bilks the Swiss of a glove; if his leg goes, he can creep, or a wooden leg will serve his purpose:—

It harms me not a mite,
A wooden stump will make all right;
And when it is no longer good,
Some spital knave shall get the wood.

But if a ball my bosom strikes,
On some wide field I lie,
They 'll take me off upon their pikes,—
A grave is always nigh;
Pumerlein Pum,—the drums shall say
Better than any priest,—Good day!

There is a very characteristic piece, without date or name of the writer, but which, to judge from the German, was written after the time of Luther. Nothing could better express the feeling of a people who have been saved by martial and religious enthusiasm, and brought through all the perils of history. It is the production of some Meistersinger, who introduced it into a History of Henry the Fowler, (fought the Huns, 919-935,) that was written by him in the form of a comedy, and divided into acts. He brings in a minstrel who sings the song before battle. The last verse, with adapted metre and music, is now a soldier's song.

Many a righteous cause on earth
To many a battle growing,
Of music God has thought them worth,
A gift of His bestowing.
It came through Jubal into life;
For Lamech's son inventing
The double sounds of drum and fife,
They both became consenting.
For music good
Wakes manly mood,
Intrepid goes
Against our foes,
Calls stoutly, "On!
Fall on! fall on!
Clear field and street
Of hostile feet,
Shoot, thrust them through, and cleave,
Not one against you leave!"

Elias prophecy would make
In thirsty Israel's passion:
"To me a minstrel bring," he spake,
"Who plays in David's fashion."
Soon came on him Jehovah's hand,
In words of help undoubted,—
Great waters flowed the rainless land,
The foe was also routed.

Drom, Drari, Drom,
Pom, Pom, Pom, Pom,
Drumming and fifing good
Make hero-mood;
Prophets upspring,
Poets, too, sing;
Music is life
To peace and strife,—
And men have ever heeded
What chief by them is needed.

In Dorian mood when he would sing,
Timotheus the charmer,
'T is said the famous lyre would bring
All listeners into armor:
It woke in Alexander rage
For war, and nought would slake it,
Unless he could the world engage,
And his by conquest make it.
Timotheus
Of Miletus
Could strongly sing
To rouse the King
Of Macedon,
Heroic one,
Till, in his ire
And manly fire,
For shield and weapon rising,
He went, the foe chastising.

For what God drives, that ever goes,—
So sang courageous Judith;
No one can such as He oppose;
There prospers what He broodeth.
Who has from God a martial mood,
Through all resistance breaking,
Can prove himself 'gainst heroes good,
On foes a vengeance taking.
Drums, when we droop;
Stand fast, my troop!
Let dart and sabre
The air belabor;
Give them no heed,
But be agreed
That flight 's a breach of honor:
Of that be hearty scorner.

Although a part, as haps alway,
Will faintly take to fleeing,
A lion's heart have I to-day
For Kaiser Henry's seeing.
The wheat springs forth, the chaff 's behind;*
Strike harder, then, and braver;

* This was first said by Rudolph of Erlach at the Battle of Laupen, in 1339, fought between citizens of Berne and the neighboring lords. The great array of the nobles caused the rear ranks of the Bernese to shrink. "Good!" cried Erlach, "the chaff is separated from the wheat! Cowards will not share the victory of the brave." — Zschokke's *History of Switzerland*, p. 48, Shaw's translation.

Perhaps they all will change their mind,
 So, brothers, do not waver!
 Kyrie eleison!
 Pidi, Pom, Pom, Pom,
 Alarum beat,
 There 's no retreat;
 Wilt soon be slashed,
 Be pierced and gashed:
 But none of these things heeding,
 The foe, too, set a-bleeding.

Many good surgeons have we here,
 Again to heal us ready;
 With God's help, then, be of good cheer,
 The Pagans grow unsteady:
 Let not thy courage sink before
 A foe already flying;
 Revenge itself shall give thee more,
 And hearten it, if dying.
 Drom, Drari, Drom,
 Kyrie eleison!
 Strike, thrust,— for we
 Must victors be;
 Let none fall out,
 Keep order stout;
 Close to my side,
 Comrade, abide!
 Be grace of God revealed now,
 And help us hold the field now!

