

LORD KITCHENER

HIS WORK AND HIS PRESTIGE

by

HENRY D. DAVRAY

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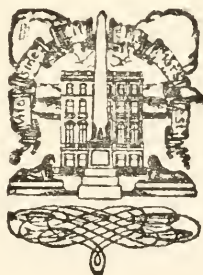
HIS WORK AND HIS PRESTIGE

By HENRY D. DAVRAY

WITH A PREFATORY LETTER *by*

S. E. MONSIEUR PAUL CAMBON

AMBASSADOR OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC



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THE FRENCH EMBASSY,
LONDON,
21st November, 1916.

SIR,

I have read with a keen interest your study of Lord Kitchener. I have been for a long time in touch with that great servant of his country, but after the beginning of the war we were brought closer together, and had frequently to meet to discuss the manifold questions which were continually confronting our Governments and the military authorities. This grave, silent, rarely smiling man, who seemed a stranger to all emotion, displayed in personal contact qualities of the heart and a sensibility of which no one, at

first, would have thought him capable. Reserved and secret as he was with men whose character he had not tested, he was open and confiding with those whose honesty and discretion he had been able to appreciate. With them he was in no dread of expressing himself, and he would listen to objections and bring to a discussion a surprising sincerity, frankness, and even gaiety.

In public or with his subordinates his calm was imperturbable. He was cold and never relaxed, because he had the art of making men obey him. He knew that authority can only be won by commanding respect, and that excessive familiarity, empty words, and an effusive manner detract from the power to command. His impassivity was deliberate, and, as a leader must never show signs of a moment's hesitation, his orders were curt and precise, and he never went back on an order once it was given.

When he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army, he summoned his new Staff and addressed them in the following words: "You have six months in which to learn Arabic. Those who do not know it in that time will have to go." At the end of the six months all his officers spoke the language of the country fluently.

A strong will, a clear head, and also, it should be said, an uncommon aptness in judgment, gave him the authority and the prestige which he used at the outbreak of war in making that appeal to England to which the country responded with so huge an impulse.

Lord Kitchener was one of the most faithful friends of France. He had never for a moment doubted that directly we were threatened with unjust aggression, England would fall in by our side. Some years before the war he said to one of his French

friends, who told me of it at the time, "We shall march with France, and once we are in it we shall not loosen our hold, and shall go on to the end, but we shall need time to get ready. France must not be impatient."

It is good to give France a picture of this fine soldierly figure, and I wish your book the success it deserves.

I am, Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

PAUL CAMBON.

Lord Kitchener :

His Work and His Prestige

THE tragic end of Lord Kitchener flung England into a stupor. The news reached London at lunch-time. The rumour ran through the rooms of the club in which I was sitting, and no one could believe it. Soon the members were all huddled and pressed round the board on which the news is pinned, and there was silence. Those at the back in hushed voices asked the men in front of them : "Is it true?" Keen anxiety was in the question. "Read it aloud!" cried the man next to me, who was too short to see. A voice read : ". . . I have to report with deep regret that H.M.S. *Hampshire* (Captain Herbert J. Savill, R.N.), with Lord Kitchener and his Staff on board, was sunk last night about 8 o'clock, to the west of the Orkneys, either by a mine or torpedo. . . ."

There was no room for doubt : the telegram was official : it came from the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, and was issued by the Secretary of the Admiralty. All emotion was suppressed and few words passed : "Sad news !

. . . Too sudden. . . . What a tragic end !” And in spite of the proud English self-control, the faces of these men were downcast ; their tongues were silent, but their features were eloquent. Some of them were seen trying to meet the eyes of a friend, craving sympathy, hoping for comfort, relief from a too suffocating torment.

In the streets the news had not yet reached the public. But suddenly the little low cars of the evening papers darted out from among the great 'buses from the Strand into the expanse of Trafalgar Square. From the front seat, beside the driver who slowed down a little, a distributor flung the parcels of papers to the vendors, who caught them and unfolded the contents bills which they fix to a piece of wood they hold in front of them by a rope, like an apron. On the white paper were enormous letters. “ Death of Lord Kitchener,” said one. “ Lord Kitchener Drowned,” said another more precisely. The passers-by, who, as a rule, cast a disillusioned glance at these announcements, stopped now and bought a paper, and read it then and there. The news was in the stop press column. Suddenly it was as though all these men and women had received a stunning blow on the head which made them for a moment lose consciousness of their surroundings. The taxis

stopped, drivers and passengers got down ; the 'buses were emptied, and soon there were no papers left, and those who had been unable to buy them peered over the shoulders of the others. An officer in khaki, with Staff tabs at collar and cuffs, rushed up from the Underground. He started back in front of a placard fixed to a railing, and darted into a crowd, from which he emerged in a moment with a green paper which he unfolded and stood reading on the kerb. He read the news : his arms dropped, and he raised his head, bewildered, haggard. He had gone a strange earthy colour. He looked as though he were tottering on his long legs. But he recovered himself, and with staring eyes strode away.

A few moments later, in a wide street in a thickly populated district, the scene was somewhat different. The stupor had already passed into anger expressed in imprecations against the Germans ; and tearful women moaned approval of the threats and wrathful phrases uttered. The communiqué spoke of a mine *or* a torpedo : the public soon made up its mind : conversations I had with various passers-by left no room for doubt on that score. It had been done by the Germans ! The tall, portly policeman whom I questioned avowed it bluntly. It was useless to argue, to urge that it might have been a mine

broken loose in a storm or drifted after the naval battle, if such an explanation was not too extravagant. To urge such an hypothesis was enough to call down suspicion, and from that to being mobbed, or even lynched, is a short step. One must sympathise whole-heartedly with the grief of the people.

In the evening a persistent rumour went the rounds. Lord Kitchener had been found, he had been saved. This was not said tentatively, but categorically. Yet, hours passed and no communiqué confirmed this unconsidered hope, for the Admiralty would not have published the tragic news had it not been certain. But the rumour was soon traced to its source. During some ceremony that afternoon, the Lord Mayor had alluded to the event in the course of a speech, saying that the great soldier was not dead, but would live on in his work. Only the first half of the sentence was repeated, ran from lip to lip, so that in a very short time the whole City was convinced that its desire had been fulfilled.

Next morning the papers followed these two currents of opinion. One side, accepting the doubt reflected by the Admiralty—mine or torpedo—refrained from laying the blame upon anybody. The other made definite accusations. One of the most serious of the dailies declared

abruptly that Lord Kitchener had received his death "at the hands of the enemy." Another, well known for its noisy headlines, ascribed the catastrophe to the "London Huns at Large," and clamoured for their internment. It roundly asserted what everyone had been muttering the night before, that Lord Kitchener's projected journey had been known to many people long enough beforehand for the enemy to have been warned, and to be able to intercept the boat. Since then the Admiralty has issued a note giving as the official version that the *Hampshire* struck a mine.

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The end of Lord Kitchener is wrapped in singularly strange circumstances. It seemed likely that the soldier who began his career in the service of France against the very enemy who has now assailed her, might chance to find a glorious death on the battlefield, in one of those corners of the world where he had led troops or whole armies; but he used often to say that he would die quietly in his bed. Fate has decreed against probability. The creator and leader of the field armies of the British Empire had a disembowelled vessel of war for his coffin, and he rests in the silence and stillness beneath the waves over which

Britannia with her trident holds her redoubtable dominion.

This shipwreck in the tempest, in the mists of the Orkneys, has a legendary quality which exactly fits the personality and career of the vanished victim. In our scientific age, with its kinematograph and wireless telegraphy, romantic figures are becoming rare: pitiless reality leaves no room for fantasy, and life seems to have lost all that constituted its mystery. Nevertheless Lord Kitchener succeeded—perhaps inadvertently—in wrapping himself round with a personal glamour which kept him remote from contact with the crowd. In other times he might have been a Charlemagne or a Roland, a haloed paladin or a fabulous hero; in our time the rather cold dignity of his aspect, the grave rigidity of his mien, the care—or rather the taste—he had for the avoiding of everything familiar and cheapening, and the uncompromising tenacity with which he pursued his career as a soldier, gave him a sort of protective inaccessibility which seemed peculiarly to please popular sentiment.

His reputation was built on an unshakable base. By crushing the power of the Mahdists he avenged one of the most bloody affronts ever put upon British arms, and, at the same time, firmly planted British dominion in Egypt. The memory

of the noble figure of Gordon and of the long siege of Khartoum was like a thorn in the side of British pride, and the Upper Valley of the Nile was a tempting bait on the Cape to Cairo route. On the morrow of the victory of Omdurman Lord Rosebery briefly announced the twofold result: "If I were to sum up all that I could say in praise of the Sirdar himself it would be this—that he has written a new page of British history, and that he has blotted out an old one." By his success, the crown of long and patient preparations, the victorious general won the imperishable gratitude of the nation, and when, as a reward, he was raised to the Peerage, he made a most happy choice in selecting as his title the name of his victory which was to obliterate the painful memory of an avenged defeat. Lord Kitchener of Khartoum—K. of K. as he was called for short—henceforth had his niche in the pantheon of English military heroes.

The prouder and more generous a nation is, the more deeply does it resent an injury to its pride; and its gratitude is only the keener to those who not only give it revenge for past affronts, but add a few more leaves to its crown of glory. It is known how Lord Wellington was laden with honours.

In the squares of London there are statues which, if they give but an indifferent idea of English sculpture, go to prove that

this Kingdom without an army nevertheless produces military genius. Generally the pedestal is laconically adorned with a name and two dates, at which the foreigner gazes and passes on, after a glance at his guide, which gives him the information he will very soon forget. And, indeed, if one took an acrid pleasure in asking an English companion about these quaint monuments, he would be certainly embarrassed, and would have to rummage in the litter of his memories for some vague information, the exactness of which he would not pretend to guarantee. He would pass these statues every day, without so much as raising his eyes. The soldiers depicted in effigy did their duty, and had good luck, and the nation paid its debt, and when it becomes necessary to suppress a revolt in some distant colony a general will be found to lead to victory the little army which polices the Empire.

England has no territorial ambition in Europe, where the ships of her Fleet are enough to check covetous desires, which are hardly likely to arise, and if they did she could obtain all the soldiers she needed by appealing to the goodwill of her sons. Did she not, in the South African War, need half a million whom she had no difficulty in enlisting? When it is all over a few titles are bestowed, and a few statues erected; and the soldiers who enlisted for

the duration of hostilities return to their places in civil life. As for the regular contingent, the recruiting sergeants find enough loafers and social wreckage at the street corners to keep it going. Military discipline is a very good thing for these "scallywags" and "good-for-nothings"; and if men have to go out to be killed, it is better that they should go than those who are more useful to society and to national prosperity. By reason of its composition the pre-war army constituted a remarkably well equipped and well trained force, composed of indomitable warlike soldiers, proud to fight for their King and country; perhaps it held no very high place in the esteem of a nation that gave all her pride and dilection to her Navy; but, on the other hand, there was no stint of rewards and ovation for the leaders who had successfully conducted the colonial expeditions for which the rudimentary regular army was maintained.

But if it was generous in its favours to those who had fought for it, the English democracy was very offstanding with anything that even at a distance looked like militarism. Just as it minimised as a career the military duties of subalterns and the ranks, so it took a very jealous care that the victorious general should be kept out of public life and political struggles. No doubt it was so as to deprive him of

every excuse for mixing in these things that he was granted every conceivable reward and title. If, after that, he still showed any signs of personal interference, nothing was easier than to mark him out in popular estimation as an intriguer, as a creature of insatiable ambition ; but this expedient was only to be resorted to in extreme cases. In spite of the immense popularity of Lord Roberts, for instance, he had no effect on the public, who refused to listen to his constant objurgations in favour of compulsory military service. In spite of the energy and the tenacity with which he pursued his campaign, he was only supported by a few far-seeing individuals, and was, for the rest, a voice in the wilderness. It needed the tragic pressure of events to force the realisation of his plans, and this was the work undertaken and successfully carried through by Lord Kitchener.

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There was no man more capable than he of fulfilling the task, and perhaps for no other man would the nation so readily have consented to make such sacrifices. No politician, however eminent, eloquent, worthy, talented, enjoyed so unassailable a popularity with the entire nation. So unanimous a favour admits of something disconcerting. Why and how did it come

to Lord Kitchener? He had made no effort to win it. He was seen very little in public, and that little was against the grain with him. His friends were very few, and he hardly ever went into society. He was a stranger to political intrigues, and, as he scorned them, he was astonished when their repercussion reached himself. And yet, the fact is indisputable: Kitchener had conquered the imagination of the public; he had won the confidence of the nation, and his death proved also that he was assured of its grateful affection. It was the result of a certain mastery, and the men who achieve it are justly called great. It takes nothing from their merit to speak of chance or a lucky star. Cleverness and audacity, obstinacy and cunning sometimes help ambitious men without greatness to reach exalted positions; but in troubled times, in tragic epochs, it is rarely that the arrivists of intrigue are equal to the measure of their task. Events only support those who add to the gifts of nature the force and nobility of character.

