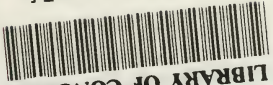


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LETTERS OF
HENRY WESTON FARNSWORTH

LETTERS
OF
HENRY WESTON FARNSWORTH
||
OF THE FOREIGN LEGION



BOSTON
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FOREWORD

HENRY WESTON FARNSWORTH was born on August 7, 1890, in Dedham, Massachusetts. In those days Dedham was a very quiet little country village. He lived there eleven years of the most uneventful, radiant, joyous childhood, growing up in an intimacy with his family which few other conditions would have allowed.

When eleven he went to a day-school in Boston. It was his first contact with the outside world. One day, after he had been to school for a few weeks, he came home three hours late, and said, "Mother, if you were a man, would you want to experience life? I felt that way this afternoon, and I have had a soda in every soda-water fountain in Boston."

The next year he went to Groton, as had been planned from his birth, and stayed there until he graduated, six years later.

When he was seventeen he travelled for the first time. Until then he had never been farther from Boston than New York. That summer he went with his family to England and France. He was filled with an enthusiasm for history, art, literature, that came as a result of his reading and thinking. Milton, Lamb, De Quincey, Stevenson, Ibsen, Byron, Omar Khayyam, Mommsen, Carlyle, Sienkiewicz, Richard Burton, had been his companions for years. He was met on all sides by old friends, on all sides by new possibilities.

In the autumn of 1908 he entered Harvard. His enthusiasm for reading and music never diminished, but was not transferred to his regular studies. He made no record as a student, not even a record for constant attendance at courses. He lived a very casual life, of no particular merit. Yet through it all he read with increasing interest, Tolstoi, Dostoievski, and Ibsen, noticeably "Peer Gynt." Music had al-

ways been one of his great delights, and going constantly to the Symphony Concerts, his intelligent appreciation grew very much. But reading and music did not take all his time, and many of the other hours were spent in a way that does not deserve to be dwelt on. For all his reading, he was very young and callow in the ways of practical life, self-conscious and shy in society, and the Unknown fascinated him, and he made his mistakes.

That summer of 1909 he went West with another man. This was the first time he ever travelled without his family, the first time he ever camped out, ever saw great scenery, or wild nature. He loved the West ever afterward—the country, the life, and the type of men he met there.

The following autumn college began as usual, and he slipped into the way he had followed his first year. He tried to change, and found that habits are hard to break. So he made the decision that ruled the rest

of his life. The causes go far back, back to that mysterious and unknown thing in man called "soul" or "nature" or "personality." But the tangible, outward effect came in one act. Early in November, after making his arrangements so well that he left no trace, he shipped as a deck-hand on a cattle-boat, and worked his way to England. In his passionate desire to stand alone, meeting life with his own strength, he told his plan to no one. In fact, he had no definite plan beyond the desire to test his own power. At first he tried to support himself by writing, in London; and he found, as so many thousands have, that he could not. A station in Australia was advertising for men — they promised him a job, and he sailed steerage in a small boat. The voyage was long. The incidents he generally dwelt on were the steamer's halt at Genoa and his few hours there, his only glimpse of Italy; the long hours he had for reading Shakespeare; the fas-

cinations of Ceylon. Years later, after his death, his family found a bit of manuscript, with no beginning and no end. It will tell more of this part of his life than any other words :

“ Lord, I wish I was coming into the tropics again for the first time. I came through the Suez Canal, and struck the East all in a heap. Nineteen years of age, and a head full of all kinds of rot at that. I used to walk the deck at night and just mutter names to myself. ‘ Port Said, Suez, Aden, Colombo, Madras, Calcutta, Rangoon, Singapore, Parang ’—I was especially stuck on the last three. I did n’t go there. I had been reading ‘ Robbery Under Arms ’ and Adam Lindsay Gordon’s poems, and was even madder to get to Freemantle, Adelaide, and Melbourne. What romance I had in those days, and how quick I lost it too—that fool kind, I mean, like calf love.”

The first port in Australia was Free-

mantle. He landed, and coming back to the steamer after dark, he walked through one of the worst parts of the town. It was a foolish risk to chance. He was knocked unconscious, his money taken, his watch, —even his shoes. He reached the steamer and landed at Melbourne, but he had no money to get to the up-country station where he had been promised work. For days he tried to find any kind of a job, and could not. Finally he realized that he was stranded and asked a man to help him cable to his father. All the rest of his life he never forgot that the first act of his struggle for independence was a cry for help, when he had travelled to the other side of the world to try to help himself.

He asked for little money, and went to work. He spent seven months in Australia, working on several different sheep stations. He learned to know discomfort, hard work, loneliness. As a little fellow he was

easily frightened. Certainly one of the characteristics of his later years, absolute disregard of danger, was no gift of the Gods at birth. He made his nerve himself, every bit of it, by a grim persistence, year after year. As a newcomer he was given many of the worst horses to ride, and he never gave in once, always conquering in the end. Living sometimes with six of the hands, sometimes out for a week at a time with one sheep-herder, he met the realities of the struggle for existence, and had plenty of time to think. And thinking, he made a second decision, far harder than the first, and wrote that he would come home if his father thought it wise.

So he sailed in August, back to what was apparently the old life.

Australia brought him one great pleasure in the friendship of an Irish gentleman, a strange, gifted man, whose life read like a novel, and whose music, and love and knowledge of books, gave him much

in common with Farnsworth — “Americanus,” as he always called him.

One of the characteristic things about Farnsworth was that he made his closest friends in strangelands. Convenience, propinquity, meant nothing to him. When he met a man who interested him, and whom he liked, a lasting friendship came.

That autumn of 1910 he resumed his studies at Harvard. His courses were almost all in the different literatures. This was the period when he read much Tolstoi, with a comprehension that deepened as he knew more of Slavic history, poetry and philosophy of life, as he followed its literary history. He was studying French literature, too, all afire with admiration. He had courses in early Italian literature and history, in modern fiction. From the memoirs of Casanova to the “Little Flowers of Saint Francis of Assisi” and Longinus, and Irish folk-lore and Synge, he read and studied. And one of the great

influences of his life was Plato. As his knowledge grew, his enthusiasm grew also. The delight he received from books was beyond exaggeration.

Music was as much a part of him as literature, but it is of less interest in this foreword to his letters, for he never made any himself. His studies in music taught him to have a very intelligent, as well as a very deep, joy in it, and he trained himself to have an excellent musical ear and musical memory, though he was noticeably helpless in those ways as a little fellow.

Another thing that was so characteristic of him that no one could write of him without mentioning it was his love of riding and his keenness for polo. It bears little on this foreword, I suppose, but it filled a great deal of his time in the year and a half of quiet life that followed his return from Australia. He had, too, a love for long walks, alone, at night, through

the woods. The Unknown is everywhere at night—stars and darkness are never every-day matters. All his life the Unknown was calling to him.

The summer of 1911 he went to the Harvard Engineering Camp, as he wished to take his degree with the class he entered in 1908. It was like him to find the courses there almost impossibly difficult, and to read for refreshment Fraser's "Golden Bough," which might truthfully be described as "heavy" to many people.

In June, 1912, he graduated with his class, and sailed the next week for Europe. He had always longed to see strange places. As he says himself, names fascinated him. "Black Sea," "Caspian Sea"—he was wild with delight to be off on a trip to the places he had dreamed of for years. He went to Budapest, to Constantinople, by boat to Odessa, and then travelled up to Moscow and St. Petersburg.

Moscow excited his keen enthusiasm, he thrilled over every detail. What he wrote home of as "the little gear" of Ivan the Terrible, all the memories of his childhood carefully preserved in a museum, delighted him.

He joined his family in Paris and came home to enter the Harvard Business School in September. Then that autumn of 1912 the Balkan War broke out, and he went over to see what he could see. The whole story of his trip has been told by himself, in a book that he published, "The Log of a Would-be War Correspondent." There is no need to repeat.

He returned in March, and took courses in a Business School until it closed in June. The summer was passed in Dedham, with reading and polo.

In the fall of 1913 the Mexican trouble flared out and he went down there for a short time. He was definitely trying to write by now, and was much encour-

aged when the "Providence Journal" published several of his Mexican letters on its editorial page. He loved the land of Mexico, and the excitement in the air. And here he met one of his close friends, an Englishman, interesting and charming, a keen sportsman, who had led an unusual life. A bond of affection grew between Farnsworth and this kindred spirit.

On his return from Mexico the "Providence Journal" took Farnsworth as one of its reporters, and he worked all winter in the office. The details of running a paper interested him, the men he met he enjoyed very much. It was altogether a worth while experience. But when the United States sent troops to Vera Cruz, he left Providence and went to Mexico City for three months. He was there when the European war broke out. He came home at once, but said no word about going over. His father asked him if he would like to go.