God doth Himself encamp us round,
 Himself the fight inspiring;
 The foe no longer stands his ground,
 On every side retiring:
 Ye brothers, now set boldly on
 The hostile ranks!— they waver,—
 They break before us and are gone,—
 Praise be to God the Saver!
 Drom, Drari, Drom,
 Come, brother, come!
 Drums, make a noise! •
 My troops, rejoice!
 Help now pursue
 And thrust and hew;
 Pillage restrain,—
 The spoils remain
 In reach of every finger,
 But not a foe will linger.

Ye bold campaigners, praise the Lord,
 And strifeful heroes, take now
 The prize He doth to us accord,
 Good cheer and pillage make now:
 What each one finds that let him take,
 But friendly share your booty,
 For parents', wives', and children's sake,
 For household use or beauty.
 Pidi, Pom, Pom, Pom,
 Field-surgeon come,
 My gash to bind,
 Am nearly blind,—

The arrows stick,
 Out pull them quick,—
 A bandage here,
 To save my ear,—
 Come, bind me up,
 And reach a cup,—
 Ho, here at hand,
 I cannot stand,—
 Reach hither what you 're drinking,
 My heart is 'neath me sinking.

War-comrades all, heart's-brothers good,
 I spare no skill and labor,
 For these your hurts in hero-mood
 You got from hostile sabre.
 Now well behave, keep up thy heart,
 God's help itself will tend thee;
 Although at present great the smart,
 To dress the wound will mend thee:
 Wash off the blood,
 Time makes it good,—
 Reach me the shear,—
 A plaster here,—
 Hold out your arm,
 'T is no great harm,—
 Give drink to stay,
 He limps away:
 Thank God, their wounds all tended,
 Be dart- and pike-hole mended!

Three faces does a surgeon wear:
 At first God is not higher;
 And when with wounds they illy fare,
 He comes in angel's tire;
 But soon as word is said of pay,
 How gracelessly they grieve him!
 They bid his odious face away,
 Or knavishly deceive him:
 No thanks for it
 Spoils benefit,
 Ill to endure
 For drugs that cure;
 Pay and respect
 Should he collect,
 For at his art
 Your woes depart;
 God bids him speed
 To you in need;
 Therefore our dues be giving,
 God wills us all a living.

No death so blessed in the world
 As his who, struck by foe-man,
 Upon the airy field is hurled,
 Nor hears lament of woman;
 From narrow beds death one by one
 His pale recruits is calling,
 But comrades here are not alone,
 Like Whitsun blossoms falling.
 'T is no ill jest
 To say that best

Of ways to die
Is thus to lie
In honor's sleep,
With none to weep:
Marched out of life
By drum and fife
To airy grave,
Thus heroes crave
A worthy fame, —
Men say his name
Is *Fatherland's Befriender*,
By life and blood surrender.

With the introduction of standing armies popular warlike poetry falls away, and is succeeded by camp-songs, and artistic renderings of martial subjects by professed poets. The people no longer do the fighting; they foot the bills and write melancholy hymns. Weckerlin (1584–1651) wrote some hearty and simple things; among others, *Frisch auf, ihr tapfere Soldaten*, "Ye soldiers bold, be full of cheer." Michael Altenburg, (1583–1640,) who served on the Protestant side, wrote a hymn after the Battle of Leipsic, 1631, from the watch word, "God with us," which was given to the troops that day. His hymn was afterwards made famous by Gustavus Adolphus, who sang it at the head of his soldiers before the Battle of Lützen, November 16, 1632, in which he fell. Here it is. (*Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein.*)

Be not cast down, thou little band,
Although the foe with purpose stand
To make thy ruin sure;
Because they seek thy overthrow,
Thou art right sorrowful and low:
It will not long endure.

Be comforted that God will make
Thy cause His own, and vengeance take, —
'T is His, and let it reign:
He knoweth well His Gideon,
Through him already hath begun
Thee and His Word sustain.