The popularity enjoyed by Lord Kitchener is due to manifold causes, both of circumstance and character. The least readily acknowledged of these causes and not the least powerful is that there were revealed in him the most obvious of the traditional characteristics of the Anglo-

Saxon. It is said that he was an Irishman. That is not exactly true. He was Irish as a man of pure Auvergnat stock might be said to be a Lorrainer because he was born on the banks of the Moselle. The fact that Mr. Lloyd George was born at Manchester during the short residence there of his parents does not make him any the less a Welshman, with all the characteristics of the Celtic race. Now Lord Kitchener displayed none of these characteristics, and it is impossible to imagine a more perfect contrast than the Secretary for War and the Minister of Munitions who was to succeed him.

As green Erin shares with Scotland the reputation of having provided most of the great generals of the United Kingdom, it was, perhaps, a trick on the part of Fate to arrange for the birth there of the man who was to give to the British Isles the most formidable military power they have ever had. Though the future Marshal—Horatio Herbert, as he was christened—was born in County Kerry, it was only because his father had been sent there to command the 13th Regiment of Dragoons. But Colonel Kitchener was of pure English stock, of the Eastern Counties; he had married the daughter of a Suffolk clergyman, the Rev. Dr. John Chevallier, whose ancestors were perhaps of Norman origin or came from the Huguenot refugees.

It is very sure that Lord Kitchener showed none of the jovial humour of the Hibernian; but there is no reason to believe that the inhabitants of East Anglia, the country of his forebears on both sides, were by nature silent, cold, and frigid; it should not be forgotten that Sir John Falstaff was an East Anglian, and that among other illustrious compatriots are Nelson and Cardinal Wolsey, Walpole and Dr. Jenner, the painters Gainsborough and Constable, and the poets Cowper, Crabbe and Tennyson.

From beginning to end of his career, two dominant qualities stand out in Lord Kitchener: firm patience and a tenacious will, which are, perhaps, not at all characteristic of the Irish. Another marked feature, which is entirely contrary to the Celtic temperament, is the complete lack of idealism, perhaps also of imagination; on the other hand, he had a fund of solid common sense, lucid perspicacity, and an exact sense of realities.

One little incident throws light upon this point. In the House of Lords, during his account of the course of military operations, Lord Kitchener used the phrase, *shell-torn trenches*, to the astonishment of his hearers. As he was reading from a type-written copy it was supposed that this stylistic elegance was the doing of a fastidious secretary. To settle the matter

a literary noble Lord borrowed his notes from him for a moment, but was confronted with the fact that this particular phrase was added in the Minister's own hand. When this was remarked upon, Kitchener looked surprised. "But," his colleague insisted, "*shell-torn trenches* is a poetic expression. . ." Kitchener stared at him with his blue eyes, and replied, without a smile: "Were the trenches *torn* by the shells? Yes. Very well." It did not matter to him that an adjective so fashioned had a poetic ring: it expressed a reality in a curt and precise form. Very well. He would use it. That is all!

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It has been said that Lord Kitchener had served in the ranks of the French Army in 1870; this is one of the reasons for his exceptional popularity in France, and the episode is worthy of narration; it redounds to the honour of the young officer who so early showed a sympathy with my country, which he maintained faithfully throughout his life.

When he had finished his studies at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, while he was waiting for his commission, young Kitchener went out to join his family at Dinan, in Brittany.

Just at that time the Government of

the National Defence was raising those armies which, in the noble words of Gambetta, were to show the world what "a great people who will not die" can do. And, let it not be forgotten, these improvised regiments inflicted humiliating reverses on the German armies before whom had capitulated leaders whose criminal incompetence had rendered the heroic efforts of Faidherbe and Chanzy, D'Aurelle de Paladines and Bourbaki useless.

Was popular patriotism so strong and enthusiastic that the contagion infected the young man fresh from his Military College, or was it only curiosity to go to the front and to see how war was made? Whichever may be true, H. H. Kitchener, with his elder brother, enlisted in the sixth battalion of the "mobiles des Côtes-du-Nord," which was attached to the second army of the Loire, and shortly despatched to Laval.

With his energetic and active temperament the young man turned to good account the knowledge he had acquired at Woolwich. In such circumstances, where valour and personal merit have every chance of asserting themselves, and of winning recognition and rewards, Kitchener no doubt should have distinguished himself at the very outset of his career by the part he took in the Western campaign; but it is said that after an ascent in a balloon he was sent to hospital with pneu-

monia, and from there packed off home to Dinan. There the care of his family soon put him on his legs again, and on January 4, 1871, he received his commission as a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, and it was not until twelve years later, in January, 1883, that he was at last promoted to captain's rank.

It was for having served under Chanzy that Lord Kitchener was decorated with the 1870 combatant's medal. He was particularly proud of it, and when he went to France and visited our lines he never failed to wear it on his tunic, together with our Croix de Guerre and the Légion d'Honneur, and no other decoration.

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His prophecy of a long war was generally regarded as an illusion, if not a jest. Lord Esher, who met him a few days after he had taken possession of the War Office, tells the story. The new Minister set to work at once on his preparations for a three years' war; and when he was confronted with astonishment, he gave this explanation: "The Germans may reach Paris, but it will not be like 1870 this time. It will be a long struggle if we want to go to the end. If the Germans take Paris the French armies will retire behind the Loire, and we shall retire with them. But in

two years from now we, Great Britain, will throw our last million men into the scale, and we shall win!" In foreseeing the worst, he perceived how great an effort had to be made, and was convinced of victory in the end. It was enough for him to enumerate the possible eventualities, and to be ready for terrible possibilities, and he left to others all the talk about the causes and responsibilities of the war, and the discussion of the abstractions with which we cover and cloak the horrible reality.

But before the war the work accomplished by Lord Kitchener was formidable enough. He had to his credit the conquest and pacification of the Soudan; the ending of the South African war, and the pacification of that country; the complete recasting of the military administration in India, which he left considerably reinforced and improved; the creation of the Australian Army; and finally the military and civil reorganisation of Egypt. In carrying out these tasks he never troubled himself with complicated or cloudy theories, but was content to bring to bear on the business he had tackled all his good sense and strong will. Sometimes he needed a prodigious obstinacy. For fourteen years he stuck to his project of taking Khartoum and avenging Gordon; he never lost sight of it, never stopped working at it, in

spite of the opposition shown him by the Government in the metropolis, and the authorities at Cairo.

If his temperament inclined him to patience, he learned also how to wait without being diverted from his end. At the beginning of his career his advancement was very slow. He remained a lieutenant much longer than other officers of the same age: it is true that, like Joffre, he was in the Engineers, and that immediately on leaving Woolwich he was attached to a topographical mission which worked for many years in Palestine, and other regions in Asia Minor, from which it was difficult for the young officer to keep an eye on the promotion tables. On the other hand, he turned his circumstances to account in learning Arabic with a thoroughness which made it possible for him quickly to make up lost time in the Egyptian Army, and, when he had attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, to succeed Sir Frederick Grenfell as Sirdar. From that time on he was in a position to make his mark, and he set to work.

The British Government was then represented at Cairo by Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer. Having seen Kitchener at work he put perfect trust in him, and their relations could not be better characterised than by the despatch addressed by the Chief to his subordinate on the eve

of the battle of Atbara: "Whatever you do, and whatever may happen, I will support you. You are the best judge of the situation." As he neared his end, Kitchener obtained *carte blanche*: he had only to conquer.

However, whenever there was a question of an expedition to the Soudan, the politicians of every party in England raised an outcry, and even Sir Evelyn had seemed up till then to share their view. Kitchener alone regarded the expedition as inevitable, and he was inflexibly resolved to embark on it. He received encouragement from various quarters. In 1892, six years before Omdurman, Sir Samuel Baker, an old friend of Gordon and one of the leading champions of British dominion over the valley of the Nile, wrote to him:

"MY DEAR KITCHENER,—As I feel sure that the task of regaining the Soudan will fall to yourself, and by its success will sustain the good fortune which, I trust, will ever favour you through simple merit alone, I send you some remarks on 'Military Routes towards Berber.'

"The memoranda may be of service to you some day, when active operations shall be determined upon. My opinion is very strong upon the necessity of quietly preparing for the event beforehand, so that

when the moment shall arrive, the success may be accomplished without loss of time.

“ In all our recent expeditions one notes a general absence of military science. You will have the opportunity of preparing for a blow, and delivering it with undoubted result, which will bring honour upon the force you command and to yourself.

“ Ever sincerely yours,

“ SAMUEL W. BAKER.”

This letter and Lord Cromer's despatch show with a laconic eloquence the degree of confidence which the young Sirdar had the art of inspiring. Henceforth it was always said of him: “ No man but Kitchener could do it.” He became the indispensable man.

Whenever the country was in a difficult position, public opinion clamoured for Kitchener, and the Government sought his assistance. So when the European War broke out, everywhere the three syllables of his name were uttered as a magic formula. Their literal meaning vanished: they took on the quality of an incantation: they were dazzling in their effect: “ It's Kitchener we want ! ”

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But he was already at the post from which death was to snatch him. During the last tragic days of July, when the abominable German perpetrated his crime and murdered peace, the English Ministers saw looming ahead a situation in which their pacific will could not prevail against the bellicose and cupidinous folly of the German nation.

Certain difficulties in domestic politics had some time before led the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, to take charge of the War Office. But what sufficed for times of peace was not enough if war should break out, and the European situation soon appeared hopeless. Lord Haldane, who was Lord Chancellor, was the first to mention the name of Kitchener. During his term at the War Office, from 1906 to 1912, Lord Haldane had very successfully applied to the administration of the Army his great talents as an organiser, and he more than any other man could appreciate the merits of Lord Kitchener. Chance, or rather good luck, so willed it that the Sirdar was then on leave in England, and he did not return to the banks of the Nile. Mr. Asquith asked him to help, and, even before war was declared, Lord Kitchener was already at work ; his official appoint-

ment was only delayed by the legitimate scruples of the Foreign Office.

He accepted as a duty the task that was urged upon him, and settled at the War Office to accomplish a task similar to that which he had carried through in India and Egypt, but this time on an infinitely vaster scale. On the whole, he knew very little about British administration. The Ministerial department of which he took charge was arranged for troops which, including the reserves, did not exceed half a million men. Of course, for some years previously Lord Haldane had instituted certain reforms: he had created a General Staff, and put it into communication with ours; he had organised the Expeditionary Force so as to make it ready for a sudden mobilisation, and the Territorial regiments were reinforced and reorganised; but it was only a drop in the bucket compared with the enormous number of effectives demanded by the new warfare.

It may be said that at the outset Kitchener was alone in his opinion. Distinguished officers proposed to maintain the Expeditionary Force by means of constant reinforcements raised by voluntary enlistments, in accordance with the methods always employed by Great Britain. The existing military organisation hardly allowed of anything more. Since the United

Kingdom was undeniably unprepared in any way for a great Continental war, it was preferable to put up with the available resources. Besides, would not the crisis be over before the new British armies could be thrown into the scale? It takes several months to turn into soldiers men who have never had even the rudiments of military instruction. Where were the instructors to come from? Where were the Staffs to be found? There were neither non-commissioned officers nor officers to command the men. Besides, it was urged against the Minister, there were no reserves of equipment or munitions, and the private contractors had neither the factories nor the workshops to make guns, cannon, ammunition, and all the fantastic material required by modern armies: it would be much better to put up with doing the best possible with the available material, and to count on the country's goodwill. It would be too risky a venture to set up armies on the Continental model.

Kitchener had never served in England, and the mysteries of the War Office were a closed book to him. For his conquest of the Soudan he had had to make his machinery from the very beginning. In South Africa, as Chief of Staff to Lord Roberts and later as Commander-in-Chief, he had with inflexible power elaborated

and utilised the resources at the disposal of military science. When democratic and socialist Australia imposed on every citizen the duty of taking up arms in defence of the country, Kitchener was the creator of its military administration. In Egypt he had completely re-cast the army, and had made the wheels of civil bureaucracy run more smoothly. In short, in the exercise of these various functions, he had had either to build up from the bottom or to use an almost discretionary power. It was in India especially that he had been confronted with real difficulties. In India there existed an old military organisation, comfortably stagnant and unwilling to suffer the disturbance of its quietude without resistance.

