

any country in any war—was good enough once to discuss with me the respective qualities of the French and British infantry. Our conversation took place under circumstances which invited and won from him both sympathy and candour. He spoke of the soldiers of France in words so eloquent, so full of personal reminiscence, so charged with emotion, so vibrant with a wholly attractive pride, that for the first time I fully understood how deep and how pure are the wells from which the patriotism of this immortal nation is distilled. Then he began to speak of the British forces. Of these he made this penetrating observation: "To the British of all nations this singular tribute must be paid: that their infantry has never been engaged in any protracted war without a universal admission that it was the equal of any infantry in the world; and yet that it has never been afforded the supreme incentive to soldiers, that of fighting on their own soil, and for their own women and children at the moment and on the scene of their instant peril.

"In Flanders, under Marlborough, in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, under Wellington, your infantry have compelled the admiration of the world. And yet, my friend, they have never responded, as we have, to this appeal:—

"Soldiers! facing you are the men who still occupy the sacred soil of France: who have ravished your women: and murdered old men, your compatriots. Soldiers, advance to avenge your country and those of your blood and race whom a savage enemy has done to death!"

Deeply moved by a tribute made with so much feeling, tact, and sympathy, I ventured to ask,