Sure word of God it is to tell
That Satan, world, and gates of hell,
And all their following,
Must come at last to misery:
God is with us, — with God are we, —
He will the victory bring.

Here is certainly a falling off from Luther's *Ein feste Burg*, but his spirit was in the fight; and the hymn is won-

derfully improved when the great Swedish captain takes it to his death.

Von Kleist (1715–1759) studied law at Königsberg, but later became an officer in the Prussian service. He wrote, in 1759, an ode to the Prussian army, was wounded at the Battle of Kunersdorf, where Frederic the Great lost his army and received a ball in his snuff-box. His poetry is very poor stuff. The weight of the enemy crushes down the hills and makes the planet tremble; agony and eternal night impend; and where the Austrian horses drink, the water fails. But his verses were full of good advice to the soldiers, to spare, in the progress of their great achievements, the poor peasant who is not their foe, to help his need, and to leave pillage to Croats and cowards. The advice was less palatable to Frederic's troops than the verses.

But there were two famous soldier's songs, of unknown origin, the pets of every camp, which piqued all the poets into writing war-verses as soon as the genius of Frederic kindled such enthusiasm among Prussians. The first was an old one about Prince Eugene, who was another hero, loved in camps, and besung with ardor around every watch-fire. It is a genuine soldier's song.

Prince Eugene, the noble captain,
For the Kaiser would recover
Town and fortress of Belgrade;
So he put a bridge together
To transport his army thither,
And before the town parade.

When the floating bridge was ready,
So that guns and wagons steady
Could pass o'er the Danube stream,
By Semlin a camp collected,
That the Turks might be ejected,
To their great chagrin and shame.

Twenty-first of August was it,
When a spy in stormy weather
Came, and told the Prince and swore
That the Turks they all amounted,
Near, at least, as could be counted,
To three hundred thousand men, or more.

Prince Eugenius never trembled
At the news, but straight assembled
All his generals to know:

Them he carefully instructed
How the troops should be conducted
Smartly to attack the foe.

With the watchword he commanded
They should wait till twelve was sounded
At the middle of the night;
Mounting then upon their horses,
For a skirmish with the forces,
Go in earnest at the fight.

Straightway all to horseback getting,
Weapons handy, forth were setting
Silently from the redoubt:
Musketeers, dragooners also,
Bravely fought and made them fall so, —
Led them such a dance about.

And our cannoneers advancing
Furnished music for the dancing,
With their pieces great and small;
Great and small upon them playing,
Heathen were averse to staying,
Ran, and did not stay at all.

Prince Eugenius on the right wing
Like a lion did his fighting,
So he did field-marshal's part:
Prince Ludwig rode from one to th' other,
Cried, "Keep firm, each German brother,
Hurt the foe with all your heart!"

Prince Ludwig, struck by bullet leaden,
With his youthful life did redden,
And his soul did then resign:
Badly Prince Eugene wept o'er him,
For the love he always bore him, —
Had him brought to Peterwardein.

The music is peculiar, — one flat, $\frac{5}{4}$ time,
— a very rare measure, and giving plenty
of opportunity for a quaint camp-style of
singing.

The other song appeared during Fred-
eric's Silesian War. It contains some
choice reminiscences of his favorite rhet-
oric.

Fridericus Rex, our master and king,
His soldiers altogether to the field would
bring,
Battalions two hundred, and a thousand
squadrons clear,
And cartridges sixty to every grenadier.

"Cursed fellows, ye!" — his Majesty began, —
"For me stand in battle, each man to man;
Silesia and County Glatz to me they will not
grant,
Nor the hundred millions either which I
want.

"The Empress and the French have gone to
be allied,
And the Roman kingdom has revolted from
my side,
And the Russians are bringing into Prussia
war; —
Up, let us show them that we Prussians are!

"My General Schwerin, and Field-Marshal
Von Keith,
And Von Zietzen, Major-General, are ready
for a fight;
Turban-spitting Element! Cross and Light-
ning get
Who has not found Fritz and his soldiers out
yet!