The veterans and old officials, highly specialised and drowsing over their routine, wagged their heads and predicted the most dire consequences which must infallibly be provoked by a man who knew nothing of the native races and their customs. In such a position it was necessary to have the experience of a lifetime.

However, the new Commander-in-Chief proceeded with the changes he thought necessary, and no disturbance, no trouble with the native population arose. The only conflict which ensued came from a disagreement between Kitchener and the military adviser to the Viceroy, the

champion of tradition. Kitchener silently pursued his way, ignored every intrigue, and resisted political influences. Finally, the Unionist Government decided in his favour, and Lord Curzon resigned, regarding the decision as a disavowal of himself. On Lord Kitchener's suggestion, the Indian Army was increased from four to nine divisions without any increase of expenditure and by simply making a better use of existing resources. A special Staff School was founded, and henceforth the troops were led by the officers who would command them in the face of the enemy.

The pillars of the War Office in London had an entirely different conception from Lord Kitchener, and no doubt they did not receive his arrival without apprehension. But, if they tried to force their point of view on him, they were no more successful than their colleagues in India. Apart from the insufficient Expeditionary Force there was nothing: Kitchener set himself to make everything. No argument could turn him from his idea; no objection could weigh against his decision. With remarkable prescience, due perhaps to the fact that he had few ideas, but those clear and simple, he had reckoned that ultimate success could only be obtained by throwing innumerable armies into the fray, and he set to work to procure recruits and to transform them into soldiers, equipped,

armed, and furnished with all the necessary material. He was told over and over again that he was attempting an impossible miracle ; he did not stop to argue, because he thought himself capable of achieving this miracle. Having succeeded in creating armies in other parts of the Empire, why should he not succeed in the Mother Country ? His prediction of a three years' war was only a simple announcement of the plan which he was about to carry into execution.

§

What Lord Kitchener was can be deduced from what he did. He was not the kind of man to romanticise himself, or to seek the limelight : *Si vis deus esse, late ut deus*, and he was called " The Great Unapproachable." In public he was austere, grave, but never gruff or morose. Self-contained, his attention never wandered, and he was never absorbed but in one idea at a time, like a searchlight, which does not illumine the whole sky but concentrates its shaft of light on one point. His gaze was somewhat strange, due, no doubt, to a slight divergence of the visual axes—a gaze which no one talking to him could wholly " meet," however boldly he might stare. The Sphinx must look like that. The rigid features, the strange eyes, the strong moustache above the solid jaw,

gave his face an expression which did not invite familiarity. But beneath the exterior, "the man of steel and silence" probably concealed shyness, a lack of sociability, the awkwardness and reserve natural to a man who has had no opportunity to acquire the ease and urbanity which comes from moving in society. During his boyhood and youth Kitchener knew little of the capital, and was limited to the provincial circles of his family. Soon after leaving the Military College at Woolwich he was sent to Asia Minor, where he stayed many years, and his whole career was spent far away from refined and gentle society. He had an Alcestian dislike of society, and displayed a blind animosity to the type of elegant and monocled officer. He did not believe, apparently, that it was possible to be a soldier and a man of the world; he did not even admit that an officer could be married, and, in fact, he surrounded himself as a rule with bachelor colleagues. While he was preparing for his Soudan Expedition he refused his subordinates leave to go to Cairo to amuse themselves or to rest for a while; he could hardly tolerate the presence of officers' wives in garrison. He remained a hardened bachelor himself, and scandal never imputed to him those flattering and notorious intrigues which it loves to fasten upon public characters.

His shyness was that of a man who has spent his youth alone, or with a few companions as laborious as himself, who, under the monotony of their days, are forced into the exchange of nothing but silence. Not only does such a man lose the habit of speech, but he is soon persuaded of the uselessness of words, and of the great advantage of willing and doing without relaxing the jaw. If shyness persists, and the tendency to reserve increases in isolation, on the other hand a man's personality gains in strength, the "ego" acquires more consistency, and the individual becomes conscious of his force and worth. When, in such circumstances as Kitchener's, a man conceives a plan, he has the capacity to realise it. He will have no doubt of himself, and will not be discouraged; he will not be ashamed to ask for what he wants, he will conceal none of his aims, and will even naively allow his ambitions to be seen. At the same time, he possesses the art and practice of obtaining what he demands of other men, and, by the contagion of his energy, compels them to put forth the necessary effort.

It is said that such men exist to be obeyed: nothing could be more true. They have had to obey themselves for many years, and have come by an understanding of the necessity and the importance of discipline. But their subordination

is never twisted into subservience: they keep their independence of mind and their initiative. For them, submission to hierarchic orders does not imply renunciation of the critical sense, or the suppression of all personal intelligence. The habit of carrying out orders received can and should leave intact the will of the leader, for in certain duties and in face of certain responsibilities, an opportune act of disobedience becomes a triumph—if it is crowned with success.

Lord Kitchener was an authoritative leader. His will was unshakable; nothing could make him swerve in his determination. He was so stubborn in his resolution that all opposition was broken down, because he never arrived at a decision from caprice or to gratify a whim. By a queer trick of character which powerful personalities share with mean and pusillanimous individuals, he found it difficult to delegate his powers, even when it was humanly impossible to carry out his task properly. Almost all organisers suffer from this defect. It seems to them indispensable that they alone should manipulate the lever of the machine they have set going, and personally supervise the running of every wheel. It is a dangerous exaction to impose on themselves, because they end by assuming too many responsibilities and by cramping and retarding the develop-

ment of the organisation they have created—sometimes even by paralysing it and making it completely unproductive. Kitchener would not have exposed himself to so much blame and attack if he had understood that he could not alone be equal to so complicated a task, so overwhelming a labour.

§

It is told of Carlyle that he one day asked Lord Wolseley if he would not soon march at the head of a troop of armed soldiers, and expel the chatterers from Westminster, an exploit which the historian of Frederick II. desired with all his heart, being contaminated with the infatuation for the "superman," the arrogance and the corrupt pride to which the German nation has fallen victim. But Lord Wolseley was certainly not the kind of soldier to play the part suggested to him by the biographer of Cromwell. If the Parliamentary institutions by which England is governed had been brought to confusion and anarchy during the serious crisis produced by the war, Lord Kitchener might well have shown himself capable of facing the situation without fear or scruple. As soon as he believed it necessary to act, he would, with entire indifference to constitutional guarantees, have cut

the Gordian knot, and imposed order and discipline. Certain turbulent and megalomaniac minds had perhaps hoped that he would show the initiative which the wisdom of the rulers and the goodwill shown by the nation rendered unnecessary.

The conqueror of Khartoum was certainly of the stamp of those dictators to whom Rome, in difficult times, confided her destiny; in India and in Egypt he was the Pro-Consul, who bent all powers and all resistance to his will. One of the best portraits of Kitchener was drawn some years ago by a brilliant war correspondent, who was also a very skilful writer. In the gasping and loose style of a note scrawled between two battles G. W. Stevens wrote in 1898:—

“Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is 48 years old by the book, but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men’s heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender, but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or agility; that also is irrelevant. Steady, passionless eyes, shaded by decisive brows, brick-red, rather full cheeks, a long moustache, beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike.

“ All this is irrelevant, too ; neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident of person has any bearing on the essential Sirdar. You could imagine the character just the same as if all the externals were different. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain perfect and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of the extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the Sirdar other than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring that he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris International Exposition : British Empire, Exhibit No. 1, *hors concours*, the Soudan Machine.”

A striking contrast to the enthusiastic sketch of the journalist whose aim is to jog the imagination of his readers is to be found in another picture, which shows the military “ machine ” in another light, and reproaches him with being pitiless with human weakness and insensible to the sufferings of others. This other note comes from Mr. Winston Churchill, who served under Kitchener’s orders in Egypt and gave a historical account of the con-

quest of the Soudan in two copious volumes :—

“ His wonderful industry, his undisturbed patience, his noble perseverance, are qualities too valuable for a man to enjoy in this imperfect world without complementary defects. The General who never spared himself, cared little for others. He treated all men like machines, from the private soldier whose salutes he disdained, to the superior officers he rigidly controlled. The comrade who had served with him and under him for many years in peace and peril was flung aside incontinently as soon as he ceased to be of use. The Sirdar looked only to the soldiers who could march and fight. The wounded Egyptian, and latterly the British wounded soldier, did not excite his interest, and of all the departments of his army the one neglected was that concerned with the care of the sick and injured. The stern and un pitying spirit of the Commander was communicated to the troops, and the victories which marked the progress of the River War were accompanied by acts of barbarity not always justified even by the harsh customs of savage conflicts or the fierce and treacherous nature of the Dervish.”

And by way of closing this bitter criticism of his old chief, Mr. Winston Churchill remarks that “ the remarkable talents of

the Sirdar would never be fettered by fear and not very often by sympathy." It is just to acknowledge that this absence of pity is perfectly in accord with the character of the man, and it would be astonishing if the military machine described by G. W. Steevens were capable of tenderness and allowed himself to be moved by sentimental considerations. The features underlined by Mr. Winston Churchill are of the very nature of the type: he was to conduct the operations against the Boers with the same implacability. Was it incapacity for emotion or deliberate detachment from all pity? Everyone will answer this question according to his temperament, but we must do Lord Kitchener the justice to admit that the severity of his methods never exceeded the exigencies of the struggle; he never ordered acts of hostility that were not imposed on him by military necessity, and he can be reproached with nothing comparable to the massacres and the incendiarism and the organised atrocities with which the Germans have stained and dishonoured themselves in the name of terrorism sanctioned by the methods of war of their Staff.

If, when it was necessary, Kitchener could wage a pitiless war, he also succeeded in pacifying the conquered countries. The Soudan owes its prosperity to him, and South Africa its present unity. Both

does not seem to have nursed any rancour against his conqueror. When the struggle was hopeless for them, the Boers could hold out their hands to the British General who had never had recourse to any but fair methods, implacable though they might be. Sentiments of mutual esteem were established between the Boer leaders and Kitchener at the pourparlers at Vereeniging, and it is known to the world how the people of South Africa have supported Great Britain in the present war.

Perhaps his impassiveness was only superficial; perhaps it was only the mask under which every gentleman is constrained to dissemble his emotions, and behind which often passions stir and come into collision. In Kitchener's case the mask was transformed into a casque, a vizor. Yet Mr. Winston Churchill narrates an occasion when the mask was removed. It was at the battle of the Atbara, when, after a bold attack, the little British army had surprised the Dervishes in their zariba, and had cut them to pieces.

"While the regiments were re-forming," says Mr. Churchill, "the Sirdar rode along the line, and the British brigades, raising their helmets on their dark-smearred bayonets, cheered him in all the loud enthusiasm of successful war. For almost the only moment in the course of this story he evinced emotion." "He was," says an

officer who watched him closely, " quite human for a quarter of an hour ! "

How should he not have been moved, having seen, in a few hours' scrimmage, the prize won for which he had been working with patient tenacity for fourteen years ? Success had rewarded his slow and prudent effort. Henceforth he was famous, he had attained the goal of his ambitions, he knew the honour and the glory the British nation reserves for its conquerors. The acclamation of his victorious troops gave him a foretaste of his triumph, and for that unique moment the human being returned to the machine, and human weakness was the stronger.

§

The numerous photographs and snapshots of Kitchener which have been published all reproduce his immobile face, his rigid features, his fixed gaze : that is the official Kitchener, the Sirdar, the military machine drawn by Steevens on the morrow of Omdurman ; the creator of the present British armies, as he was seen on more or less solemn occasions. But when one came into personal contact with him, and established, even for a short time, relations remote from any official purpose, another Kitchener was revealed, the man in whom

the human being could appear for a quarter of an hour.

I once had an opportunity of seeing him in circumstances which made the difference very marked. The first time I met him I was the only civilian among a group of officers in uniform, and I shall never forget the astonishment I read in his expression when he saw the solitary civilian in a place, his presence in which could only be attributed to curiosity. Kitchener stepped down from his car to inspect a body of troops on the eve of their departure for the front. He shook hands quickly with the Generals who were waiting for him, and when one of them mentioned my name, as I was standing a little on one side, he just nodded to me. The troops filed past. Every now and then he summoned a Colonel or an officer in command, mostly old brothers in arms, who had left the service when the half-million volunteers of the South African Army were disbanded, and had unsheathed the sword again to do their duty in the present war. How eagerly they pulled their horses round, with what pride and radiant joy at being recognised they approached the Chief! It was the Kitchener of the quarter of an hour's emotion who spoke to them! His gaze was softened and quickened; his strong jaw was relaxed, his moustache was moved by a smile, or even a laugh;

his gestures lost their rigidity, and his attitude became affable. For a moment the Chief made way for the comrade, but as soon as the interview was over, and salutes had been exchanged, the mask was resumed, and the military machine began its function once more.