His gratitude and appreciation were very deep. He left at once, determined to be an intelligent onlooker, and to write things that he hoped would be worth the reading. His plan was to go, if travelling proved possible, to London, Paris, Rome, Constantinople, and then to Russia. The entrance of Turkey into the war made this impracticable. He got to Paris, and there met an Englishman, Bles, who had raised an independent corps that had served with the regular English army in the Boer War, and who was trying to do it again. Farnsworth said he would enlist if his family approved, and while he was waiting for the answer to his letter, he drilled regularly. Then came the time for Bles to see if Kitchener would accept his corps. Farnsworth, during this interval of Bles' absence, went to Spain, and then to the Island of Mallorca, where he spent a month of great quiet and loneliness. Then Bles cabled that no irregulars would be accepted

in this war. Farnsworth returned to Paris, and there the spirit of France held him, and he cabled home to ask if he could join the Foreign Legion for the duration of the war. As soon as the answer came he enlisted, on New Year's Day, 1915.

From this point his own letters will tell his story.

LETTERS
JULY AND AUGUST, 1912



LETTERS

Vienna, July 24, 1912

DEAR MOTHER:

THE Orient Express arrived here at six, and now, having bathed and dined, I am, as you might say, "at your service."

They say at the hotel that the town is deserted, and that the opera and theatres are all closed. The hotel is good, but nothing wonderful, and the prices are terrific. The whole place is full of Jews and Americans, and I cannot blame the natives for leaving; I intend to do so myself very shortly.

In the meantime, as I have nothing to do, I shall begin my Odyssey, intending to write it up at each stopping-place. I cannot begin *in medias res*—as Boileau and others recommend—because I have not as yet got there and you would probably not like to wait, so I will begin after the manner of Dostoievski and make details my forte, rather than plot, style, or simile.

I slept well as far as Dover and the crossing was very pleasant. A nasty Frenchman snored terribly all the way to Paris, but, neverthe-

less, the train was on time and I arrived about seven at the Continental. I came out again about ten and went to Cook's, who could not get me any accommodation until Saturday night, as I telegraphed in French, just by way of *blague*. After Cook's, I walked, plunged in deep thought, down the Avenue de l'Opéra and arrived at Brentano's, where the "Idiot" was not to be got.

By this time I was thoroughly peevish and went to the Louvre and also the Arts Decoratifs, where is an abundance of beautiful Persian things, without getting very much excited about anything. I will, however, admit that you know more than I used to about the beauties of the little Dutch pictures, Terburg, etc. They were not in that manner because he would have liked them, though perhaps not found them, decorative, which was my erstwhile objection, as I remember, and, therefore, the objection to them must be put down to youthful romanticism. It must be explained away at any cost because Voltaire is certain that if one has not taste as a child, one never gets any more. Something—not even lots of bad taste—cannot be made out of nothing.

By this time it was 1:30, so I drove to the Café de Paris, where I had a very wonderful lunch. I am sure I could imitate the "fat friend" describing a *salade aux poissons* which was the *pièce de resistance* of the meal.

You, however, will probably be more interested in what I thought of the Luxemburg. I walked there after my lunch. It is a very interesting place, "to my mind." We all know as much as we ever will—though I suppose each generation will have different theories about the matter—about the art of the past, but the art of the present and its probable tendencies for the future I find fascinating. The Rodins, especially the "St.-Jean Baptiste" and "L'Âge d'Airain," are very wonderful. I am sure that Pericles would have admired them; Phidias might have been jealous and I am certain Polyclitus would have been, but what appear to be his school do not seem to appreciate the best in him. I do not think that they are any better or much worse than the late Hellenistics, witness the "Knife Sharpener" and some of the Marsias productions of the Alexandrian period. It makes me crazy to get to Russia because there I expect to find a different order

of things—an art that has something besides its own technique to express, and that can still be archaic. About that, *nous verrons*.

There are also some nice Degas, “La Carmencita,” etc., which you probably know, and two wonderful Carrières, which I do not remember. Rodin’s “Hand of God” is also there, but I do not think it is as good as the “Hand of Fate” in marble in New York. His “Douleur” is also up to par. I think he makes God too much of an aristocrat,—I mean in “Le Main de Dieu,”—and I do not think it has the inexorability of the New York “Fate.” I do not mean that because you are anthropomorphic you should be a socialist (nihilist is better), but if you get a chance to see it, you will agree with me. And so on “ad Mesopotamia” when we meet again.

After the Luxemburg I walked about the streets in that quarter and bought my “Idiot” and another of the Master’s lesser works. I saw a whole lot of Goya prints, and I am sure America would have been glad if I had bought them and charged them to J. P. Morgan. There were some that Mr. Bullard did not show in the Spanish art thing last winter.

I dined at the Abbaye, and, having my *Belle Amie* well in mind, I offered a glass of pure water from the Seine to every dancer who asked what I was going to give her. Some of the dancing was very good. The Opéra was giving "Aida," the Comique was not giving anything, and the Français was giving "Camille," so I went to bed about ten.

Saturday was meant to be architecture day, but by the time I had done Notre Dame, the paintings in the Pantheon, several other churches, and walked for about a half-hour in the Marais, I decided that I was no architect and went to Voisin's for lunch. I do not think the food as good or the people less stupid than those at the Café de Paris. The glass is not half as pretty, although very nearly the same, but I feel that this is quibbling.

After lunch I went again to the Louvre and spent some time there. I remembered the Car-naulet, Musée des Archives, etc., but never thought seriously of going to any of them. The more I look at ancient and modern art, the more I think that J. J. Rousseau is the father of all things modern, which almost everybody else

thinks also, though they might object at first if it was put to them in so many words.

I was quite tired after the Louvre and sat and drank "*Une verrée de café*" until it was time to hustle and get my train. The Orient Express leaves the Gare de l'Est at 7:13. If Papa comes to Paris and the Bristol is not quite what it used to be, let him dine on that train and then get off at Baden-Baden. *One* man served nineteen people to about twenty courses and gave them all different sorts of waters and wines, and there were no long waits and everything was delicious. According to all philosophies, he ought to have got enormous tips, but everybody gave him one franc. I am sure Tolstoi would have kissed him in public and (possibly) have given him two francs—Tolstoi knew the value of money.

This morning I rose about 11:30 —time goes forward—and was asked to come in to what I thought was breakfast. It was in the German style, so I kept eating little fishes and salads and things, but when, about five courses later, cold meats were served after two sorts of hot ones, I realized that it must be lunch.

The country is very uninteresting until you get up near to Vienna; then, as you know, it is beautiful.

At six I got here, and here endeth the first lesson (?).

Your son,

HENRY

P.S. I had not forgotten Ellen and her Paladin, but, as you can see for yourself, there was no other way to say that I supposed they were with you now, and that I know how glad you must be to have them thus, except by saying: "Dear Mother. I suppose Ellen and Alfred are with you now—how you must all be enjoying each other. What a wonderful time they must have had in Ireland!" If you try to complete this plan of campaign you will, or, at any rate, I did, find it is a difficult one. Nor is it any more truly loving than this "last but not least" style of sending them my best love. Still in the same style give my love to Papa; he knows how I am enjoying the trip and that I am grateful.

Still, and ever, your son,

HENRY

Constantinople, July 26, 1912

DEAR PAPA:

I telegraphed you yesterday to let you know of my arrival in the Divine Port, and was notified this morning that "Farnswo London" was not registered. That, however, is no great matter; you probably got the telegram; also, code words are not accepted here. I do not know whether they will be in Russia or not. I mean to leave here Monday morning on the boat for Odessa. So much for business.

In my last I told you of everything up to my arrival in Vienna, and mentioned, I believe, that everything was closed and deserted.

Monday morning I issued upon the town at about 10:30 and instantly bought a "Guide to Vienna and Environs" by somebody like Baedeker. I then sat in a café and read it until one. I then lunched at the same café and afterwards went to Prince Lichtenstein's gallery and stayed there a long time. There were many interesting Italian paintings of the fourteen hundreds, none of the first order, and one wonderful Leonardo portrait of a woman—not, however, worthy of filling the place of Mona Lisa. After that I

walked home in the rain — it rained and was cold all the time — and went to sleep and dined and went to a sort of circus and varieties which was very stupid and very long. I got home about 12:30.

The next morning I went to the bank and got your telegram and letter, and had breakfast at a café, and got to the Imperial Gallery at 10:30. All the Titians and Correggios — the “Jupiter and Io” which I adore — the best Velasquez and the one Goya were locked up. The Rubens were, of course, wonderful. You were in Vienna, I think, and will remember them. I am sure Mother was.

There were also a lot of Dürers which I did not think as good as Mrs. Gardner’s, although his portrait of Maximilian First (I think) wore a whole cloak of sable. At Lichtenstein’s there was a great big Vermeer which was not half as good as Mrs. Gardner’s. There were also Vandykes — good ones — and hosts of Ruysdaels and Germans of all dates. I stayed there until two, and then lunched and got my ticket to Constantinople.