"Now adieu, Louisa! * — Louisa, dry your
eyes!
There 's not a soldier's life for every ball that
flies;
For if all the bullets singly hit their men,
Where could our Majesties get soldiers then?

"Now the hole a musket-bullet makes is
small, —
'T is a larger hole made by a cannon-ball;
But the bullets all are of iron and of lead,
And many a bullet goes for many overhead.

"'T is a right heavy calibre to our artillery,
And never goes a Prussian over to the enemy,
For 't is cursed bad money that the Swedes
have to pay;
Is there any better coin of the Austrian? —
who can say?

"The French are paid off in pomade by their
king,
But each week in pennies we get our reckon-
ing;
Sacrament of Cross and Lightning! Turbans,
spit away!
Who draws so promptly as the Prussian his
pay?"

With a laurel-wreath adorned, Fridericus my
King,
If you had only oftener permitted plundering,
Fridericus Rex, king and hero of the fight,
We would drive the Devil for thee out of
sight!

Among the songs which the military
ardor of this period stimulated, the best
are those by Gleim, (1719-1803), called
"Songs of a Prussian Grenadier." All
the literary men, Lessing not excepted,
were seized with the Prussian enthusiasm;

* His queen.

the pen ravaged the domain of sentiment to collect trophies for Father Friedrich. The desolation it produced in the attempt to write the word Glory could be matched only by the sword. But Gleim was a man of spirit and considerable power. The shock of Frederic's military successes made him suddenly drop the pen with which he had been inditing Anacreontics, and weak, rhymeless Horatian moods. His grenadier-songs, though often meagre and inflated, and marked with the literary vices of the time, do still account for the great fame which they acquired, as they went marching with the finest army that Europe ever saw. Here is a specimen:—

VICTORY-SONG AFTER THE BATTLE NEAR
PRAQUE.

Victoria! with us is God;
There lies the haughty foe!
He falls, for righteous is our God;
Victoria! he lies low.

'T is true our father* is no more,
Yet hero-like he went,
And now the conquering host looks o'er
From high and starry tent.

The noble man, he led the way
For God and Fatherland,
And scarce was his old head so gray
As valiant his hand.

With fire of youth and hero-craft
A banner snatching, he
Held it aloft upon its shaft
For all of us to see;

And said, — "My children, now attack, —
Take each redoubt and gun!"
And swifter than the lightning track
We followed, every one.

Alas, the flag that led the strife
Falls with him ere we win!
It was a glorious end of life:
O fortunate Schwerin!

And when thy Frederic saw thee low,
From out his sobbing breath

* Marshal Schwerin, seventy years of age, who was killed at the head of a regiment, with its colors in his hand, just as it crossed through the fire to the enemy's intrenchments.

His orders hurled us on the foe
In vengeance for thy death.

Thou, Henry,* wert a soldier true,
Thou foughtest royally!
From deed to deed our glances flew,
Thou lion-youth, with thee!

A Prussian heart with valor quick,
Right Christian was his mood:
Red grew his sword, and flowing thick
His steps with Pandour †-blood.

Full seven earth-works did we clear,
The bear-skins broke and fled;
Then, Frederic, went thy grenadier
High over heaps of dead:

Remembered, in the murderous fight,
God, Fatherland, and thee, —
Turned, from the deep and smoky night,
His Frederic to see,

And trembled, — with a flush of fear
His visage mounted high;
He trembled, not that death was near,
But lest thou, too, shouldst die:

Despised the balls like scattered seed,
The cannon's thunder-tone,
Fought fiercely, did a hero's deed,
Till all thy foes had flown.

Now thanks he God for all His might,
And sings, Victoria!
And all the blood from out this fight
Flows to Theresia.

And if she will not stay the plague,
Nor peace to thee concede,
Storm with us, Frederic, first her Prague,
Then to Vienna lead!

The love which the soldiers had for
Frederic survived in the army after all
the veterans of his wars had passed away.
It is well preserved in this camp-song:—

THE INVALIDES AT FATHER FREDERIC'S
GRAVE.

Here stump we round upon our crutches, round
our Father's grave we go,
And from our eyelids down our grizzled beards
the bitter tears will flow.