At the end of the day, when he had reviewed the troops of every arm, vastly greater in number than he had ever had under his orders at a time—at Omdurman he was in command of 14,000 men all told—I thought I ought to express my feelings about the really impressive spectacle of all these armies, which were his own creation. We exchanged a few remarks, and my compliments cannot have displeased him, for he smiled; but then, leaning slightly towards me, and as though he took a malicious pleasure in demolishing my admiration, he uttered a phrase as curt as it was expressive, which, to judge from his expression, the General commanding the camp found ungracious, though it showed that the "S. of S." (Secretary of State) was not to be carried away, and did not regard his work as either perfect or at an end.*

* See "Through French Eyes, Britain's Effort," by Henry D. Davray.

§

A few days before he set out on his fatal voyage, Lord Kitchener gave an audience in one of the Committee Rooms of the House of Commons to the members who had most violently criticised his administration. In order to put an end to these attacks, he wished to lay before his detractors, in close committee, certain explanations which should reassure them. The attendance was very numerous, and certain members, who are also journalists, have, since then, without divulging anything confidential, told how the "secrets" were revealed to them. How would the soldier, who had never even proposed a toast in public, come through such an ordeal? How would he stand up against the lawyers trained in the arts of cross-examination in the British courts, some of whom were masters of language and formidable dialecticians? It was very simple. The military machine got the better of the talking machines and triumphed over them without being brutal, or hasty, or violent, and without giving the slightest opportunity for the dodges of Parliamentary chicanery and debate.*

Instead of appearing like a defendant anxious only to exculpate himself before his judges, Lord Kitchener adopted quite

* See Appendix No. II.

naturally an attitude of quiet bonhomie, as between men working at the same job, and all agreed to carry it through. He opened with a humorous stroke which brought those who laughed over to his side. Among those present was one of the most ardent adversaries of the Minister, a retired officer turned politician, who, during the recent discussion on the Budget, had proposed, as a mark of lack of confidence, a reduction in the salary of the Secretary of State. Taking advantage of the first shot, Lord Kitchener began by expressing the pleasure it gave him to be among the representatives of the nation, especially after their having voted him his full salary.

After this unexpected sally, the interview went on with mutual good-humour and goodwill. The Minister answered the questions put to him briefly with facts and dates and figures. When he was unable to answer, he made no attempt to feint or to gloze, but declared with his imperturbable gravity: "On that point I shall have to seek information." Regarding certain reforms proposed by Colonel Churchill, Lord Kitchener replied, with a seriousness which was not without its sting of malice, that the personality of the author of these projects would not prevent the Army Council from taking them into consideration.

There was some talk of certain Press critics and others who posed as the fore-tellers and champions of measures which they were forcing a supposedly recalcitrant administration to adopt. Lord Kitchener confined himself to the reply that these critics were in a position to be informed of the projects being considered by the War Office and on the point of being carried into effect : by making them public they took to themselves the credit for obtaining results in which they had no share whatever. From beginning to end, the interview was like a consultation between fellow-workers. There was no rhetoric, no panegyric, only confidence in his hearers and in himself, in the clear-sighted common sense which had dictated the measures adopted.

Carlyle declared that genius is "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Although somewhat too Germanic, the conception fits our subject : Kitchener could take great trouble, and as he possessed an immovable patience, there is reason to conclude that he had the gift of genius, if, as has been said, genius is a great stock of patience. In any case, he has given proof of a sure vision and a remarkably clear judgment, and if to that is added a subtle intuition of the consequences of events, it must be admitted that his character looms forth with real greatness.

§

Certainly he possessed this prestige in the eyes of the public. They only saw him from afar, since he avoided appearing before them, though excuses were never far to seek and opportunities presented themselves. His appearances in the House of Lords were very rare, and yet there could be no question there of noisy display; in their debates the noble Lords are always careful not to raise their voices, but whisper as though they were at a funeral ceremony. When he went there it was unostentatiously to read a summary of events from the Ministerial benches, and his account was always denuded of the flowers of eloquence.

At the time when voluntary recruiting was falling off, and the Government were preparing a new system of recruiting, to be called the Derby scheme, Lord Kitchener, in response to an invitation from the Lord Mayor, went to the Guildhall, in the City, and made a speech in which he declared once more that the Empire needed every fit man. It is hardly enough to say that the hall was crammed. When he appeared on the platform there was an indescribable scene—only a British crowd can so wildly and enthusiastically applaud. I have been present at many of these manifestations. I have heard Gladstone acclaimed and

Queen Victoria, Edward VII. and Lord Roberts. I have an unforgettable memory of a meeting at the Albert Hall, when several thousand Liberals acclaimed Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and gave John Burns an incredibly long ovation—but in no country have I ever seen anything to compare with the reception given that day to Lord Kitchener by the select audience at the Guildhall. The hurrahs, the cheers, were prolonged, renewed, came echoing like rolling thunder. Sticks, hats, handkerchiefs were waved, feet stamped, women screamed and men roared in an indescribable din. Impassive, immobile, rigid in his dark uniform, Lord Kitchener waited, standing at a tall reading desk. Every time he tried to open his mouth the wild ovation broke out again; it was as though the audience had vowed not to let him speak.

I have rarely heard a more painfully boring speech. In a dull, monotonous voice Lord Kitchener went on reading, page after page, without even troubling to drive home the phrases that were here and there introduced for effect. But with a wonderful complacency the audience rose to them, and underlined them themselves with long applause. The speech was short, but his reading of it had made me feel that it was too long. When, abruptly, the Minister stopped, the applause broke out again,

though one might well have supposed that all these people must have lost their voices after the strain they had put upon them. As he went out Lord Kitchener had to pass in front of me, along the rows of chairs on the platform, and I thought I saw in his eyes, which were more than usually wide open under the heavy lids, an expression of anxiety and irritation, as if this deafening uproar exasperated him, and he was anxious to get away from the dark high roof. Outside, in the little square, and along the street, and all the way home, the ovation continued.*

§

Whenever the troops were on the eve of embarking for the Continent Lord Kitchener never failed to review them personally. For one of these final inspections the regiments were marshalled on the outskirts of a district the inhabitants of which rushed to join the sightseers who had come in vast numbers by car, and whom the military police kept at a distance to prevent their encroaching on the parade ground. In company with a Staff Officer, I stood a few yards in front of the long row of spectators who thronged the road. Lord Kitchener had left his car for horseback. He was dressed in a well-

* See Appendix No. III.

worn suit of khaki, and wore a cap the heavy gold braid of which was very tarnished and greatly in contrast with the brand-new uniforms of his staff and the commanding officers. He went off at a trot towards the regiments lined up on the parade ground. As he approached a murmur had come from the crowd, but not a shout was raised, as though all the spectators knew that their presence was only tolerated and that Kitchener was not there for them, and were anxious not to disturb him in the exercise of his duty. Every time he came into sight again from behind the troops the people pointed him out in subdued voices, as though they were at some religious ceremony. "Which is he, mamma?" cried two children near us suddenly. The mother bent down to them and quietly pointed out the Chief. With staring eyes, content, the children cried: "Isn't he lovely!" And to the children's cry the mother added spontaneously: "God bless him!" And as though the words were part of some concerted liturgy, my companion and I heard, with profound surprise and emotion, the three words going from lip to lip, uttered fervently, like an invocation: "God bless him!"

§

This incident can be taken as an indication of the extraordinary popularity Lord Kitchener enjoyed with the people. However, in certain political, and even in military circles, he had bitter enemies and irreconcilable detractors. At recurring intervals he was the object of furious attacks. He was systematically vilified: he was accused of incompetence and nullity: it was a matter of astonishment, an unfathomable mystery, that there could be people so simple as to set any store by him or that he could hold so high an opinion of himself: it was insinuated that his victories had been prepared by others, and that his pretended talents as an administrator belonged rather to those who worked with him and were skilfully thrust by him into obscurity. The *Morning Post* of June 7, 1916, gives the measure of one of these campaigns:—

“In the spring of last year it became known that the British supplies of shells and other munitions of war were entirely inadequate. In the middle of April Lord Kitchener was appointed Chairman of the War Office Committee on the Acceleration of Supplies, but before long fierce attacks began to be made upon him, particularly in the newspapers controlled by Lord Northcliffe. These onslaughts were bitterly

resented by most men. On May 21 copies of the *Daily Mail* were burnt on the London Stock Exchange, and the members unanimously passed a resolution expressing entire confidence in Lord Kitchener and strong indignation 'at the venomous attacks made upon him in a portion of the English Press.' Similar resolutions were passed at meetings in different parts of the country. The Press criticisms were afterwards repeated by a few members of the House of Commons. The obvious reply was that it was impossible for one man to keep a grip on every department of the War Office. When the Coalition Government was formed . . . the creation of a separate Ministry of Munitions relieved the Secretary for War of further dealings with the question."

Immediately after these abortive attacks, and as if to refute them the Central Recruiting Committee posted on the walls of London and all over Great Britain a poster displaying an enormous full-face portrait of Lord Kitchener. From whatever angle it was regarded the eyes met those of the onlooker and never left them ; and on one side in large letters was the laconic appeal : " Kitchener Wants More Men ! "

§

Faithful to his conviction that victory would be won with the last million soldiers flung on to the Continent by the British Empire, he seemed to be concerned not with the volunteers who were enlisting, but with the men who were in no hurry to respond to the call of duty. At the end of last year (1915) Parliament increased the authorised number of men to four millions, and, going from system to system, the country accepted *compulsion*, the obligation to serve being laid on every Briton between 18 and 41. The whole male population of military age in Great Britain was called to the Colours, and, a few months later, a Royal Proclamation referred to five million effectives. This was Kitchener's work, a work which he had time to accomplish and which will survive him ; his name adheres to it ; it is Kitchener's Army to the public, although officially every effort was made to discourage the use of the name. It is just that he should have the honour of having raised, founded, and organised the British Army, and having accomplished so prodigious an effort, and history will tell of " Kitchener's Army " when the notoriety of those who vainly attacked him has sunk into profound oblivion. No one now remembers the journalists and politicians who traduced

the Duke of Wellington during the uphill Peninsula years.

“ He belonged to England, and England was proud of him.” England placed absolute confidence in him, because she attributed to the impassive, silent man an inflexible will which compelled faith in success.

He had always been a lucky soldier. But do not democracies distrust and abhor successful soldiers? And of all democracies the British takes the alarm at the least suspicion of militarism, and yet the great powerfully organised working classes, so narrowly attached to their privileges, so jealous of their independence and their vote, so conservative in mind and tendency, were never suspicious of the man who asked them for the greatest of sacrifices, which is at the same time the noblest of duties. The working-class organisations, and their representatives, shared, with regard to the military Chief, harnessed to a formidable task, the confidence of the majority of the people and the Government. Perhaps he was never regarded with affection, but, what is of equal worth, the people were proud of him. His career gave ample proof that he regarded his soldier's job from a soldier's point of view. There was not the slightest excuse for accusing him of seeking personal advantage in the high position he had accepted,

when he had already been given all the honours and emoluments to which the most ambitious can aspire. No one doubted that he was wholly devoted to the public cause, and that he pursued the common good in fulfilling his duty.

His functions as Secretary of State for War brought him at intervals into touch with the leaders of working-class organisation. The confidence and esteem which he had inspired in the Boers at Vereeniging, in Marchand on the banks of the Nile, in his Parliamentary detractors, was instantly bestowed on him by the working-class leaders. They found him so kindly, so reasonable, that the Trade Union leaders used to say that he was "like a father to them." Ben Tillett flung all his influence into his support; the Socialist leaders in Parliament, with a few unhappy exceptions, supported him unreservedly; and Mr. Henderson, the Socialist member of the Coalition Ministry, paid a precious tribute to his honesty when he said:—

"Before the war he was known as a great and distinguished soldier, but during the war he has endeared himself to the common people. Loved and trusted by them, because they believed him to be manly and straight, free from intrigue or desire for personal aggrandisement, he secured their confidence and became their leader in the great task of improvising

the vast armies required to meet the country's need."