In the afternoon I went to churches and the

Riding School and public buildings, etc. I was glad to take the Orient Express again at 6:51. I forgot to say that some time I made up my mind not to go to Budapest. The train was crowded, and I had in my compartment an Austrian engineer, who talked endlessly about his son who was studying engineering in Munich.

About eleven in the morning we got into Serbia, where the mountains and rivers and gorges are wonderful. My engineer told me that I must drink the wines of the country because they were peculiar to the spot and could be had nowhere else. I was very glad I did. They give you, as nothing else does, an insight into the wonderfully costumed mountaineers we kept seeing. They (or rather it) is not strong and yet has a queer, wild flavor that—to put it unpoetically, but anybody who has been there would understand—seems as if it would taste very good to a breath strongly flavored by garlic.

That evening we were in Bulgaria—Sofia at 4:12—and there, what with the scenery, and the costumes of the peasants, and the goats, I almost died of Romance. If I ever get a long holiday and loads of money, I am going shooting

in the Bulgarian mountains. It is indescribable unless you have *passé par là*.

There was bright moonlight almost all night, and in the early morning we stopped at a small Turkish town where a large detachment of troops was doing manoeuvres of some sort. They had a lot of camels — very fine camels indeed — and the music was made by a few of them on camels playing a very wild Turkish air on fifes and one old man beating a little, small drum “hell for leather.” I did not count, but I think that Papa Haydn with his seventy-seven variations in the same key must have been left far behind. Yet, it was “terribly thrilling” (Master Builder, in case you were not going to give him the credit).

At 10 — (absolutely on time) 10 a.m. — we got to Constantinople, and in here I have fitted like a bug in a rug. I could spend six months here without once wanting a change. Dostoievski drives me on to Russia. In Vienna I felt a tourist and a stranger, etc., but here I am perfectly happy. The afternoon I arrived I went to hear the howling dervishes, who howled for two hours to a pack of German tourists without getting any appreciation except from me, who gave

them five piastres (about twenty-five cents), to the horror of my guide, who charges enormous sums and who, waiving the fact that he is absolutely necessary, gives me no pleasure whatever.

In the evening Nissim was keen that we do "Le Petit Paris de Constantinople," but I insisted on going to a stinking (good old English word) hole, where I was bitten terribly by fleas, over in Stamboul—I was also frightened to death, being the only European in sight—to see a gang of jumping and sword-swallowing dervishes. They did not eat scorpions and glass and bleed the way they do in the Arab town of Port Said, but the singing was the real thing, and the rhythmic breathing was well done and two got into real crises. They began singing about 10 and stopped at about 12:15. I spent the rest of the night killing fleas and rose this morning at about 11 in time to see the Sultan go to Mosque, attended by his ministers and a number of guards of various sorts. This afternoon I am going to Stamboul to see St. Sofia, etc.

With love to Ellen and Mother and Alfred,
I am

Your son,

HENRY

Odessa, July, 1912

DEAR MOTHER:

I arrived safely at this place at about four this afternoon. At present my one desire is to get out of it. Nobody knows anything but Russian. The "Interpreter" at the hotel knows a few words of German, but, unfortunately, they are not the words of my repertoire. "*Der schwert on meine linken,*" "*Wir saszen in eine Fischerhaus,*" etc. I made a terrible effort (utterly wilted a collar and whacked the driver of my troika with my umbrella), but all to no avail. Everybody in the hotel seemed to think that tickets are only to be bought in the morning and kept repeating: "*Morgen, morgen.*"

When I last wrote I had just got to Constantinople. I kept on adoring the place, but it is well I am out of it. The bills were astounding, though I tried to save. In the afternoon, after the dervishes and the Sultan in the morning, I went to do the Mosques. We started at St. Sofia, which I found I knew fairly well from photographs. You know my penchant for the Byzantine and the Arabic. I sat down cross-legged on the floor in the corner and stayed there about an hour.

There were very few there, but some priests were chanting the Koran, and occasional people—the old and the poor—came in to pray. Of St. Sofia more anon.

After that we “did” a lot of other ones—one entirely Arabic in style with stalactite corners (I do not know whether Arabic or not; I never heard of them except in Sicily, so they may be anything at all). I longed to clothe myself *à la* Pierre Loti and sit half a day in each one of them. At the time I thought it would be stupid. “At present writing,” as Mr. Martin says, I think I was an idiot not to.

I got back to the hotel at about 7:30 and had a most interesting dinner. A huge negro, resplendent in uniform, was there with a wife. The waiter said he was a Syrian; the wife was Greek, as any one could see. She also was interesting. She wore a very pretty little French dress—something like Ellen’s bridesmaid’s—and a coiffure that far outdid Canova’s Venus (though something on the same style), yet the result was more immodest than Ellen’s Tiffany lamp. I am sure you will understand the effect she produced.

It was helped out by powder, blacking, etc. She was a very handsome woman.

They ate everything on the bill of fare—rather he did—and the drinks were exactly as follows:

(1) For him, three *perikas*—a sort of Turkish absinthe drink, with only a little water; for her, a good, stout Scotch and a lean little water and a huge ice.

(2) Quart of G. H. Mumm for him, and another Scotch, etc., for her.

(3) With coffee in the other room—for him, one more *perika*, and he was still at Benedictine and Grand Marnier when I left; for her, a *perika* and a large brandy and Curaçoa.

As you can see, I let nothing escape me and had my eyes constantly in that direction. After a while, I having seated myself at the next table in the coffee room, she noticed this and winked and ogled. I waited for no more, but fled. At 9:30 I met the trusty Nissim and we went to a Turk Theatre in Stamboul, where he said there was a very good Turkish actor. There I got more fleas and very bored. Of course, I knew

nothing of what was going on. I stopped here for dinner—that is, just now, at Odessa.

By this time I had got quite used to the Turks and was not at all frightened of them, so we had supper at a small Turkish restaurant—sort of a *vilaine impasse*. I had some oily pilau and some coffee. We got home about 12:40.

I was very tired and slept late the next morning and then went to the bank. I was very glad to get Papa's telegram and letter. Constantinople seems very much a "foreign part."

After lunch we went in a boat up the Bosphorus to Therapia and had tea and came back. The Bosphorus is beautiful and Therapia is full of ambassadors. I thought of you and Byron and was not very much thrilled. In the evening I went to a Turkish *café chantant* which was not at all amusing. It is the streets and the mosques and the atmosphere of the town that I adore.

Sunday morning we hired a couple of good saddle-horses—Arabian—and went off in the country to see the Byzantine aqueducts and lakes. The country was very beautiful, full of gullies with splendid trees reaching up and wonderful bosky dells. We lunched in one of these—oily

fish and oily pilau, which was delicious, and coffee—and shortly afterwards came to the Byzantine relics.

If they were transported to Beacon Street, you would recognize them right off; all built—that is, a part of one at the mouth of a lake—of splendid marble brought from a mountain fifty miles away, and quantities of little green lizards running over them. The lake itself is in a hollow between two hills, and below the aqueduct is a large grove of trees something like our birches. Nissim told me, with glowing eyes, that formerly the Sultan used to drive out here with his wives and spend the afternoon and go swimming. If you—(interrupted by the infernal interpreter, who rehearsed for the fiftieth time his German vocabulary and at whom I yelled to go away—“*Gehen Sie weg*”)—if you remember your “Arabian Nights,” you can see the picture; but now, he added, “*nous avons changé tout cela.*”

Close by here, where we left our horses and went up on donkeys, we had spring water, coffee, and nuts at an entirely Turkish place. Except myself, there were one, two, or three Europeans

—Greeks or Armenians—and a huge mass of Turks who come to drink the water which gurgles out of a spring. There was a heavenly Turkish band of stringed instruments which “preluded in twenty-six different styles and then played a short air” (“Arabian Nights”).

We got home about seven, very weary and Nissim in a frightful temper from weariness. The hall porter—a very intelligent man, who put me up to most of these things—told me that it was the prophet’s birthday, and that I should go to St. Sofia about ten and see it illuminated. Nissim went almost crazy and said he was going to die, but we were off again at 9:30—this time in a cab.

Nothing but deep reading in Richard Burton’s “Nights” and the church itself can give you any idea of what a scene it was. It was illuminated by more than ten thousand little oil lights. The huge floor space under the great dome was a mass of people. The great candles in the altar in the east—at any rate, towards Mecca—were lighted. Near the altar priests were chanting the Koran until it seemed as if their throats would burst. They filled the whole church. In the side

aisles children played tag and screamed, but were drowned out by the priests—only one priest at a time—and the what I shall have to call “foyer” was crawling with beggars. There were only two or three women, and the men were mostly old and ragged. They all stood up and bowed “with the forehead” from time to time and muttered responses. I stayed to the very end and watched them put out the lights about the dome. You can see the mosaics and the faïence better this way than by daylight. (You must think this letter like the brook, but on to . . .)

