

pretty certain that he is not what we have imagined, and that many things we have thought of him are quite beside the mark. What he does we have seen, but we have no idea what may have been his thoughts and intentions. The mere surface of his character may be exposed, but of the complexity within we have not the faintest idea. People crammed with self-consciousness and self-conceit are often praised as humble, while shy and reserved people are judged to be proud. Some whose whole life is one subtle studied selfishness get the name of self-sacrifice, and other silent heroic souls are condemned for want of humanity.

*Admit Errors made.*—A man should never be ashamed to say he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

*Copy of a Letter from Admiral Lord St. Vincent to Commander Fane.*

DEAR FRANCIS,—

Admiralty, 21st May, 1802.

I had not an opportunity to give you a few hints touching your conduct as a Commander, before you left town, which induces me to address them to you in a short letter.

Complacency to your officers is the best principle you can act upon respecting them, taking especial care neither to be familiar with them, nor allowing familiarity on their part towards you; the best means of avoiding these evils is, to observe a certain degree of ceremony upon all occasions, which may be done without imposing restraint on them. To the inferior officers and men your humanity and good sense will naturally induce you to show all manner of kindness consistent with the preservation of good order and due execution of the service. Upon complaint being made of any irregularity, investigate it with temper, and never delegate these investigations to a Lieutenant, much less the infliction of punishment, which never ought to take place but when absolutely necessary, and the strictest decorum observed in the conduct of it; and, whatever your feelings are, nothing like passion ought to appear.

An expensive way of living having crept into the service during the late war, I cannot avoid stating my decided opinion that it has done more injury to the Navy than can be described in a letter. I therefore recommend strongly to you to limit your table to what is decent and proper, equally avoiding profusion and variety, and never to sit long after dinner. It is almost universally the custom for the Captain to dine with the Lieutenants once a week. I never approved of it; but perhaps it will be difficult for you to decline such an invitation without subjecting yourself to a charge of singularity; and probably the lesser evil will be in complying with the usual practice, taking care not to be drawn into long sittings or familiar discussions. I am sure you will take this sermon in good part, though it has far exceeded the bounds of my intention; and heartily wishing you all manner of prosperity, be assured

I am, &c.,

ST. VINCENT.

*Copy of a Letter from General the Duke of Richmond to Admiral Lord St. Vincent.*

MY DEAR SIR,—

Ramner Camp, near Dorking, 6th August, 1780.

As it is by no means a matter of indifference to me whether my nephew receives the best education possible at sea, or the common one, which is very bad, I must rejoice at his being with you, where he will be made both a seaman and a gentleman. Good sense in education is rarely met with, and unreasonable severity and total neglect are the extremities which are oftener fallen into than that *just medium* observed on board the "Foudroyant"; for *even attention without judgment is of little avail*. From the little I have seen, and the much I have heard, I am convinced that Lord Gerald is a very lucky young man to have been received by you.

I am, &c.,

RICHMOND.

[*Enclosure to Section D.*]

EXTRACTS FROM SOME NOTES ON THE GOOD SIDE OF "MILITARISM."

By an officer who, after serving for six years in pre-war days as an officer in the Royal Artillery, then retired and went to Oxford in order to study theology with the object of eventually taking holy orders. He enlisted in August, 1914, obtained his commission, and was killed in October, 1916.

I had a letter the other day from an Oxford friend. It was in this phrase: "I loathe militarism in all its forms." Somehow it took me back quite suddenly to the days before the war, to ideas that I had almost completely forgotten. I suppose that in those days the great feature of those of us who tried to be "in the forefront of modern thought" was their righteous egotism, their anarchical insistence on the claims of the individual at the expense even of law, order, society, and convention. "Self-realization" we considered the primary duty of every man and woman.

And then I thought of what I had seen only a few days before. First, of battalions of men marching in the darkness, steadily and in step, towards the roar of the guns, destined in the next twelve hours to charge as one man, without hesitation or doubt, through barrages of cruel shell and storms of murderous bullets. Then, the following afternoon, of a handful of men, all that was left of about three battalions after ten hours of fighting, a handful of men exhausted, parched, strained, holding on with grim determination to the last bit of German trench, until they should receive the order to retire. And, lastly, on the days and nights following, of the constant streams of wounded and dead being carried down the trench; of the unceasing search that for three or four days was never fruitless.