§

Lord Kitchener died as he had lived, fulfilling his duty, with no thought of hesitating or of renunciation, in military greatness and service. Thus it was that, without rhetoric or histrionic display, he possessed a compact and irresistible sway over the British nation, demanding and obtaining sacrifice after sacrifice, never leading the people to think that each effort would be the last, or that they had done enough for safety. He only issued from the rather Oriental mystery in which he was wrapped to declare in irresistible gradation: "I want five hundred thousand men—I want more men—I want every man in the country." No doubt he used this method without premeditation, by instinct rather than by calculation or psychological deduction; perhaps also it was suggested to him by the prudent sagacity of his colleagues in the Ministry, with whom he worked in perfect accord.

For twenty years, on the occasion of Parliamentary attacks, the various Prime Ministers have had to defend Lord Kitchener, and, Liberal or Conservative, they have all agreed in speaking of him in terms of unreserved eulogy. After the

conquest of the Soudan, Lord Salisbury said of the conqueror :

“ He will remain a striking figure, not only adorned by the valour and patriotism which all successful generals can show, but with the most extraordinary combination of calculation, of strategy, of statesmanship, which it ever fell to any General in these circumstances to display. . . . He took exactly the time necessary for his work ; he made precisely the preparations which that work required ; he expended upon it the time, the resources, and the military strength precisely which it demanded, and this victory came out with absolute accuracy, like the answer to a scientific calculation.”

On May 31, 1915, five days after the King had thanked the nation for having raised a “ voluntary army ” of more than five million men, Mr. Asquith rose in the House of Commons to reply to those who proposed, as a mark of censure, to reduce the salary of the Secretary of State. With his sober and precise eloquence, the Prime Minister summarised the formidable task accomplished by his colleague :—

“ This was not, Heaven knows, a task which was sought by Lord Kitchener for himself. He was on his way back to Egypt to resume the functions which he had discharged there with such conspicuous value to the Empire during so many years.

My telegram to him asking him to stay and to come and see me only reached him, I believe, as he was stepping upon the boat at Dover. He returned. He told me in the frankest possible terms of his indisposition, except to the call of duty, to undertake the task which I proposed, with the consent of the Sovereign, to lay upon him. Like every good soldier, duty came first with him. He subordinated everything to that. From that moment to this, there has not been one single day in which Lord Kitchener has not laboured with an assiduity, a zeal, and a patriotic self-devotion—as I can say from the personal observation of daily contact with him—which is beyond all praise. I am not going to say—I do not know that I can say it of any of my colleagues, much as I respect and value them—that Lord Kitchener has never made a mistake. His was one of the most arduous undertakings that was ever laid upon a human being. . . . I have been more than any of my colleagues since the first day closely associated with Lord Kitchener in all that he has done, and I accept and share the full responsibility. This I will say—nobody can share this responsibility—that there is no other man in this country, or in this Empire, who could have summoned into existence, in so short a time, with so little friction, with such satisfactory, sur-

prising, and even bewildering results, the enormous armies which now at home and abroad are maintaining the honour of the Empire. I am certain that in history it will be regarded as one of the most remarkable achievements of the kind that has ever been accomplished, and I am bound to say, and I say it in all sincerity, for that achievement Lord Kitchener is personally entitled to the credit."

During the same debate, Sir George Reid, formerly High Commissioner for Australia, paid him a no less striking tribute, inasmuch as he expressed the opinion of the outlying parts of the Empire:

"I think that nothing which has occurred to-day will seriously affect the long life of useful service to the State which the present Secretary of State for War devoted to the best interests of the British Empire. If I might use an expression which a very distinguished Member of this House used many years ago, those attacks upon the Secretary of State for War seem to me to resemble the foam, the idle froth, which bespatters the rock it cannot shake. The reputation of the present Secretary of State for War has stood, I think I may fairly say, very high in the estimation of the people of this Empire. I admit I have lived most of my life many thousands of miles away from the House of Commons, but I think I may

be allowed to say that, during a long life in which I have paid a close attention to the important events in the history of this Empire, I have always found that Lord Kitchener was one of the best sheet anchors of the Empire in times of stress and strain, and it is almost the only English name which excites a sympathetic echo in the ears of the Dominions beyond the seas, and I think I may say the same of our Allies.

“ When Lord Kitchener entered the War Office all the foundations of the marvellous results of the past twenty-two months had to be laid, because we had no Army except the Expeditionary Force. We had no trained citizen soldiers in a national sense, and we had no system of national training. We had no power to turn out the implements and munitions of war, and that was the position which Lord Kitchener found himself in when he went to the War Office. I do not wish to speak of the Secretary for War apart from his great subordinates and those who have helped him so tremendously in all his efforts. I am only using his name to express my great gratitude to him, and to the men who worked under him, for the miracles they have worked. The English people are not people who readjust themselves rapidly, and they are rather slow in transformation, but the name of Kitchener, the prestige of his services, coupled with the patriotism of our people, brought

hundreds of thousands of men to the Colours.

“ There is no doubt that Lord Kitchener has some serious faults, and I will mention some of them. In the first place, there is no man in this War who possesses such driving force and who has made such rapid progress with the Army who will not create a lot of enemies. Lord Kitchener is not a man who is an adept at advertising himself . . . There is another fault about Lord Kitchener. He is a relentless and merciless enemy of the feather-bed soldier and the disloyal subordinate. That is another of the mistakes he made. There is a third. Lord Kitchener is not clever at circulating those cheap calculated civilities which enable inferior men to rise to positions to which they are not entitled.”

A few days after these magnificent testimonials from the King, Parliament, the nation, and the Empire, Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener was to be engulfed on a stormy night in the misty waters of the Orkneys. There could be no more tragic opportunity for repeating after Macaulay : “ He found glory only because glory lay in the path of duty.”

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“Never was a man so sincerely regretted,” wrote Mme. de Sévigné in announcing the death of Turenne to M. de Grignan. “He died at the height of his fame, and his reputation could not be increased,” she said a few days later in a letter to her cousin, de Bussy, and what she says of the unanimity of the public regret is apt to the present unhappy circumstance: “Everyone tells of the innocence of his conduct, the purity of his intentions, the solid fame which he bore without arrogance or ostentation, loving virtue for its own sake without ever troubling about the appreciation of men.”

No doubt it is easy to find identical traits of character in all the victorious captains. The people only put their trust in those who inspire respect through their moral qualities and their personal virtues. Those who served directly under Kitchener's orders felt with regard to him those sentiments which, when Turenne was killed, found expression in such lasting grief: “Do not imagine, my dear, that the news of the death of M. de Turenne was forgotten as easily as all other news: people talk of it and weep for it every day: everything reminds us of him, and yet there is nothing like him.” Yet the military machine of the Soudan was never

called "Father Kitchener," as our poilus say "Father Joffre," or as Turenne's old soldiers used to say of their leader, "He is our father."

But differences of character in the leaders of men matter little if the devotion they inspire is complete. "The English," says Mme. de Sévigné, "told M. de Lorges that they would see the campaign through to avenge the death of M. de Turenne, but thereafter they would withdraw, as they could not obey anyone but him." In our time the innumerable modern armies no longer subordinate obedience to the affection they feel for a leader, and they do not fight only to avenge his death. On the side of the Allies whole nations have arisen to defend their existence against the unscrupulous aggressor and to safeguard the principles of Right, Justice, and Honour, on which civilisation is founded. The British nation, pacific in feeling, manners, and institutions, was taken unprepared. If Britain is now in a position to play a decisive part in this gigantic struggle, she owes it to Lord Kitchener, and Mme. de Sévigné would not hesitate to write: "Do not imagine my dear, that his memory is lost in this country: the flood which bears all things away does not so quickly carry with it such a memory, for it is consecrated to immortality."

APPENDIX I.

The King was out of town when the news arrived, but he returned at once to Buckingham Palace, and at 4.30 received the Premier in audience. A little later in the day General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, also arrived at the Palace and was received by the King. Sir George Arthur, Lord Kitchener's private secretary, was also seen by his Majesty and commissioned to convey to members of the deceased soldier-statesman's family expressions of deep sympathy from the Queen and himself.

The sad tidings came as a great shock to Mr. Asquith, for Lord Kitchener was not only a colleague, but a close personal friend. A meeting of the War Council had been summoned for 11.30, and the councillors duly met at 10, Downing Street, the sitting lasting about the usual time.

Mr. Asquith saw Field-Marshal Viscount French and Sir William Robertson in the afternoon, and among other visitors to the Premier's official residence were the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Lord Glenconner.

In the afternoon, by his Majesty's command, the following order was issued to the Army :—

The King has learnt with profound regret of the disaster by which the Secretary of State for War has lost his life while proceeding on a special mission to the Emperor of Russia.

Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener gave 45 years of distinguished service to the State, and it is largely due to his administrative genius and unwearying energy that the country has been able to create and place in the field the armies which are to-day upholding the traditional glories of our Empire.

Lord Kitchener will be mourned by the Army as a great soldier, who under conditions of unexampled

difficulty rendered supreme and devoted service both to the Army and the State.

By Command of the Army Council,

R. H. BRADE.

Later, the same night, the Secretary of the War Office made the following announcement :—

A Memorial Service will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral. The date and further particulars will be announced as soon as possible.

Then another order was also issued from the War Office :—

His Majesty the King commands that officers of the Army shall wear mourning with their uniforms on the melancholy occasion of the death of the late Field-Marshal the Rt. Hon. H. H. Earl Kitchener of Khar-toum, K.G., K.P., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., Col. Commandant Royal Engineers, Col. Irish Guards, Secretary of State for War, for a period of one week commencing 7th day of June, 1916.

Officers are to wear crepe on the left arm of the uniform and of the great coat.

By command of the Army Council,

R. H. BRADE.

APPENDIX II.

On Wednesday, June 14, 1916, during the Whitsuntide Parliamentary recess, the Prime Minister addressed a meeting of electors of East Fife at Ladybank, the audience including a large number of Unionists. Mr. Asquith was accompanied by Mrs. Asquith and Mr. and Mrs. Bonham-Carter, and others on the platform were Mr. J. W. Gulland, Chief Whip, and Mr. J. Adam, Unionist agent for Scotland. Sir James Scott, chairman of the Fife Liberal Association, presided.

Mr. Asquith said :—It is more than two years since I last addressed you here—an unprecedented gap in the history of our connexion, which now extends over 30 years. On that occasion I was seeking re-election in consequence of my acceptance of the office of

Secretary of State for War. I am once again, under very different conditions, for the moment discharging the duties of that post.

No one knows—no one can know—as well as I do with what ceaseless and boundless self-devotion Lord Kitchener served his country from the first day of the war to the day of his death. With the rare exception of the times when one or other of us were abroad, I saw him practically during the whole of that time every weekday, sometimes even two or even three times a day. He was not by nature and temperament an optimist, but in the darkest moments of anxiety and of discouragement I have never known his courage quail or his nerve give way. He was not in the least degree a vain or a self-satisfied man, but he was more sensitive than the world knew to outside criticism, often ill-informed, sometimes ill-natured. It is some consolation to me, who have sustained an irreparable personal loss, to remember that in this respect the last week of his life was one of the happiest.

A debate which I know was very satisfying to him in the House of Commons was followed by his now historic meeting with a large number of its members. At our last talk together on the eve of his departure for Russia he spoke to me almost with the gaiety of a schoolboy of his enjoyment of this friendly encounter with some of his most persistent and formidable critics. As he rose to take his leave and we shook hands and wished him luck on his voyage it was impossible to connect that imposing figure, a magnificent embodiment of virile force and resolution, with any thought of mortality. Yet, in the plenitude of his powers he was going forward straight to his doom—a fine, and in many ways an enviable end. Even now I find it difficult to realise he is gone, leaving a place in our national life that no one else can fill, and a memory that will last as long as the British Empire.

This is not the time for an estimate of the character and value of Lord Kitchener's services to his country. They extended over more than 40 years and were

rendered in many different quarters of the globe, but he will always be primarily associated with the great war of which he did not live to see the end, and, above all, with the creation and the organisation of the vast New Armies which have transformed Great Britain for the time being and for the first time in its history into a military Power of the first order.

When I was here a little more than two years ago, whatever differences of opinion there may have been among us as to the numbers and the character of our forces for home defence, we were all content to work for the provision of an Expeditionary Force of 150,000 or 160,000 men for possible service in the field abroad. As you are aware from recent debates in Parliament, the total military and naval effort of the Empire during these two years already exceeds in number five millions of men. I doubt whether any comparable effect could have been brought about by anyone except Lord Kitchener, indeed, I am certain it could not.

It is true that we have recently changed, for the purposes of the war, the basis of our system of military service. There were some critics who reproached us with not having taken that step sooner; some, indeed, who thought that we ought to have taken it even at the beginning of the war. For the reasons which I am about to give you, and to which I know that Lord Kitchener attached the same weight that I do, I entirely disagree with them.