The next morning (Monday) I overslept. I then had to get more money to pay those horrible bills. The boat went at ten. If Nissim had charged one pound more for his services and cabs, horses, etc., I should have let the boat go and gone to the Consul. He judged it just right. I decided to take the boat. I decided this after a ten-minute swearing match, which availed not a shilling. At 10:04 we galloped for the boat. I could see it just casting off its moorings. I told him if I did not get it—no other for a week, French line out of commission—that I should take his bill to the Consul, and that if I did get aboard I

would give him ten francs. He became as fire. We charged the custom officers and stopped not for their yells. We boarded a rowboat and captured an oarsman from another to row also. We gave chase with fury and began to gain. I counted Nissim his ten shillings and seized a rope trailing behind the steamer. A (I have forgotten the nautical expression) flight of stairs was lowered. Like a good traveller, I saw to my luggage and shoved it onto the steps and followed in a heap myself. Then with great *sangfroid* and amidst cheers and frantic good-byes from Nissim, I mounted the stairs and got up my two famous bags (they both went to Kentucky and you ought to know their weight).

When on board I found nobody knew English, French, or German. I could not find any official who could so much as read my ticket. In my searchings for the purser I kept going up to the deck above and soon arrived at the top one. There I saw a very nice looking man wearing a pair of English boots. I accosted him—by the grace of God, politely and gracefully—and he replied in English. Was very polite and got me the purser. The purser nearly fainted at sight

of us, and I soon found out that my polite man was Nicholas, Prince of Greece, who was sitting in the gangway because he had taken the whole deck for himself, and others were not allowed up there. However, I saw him again going down to his special dinner at 8:30, and he bowed very pleasantly and asked me if I was still troubled. I started to be very much troubled at this and began to blush furiously, which I imagine flattered him.

The Russian boat was quite interesting, but my hand is no longer that of a ready writer. So good-night, dear Mother, and with love to Papa, and remember me to "Wilks."

Your SON.

I feel a very distant one here—more so than in any English-speaking place, no matter how far away—also perfectly happy for a' that!

*Tuesday, the something—
I have forgotten the date*

I could not get them to take a telegram at five this afternoon; perhaps they will to-morrow.

Tell Papa to read Maurice Hewlett's "Song of Remy."

Moscow, August 2, 1912

DEAR PAPA:

I arrived here this morning after two nights in the train. It was very hot and dirty and I am beginning to get tired and a little upset in the stomach—something the way the “Great Man” would have been taken. I think I shall stay here for a week or something like that and get rested and well.

When I got off the train—about 10 a.m.—there were no guides from any of the hotels. I could not make any one understand “Hotel d’Angleterre,” so I began to yell “Slavonski” at the top of my lungs and was put into a cab and shipped here. Here there is a hall porter who talks a little English and I have been made very comfortable, so I think I shall stay. As things go in Russia, it is not expensive and very clean.

The boat from Constantinople to Odessa was very interesting. There were about fifty first-class passengers. Except for the Prince of Greece, who kept entirely to himself, nobody spoke either French or English, except a nice girl who spoke very fluent French. I could not fathom any more of her name than Zerlinska. She was an actress

who had been to Alexandria and was coming back. It was she who steered me through the customs and deposited me in a hotel—the one from which I wrote you. Almost all the men on the boat were as if taken for my benefit from the pages of “Dead Souls.” The first meal they all drank largely of vodka and urged each other on to eat and drink enormously, and directly afterward everybody went to sleep and did not get up until 4:30 for tea. I did not see anybody get the least bit drunk or horrid. That night it blew a gale and almost everybody got very ill. There were two men in my cabin who groaned terribly—also worse—so I spent most of the night on deck. The night was clear and fresh and warm and I had a lovely time. The next day we landed at Odessa at four, as I wrote.

The next morning (there was a reason for their saying *morgen*—in the morning a waiter appeared who spoke French) I spent in getting my ticket, etc., and went to the bank. There I heard about Synge. It is, of course, the worst possible news, but it is one of those cases where there is nothing to be done, and I have changed the poor dear’s name to “Spilt Milk.” I imagine

Phil Wrenn also did some swearing about the matter.

In the afternoon I read all the French newspapers to be got hold of, but was still in a bad temper when I boarded the train at 8:40. In the early afternoon I took the idiot guide at the hotel and drove all over the city for about two hours. On the train I began Dostoievski's "Souvenirs de la Maison des Morts." I do not advise you to read it; it is terribly long and dull—a defect which Poe was the first notable critic to denounce—but with flashes of superhuman genius. I think it would take a professional man of letters—a broad-minded one—really to enjoy the book as it deserves. I know Tourguenieff did, and compared many passages to Dante—no more transcendent visualization and no more horrible scenes in literature. Vogué says of him that he evokes like Hugo and analyzes like Sainte-Beuve; but that is only a small part of him. He is a poet and a "little Christ;" he *understands* because he sympathizes with all humanity. After long dreary pages of the Siberian winter at "hard labor" and in the hospital, where, amidst dirt and filth, were jammed the

sick convicts and those who had been beaten and those gone insane, and after a terrible confession that a dying convict told him one night while the others were sleeping, comes a passage like this:

“En outre, c'est au printemps, avec le chant de la première alouette, que la vagabondage commence dans tout la Sibérie, dans tout la Russie: les creatures de Dieu s'évadent des prisons et se sauvent dans les forêts. Après la fosse étouffante, les bagues, les fers, les verges, ils vagabondent où bon leur semblent, à l'aventure, où la vie leur semble plus agréable et plus facile; ils vivent, et mangent ce qu'ils trouvent au petit bonheur, et s'endorment tranquilles la nuit dans la forêt ou dans un champ, sans souci, sans l'angoisse de la prison, comme les oiseaux du bon Dieu, disant bonne nuit aux seules étoiles du ciel, sous l'œil de Dieu.”

Except for Bédier's translation of the old “Tristan and Iseut” (which Mother read) and certain rare passages in Synge, I know nothing in literature that strikes this note. Pardon these overflowings, but one more from chapter one, “La Maison des Morts:”

“Notre maison de force se trouvait à l'ex-

trémité de la citadelle, derrière le rempart. Si l'on regarde par les fentes de la palissade, espérant voir quelque chose—on n'aperçoit qu'un petit coin de ciel et un haut rempart de terre, couvert des grandes herbes de la steppe. Nuit et jours, des sentinelles s'y promènent en long et en large; on se dit alors que des années entières s'écouleront et que l'on verra, par la même fente de palissade, toujours le même rempart, toujours les mêmes sentinelles et le même petit coin de ciel, non pas de celui qui se trouve au-dessus de la prison, mais d'un autre ciel, lointain et libre."

When I got to the hotel I was very dirty and unshaved. I spent a couple of hours on my person and then lunched in the famous restaurant where you can have your fish caught. I could not get any guide to-day, and it is also a holy day and everything is closed—art galleries, etc. I arranged for a guide to-morrow—a very respectable looking old gent, who speaks French and can say "Yes, saire" in English. I have been walking about the streets and looking at churches, etc., and the famous collection of captured cannon. There must have been over three hundred with Napoleon's proud "N" upon them. It

brought "War and Peace" very much to my mind; also, for some reason that I cannot explain, it made me think, with a shudder, of the horde of barbarians suddenly pouring into the valley of crucified lions (see "Salamambo"), perhaps on account of my "great man" troubles and perhaps too much "Maison des Morts"—although I said it was dull, I sat up a great part of the night reading it.

I have taken proper pills.

With love to Mother,

Your son,

HENRY

Moscow, August 6, 1912

DEAR MOTHER:

I happened to see a Christian calendar yesterday in a moment when my mind was working, and realized that it was the 5th of August already. Hence I am leaving Moscow to-night at 8:30 for Petersburg, and from there I shall come to Paris, getting there the 13th or 16th, at any rate before the 17th. I shall telegraph before leaving Petersburg.

Of all cities I have ever been in I think this

is my favorite. I should love to get to know it better. There is splendor—but no “solid comfort”—just Renan’s ideal, and the whole city has *geist*. Most of it is dirty and bedraggled looking, but the great gilt domes of the churches dominate the view. There are Monte Cristo gardens, restaurants with wonderful food and orchestras, and theatres. More about them anon.

My guide is a perfect treasure—an old Russian of Scotch descent, who was a seaman for many years. He seems perfectly honest, though greedy. The Kremlin is the great passion of his life and we spend every morning there. There are about six great churches and monasteries there—some of them tiny—all resplendent with gold and jewels and icons, the old palace and the new one, arsenals, law courts, etc., and the Imperial Treasury.