* The King's brother.

† A corps of foot-soldiers in the Austrian service, eventually incorporated in the army. They were composed of Servians, Croats, etc., inhabitants of the military frontier, and were named originally from the village of Pandúr in Lower Hungary, where probably the first recruits were gathered.

'T was long ago, with Frederic living, that we
got our lawful gains:
A meagre ration now they serve us, — life's no
longer worth the pains.

Here stump we round, deserted orphans, and
with tears each other see, —
Are waiting for our marching orders hence,
to be again with thee.

Yes, Father, only could we buy thee, with our
blood, by Heaven, yes, —
We Invalides, forlorn detachment, straight
through death would storming press!

When the German princes issued to
their subjects unlimited orders for Con-
stitutions, to be filled up and presented
after the domination of Napoleon was
destroyed, all classes hastened, fervid
with hope and anti-Gallic feeling, to
offer their best men for the War of Lib-
eration. Then the poets took again their
rhythm from an air vibrating with the can-
non's pulse. There was Germanic unity
for a while, fed upon expectation and the
smoke of successful fields. Most of the
songs of this period have been already
translated. Rückert, in a series of verses
which he called "Sonnets in Armor,"
gave a fine scholarly expression to the
popular desires. Here is his exultation
over the Battle of Leipsic:—

Can there no song
Roar with a might
Loud as the fight
Leipsic's region along?

Three days and three nights,
No moment of rest,
And not for a jest,
Went thundering the fights.

Three days and three nights
Leipsic Fair kept: Frenchmen who pleased
There with an iron yardstick were meas-
ured,
Bringing the reckoning with them to rights.

Three days and all night
A battue of larks the Leipsicker makes,
Every haul a hundred he takes,
A thousand each flight.

Ha! it is good,
Now that the Russian can boast no longer
He alone of us is stronger
To slake his steppes with hostile blood.

Not in the frosty North alone,
But here in Meissen,
Here at Leipsic on the Pleissen,
Can the French be overthrown.

Shallow Pleissen deep is flowing;
Plains upheaving,
The dead receiving,
Seem to mountains for us growing.

They will be our mountains never,
But this fame
Shall be our claim
On the rolls of earth forever.

What all this amounted to, when the
German people began to send in their con-
stitutional *cartes-blanches*, is nicely taken
off by Hoffman von Fallersleben, in this
mock war-song, published in 1842:—

All sing.

Hark to the beating drum!
See how the people come!
Flag in the van!
We follow, man for man.
Rouse, rouse
From hearth and house!
Ye women and children, good night!
Forth we hasten, we hasten to the fight,
With God for our King and Fatherland.

A night-patrol of 1813 sings.

O God! and why, and why,
For princes' whim, renown, and might,
To the fight?
For court-flies and other crows,
To blows?
For the nonage of our folk,
Into smoke?
For must-war-meal and class-tax,
To thwacks?
For privilege and censorship —
Hum —
Into battle without winking?
But — I was thinking —

All sing.

Hark to the beating drum!
See how the people come!
Flag in the van!
We follow, man for man:
In battle's roar
The time is o'er
To ask for reasons, — hear, the drum
Again is calling, — tum — tum — tum, —
With God for King and Fatherland.

Or to put it in two stanzas of his, written

on a visit to the Valhalla, or Hall of German Worthies, at Regensburg: —

I salute thee, sacred Hall,
Chronicle of German glory!
I salute ye, heroes all
Of the new time and the hoary!

Patriot heroes, from your sleep
Into being could ye pass!
No, a king would rather keep
Patriots in stone and brass.

The Danish sea-songs, like those of the English, are far better than the land-songs of the soldiers: but here is one with a true and temperate sentiment, which the present war will readily help us to appreciate. It is found in a book of Danish popular songs.* (*Herlig er Krigerens Færd.*)

Good is the soldier's trade,
For envy well made:
The lightning-blade
Over force-men he swingeth;
A loved one shall prize
The honor he bringeth;
Is there a duty?
That 's soldier's booty, —
To have it he dies.

