

## STILL THE LADS OF WATERLOO.

A VAN SONG.

(Inscribed to the 42nd Highlanders \*)

Still the lads of Waterloo,  
 Burning braver deeds to do,  
 Lead us chieftain, lead us on,  
 Let us look our foes upon;  
 And if any be a base  
 From the foe to turn his face,  
 Let him seek, in shame, the rear,  
 Cowards are not wanted here.

Any thing but coward's shame,  
 Any thing but coward's name  
 Who would live to see the day  
 Britain looks a coward's way.

Honored living,—honoured dead,  
 What has bravery to dread;  
 Danger ever waits on fear,  
 Show us chieftain what to dare:  
 Sooner would we droop and die,  
 Neath the blaze of Afric's sky  
 Than degrade in barrack ease,  
 Valor due beyond the seas.

Any thing but coward's shame,  
 Any thing but coward's name;  
 Who would live abused for years,  
 Sweet in death a country's tears.

Though our brows be gashed, and gory,  
 If the blood that flows is glory,  
 Never shall it stain a tear,  
 But for comrade dying near;  
 And if in the stream that flows  
 From the breast where valor glows  
 Freedom fling her rarest flowers,  
 Welcome be the death that's ours.

Still the lads of Waterloo,  
 Burning braver deeds to do,  
 Lead us chieftain, lead us on,  
 Let us look our foes upon;  
 And if coward's heart shall quail,  
 And the dastard's spirit fail,  
 Let him seek, in shame, the rear,  
 Cowards are not wanted here.

Any thing but coward's shame,  
 Any thing but coward's name;  
 Who would live abused for years,  
 Sweet in death a country's tears.

FRANK JOHNSON.

Arco, E. Township, P. Q., Canada.

\* The regiment sent out against the Ashantees

## Military Honor.

The case of Colonel Valentine Baker, recently decided in England has attracted more attention, on account of the rank and influence of the person principally involved, than any similar case, with one exception, for several years. There has been no dispute as to the facts in the case, and the only feeling that has developed into a difference of opinion is that as to the adequacy or excess of punishment inflicted on the culprit before the law.

The facts as proven on the trial show that Colonel Baker, a cavalry officer of great distinction, belonging to a family lately prominent in the annals of daring and adventure, a favorite of the commander-in-chief, a friend of the royal family of his country, yielded all in a moment to a sudden temptation and committed an act unworthy of an officer and a gentleman, which has ruined him for life. It may be pleaded on his behalf, as it was by his friends, that he had no intention of the shameful crime of dishonoring a woman by force, and that his error was but that of mistaking the character of the person he assaulted. It may be recorded in his favor, however, that he himself attempted no such defence, and forborne that common resource of all base and cowardly men in like position, an attempt to blacken the character of the person he had injured. If Colonel Baker, in a moment of temptation, did one criminal and cowardly act, his whole life, before and since, as far as open to the view of his comrades, appears as that of a person to whom the act was foreign in his normal condition. Nevertheless, looking at the case with strict impartiality, we cannot but agree with the solemn words of

the judge who sentenced him, that to him, of all men a soldier in high command, an innocent girl should have been able to look for protection, from herself or him, her passions or his own.

The words of that judge are words that should echo in the heart of every officer in every service. The sentiment of military honor, the best part of the legacy left by mediæval chivalry, cannot be cherished too dearly. It is the one, the only spirit which ennobles army life. Without it a soldier is but a hired murderer paid so much a day to kill the men of some other nation. With it he gains that impalpable something, easily felt, not so easily defined, which makes him soldier and gentleman. Military honor impels him resistlessly to patience, fortitude, courage, temperance, chastity, probity, and that large charity and self-forgetfulness which would sacrifice life for the protection of the weak and helpless. All these virtues, utterly unknown among Greek or Roman soldierly, have descended to us from the chivalry of the Middle Ages and are embodied to day in our ideal of military honor. True, there are not many men, in commission or in ranks, that realize this ideal fully; but for all that, they are conscious of its existence, and it keeps them closer to the line than would otherwise be the case. The sole virtue esteemed in the armies of Rome was courage, and their military chiefs were invariably avaricious and vicious in civil life, from Caesar downward. The virtues of probity and self sacrifice, so universal in the officers of our modern English and American regular armies, are virtues descended from the chivalric idea. The defence of the weak and the protection of all women from harm is the grandest outcome of this idea, and it is a principle that has taken deep root in the ranks of our soldiery, however humble in extraction.