In the Treasury is the history of the growth of the Russian people. Just as you come in you see a pile of old guns, banners, arms, etc., in a sort of a heap, the remnants of Pugatcheff’s rebellion against “Empress Chatherine Great,” as Lange, the guide, calls her. (See Pushkin’s “Captain’s Daughter.”) The Swedish banners, sword of

Charles the Great, and the chair he was carried in from "Dread Pultowa's Day;" hundreds of torn, blood-soaked Polish banners, and in an iron casket the Constitution of Poland and the old keys of Warsaw hanging beneath the Polish throne and crown; the armor of Peter the Great and all the Imperial Russian standards; wonderful Persian, Bokharan, Turkish, etc., tributary gifts; gifts to the Emperors from the days of Ivan down; armor of Boris Godunoff, who killed the last of the Ruriks; state carriages of all times and all the coronation thrones; armor of Yermak, the Cossack outlaw who beat the Tatars and whom "Tsar Ivan Terrible" made the chief of the Boyars, but who was drowned in a sea-fight on the Don; and so on for a long while. Even the sword with which Ivan the Terrible killed his son; and a cradle hanging on spears for "Peter the Great in his little days;" state bed of Napoleon, and his cannon stacked up about the arsenal.

In the old palace are the little, small, frescoed rooms of Ivan, Catherine, Peter, etc.; the room where Kutuzoff begged Alexander to give up Moscow without a shot (see "War and Peace"); the tower where Napoleon watched the burning

of Moscow. Over a gate in the walls of the Kremlin is a little room where Ivan the Terrible sat and watched the building of his cathedral after he was excommunicated from the church, and from which Peter the Great watched the execution of a whole regiment of Boyars who revolted against him. They say the whole great square was ankle-deep in blood.

The new palace is very gorgeous and some of it in beautiful taste. I could go on to Mesopotamia.

The Art Gallery — I have forgotten the name of it, but have an English catalogue — is a terrible and wonderful place. Even here “Tsar Ivan Terrible” seems to cast his shadow. There are many wonderful pictures of him — some melodramatic and many not.

On the bottom floor are the Vereshchagins — “The War Painter” — hundreds of little pictures of “what he saw on his travels in India and in Bokhara with the conquering army.” I think his pictures stand with Rodin’s sculpture on the pinnacle of modern art. Nothing can describe his light effects. There is one of the interior of an Indian underground prison into the mouth of

which the prisoners are lowered. One shaft of dim sunlight from the blaze outside shoots down on a white-robed prisoner looking up. From that one beam you can judge the depth of the hole, its putrid smells, its atmosphere, the hot glare up above in the open, and from what it shows of the prisoners you can feel all the age and mystery of Indian civilization.

My old guide understands these pictures wonderfully, being absolutely ignorant, just as Tolstoi said they could, and very much, I imagine, as the poor Italians of Siena understood the Madonna and Angels of their Duccio.

The war pictures are terrible and yet glorious—the “Before the Attack” and the “After the Attack” and the “General Somebody Reviewing His Troops at Some Famous Pass.” You will find something of their realism in Kipling’s “Light That Failed,” but little of their philosophy. His draughtsmanship is as virile and its effect as stimulating as Masaccio. I do not think he has his tremendous dramatic power, but he was not painting an epic and, except for Giotto, who has?

He is by all means the chief of the Russian painters; he is comparable to Dostoievski and

Tolstoi. I could not find in the paintings before his time, although there was plenty of rude realism and theories of "Art for Life's Sake," any Gogol to show him the way. His contemporaries are all interesting. I will annotate the catalogue to-night so as not to forget them. They have a splendid grasp of their own history—that of the Russian people.

The Hall of Sculpture was shut up. In the other gallery was nothing worthy of mention. One good—only fairly so—Rembrandt in horrible condition. They often show in a separate room a large picture and the studies made for it. A very good plan. What a chance for students!

Last night I went to a place called the "Hermitage Garden." It was one of the most thrilling and interesting things I did. It is a huge garden—admittance fifty kopecks—with good trees, fountains, grass, walks, benches, etc., a very large and very good restaurant with an exciting Gipsy orchestra and singing, an open air theatre and orchestra, a great big band in another place, and a large, regular theatre—a good seat five roubles, about the same as in America. I went to the theatre and was very much rewarded. They gave

an "Operetta" with an amusing, conventional plot. Instead of one man writing the music they took from everybody—Carmen, Faust, Don Giovanni, Parsifal, Fra Diavolo, Lohengrin, Gipsy love songs, French and German popular songs, and a lot of what must have been Russian. There was one bass solo by the villain in a fury which was so sinister and terrible that it, too, goes beside Dostoievski and Vereshchagin. I, of course, have no idea what it really was. All the chief parts were of the calibre of Lipkowska and Baklanoff—the bass was better. The comedy old man was splendid, and the soubrette flirted with daring and refinement. "Sophrosone" was the motto of the evening—I could write it in Greek.

After the operetta the five voices gave a concert, each singing three or four songs. A great many of them I did not know, but they were all very good music and well sung. "Due Furlelle" was one and most were more serious. One Debussy-Verlaine.

The audience was just the sort that go to summer theatres in America and London, and they all knew everything and applauded madly, and

gigantic flowers were brought on, and to the chief woman—a very splendid specimen—a very large silver vase. Those who turn up their noses at Russia would possibly be bored—probably by the evening—and would never go to a music hall—that is what this corresponds to—for that sort of thing. Their great-grandfathers would have to be dug up and transplanted to some climate where “taste” is a possible growth. In 1670 (or 1700?) Abbé Bouhours doubted if England was such a place.

After that a ballet—dancing not as good as P. & M., but bigger chorus and infinitely better orchestra, Brahms’ Hungarian Rhapsody in G Minor, etc.—no Rubinstein. Have been to a big church festival. They do not need organs in Russia—hence they don’t have one.

Will write more anon.

HENRY

I must add that in the “Church of the Patriarchs” in the Kremlin—a church all covered with old Byzantine icons and frescoes—is a head of Christ, obviously by some wandering Italian, of the Cavalini type (I mean the head of Christ).

In front of the (at any rate, *a*) masterpiece of this far-travelling, eager-souled artist of the past burns a huge, bedecked and bedizened two rouble candle to an eager little horse soul that has left its unsightly little body, and three tiny one kopeck candles in honor of the three goals I made from his back.

St. Petersburg, August 7, 1912

DEAR PAPA:

I arrived here this morning at 8:30 on a very comfortable train. This hotel is very different from my dear Slavianski Bazar. It is all filled with English, German, and American tourists. It is a huge place with a breakfast room (I have just breakfasted—about 9:30) where the waiters wear knee-breeches and pink coats. Breakfast, except in your room, is impossible at the Slavianski before 11:30, and at 1 they ask you if it is breakfast or lunch you want. That speaks volumes as to the difference between the two places. I cannot get a guide here until to-morrow, hence this.

In Moscow, as I think I mentioned, I went to

the service on Sunday and to the extra service for the Empress' birthday. The Church of St. Saviour is the biggest one in Russia and was packed with people. It is decorated with modern paintings of great merit—most by Vereshchagin—not the “War Painter” or even any relation. The great dome is a wonderful piece of “dome technique”—a very difficult thing to manage. Correggio's *true* claim to supremacy lies in that. The colors are also good, and for a marvel un-sentimental even in the robes of the Madonnas.

There were a number of deacons in cloth of silver and gold mixed; they were mostly old and silver-headed. The archdeacon was all bushy black beard and long, curly hair, very thick. He wore a surplice of cloth of gold, and from the way he walked—about six foot three or four—I think he had nothing on underneath. Mary Garden is the only other human that can walk that way. All tigers do and some bulls, Black Anguses and Herefords. The doors of the high altar opened and out he walked with nothing on his head, looking like the arch priest of *Baal Dévorateur* among the shaven priests of Artemis (see “Salamambo”), and turned his face to the

altar and began to intone. He went up a whole note or more at the end of each verse, growing louder and louder. He put his head back and his hands on his breast and threw his voice up into the dome, catching the echo just as it came back and always rising in speed, volume, and register. He ended in clear, ringing baritone and a boy choir took it up, beginning in tenor, going to boy alto, and ending in shrill boy soprano. No Jehovah could sleep long or dally at the chase if called upon in such a way. The bishop then appeared. He wore a surplice of cloth of gold, chasuble of plaited strands of gold—all stiff and catching the light—a mitre of gold set with diamonds, and a *huge* ruby on the top. The arch-deacon looked at him—I suspect contemptuously—and walked in with his wonderful walk. The bishop represented the New Testament, and was dull and sweet and shaky-voiced and set no echoes ringing or hearts beating.