True for his king and land
The Northman will stand;
An oath is a band, —
He never can rend it;
The dear coast, 't is right
A son should defend it;
For battle he burneth,
Death's smile he returneth,
And bleeds with delight.

Scars well set off his face, —
Each one is a grace;
His profit they trace, —
No labor shines brighter:
A wreath is the scar
On the brow of a fighter;
His maid thinks him fairer,
His ornament rarer
Than coat with a star.

Reaches the king his hand,
That makes his soul grand,
And fast loyal band
Round his heart it is slinging;
From Fatherland's good

* *Sange til Brug for blandede Selskaber*, samlede af FREDERIK SCHALDEMOSE. 1816. Songs for Use in Social Meetings, etc.

The motion was springing:
His deeds so requited,
Is gratefully lighted
A man's highest mood.

Bravery's holy fire,
Beam nobler and higher,
And light our desire
A path out of madness!
By courage and deed
We conquer peace-gladness:
We suffer for that thing,
We strike but for that thing,
And gladly we bleed.

But our material threatens the space we have at command. Four more specimens must suffice for the present. They are all favorite soldier-songs. The first is by Chamisso, known popularly as the author of "Peter Schlemihl's Shadow," and depicts the mood of a soldier who has been detailed to assist in a military execution: —

The muffled drums to our marching play.
How distant the spot, and how long the way!
Oh, were I at rest, and the bitterness through!
Methinks it will break my heart in two!

Him only I loved of all below, —
Him only who yet to death must go;
At the rolling music we parade,
And of me too, me, the choice is made!

Once more, and the last, he looks upon
The cheering light of heaven's sun;
But now his eyes they are binding tight:
God grant to him rest and other light!

Nine muskets are lifted to the eye,
Eight bullets have gone whistling by;
They trembled all with comrades' smart, —
But I — I hit him in his heart!

The next is by Von Holtei: —

THE VETERAN TO HIS CLOAK.

Full thirty years art thou of age, hast many a
storm lived through,
Brother-like hast round me tightened,
And whenever cannons lightened,
Both of us no terror knew.

Wet soaking to the skin we lay for many a
blessed night,
Thou alone hast warmth imparted,
And if I was heavy-hearted,
Telling thee would make me light.

My secrets thou hast never spoke, wert ever
still and true;
Every tatter did befriend me,
Therefore I'll no longer mend thee,
Lest, old chap, 't would make thee new.

And dearer still art thou to me when jests
about thee roll;
For where the rags below are dropping,
There went through the bullets popping, —
Every bullet makes a hole.

And when the final bullet comes to stop a
German heart,
Then, old cloak, a grave provide me,
Weather-beaten friend, still hide me,
As I sleep in thee apart.

There lie we till the roll-call together in the
grave:
For the roll I shall be heedful,
Therefore it will then be needful
For me an old cloak to have.

The next one is taken from a student-
song book, and was probably written in
1814: —

THE CANTEEN.

Just help me, Lottie, as I spring;
My arm is feeble, see, —
I still must have it in a sling;
Be softly now with me!
But do not let the canteen slip, —
Here, take it first, I pray, —
For when that 's broken from my lip,
All joys will flow away.

"And why for that so anxious? — pshaw!
It is not worth a pin:
The common glass, the bit of straw,
And not a drop within!"
No matter, Lottie, take it out, —
'T is past your reckoning:
Yes, look it round and round about, —
There drank from it — my King!

By Leipsic near, if you must know, —
'T was just no children's play, —
A ball hit me a grievous blow,
And in the crowd I lay;
Nigh death, they bore me from the scene,
My garments off they fling,
Yet held I fast by my canteen, —
There drank from it — my King!

For once our ranks in passing through
He paused, — we saw his face;

Around us keen the volleys flew,
He calmly kept his place.
He thirsted, — I could see it plain,
And courage took to bring
My old canteen for him to drain, —
He drank from it — my King!

He touched me on the shoulder here,
And said, "I thank thee, friend, —
Thy liquor gives me timely cheer, —
Thou didst right well intend."
O'erjoyed at this, I cried aloud,
"O comrades, who can bring
Canteen like this to make him proud? —
There drank from it — my King!"