In the first place, the great voluntary effort which brought in millions of men for the expansion of our Territorial Force and for the creation of the new Armies was of itself a most stimulating and inspiring effort, not only at home but in our Dominions and with our Allies. Next, in the earlier stages of the war, more men came in than we could effectively train and equip, and it was not until the beginning of last autumn that the shortage of men, actual or prospective, became a serious problem. And lastly, compulsion, whatever may be said of its abstract merits or

demerits, is alien to British traditions, and its introduction would have been viewed with the greatest suspicion, in the absence of a proved case of absolute necessity, by the vast bulk of Liberals, by a large body of Conservatives, and by practically the whole of organised Labour.

I have consistently maintained ever since the recruiting problem began to become urgent, that compulsion could only be practicable and made effective when at each stage of the road it was accompanied by general consent. That is exactly what has happened. Everyone who knows anything of the conditions of our political life must be aware that such measures as have been passed by enormous majorities in Parliament this spring would even a year ago have encountered the most strenuous opposition, with most dubious prospects of survival.

Lord Kitchener has bequeathed us as his legacy to the Empire this vast and unexampled array of armed and trained men, which has been largely added to by material of the finest soldierly qualities contributed by the patriotism and devotion of our Dominions and dependencies overseas. It is for us who remain to see that we make the best use of it in the prosecution of the war and in the common cause of the Allies.

On June 21, the Prime Minister moved:—"That this House will, to-morrow, resolve itself into a Committee to consider a humble Address to his Majesty, praying that his Majesty will give directions that a monument be erected at the public charge to the memory of the late Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener, with an inscription expressing the admiration of this House for his illustrious military career, and its gratitude for his devoted services to the State."

He said:—When the House adjourned for the Whitsuntide recess Lord Kitchener had just received a strong and unmistakable expression of its confidence, and the next day he met in private conference a large number of its members, including

some of his most persistent, and, as it then seemed, irreconcilable critics, with the result that he and they parted not only on terms of mutual respect, but of complete understanding. I am glad to remember that at our last interview he expressed his pleasure at what had happened and his hope that this was the first step in a relationship of growing confidence and sympathy.

When he said farewell, after nearly two years of daily intercourse, which had gone on through all the strain and stress of the war, there was no thought on either side of more than a temporary parting, no foreshadowing of a separation which neither time nor space can bridge. Providence in its wisdom was preparing for him a sudden release from his burden of care and toil. We, who for the moment remain, those of us, in particular, who shared, as I did, his counsels in the greatest emergencies of our time, with ever-growing intimacy and fullness, can only bow our heads before the Supreme Will in Whom are the issues of life and death.

Lord Kitchener, in whatever environment of circumstance or condition he might have been placed, would have been, as he was always and everywhere, a great and dominating personality. He was tried in many different ordeals, and he always survived and conquered the test. He began his career in the Royal Engineers without any advantage of birth or of favour. I remember well, about a year ago, when we were talking one day of the importance of promoting young officers who had distinguished themselves in the war, that he told me that he himself had been for, I think, 12 years, and had remained, a subaltern in that fine and illustrious corps. He never chafed nor fretted, after the fashion of smaller men. The hour came to him, as it comes to all who have discernment, faculty, and will, and from that moment his future was assured.

His name is inseparably associated with that of Lord Cromer in one of the greatest achievements of

our race and time—the emancipation and regeneration of Egypt. To his genius we owe the conquest of the Sudan, and to his organising initiative the process which has ever since gone on of substituting over a vast and to a large extent devastated area civilisation for barbarism, justice for caprice and cruelty, a humane and equitable rule for a desolating and sterilising tyranny.

From Egypt he was called in a great Imperial emergency to South Africa, where in due time he brought hostilities to a close and helped to lay the foundations of that great and rapidly consolidating fabric which has welded alienated races and given us in the great conflict of to-day a unique example of the service which local autonomy can render to Imperial strength. The next stage of his life was given to India, where he reconstituted and reorganised our Army, native and British.

Recalled to Egypt, he was displaying the same gifts in civil administration which he had already illustrated in the military sphere, when at the outbreak of the war he obeyed, with the alacrity of a man who has become the willing servant of duty, the summons to direct and re-create our Imperial Forces in the supreme crisis of our national history. He brought to his new task the same sleepless energy, the same rare resourcefulness, the same masterful personality which never failed him in any of the fields of action in which he was during nearly 50 years called, on behalf of his country, to play his part. His career has been cut short while still in the full tide of unexhausted powers and possibilities. No one is less fitted than I feel myself at this moment to be to make an analysis of his qualities, or an appraisal of his services to the State. I would only say this, and I cannot say more, that few men that I have known had less reason to shrink from submitting their lives to the "pure eyes and perfect witness of all-judging Jove."

MR. BONAR LAW'S SPEECH.

Mr. Bonar Law: I desire, in a very few words, to second the resolution which has just been moved in terms so eloquent and touching by the Prime Minister. Lord Kitchener filled a great place in the minds, not only of his countrymen, but of the world. At the close of the Conference which I attended the other day in France the President paid a glowing tribute, amid the hush of the heartfelt sympathy of representatives of all our Allies, to the memory of the great soldier whose death he deplored as a loss not more to England than to the Allies as a whole.

Lord Kitchener's strength, like that of most, perhaps of all, men of action, lay not so much in any mental process of logical reasoning, which carried him to his decisions, as in that instinct which is so often deeper and truer than our thoughts. It was sure instinct which at the outbreak of war warned him of the nature of the terrible struggle in which we were involved. It was that instinct which induced him at the beginning to set about the formation of armies on a scale such as we have never dreamt of, and at a time, as I believe, when no statesman of any party would have formed a conception so gigantic and yet, as events have shown, so necessary. That Army exists to-day to play a great and, as we hope and believe, perhaps a decisive part in securing that victory on which the future of our race and, as we believe, the wellbeing of the world depend. That Army exists as a testimony of the strength and determination of our country, but it exists also as a noble and enduring monument to the memory of the man who created it.

Lord Kitchener's death was indeed tragic, but if we consider the circumstances of it there are few of us, I think, who would not say:—May my end be like his. He died, after nearly two years of war, in the responsibility for which he had a great part—a war in which there were no striking victories and

of which the fruits are still all to be gathered. He yet enjoyed in the fullest degree the confidence of his countrymen. He died, as the Prime Minister has said, in the full tide of his potentialities and possibilities ; he died when his eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated, but after an arduous life in which he had served his country in every quarter of the globe. He has fallen, but the tide of battle still rolls on, and it is for us who remain to close our ranks with a single eye to securing that victory the ultimate attainment of which he never doubted.

A LABOUR VIEW.

Mr. Wardle wished to say on behalf of those whom he represented one or two simple words. He had only seen Lord Kitchener three or four times altogether, but two of the occasions were memorable. Lord Kitchener twice met the representatives of Labour in conference. It was a mark of confidence which they appreciated, and Lord Kitchener made an impression upon their minds which would never fade. The working men of the country had a sure instinct for recognising worth, and he believed there was no man in whom they had greater confidence and believed more firmly than Lord Kitchener. It might be that in later events his policy and theirs did not run exactly on similar lines, but that did not diminish their respect and their belief in him. He believed that throughout the working classes Lord Kitchener's name would always be respected and revered. The one quality above all others which appealed to them was that they believed him to be absolutely straight. There was no crookedness ; they could rely upon his word.

By the circumstances of Lord Kitchener's death they had been stirred to their deepest hearts. When the tragic news came they were stunned, and some of them have not yet quite recovered from that feeling. He would join in the eloquent tribute

which had already been paid to Lord Kitchener's memory, and would say on behalf of his colleagues and of the workmen of England, that they had lost a great leader, whom it would be very difficult to replace. But the work which Lord Kitchener began, and in which they all felt that the future of civilisation was at stake, they would help in carrying to its final and conclusive victory.

A CRITIC'S TRIBUTE.

General Sir Ivor Herbert desired to say a word for two reasons. He had had the honour of Lord Kitchener's acquaintance for over 30 years, and he valued it. Likewise he had been in that House at times, in accordance with what he held to be his duty, a critic of the administration of the department over which Lord Kitchener presided with conspicuous distinction. In any criticism which he might have directed against acts of administration he hoped he had never given the smallest hint of a personal attack upon Lord Kitchener himself. He had never consciously, and he hoped he had not inadvertently, said a word which could be interpreted as detracting in any way from the great qualities of one of the greatest commanders we had ever had. There was one quality in Lord Kitchener which always appealed to him and to the Army in general—his unflinching courage.

Two impressions had been made upon his mind by Lord Kitchener which he hoped would always remain fresh in his memory. They were the impressions that were produced on his first meeting and his last meeting with Lord Kitchener. The first meeting was 32 years ago in Upper Egypt, near Korti, where he (General Herbert) happened to be in charge of the advanced guard of Sir Herbert Stewart's column advancing towards Khartum. He met Major Kitchener, as he was then, who came to meet them with a handful of irregular troops, with whom he had during the whole of that summer kept his solitary

watch on the edge of the desert at the outposts of the Empire. He was deeply impressed then and with the further acquaintance he made with Lord Kitchener during the course of that campaign. He was impressed especially with that indomitable courage which maintained the position of importance that he held. The other occasion was when he met Lord Kitchener in a committee-room of that House when he came to meet members of the House, readily offering to do so in response to a suggestion made to him by a private member below the gangway. It was his pleasure and good fortune on that occasion to second a vote of thanks moved to Lord Kitchener by Mr. Crooks for having made what he (General Herbert) regarded as a notable precedent, and one which it required great moral courage to make. He expressed his view that in making that precedent Lord Kitchener had done a great work in bringing closer together than ever before the Executive and Parliamentary elements in our Constitution, and that very great developments for the benefit of the community might follow from that precedent. Before the news of his loss had come he had received from one of the officers who was present with Lord Kitchener on that occasion the expression of the gratification it had given him to hear what he (General Herbert) had said, and of his special pleasure that he should have said it. He felt deeply the generosity of the mind which had given such a message. He hoped the monument to be erected to Lord Kitchener would be worthy of his great record and reputation, but he thought that in the minds of all soldiers there was one monument more enduring than marble or bronze that they would like to set up to the memory of one who devoted his life to the service of his country. They would like to see in the mind of every youth in this country the word "duty" so deeply engraved that on coming to man's estate he would realise that there lay on him the duty to give everything—even his life—to serve his country.

AUSTRALIA'S DEBT TO LORD KITCHENER.

Sir George Reid said that Lord Kitchener's services to this nation and to the Empire had been so conspicuously brilliant, they had extended over so many parts of the British dominions ; his nature was so rich in manly and chivalrous qualities ; his end was so sudden, tragic, and mysterious—so mysterious that at some later opportunity there must be a thorough investigation of the circumstances—that many millions of our fellow-subjects and many millions more, felt his death as we did, as mourners upon whom had fallen the heavy stroke of a personal bereavement.

Australia owed to Lord Kitchener the priceless boon of a sound military system. A few years before the war his presence there and the prestige of his fame imparted a stimulus and gave an inspiration to the young soldiers of our Commonwealth which animated them still. We all knew that Lord Kitchener carried the country's flag through many arduous campaigns and always to victory. We knew also that his last work as a soldier was his greatest ; that he did for this nation that which no other living man could do ; that he transformed a nation of peace-loving citizens into a military Power of the first class with magical suddenness. He rejoiced that the Prime Minister had alluded to the double claim which Lord Kitchener's memory would always have on the judgment of the British people. We had had many great soldiers ; but this great soldier had also the qualities of a humane and far-seeing statesman. Lord Kitchener was conspicuous in repairing the ravages of war. In more than one place in dark Africa he freed obscure downtrodden masses from the worst evils of the worst kind of barbarism. He laid amongst them the foundations of law and order. He established amongst them the beginnings of modern civilisation ; he created some sort of security for human lives and human rights ; he hastened amongst these unhappy races the dawn of a brighter

future, and perhaps the exploits of his peaceful administrations would outlive the lustre even of his military triumphs.

The motion was carried unanimously.

APPENDIX III.

On Friday, July 9, 1915, Lord Kitchener made an appeal for more recruits at a public meeting held in the Guildhall and presided over by the Lord Mayor. The speech was more than an exhortation. It contained an announcement as to the use to which the National Register was to be put to supply the requirements of the military situation.

Punctually at 3 o'clock, the Lord Mayor, wearing his scarlet robes, and preceded by the Mace, entered the Guildhall and took the chair, having Lord Kitchener on his right. The Secretary of State for War wore the undress uniform of a Field-Marshal.