In the afternoon I went to “Sparrow Hill,” where “Sparrow,” the robber who foiled Ivan the Terrible, had his lair. Ivan once captured two of his chief men and ordered them to be executed. “Sparrow” came down into the city,

caught and killed his chief Boyar, and put on his robes. Then he entered the palace—the guards bowing before him—and ordered the men set free and took them off with him. He was the only man in all Russia that Ivan could never quell. Now “Sparrow Hill” is a Sunday resort with a big restaurant and singing and balalaika-playing by men. There are splendid trees and a good view of the city and river.

In the afternoon of Monday I went to the horse races, which were very brilliant and exciting. I had sufficient sense not to bet a cent. Monday night I went to the Hermitage Garden, which I described. Nothing can describe the clear, warm, bracing, pale nights that they have in Russia—same in Odessa, and even more so in St. Petersburg, I am told.

Yesterday my guide came down to the train with me and we had a very touching parting. I was truly fond of him. He liked me because I responded to his Kremlin and his paintings. He said one thing that I think Berenson would have kissed him for. We were in a very second-rate collection of French and Dutch paintings, and he turned to me with disgust and said: “Can you

tell me now, Mr. Farnsworth, what these people go paying away good money for these paintings for? I can't see anything in them at all, but when I'm looking at Vereshchagin I can see everything. You can even make a guess at how much the queer looking guns the Bokharans use weigh, and you can see the men sitting in their saddles and standing in their stirrups and squatting down in their little stinking shops and churches." I told him that that was the very essence of painting—he had no eyes for color, so we did not go into that, neither did the early Florentines and the Aristotelians—and Berenson agreed with him about liking to see men really standing and sitting.

When I asked him what he thought of some of the Byzantine paintings he replied that he supposed they had been painted by very holy men and that they were very old. He was perfectly sincere about all this, and used to come into my room in the morning and get me through with my breakfast quickly so as to be out and seeing. If I ordered him at eleven, he would turn up about half-past nine and ask me if I was not ready for breakfast. If I ordered Nissim at

eleven, he would swear nothing was open until twelve and grumble horribly.

I mean to go and telegraph right now.

Love to the proper people,

Your son,

HENRY

LETTERS HOME

OCTOBER, 1914, TO SEPTEMBER, 1915

*On board U. S. M. S. Philadelphia,
New York, October 5, 1914*

DEAR MOTHER:

I HAVE only time to say that I am in a hurry. My passport was held up in Washington and I have had a fearful time getting one.

With best of wishes for the McGibbon horse.

Your son,

HENRY

London, October 13, 1914

DEAR PAPA:

I have just left Wilkes, and am to meet him for dinner later on. As I have not succeeded in making any definite plans yet, the first mentioned is the only thing that I have done so far. However, I have many irons in the fire, and expect by to-morrow evening, or next day at the latest, to have made a start in some direction.

In the boat I fell in with a young man coming from British Columbia to rejoin his old regiment, the Grenadier Guards. I became immensely intimate with him from the first, and he is anxious to have me enlist. I don't want to

enlist any way, and know that you don't want to have me, and furthermore, I don't think it is possible, and so do not think there is much chance.

Griswood, the man I spoke of, used to be a captain, and is to bring over a raw company after about two or three weeks' drilling, or so his colonel wrote him, and if he can put me in that company, I might go with him. He is a very attractive fellow and I am more or less fond of him. I had dinner with him last night, and from the way head-waiters, etc., snooped about, I imagine that he used to be the devil of a swell. That is one iron.

Wilkes thinks that I might go to the front on a motor bicycle and act as errand boy. He suggested the idea and has evidently had it on his mind, as he knows all the details. We will find out about that to-morrow. The idea naturally appeals strongly to me, and particularly as he says that if taken, I should probably be put with the Indian Brigade. I will write you more about things when the matter is settled one way or the other. There would, of course, be a certain amount of danger in the work, but nothing very desperate, and in no possible way could I see more of

the war. One difficulty is my inaptitude in the matter of mechanics, but I know enough to throw a good bluff, and Wilkes says that as such men are needed, there will in all probability be no very searching tests.

If that idea falls through, I shall see the people I have letters to, and take the first boat to Ostend, if still open. The siege there ought to make good material, and I may be able to get some photos and do the regular magazine article.

As for conditions here, they are much as reported—very dark in the streets at night, and plenty of people about as late as eleven; restaurants and theatres open, but neither crowded. It is surprising how much French you hear spoken everywhere. Belgian refugees are arriving constantly, and all the shops have big red exhortations to the young men of England to enlist posted everywhere. Extras are coming out every hour and red and green posters advertise the extras, but it is all done in the calm way that the English do such things. You don't hear any more war talk than you do in Boston, not as much, in fact. The Germans are hated with a bitter and lasting hatred. Wilkes, for instance, talks about them

in a very bloodthirsty way. He does not seem very keen about the Russians either, but then, he never did. Gold is very scarce, and there is paper money for ten shillings and pounds.

With much love to Mother and Ellen.

Your son,

HENRY

Hotel Continental, Paris,

October 19, 1914

DEAR MAMMA:

I arrived here on Saturday night, after leaving London at 10 a.m. Strange to say, the boat, Folkestone-Dieppe, was so crowded that many had to stand. However, trains, luggage, etc., are all in perfect order. I suppose that the crowd was because Ostend and Calais routes are not running.

I picked up several French men and women, and several had been over to England to buy heavy clothes, etc., for the soldiers. They had found the same shortage there, but report factories running like mad.

I did not see any one who took the war in the almost hysterical way some members of Espe-

ranza used to. Even the Belgians are cheerful and practical. I think you will find more hatred felt and expressed in England than on the Continent. Also, strange to say, there are more alarmists, and rumors of Zeppelin raids, etc., worthy of Mexico are handed about in the Mexican fashion, with lowered voices.

I picked up a Welsh captain of the Second Ghurkas now in France, who had been detained much to his rage by the General Staff. It was his pleasant duty to dash about music halls, etc., and arrest any drunken officers he might find. He told me that the night before he had done the bravest action of his life, and run in a major. I noticed he had the South African D. S. O. medal and also the Indian Northwest Frontier medal. He said himself that he was an officer and considered himself a gentleman, and not a policeman.

He let drop one bit of information which I had suspected before, namely, that while waiting to report himself one morning at headquarters, he had had a glimpse of the map, and that the English position was far stronger than reported. I asked him if he wanted to elucidate, and he

said he did not, but again assured me that that was the fact. I think myself that there are at least twice as many British troops at the front as are reported there.

Paris can best be pictured by saying it is like London in time of peace on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, the only difference being that you see no young men about. That is the general atmosphere of the place.

I spent six solid hours walking the streets on both sides of the Seine, and finally lunched at a half-swell restaurant on Boulevard Capucines. It was that or the one lower. There was a fair scattering of *bourgeois* and *bourgeoises* and offspring, and by choosing a strategic table, I was able to eavesdrop on three sides. Some were discussing the morning papers, but most was mere chatter, such as only Zola truly appreciates. An English and French soldier came in together in full campaign kit, — Englishman with rifle, canteen, knapsack, etc., Frenchman of the light cavalry, with a big leather-sheathed sabre. He was limping and obviously a convalescent. A reporter came in and took a few notes from them, but otherwise they did not attract very much more

attention than the same sight would in Constantinople or Mexico City. They seemed the very best of friends, although the Frenchman knew very little English and the other only his native tongue.

At another café three Belgian officers were sitting and a Belgian refugee in chauffeur's costume came up, and after a smart military salute, asked the way to the Belgian consulate. He said he had come on a bicycle from Boulogne. After he had gone one of the officers said, "*Il faut avoir du courage pour faire ça,*" and the others agreed and dropped the subject.

In walking around the streets you would not notice much war-time excitement. The majority of the shops are closed, and often on a red, white, and blue poster about eight inches square it tells how many of the owners and workers are at the war. Also a good many of the round advertising columns that stand on all avenues and boulevards are now covered with red, white, and blue stripes and "Reserved for military advertising." Naturally there is none of the continual advertising for enlistment that so covers London.

While walking, several aeroplanes passed

overhead and a good many on the streets looked up at them. On all sides you could hear the people saying, "*C'est un Français; les Taubes ne viennent plus.*" Once while in the rue Francs Bourgeois one passed directly overhead and an old woman dashed cackling into a doorway. Her husband yanked her out with foul names and made her walk with him in the middle of the street.

At night the Boule' Miche' is fairly crowded and much as usual. There is a thin sprinkling of soldiers, both English and French, but as far as I could see, they were behaving very well. Auto-taxis are still plentiful, but regular motors are very scarce and then either on Red Cross duty or carrying soldiers. There are no motor buses. The streets are not quite as dark as in London, and as in London, the sky is swept in all directions by big searchlights. One beam will sometimes follow a cloud for ten minutes at a time and then pass on. By nine most of the places are closed everywhere. I believe that some of the devotees still carry on a night-life somewhere, but it is not in evidence, and by ten the streets are as deserted as those of Boston at one. Some

of the movies run till midnight, mostly carrying war films. All the regular theatres are closed, but the Folies Bergères and a few others run movies.