Against this deep-seated principle, Colonel Baker sinned, and his punishment is proportionately heavy. The offence was committed under excitement, possibly even under some influence of intoxication; certainly under circumstances of the most complete opportunity and temptation. Many another man might have done the same things and escaped punishment. And yet for this momentary lapse from an honorable life, Colonel Baker is utterly ruined, because he happened to be discovered in his sins. His commission probably gone, his name stricken from the Army List in disgrace, himself ostracised from every drawing room in London, with no new career open before him, and the knowledge that his life is forever blasted when he comes out of prison, and all for yielding to a single impulse of passion; no wonder that his fate seems to some, who only look at the enormous penalty, too hard.

But such things have happened before. Men of pure and spotless lives have ere this yielded to a sudden and overwhelming temptation for a moment, only to find their whole past and future career blighted forever. In one it is a murder in the heat of passion without witnesses, in another the sudden sight of a large sum of money capable of being seized without detection, in another, as in Colonel Baker's case, a woman alone with opportunity, is in question. But in none of these cases, especially the last, can the plea of temptation hold valid to excuse from punishment. Reverse the case, and let the woman yield, no matter how strong the temptation, and the world speedily sinks her in social infamy. While we may pity and mourn for the terrible penalty that has fallen on Colonel Baker, we none the

less recognize that in this, as in many another case, English justice has been perfect.—*Army and Navy Journal*.

## COLONEL VALENTINE BAKER.

Among the tragic incidents of our time few have produced a more painful effect than the crime and the condemnation of Colonel Valentine Baker. He was a member of a profession the name of which all instinctively associate with chivalry and honor. In that profession he held a distinguished place. He had served England gloriously on more than one famous field. He had earned a still rarer meed of praise by that careful and successful attention to the details of his profession which commonly implies especial steadiness and conscientiousness of character. His merits had raised him to a high and envied point of eminence. His sudden fall casts him down to a depth of infamy and misery. Such a spectacle shakes our confidence in the stability of honour. It makes us mistrust the power of the most elevating influence to preserve us from succumbing to the coarsest of temptations. It makes the best of men ask himself with trembling whether in his own heart there may not lurk some treacherous propensity which in the plenitude of moral security, on the pinnacle of reputation, in the arms of affection and friendship, may suddenly betray him to his moral and social ruin. It warns us how beneath the hollow surface of our civilization still glow the barbarous passions of savage men.

No special appeal to the integrity of the English judiciary or the trustworthiness of English courts is needed to assure us that Colonel Baker had a fair trial. Yet the circumstances were such that, in an important sense, his trial could hardly be satisfactory. By the rules of English procedure the prisoner could not be examined, and if ever there was case in which the examination of the prisoner was necessary to the formation of a right opinion as to the real degree of his criminality, this was one. Two persons were by themselves in a railway carriage. What passed between them could be known to no other human being. The accuser is brought into court to tell her own story against the accused. If there are any extenuating circumstances on his side they must be of such a character that, apart from any desire to injure him or to deviate from truth, he is compelled by every instinct of her nature to suppress them. Her evidence is unchecked, the lips of the accused being sealed. Public sympathy is entirely in her favour, and openly manifests itself in the presence of the Court. It is so strong that she can hardly be subjected even to the ordinary test of cross examination. The counsel for the prisoner is obliged to treat her with studious forbearance and to abstain from pressing her as he would a common witness. Moral justice, therefore, will hardly confine its scrutiny to the mere legal evidence. It will consider probabilities and endeavoring to bring what is proved to have occurred into harmony at least with the laws of human nature.

That Colonel Baker should have been guilty of the monstrous crime with which he was charged in the first count of the indictment seems to us totally incredible. It is creditable at least only on the hypothesis of his actual insanity. When urged to crime by violent passion men will no doubt run a great risk of detection. But only a madman would commit capital felony with the absolute certainty of detection and punishment staring him in the face. Colonel Baker must have known that if he perpe-