The great gathering having joined in singing the National Anthem, the Lord Mayor briefly introduced Lord Kitchener. He added what, he said, everyone had been thinking and saying since the war began, that the Empire had indeed been highly fortunate in having Lord Kitchener at the head of affairs at the War Office in this great national crisis. His services there had imposed an additional debt of gratitude to all that the nation owed him in the past.

Lord Kitchener, who was received with loud cheers said :—

Hitherto the remarks I have found necessary to make on the subject of recruiting have been mainly addressed to the House of Lords ; but I have felt that the time has now come when I may with advantage avail myself of the courteous invitation of the Lord Mayor to appear among you, and in this historic Guildhall make another and a larger demand on the resources of British manhood.

Enjoying, as I do, the privilege of a Freeman of this great City, I can be sure that words uttered in

the heart of London will be spread broadcast throughout the Empire.

Our thoughts naturally turn to the splendid efforts of the Oversea Dominions and India, who, from the earliest days of the war, have ranged themselves side by side with the Mother Country. The prepared armed forces of India were the first to take the field, closely followed by the gallant Canadians who are now fighting alongside their British and French comrades in Flanders, and are there presenting a solid and impenetrable front against the enemy.

In the Dardanelles the Australians and New Zealanders, combined with the same elements, have already accomplished a feat of arms of almost unexampled brilliancy, and are pushing the campaign to a successful conclusion. In each of these great Dominions new and large contingents are being prepared, while South Africa, not content with the successful conclusion of the arduous campaign in South-West Africa, is now offering large forces to engage the enemy in the main theatre of war.

Strengthened by the unflinching support of our fellow-citizens across the seas, we seek to develop our own military resources to their utmost limits, and this is the purpose which brings us together to-day. Napoleon, when asked what were the three things necessary for a successful war, replied, "Money, money, money." To-day we vary that phrase, and say, "Men, material, and money." As regards the supply of money for the war, the Government are negotiating a new Loan, the marked success of which is greatly due to the very favourable response made by the City. To meet the need for material, the energetic manner in which the new Ministry of Munitions is coping with the many difficulties which confront the production of our great requirements affords abundant proof that this very important work is being dealt with in a highly satisfactory manner.

There still remains the vital need for men to fill the ranks of our armies, and it is to emphasise this

point and bring it home to the people of this country that I have come here this afternoon. When I took up the office that I hold, I did so as a soldier, not as a politician, and I warned my fellow-countrymen that the war would be not only arduous, but long. In one of my earliest statements, made after the beginning of the war, I said that I should require "More men, and still more, until the enemy is crushed." I repeat that statement to-day with even greater insistence. All the reasons which led me to think in August, 1914, that this war would be a prolonged one hold good at the present time. It is true we are in an immeasurably better situation now than 10 months ago, but the position to-day is at least as serious as it was then.

The thorough preparedness of Germany, due to her strenuous efforts, sustained at high pressure for some 40 years, has issued in a military organisation as complex in character as it is perfect in machinery. Never before has any nation been so elaborately organised for imposing her will upon the other nations of the world; and her vast resources of military strength are wielded by an autocracy which is peculiarly adapted for the conduct of war. It is true that Germany's long preparation has enabled her to utilise her whole resources from the very commencement of the war, while our policy is one of gradually increasing our effective forces. It might be said with truth that she *must* decrease, while we *must* increase.

Our voluntary system, which as you well know has been the deliberate choice of the English people, has rendered it necessary that our forces in peace time should be of relatively slender dimensions, with a capacity for potential expansion; and we have habitually relied on time being allowed us to increase our armed forces during the progress of hostilities.

The opening of the war found us, therefore, in our normal military situation, and it became our immediate task—concurrently with the dispatch of the

first Expeditionary Force—to raise new armies, some of which have already made their presence felt at the front, and to provide for a strong and steady stream of reinforcements to maintain our Army in the field at full fighting strength.

From the first there has been a satisfactory and constant flow of recruits, and the falling-off in numbers recently apparent in recruiting returns has been, I believe, in great degree due to circumstances of a temporary character.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of the response that has been made to my previous appeals, but I am here to-day to make another demand on the manhood of the country to come forward to its defence. I was from the first unwilling to ask for a supply of men in excess of the equipment available for them. I hold it to be most undesirable that soldiers keen to take their place in the field should be thus checked and possibly discouraged, or that the completion of this training should be hampered owing to lack of arms. We have now happily reached a period when it can be said that this drawback has been surmounted, and that the troops in training can be supplied with sufficient arms and material to turn them out as efficient soldiers.

When the great rush of recruiting occurred in August and September of last year, there was a natural difficulty in finding accommodation for the many thousands who answered to the call for men to complete the existing armed Forces and the New Armies. Now, however, I am glad to say, we have throughout the country provided accommodation calculated to be sufficient and suitable for our requirements. Further, there was in the early autumn a very natural difficulty in clothing and equipping the newly-raised units. Now we are able to clothe and equip all recruits as they come in, and thus the call for men is no longer restricted by any limitations such as the lack of material for training.

It is an axiom that the larger an army is, the greater is its need of an ever-swelling number of men of recruitable age to maintain it at its full strength; yet, at the very same time, the supply of those very men is automatically decreasing. Nor must it be forgotten that the great demand which has arisen for the supply of munitions, equipment, &c., for the armed Forces of this country and of our Allies also, as well as the economic and financial necessity of keeping up the production of manufactured goods, involves the retention of a large number of men in various trades and manufactures, many of whom would otherwise be available for the Colours.

In respect of our great and increasing military requirements for men, I am glad to state how much we are indebted to the help given to the Recruiting Staff of the Regular Army and to the Territorial Associations throughout the country by the many Voluntary Recruiting Committees formed in all the counties and cities and in many important boroughs for this purpose. The recruiting by the Regular Staff and the Territorial Associations has been most carefully and thoroughly carried out, and the relations between them and the various committees I have referred to have been both cordial and mutually helpful. The Parliamentary Recruiting Committee has done most excellent work in organising meetings and providing speakers in all parts of the country in conjunction with the various local committees. It is impossible to refer by name to all committees that have helped, but I must just mention the work of the Lord Mayor's Committee in the City of London; of the committees in the several districts of Lancashire, where we are much indebted to the organising powers and initiative of Lord Derby; and of the several committees in Greater London, Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Cardiff, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and Belfast. To these must be added the Central Recruiting Council for Ireland, with a

number of county committees, as well as the Automobile Association.

The time has now come when something more is required to ensure the demands of our forces overseas being fully met, and to enable the large reserve of men imperatively required for the proper conduct of the war to be formed and trained. The public has watched with eager interest the growth and the rapidly-acquired efficiency of the New Armies, whose dimensions have already reached a figure which only a short while ago would have been considered utterly unthinkable. But there is a tendency perhaps to overlook the fact that these larger Armies require still larger reserves, to make good the wastage at the front. And one cannot ignore the certainty that our requirements in this respect will be large, continuous, and persistent; for one feels that our gallant soldiers in the fighting line are beckoning, with an urgency at once imperious and pathetic, to those who remain at home to come out and play their part too.

Recruiting meetings, recruiting marches, and the unwearied labours of the recruiting officers, committees, and individuals have borne good fruit, and I look forward with confidence to such labours being continued as energetically as hitherto.

But we must go a step further, so as to attract and attach individuals who, from shyness or other causes, have not yet yielded to their own patriotic impulses. The Government have asked Parliament to pass a Registration Bill, with the object of ascertaining how many men and women there are in the country, between the ages of 15 and 65, eligible for the national service, whether in the Navy or Army, or for the manufacture of munitions, or to fulfil other necessary services. When this registration is completed we shall anyhow be able to note the men between the ages of 19 and 40 not required for munition or other necessary industrial work, and therefore available, if physically fit, for the fighting line. Steps will be

taken to approach, with a view to enlistment, all possible candidates for the Army—unmarried men to be preferred before married men, as far as may be.

Of course the work of completing the Registration will extend over some weeks, and meanwhile it is of vital and paramount importance that as large a number of men as possible should press forward to enlist so that the men's training may be complete when they are required for the field. I would urge all employers to help in this matter, by releasing all men qualified for service with the Colours and replacing them by men of unrecruitable age, or by women, as has already been found feasible in so many cases. An acknowledgment is assuredly due to those patriotic employers who have not merely permitted but actively encouraged their men to enlist, and have helped the families of those who have joined the Colours.

When the registration becomes operative I feel sure that the Corporation of the City of London will not be content with its earlier efforts, intensely valuable as they have been, but will use its great facilities to set an example of canvassing for the cause. This canvass should be addressed with stern emphasis to such unpatriotic employers as, according to returns, have restrained their men from enlisting.

What the numbers required are likely to be it is clearly inexpedient to shout abroad. Our constant refusal to publish either these or any other figures likely to prove useful to the enemy needs neither explanation nor apology. It is often urged that if more information were given as to the work and whereabouts of various units recruiting would be strongly stimulated. But this is the precise information which would be of the greatest value to the enemy, and it is agreeable to note that a German Prince in high command ruefully recorded the other day his complete ignorance as to our New Armies.

But one set of figures, available for everybody, and indicating with sufficient particularity the

needs of our forces in the field, is supplied by the casualty lists. With regard to these lists, however, serious and sad as they necessarily are, let two points be borne in mind. First, that a very large percentage of the casualties represents comparatively slight hurts, the sufferers from which in time return to the front; and, secondly, that, if the figures seem to run very high, the magnitude of the operations is thereby suggested. Indeed, these casualty lists, whose great length may now and again induce undue depression of spirits, are an instructive indication of the huge extent of the operations undertaken now reached by the British forces in the field.

There are two classes of men to whom my appeal must be addressed—

(1) those for whom it is claimed that they are indispensable, whether for work directly associated with our military forces, or for other purposes, public or private; and

(2) those to whom has been applied the ugly name of "shirkers."

As regards the former the question must be searchingly driven home whether their duties, however responsible and however technical, cannot in this time of stress be adequately carried out by men unfit for active military service or by women—and here I cannot refrain from a tribute of grateful recognition to the large number of women, drawn from every class and phase of life, who have come forward and placed their services unreservedly at their country's disposal. The harvest, of course, is looming large in many minds. It is possible that many men engaged in agriculture have so far not come forward owing to their harvest duties. This may be a good reason at the moment, but can only be accepted if they notify their names at once as certain recruits on the very day after the harvest has been carried. Also the question of the private employment of recruitable men for any sort of domestic service is an acute one, which must be

gravely and unselfishly considered by master and man alike.

There has been much said about "slackers"—people, that is to say, who are doing literally nothing to help the country. Let us by all means avoid over-statement in this matter. Let us make every allowance for the very considerable number of men, over and above those who are directly rendering their country genuine service, who are engaged indirectly in patriotic work, or are occupied in really good and necessary work at home. Probably the residuum of absolute "do-nothings" is relatively small, or at least smaller than is commonly supposed. At any rate it is not of those that I am speaking for the moment. I am anxious specially to address myself to the large class drawn from the category of those who devote themselves to more or less patriotic objects or to quite good and useful work of one kind or another. I want each one of those to put this question to himself seriously and candidly, "Have I a real reason for not joining the Army, or is that which I put before myself as a reason, after all only an excuse?"

Excuses are often very plausible and very arguable, and seem quite good until we examine them in the light of duty before the tribunal of our conscience. To take only a single instance. Are there not many Special Constables who, being of recruitable age, are really qualified to undertake the higher service which is open to them? Perhaps the favourite excuse for neglecting to join the Colours is one which appears in various forms—"I am ready to go when I am fetched"; "I suppose they will let me know when they want me"; "I don't see why I should join while so many others remain behind"; "To be fair, let us all be asked to join together"; "After all, if the country only entreats and does not command us to enlist, does not that prove that it is not a duty to go, that only those need go who choose?"

Granted that legally you need only go if you choose, is it not morally "up to you" to choose to go?

(Cheers.) If you are only ready to go when you are fetched, where is the merit of that? Where is the patriotism of it? Are you only going to do your duty when the law says you must? Does the call to duty find no response in you until reinforced, let us rather say superseded, by the call of compulsion?

It is not for me to tell you your duty; that is a matter for your conscience. But make up your minds, and do so quickly. Don't delay to take your decision, and, having taken it, to act upon it at once. Be honest with yourself. Be certain that your so-called reason is not a selfish excuse. Be sure that hereafter, when you look back upon to-day and its call to duty, you do not have cause, perhaps bitter cause, to confess to your conscience that you shirked your duty to your country and sheltered yourself under a mere excuse.