I have not seen about the facilities for getting to Rome and Constantinople as yet. I am going now to the embassy to see if I can make a visit to the battlefield of the Marne. They say it is very interesting.

Your *films*,

HENRY

Café Terminus, Paris,

October 30, 1914

DEAR PAPA:

Since my last my plans have indeed suffered a sea-change. As you say Metcalf predicted, I found that there was no direct route to Russia, owing to the closing of the Dardanelles. I still think it would be possible to get there by way of Switzerland, Austria, Rumania, etc., but it is not sure and would be very expensive. Also, while I was casting about and finding out what I could about travel in Austria, I met a man by the name of Bles, who is forming a corps of volunteer

scouts, which he thinks will in time form part of the division at present being raised by Colonel Kitchener (brother of the big one), which is to join the Belgian army.

This Bles is a very interesting man. He commanded a similar troop in the South African campaign and also in Alaska, when there was a fight with the Indians there. He has also shot considerable big game, prospected, etc. Also, unlike most of such people, he is a man of letters and knows a good deal of art and music. For the last seven years he has lived here, and writes in various magazines. He is also an authority on aeroplanes (not rich enough to practise), and on jiu-jitsu and other Japanese sports; also Japanese metal work and pottery. As might be supposed, I have taken a great liking to him, and have formed one of the friendships that I seem to fall into in foreign parts.

I have not yet enlisted in his corps, but I go to drill regularly twice a day, 8:30 to 12:30 and 2:30 to 5:30. The whole thing is as picturesque as possible. The daily procedure is as follows: Bles, very smart in English officer's uniform, modified with some Canadian details that he considers

more practical, calls to order at 8:30 sharp. There are sixty in the squadron, but twenty-four is the usual number present. We have men from South Africa, Trinidad, Argentine, Belgium, Switzerland, Canada, United States, Honduras, Java, England, France, the Caucasus, and Malta. The four non-commissioned officers are Francotte, a Belgian of forty-five, who is not strong enough to work in his own infantry; Kyros, an Argentine rancher, twenty-two years of age; Messelie, a man of unknown nationality, *ex* of the Trinidad Light Horse; and myself. We meet in a riding school and do manoeuvres on foot, each one of the brigadiers taking command in turn.

I have learned to put the six sections through the most complicated manoeuvres, advancing in open order, forming triangular formation, forming squares, and all that sort of thing. Also I have learned to get my commands out smartly and to correct any one that makes a mistake.

After that Bles takes command and puts us through the English cavalry sabre drill. Then we have a class in signalling, semaphore, and examination in Morse code signalling. Same thing repeated in the afternoon. The sabre drill, which

we now do at full speed, is very violent exercise, and hence I am in splendid condition. Also, I have worked harder over this thing than anything I have ever done. It is no simple thing to learn to manoeuvre men, the Morse telegraph code, the international semaphore signals, and a pile of guides to range-finding, all in a week! I have been working twelve hours a day and very hard. Also, all that information is worth having.

I as yet don't know whether I will definitely join or not. If you don't want me to, write and say so. I have told Bles that I will abide by your decision. Of course I could see the war with the corps better than in any other way imaginable. Part of our duty is to be despatch riders, and thus we would not be confined to one narrow field of action. As for danger, it would exist, but not nearly in so great a degree as for the regular troops. Practically negligible, in fact.

Bles has promised to make me lieutenant as soon as the thing is really crystallized and I formally enlist. I do hope you won't think the thing too risky. I have an inward conviction that I should never be touched. Also I have a great

admiration for Bles. He can keep his temper in exasperating moments, keep cheerful and businesslike when everything seems going wrong, and make the most of any little opportunity that offers, more than any man I have ever met. Incidentally he can get more hard work on deadly stupid things out of me than anybody hitherto encountered. As for expenses, I shall have to buy my uniform and that is all. Bles expects to leave in a month or six weeks.

I shall write more anon. I could write a volume on Bles' "Light Horse." With love to Mother, as ever,

HENRY

*Boulevard St. Germain, Paris,
November 1, 1914*

DEAR MAMMA :

I am now installed in a lodging, 22, rue de Somerrand, that is to say, abaft of the rear of the Musée Cluny, and can from the bathtub overlook the garden in front of the Musée, which will show that my position is a very strategic one for the fostering of the ideals that a student in Paris should have. I use the word

“student” with conscious pride, for I am now studying war quite as hard as any Balzac hero ever studied politics or art.

I have written the Da a lengthy account of the facts of the case, but there was so much to be said that I could do no more than summarize and hence probably gave no real conception of my doings. I also think that I overdid the grind of it all, for though the hours are long and hard, I enjoy most of the work.

I have picked up particular friendship with Bles, as previously described, Francotte, a Belgian *garde civique*, and one of our corporals, and with a strange being named Bürger. This last is by a Dutch officer out of a Javanese woman in Batavia and married to a Russian wife. He is incredibly long, thin, and pale, with a little worm-eaten moustache and hollow, mournful eyes. He wears a pair of rough cowhide boots with ordinary ill-cut trousers tucked into them. The coat buttons right up to the chin. He is a doctor of psychology by profession, and speaks French, Dutch, English, Swiss patois, Italian, German, Danish, and Russian! Also some kind of Hindu, “one or two Malay dialects,” and

a little Japanese. He is to be our hospital corps. He has an attractive apartment up on top of Mont Rouge and seems thoroughly well known in the entire Latin Quarter. He does not do the drill, but usually comes to the afternoon session to look for progress. At my first appearance he came up to me and asked if I had not been living at Hadem Keui during the battle of Tchatalja. It turns out that he had been working with the Turkish ambulance corps at the same time and had recognized me. He is an old acquaintance of Bles, and we three have dined together four times, twice with Bürger, once with Bles, at their homes, and once with me at the Café Restaurant de la Sorbonne—very picturesque occasions, Bles in uniform with sundry campaign medals and some kind of a decoration, Bürger as described, smoking a Dutch pipe, and myself as usual in an old suit which I keep pressed to please Bles, who takes the queer clothes of his troop to heart. We talk almost entirely war, and Bles and I expand on the beauties of the U. S. M. C. Bürger on the first day I saw him prophesied that the Germans would force Turkey's hand, and furthermore that, rather than

lose Constantinople, they would declare Holy War, and that Egypt, most of the rest of Africa, certain districts of the Punjab, all Afghanistan, the bulk of Persia, Samarcand, Dzungaria, Moro, and such places would follow suit. Bles scoffs at this, and I am in your habitual position of believing both sides possible and seeking the truth.

There is also endless discussion and chart-drawing of various methods of entrenchments and the use of light artillery, the Creusot 75 and the mitrailleuse. The news from the front here is so vague that there is not much use in discussing it.

This place is out of paper and I must close.
With love to all,

Your *fi*ls,

HENRY

*Café de Rohan,
1, Place du Palais Royal,
November 3, 1914*

DEAR PAPA:

I drew £30 this morning, and am writing this lest you should worry as to what I am doing.

I still have the \$200 in gold and did not need this money for immediate expenses, but I drew £20 on Wednesday a week ago. I wanted this money to put up as a deposit for a horse which I have hired to practise sabre and other exercises on. The owner lives and has his stables in Neuilly, and as I wanted the horse in the Manège Monceau, rue de Toqueville, he insisted on a deposit of 700 francs. As he insisted on the deposit, I made him put the money in the bank in such a way that he can only get it out with my signature. Besides the deposit, I agreed to pay for its keep and give him a louis a week. I don't think that is extravagant.

I do this in the distinguished company of Comte de Montmort and a certain Tollendhor de Balsch, both of Bles' troop, and we sabre-practise on horseback regularly for an hour every noon. Both the others are first-class fencers, but I have the advantage of them in riding and horsemanship. Bles says that on foot I am hopeless, but mounted, a very good opponent. My forte is attack and defence on the nigh side. Polo has been a great aid in getting a long reach and hard thrust on that side. If I can get either of the

others on their nigh side, I can touch the horse either cut or thrust, and nearly always the leg of the man.