That old canteen shall no one have,
The best of treasures mine;
Put it at last upon my grave,
And under it this line:
"He fought at Leipsic, whom this green
Is softly covering;
Best household good was his canteen, —
There drank from it — his King!"

And finally, a song for all the cam-
paigns of life: —

Morning-red! morning-red!
Lightest me towards the dead!
Soon the trumpets will be blowing,
Then from life must I be going,
I, and comrades many a one.

Soon as thought, soon as thought,
Pleasure to an end is brought:
Yesterday upon proud horses, —
Shot to-day, our quiet corses
Are to-morrow in the grave.

And how soon, and how soon,
Vanish shape and beauty's noon!
Of thy cheeks a moment vaunting,
Like the milk and purple flaunting, —
Ah, the roses fade away!

And what, then, and what, then,
Is the joy and lust of men?
Ever caring, ever getting,
From the early morn-light fretting
Till the day is past and gone.

Therefore still, therefore still
I content me, as God will:
Fighting stoutly, nought shall shake me:
For should death itself o'ertake me,
Then a gallant soldier dies.

FROUDE'S HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THE spirit of historical criticism in the present age is on the whole a charitable spirit. Many public characters have been heard through their advocates at the bar of history, and the judgments long since passed upon them and their deeds, and deferentially accepted for centuries, have been set aside, and others of a widely different character pronounced. Julius Cæsar, who was wont to stand as the model usurper, and was regarded as having wantonly destroyed Roman liberty in order to gratify his towering ambition, is now regarded as a political reformer of the very highest and best class,—as the man who alone thoroughly understood his age and his country, and who was Heaven's own instrument to rescue unnumbered millions from the misrule of an oligarchy whose members looked upon mankind as their proper prey. He did not overthrow the freedom of Rome, but he took from Romans the power to destroy the personal freedom of all the races by them subdued. He identified the interests of the conquered peoples with those of the central government, so far as that work was possible,—thus proceeding in the spirit of the early Roman conquerors, who sought to comprehend even the victims of their wars in the benefits which proceeded from those wars. This view of his career is a sounder one than that which so long prevailed, and which enabled orators to round periods with references to the Rubicon. It is not thirty years since one of the first of American statesmen told the national Senate that "Julius Cæsar struck down Roman liberty at Pharsalia," and probably there was not one man in his audience who supposed that he was uttering anything beyond a truism, though they must have been puzzled to discover any resemblance between "the mighty Julius" and Mr. Martin Van Buren, the gentleman whom the orator was cutting up, and who was actually in the chair while Mr. Calboun

was seeking to kill him, in a political sense, by quotations from Plutarch's *Lives*. We have learnt something since 1834 concerning Rome and Cæsar as well as of our own country and its chiefs, and the man who should now bring forward the conqueror of Gaul as a vulgar usurper would be almost as much laughed at as would be that man who should insist that General Jackson destroyed American liberty when he removed the deposits from the national bank. The facts and fears of one generation often furnish material for nothing but jests and jeers to that generation's successors; and we who behold a million of men in arms, fighting for or against the American Union, and all calling themselves Americans, are astonished when we read or remember that our immediate predecessors in the political world went to the verge of madness on the Currency question. Perhaps the men of 1889 may be equally astonished, when they shall turn to files of newspapers that were published in 1862, and read therein the details of those events that now excite so painful an interest in hundreds of thousands of families. Nothing is so easy as to condemn the past, except the misjudging of the present, and the failure to comprehend the future.

Men of a very different stamp from the first of the Romans have been allowed the benefits that come from a rehearsing of their causes. Robespierre, whose deeds are within the memory of many yet living, has found champions, and it is now admitted by all who can effect that greatest of conquests, the subjugation of their prejudices, that he was an honest fanatic, a man of iron will, but of small intellect, who had the misfortune, the greatest that can fall to the lot of humanity, to be placed by the force of circumstances in a position which would have tried the soundest of heads, even had that head been united with the purest