It has been well said that in every man's life there is one supreme hour towards which all earlier experience moves and from which all future results may be reckoned. For every individual Briton, as well as for our national existence, that solemn hour is now striking. Let us take heed to the great opportunity it offers and which most assuredly we must grasp *now and at once—or never*. Let each man of us see that we spare nothing, shirk nothing, shrink from nothing, if only we may lend our full weight to the impetus which shall carry to victory the cause of our honour and of our freedom.

APPENDIX IV.

Lord Kitchener made his first public speech after he had been appointed Secretary of State for War, at the Guildhall banquet on Monday, November 9, 1914, when the City pays its chief compliments to the Statesmen of the day. Those who were then at the helm, Mr. Asquith, Lord Kitchener, and Mr. Churchill, were accorded the splendid welcome which was their due. But, as *The Times* said, on the following morning :—

“November 9, 1914, will be for ever memorable in the long annals of the City of London. The shadow of the greatest war in history is over all hearts, and leaves our minds but little attuned to feasting. The flower of our manhood are at this hour wrestling in deadly conflict for all that we hold dear. All that the wisdom and the valour of our fathers have wrought for a thousand years is at stake ; our fairest hopes, our noblest aspirations, hang upon the issue. The magnitude and the gravity of the struggle, and the consciousness that upon it depends the whole future of civilisation in Europe, weigh upon the City of London and upon his Majesty’s Ministers more heavily perhaps than upon any others.”

After the Loving Cup had circulated, the Lord Mayor rose to propose the toast of “The King,” and he said :—

. . . While on all ordinary occasions the toast would be received with enthusiasm and regard, I am confident that to-night it will elicit the feelings of deep attachment for his Majesty’s throne and person universally entertained throughout the Empire, which have been so wonderfully and spontaneously exhibited in these recent weeks in every part of his Majesty’s vast Dominions.

“God save the King” was sung by a lady in the musical gallery, and then the Lord Mayor proposed the health of the Royal Family.

Mr. Balfour, who was received with great enthusiasm, gave the next toast, “Our Allies.” He said :—

. . . You have to-day a toast quite new, one for which there is no precedent, but one which I am proud to have entrusted to me, for it is the most important toast that can be drunk at the present time. It is the toast of “Our Allies.”

Fortune has in many respects favoured this anniversary, for, after all, it was but a few hours ago that our Far Eastern Ally, Japan, made the most dramatic answer perhaps which history records to one of the most insulting messages ever sent from one Sovereign to another—how many years ago?—some 14, some

17 years ago. Everybody must sympathise with the feelings of the Japanese, who have shown, I need hardly say, all that courage, enterprise, organisation which has always distinguished them. Everybody must sympathise with them ; they have learned that the great fortress, the great colonial fortress erected by those who so flouted them in 1897, has fallen to their arms, never again to return to those who built it. Our Allies in the Far East are the first among us who have reached conclusively and finally the objective for which they strove, and it is a good omen for those among us who are still fighting the great arch-enemy in Europe. . . .

. . . I turn to France, and our French Allies.

We have been Allies with France before, and often we have been honourable opponents of France. We have fought side by side and we have fought against each other, but we have always formed the highest estimate of each other's qualities. Surely the expression of such sentiments gets a double meaning after the experience of the last three months. We have fought, no doubt, side by side with a relatively small fraction of the great army now struggling in the West. I hope they have learned to rate highly our qualities. I am sure we have learned to rate highly those of which they have given proof. In many a hard-fought fight we have learned to appreciate each other. We see, no doubt, somewhat dimly through the mists of official reticence, the heroic struggle going on across the Channel—the exact lineaments it is not given to us to detect. Each heroic deed we cannot bring out into clear relief, but the broad effect remains unimpaired ; the devotion, heroism, and sacrifice of everything to the great cause—that is clear, and stands out on the face of historical record. We know that never again, whatever betide, shall the memories grow dim of the days in which Britons and Frenchmen fought side by side against the common foe of civilisation.

The French Ambassador, M. Cambon, who was much cheered, replied in French. He said :—

In the name of my colleagues, the representatives of the Powers allied to England, I thank Mr. Arthur Balfour for his words, which have deeply touched us.

We are allied for the defence of the liberty of Empire and for the protection of oppressed nationalities. We have never had any other end in view than the maintenance of peace, and, in spite of all the snares which have been laid for us, we have never ceased to work for it. It is therefore a libel to assert that at any moment we cherished warlike mental reservations. The documents published by different Governments, and especially by the British Government, throw light upon our efforts to ward off the conflict, and when history seeks out the responsible authors of so much bloodshed, of so much ruin and misery, of those burnings, of those methodical massacres, and of that mourning which is the lot of every family from one end of Europe to the other, of that systematic destruction of our secular monuments—the sublime expression of Christian thought—we can remain unperturbed; the responsibility will not lie with us.

We did not attack, we act in self-defence; we do not seek to slake lusts of conquest and domination, we simply wish to save European civilisation. We know that this war has been long prepared, that the most powerful instruments of destruction have been created, that there has been inculcated into a whole people the cult of force and the disdain of right, that there has been a persistent endeavour to banish all feeling of humanity from its heart, and that a once orderly nation has been turned into a horde of barbarians.

Europe suffered invasions of barbarians in olden times, but what she had never seen was barbarism raised to dogma, taught by the learned, preached by an intellectual élite, barbarism reinforced by science—in a word, pedantic barbarism. These professors of brutality thought they had foreseen everything; they had not foreseen that they would come into conflict with the conscience of the civilised world;

they had not suspected that England, Russia, and France would resolutely range themselves on the side of the weak, that Japan would be faithful to her alliance, that Serbia, already worn out by two wars, would victoriously drive back the attack of her powerful neighbour, and lastly that noble Belgium would not allow herself to be intimidated by her formidable assailant.

Consequently, what was the anger aroused against that heroic people who dares to sacrifice all in defence of its independence and its honour! The bird of prey that has swooped down on it can only torture it and tear it to pieces, but the victim towers above its executioner by the full height of its moral worth. In this murderous war, the most terrible the world has ever seen, we remain true to our ideal of humanity and liberty, and in this ideal we have a source of moral energy which will enable us to master the material forces massed against us. We do not, like others, lay claim to have Providence at our disposal, but we believe in eternal Justice and await its decrees with unshakeable confidence.

After Mr. Churchill had responded on behalf of the Navy, Lord Kitchener acknowledged for the Army the toast of "The Imperial Forces of the Crown." He said :—

The generous terms in which this toast has been proposed and the manner in which it has been received will, I am sure, be highly appreciated by our soldiers in the field who have shown such undaunted courage and endurance in carrying out their duty to their King and Country. It is pleasant for me to be able to tell you that every officer returning from the front has the same account to bring me :—"The men are doing splendidly." Our Regular forces in France have now beside them both Territorial and Indian troops, and I am sure it must have been a pleasure to the Lord Mayor and the citizens of London to read Sir John French's eulogy of the London Scottish. The Indian troops have gone into the field with the utmost enthusiasm, and are showing by their courage

and devotion the martial spirit with which they are imbued.

I should like on this occasion to voice the tribute of praise, of high appreciation, and of warmest gratitude that we owe to our gallant Allies. We have now been fighting side by side with our French comrades for nearly three months, and every day increases the admiration which our forces feel for the glorious French Army. Under the direction of General Joffre, who is not only a great military leader but a great man, we may confidently rely on the ultimate success of the Allied Forces in the western theatre of the war. In the East the Russian Armies, under the brilliant leadership of the Grand Duke Nicholas, have achieved victories of the utmost value and of vast strategical importance in the general campaign. No words of mine are needed to direct attention to the splendid deeds of the gallant Belgian Army. What they have suffered and what they have achieved has aroused unstinted and unbounded admiration. To Japan, whose sailors and soldiers have victoriously displayed their gallantry and fine military qualities side by side with our own men; to Serbia and Montenegro, valiantly fighting with us the fight for the smaller nations; I wish to testify the admiration, respect, and gratitude of their comrades in arms of the British Army.

The British Empire is now fighting for its existence. I want every citizen to understand this cardinal fact, for only from a clear conception of the vast importance of the issue at stake can come the great national, moral impulse without which Governments, War Ministers, and even navies and armies can do but little. We have enormous advantages in our resources of men and material, and in that wonderful spirit of ours which has never understood the meaning of defeat. All these are great assets, but they must be used judiciously and effectively.

I have no complaint whatever to make about the response to my appeals for men—and I may mention that the progress in military training of those

who have already enlisted is most remarkable ; the country may well be proud of them—but I shall want more men, and still more, until the enemy is crushed. Armies cannot be called together as with a magician's wand, and in the process of formation there may have been discomforts and inconveniences and, in some cases, even downright suffering. I cannot promise that these conditions will wholly cease, but I can give you every assurance that they have already greatly diminished, and that everything which administrative energy can do to bring them to an end will assuredly be done. The men who come forward must remember that they are enduring for their country's sake just as their comrades are in the shell-torn trenches.

The introduction of elaborate destructive machinery with which our enemies had so carefully and amply supplied themselves has been a subject of much eulogy on the part of military critics ; but it must be remembered that, in the matter of preparation, those who fix beforehand the date of war have a considerable advantage over their neighbours ; so far as we are concerned, we are clearly open to no similar suspicion. This development of armaments has modified the application of the old principles of strategy and tactics, and reduced the present warfare to something approximating to siege operations. Our losses in the trenches have been severe ; such casualties, far from deterring the British nation from seeing the matter through, will act rather as an incentive to British manhood to prepare themselves to take the places of those who have fallen. I think it has now been conceded that the British Army, under the gallant and skilled leadership of its commander, has proved itself to be not so contemptible an engine of war as some were disposed to consider it. Sir John French and his generals have displayed military qualities of the highest order, and the same level of courage and efficiency has been maintained throughout all ranks in the Army.

Although, of course, our thoughts are constantly

directed towards the troops at the front and the great task they have in hand, it is well to remember that the enemy will have to reckon with the forces of the great Dominions, the vanguard of which we have already welcomed in the very fine body of men forming the contingents from Canada and Newfoundland ; while from Australia, New Zealand, and other parts are coming in quick succession soldiers to fight for the Imperial cause. And, besides all these, there are training in this country over a million and a quarter men eagerly waiting for the call to bear their part in the great struggle, and as each and every soldier takes his place in the field, he will stand forward to do his duty, and in doing that duty will sustain the credit of the British Army, which, I submit, has never stood higher than it does to-day.

“ I shall want more men, and still more, until the enemy is crushed,” Lord Kitchener had said, and on May 16, 1915, he addressed through the Press a new call to the nation :—

“ I have said that I would let the country know when more men were wanted for the war. The time has come, and I now call for 300,000 recruits to form new armies.

“ Those who are engaged on the production of war material of any kind should not leave their work. It is to men who are not performing this duty that I appeal.”

The original MS. of this letter, entirely in the handwriting of Lord Kitchener, with the date and signature, was bought at the Red Cross Gift House sale for £6,000, and presented by Mr. Fenwick Harrison to the nation.

A facsimile has been printed by permission on the official War Office paper, identical with the original letter, and is published solely for the benefit of the Lord Kitchener National Memorial Fund and in aid of the British Red Cross Fund. On the artistic cover, two British soldiers guard a medallion portrait of the great Minister who called five million men to the Colours. A garland of oak leaves crowns the

portrait surrounded by a trophy of flags. On the pilaster which supports it the following record by Sir Arthur Conan-Doyle is inscribed :—

“ He was in a very special sense a King-Man, one who was born to fashion and control the Great Affairs of Mankind. He has left his mark deep upon four continents—upon Africa, North and South, upon Asia, upon Australasia, and, finally, upon Europe. Even in his younger days there was something in the majesty of his appearance and in the proud aloofness of his character which compelled respect and even a certain awe from those who approached him. He passed from labour to labour like the hero of old. Death can have had no bitterness for him, as he knew that his supreme work had been done and that he had forged a weapon, in the new British military power, which would restore the threatened liberties of Europe. When such a life was ended by such a death, and he passed out in the wind and the storm amid the desolate waters of the Orkneys, he left behind him the memory of something vast and elemental, coming suddenly and going strangely, a mighty spirit leaving great traces of its earthly passage.”

Below is printed the dignified and impressive valediction addressed by Sir George Arthur to the illustrious Chief, whose private secretary he was and whose friendship he enjoyed :—

AVE ATQUE VALE.

1850-1916.

OF THE SIXTY-FIVE YEARS OF HIS LIFE
HE LABOURED THROUGHOUT FORTY-
EIGHT YEARS, INCESSANTLY, UNWEARY-
INGLY, AND UNGRUDGINGLY, TO SERVE
HIS COUNTRY.

HE DIED AT DUTY.

Lux perpetua luceat ei.

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