As I am about to write Mother now, in answer to hers of October 2,

Yours as ever,

HENRY

Café de Rohan, Paris,

1, Place du Palais Royal,

November 6, 1914

DEAR MAMMA:

I am interested in what you say of the good work of Mr. Norton. I called on him on the 10th or 12th of October in Burne-Jones' house and found him out, but was received by a very pretty house-keeper. At that time, according to her, he had not got any automobiles as far as the Continent, but expected to some time in the next few days. By skilful questioning it appeared that he was entangled with British red tape and I lost interest fast. Dill Starr, of Groton-St. Mark's fame, is one of his bearers. As to the St. Bernard-like rescue of sufferers on the battlefield, I have also a screed of disillusion. In the English army,

as in all civilized armies, the hospital corps and the sanitary corps is an important and large factor. They work on the actual firing line, rescue the wounded, administer the first aid to the wounded, and tag the wound with a special tag, telling its nature and severity. Then they turn their cases over to the, as you may say, amateur Red Cross, who hover behind the lines and run base and field hospitals. Being within sound of the guns, and seeing occasionally some wild shell explode, might by an ignorant enthusiast, particularly a woman, be taken for actual fighting, and I don't doubt that many articles will appear, written from this standpoint.

Anybody who really knows, will immediately see the difference between such thrilling scenes and those that take place in the trenches and ahead of them.

My point is that if Bles can put through his idea, I would with him really see the war and that not from one narrowly restricted field. Every man in our troop knows at least two languages, and has learned to send cipher despatches in two or more languages, which even an expert cryptogram reader would have difficulty in making out.

Also we all know the different signalling systems thoroughly, and each man is well educated and intelligent.

Our ambition is to serve as scouts—the French word *éclaireurs* is better—and also as despatch-bearers. We would not be in the trenches, but we would be collectors of information ahead of the trenches; really about the same thing as Uhlans.

You see the difference, don't you, between Bles' Horse and Norton's Red Cross? I shall know definitely in two weeks if Bles can achieve his desires. If he can't, I am no worse off for the information gained and can still go about my original plans.

I have not yet finished Cramb, but can see how well written it is. I don't see why it makes the Germans any more understandable to you. It, as far as I have gone, draws them as maddened and blinded by jealousy. I wish Cramb could have lived to read how the English and French are fighting.

With much love,

HENRY

Café Universal,

Puerta del Sol, Madrid,

November 13, 1914

DEAR ELLEN:

Bles has gone to London to see if he can hurry things along at the War Office. I know he can't, because until Kitchener's million is complete, nothing else will be done at the War Office.

So in disgust with mankind in general, I came down here with one of our hope-to-be officers, Christobal Bernaldo de Quayros by name, a son of the Marquis de St. Yago *tous qu'il y a de plus grand d'Espagne*. I thought he was Argentine, because he said he came from there, but here on his own dunghill he turns out to be a terrific swell.

Last night we dined with Brother Antonio in his lodging. Christobal is still in bed, hence I am here gathering local color and about to go to the Museum. The old father is out in the country somewhere, so Christobal and I are staying at the Madrid Palace Hotel, the sort of place the B—— family would have revelled in ten years ago. Fancy cooking that tastes as if done by a machine, and quantities of over-liveried

supercilious flunkeys. As we are living together in the cheapest habitable room, it may explain the superciliousness.

I am disgusted with Madrid as a city. The Quayros family are delightful, simple, travelled, hospitable, and just as you would expect them to be; but the city — no. If you came here, you might rave of the picturesque, but compared to Havana, all smothered in tropical palms, or Mexico, with its zeraped peons, distant mountains, and air of tragedy and bullet-marked walls, this is all flat enough. Also it lacks the charm of Paris. There is indeed a park with trees all yellow with autumn, and green grass and the like, but Chapultepec with its gardens, dungeons, and thousand year old trees, or the Alameda, with thick pastoral shade and blinding tropical glare and splashing fountains, makes all this seem pale. There are, of course, plenty of faces that might be by Murillo or Velasquez, even some Goyas, but the same are in other places, and here there are no fierce-looking ragged soldiers or thin Egyptian-faced Aztecs.

Also it is cold, and I am really thinking of nothing but the war and devising means to get

to it. Last night I sat up late writing a sort of memoir of interesting things and places I have seen. This morning it seemed not in the least like anything I ever saw in print, but nevertheless of a certain merit. I mean to go to Barcelona soon and finish it there. It passes the time while waiting to hear from Bles. And if I can make anything out of it, it may please the Da or the Ma.

While on the train a really hideous thing occurred to me, namely, that after having been dined and lunched and well treated generally by Wilkins, I then met a friend in London,—I don't know if I wrote you about him, Walter Pierce, painter, whom I enjoyed infinitely,—and thereafter never thought again of Wilkins until a few nights ago. You can do anything with Wilkins. For God's sake, write him and let him know that I did not mean to be rude, and that I know he was more than really polite to the Da's son, and that I feel like a worm! I don't myself see how the thing can be explained, but if you can do anything, do it, for the love of God!

I dreamt the other night that Lee and I had a long and intelligent conversation, what about I don't remember, except that in a general way

I told him to write down every morning what he dreamt the night before, because who knows what children dream about, or from what they draw the necessary experience?

I got that all from the Javanese psychologist.

Au revoir.

With love,

HENRY

Puerta de Sol, Madrid,

November 13, 1914

DEAR MAMMA:

I have just passed three hours in the gallery here. May we both live to spend one day in this city together! On every side some master line, some color to ravish the eye and enlarge the mind; nothing to blemish and everything to uplift. The still, serene conceptions of the Old Masters is the only atmosphere. A hall of Goya, — not the Goya of the prints, the child of hell, but Goya the master, full of life and color and line, but yet serene. Then a long gallery of Titian, Tintoretto, Rubens, Vandyke, and one or two others, a big round room of Velasquez, all alone and always at his best, a hall of Murillo, as I have never seen

him before, a hall of portraits, and that is all. There is nothing else like it in all this world! You can look up in some modern Baedeker or something and get the list of pictures. I can't describe them, except to say that to many it has been given to paint Christ, but to paint the spirit of Golgotha, to Velasquez alone. Titian and Tintoretto also I never understood before. There is a series, Moses in the Bulrushes, Judith and Holofernes, Esther and Ahasuerus, Queen of Sheba and Solomon, Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, by Tintoretto, all small, and all more ravishing than Botticelli's Venus and Mars. It all makes me feel like a brand saved from the burning. It seems as though for two years past I have been following false gods, or rather devils, and following on the nervous in art. I could give my soul now to hear Jaques Thibaud playing that "Chaconne" of Bach's again. I feel as though I had been a long way under ground and had at last come back to the true light again. Nothing is more abhorrent to me just now than anything that smacks of nerves. I hope it will be given to me to keep the distinction between devil's art and God's art clear in the future. Rodin's "Penseur,"

which of late I have spent much time before, now looks to me like Satan himself!

To-morrow I go to Barcelona.

Love to the Da,

HENRY

Café de Paris, Barcelona,
November 21, 1914

DEAR ELLEN:

There is a howling gale outside and quantities of fine rain, and yet warm, and smelling like the first of our spring storms at home. I have been waiting here a week, and this morning received a wire from Bles saying that he hoped to fix matters with the Belgians in two weeks' time. I suppose that means he has failed in London. It all makes me feel criminal, sitting here an absolute *fainéant* and spending my evenings at the inevitable Jockey Club that exists in all Spanish-speaking cities.

I suppose you, too, have read Cramb on Germany. It is the best written historical pamphlet I ever read. It makes me in a way admire the Germans, and yet I want to fight them for other reasons than mere love of excitement.

This is really a loathsome town, lazy, and without art. Also, it is impossible to buy a book in English or French that is worth reading. I am ploughing through a tome on Alaric that purports to be a novel, written by a professor of psychology who wants to become an artist in his dotage. It is very learned, but does nothing but remind me of the huge pictures in "Salamambo." A *bona fide* inspiration is the only excuse for writing a book, or any artistic effort, for that matter.

I went to "Mignon" at the opera here, and the orchestra was led by a little man who felt the music, but drowned the voices. I went with the Italian consul here, whom I met at the Club, and we talked music until two. He knows nothing but his own national style and a bit of French. Beethoven, Brahms, and Franck are closed to him. Still, it was a slight comfort.

This town is surrounded with wild miniature mountains, and Varrichotti, the Italian, and myself took horses and spent a day among them. Coming home we stopped at a peasant's house and drank some wine in a room all dark, except for a huge fire. It was so fascinating that we

stayed until it was pitch dark. The trails down to the city are very rough and Varrichotti was terrified. This for some reason elated me and I took the lead at a jog-trot, slipping and stumbling and sending stones rolling over the edge into the dark. I got one fall, but fortunately on a broad place, and the horse was not marked. Varrichotti was so far behind that he did not catch on. I was in a mood when I would have gone over the edge without a quiver.

That night I saw Velasquez's "Crucifixion" in a dream, and ever since have been wanting to start a novel. I could think of countless things to say, and even a beginning, but no plot. I have decided to take a leaf from the "Idiot" and to go ahead and write what is in me, and not try to force things or to consider what the public wants.

I feel so dishonest waiting here, when the Da sent me to the war, so much so that I don't dare write home. Add to that that I have lost, or did, rather, in one sitting, \$150 at baccarat, and you will imagine how contemptible I feel!

De Quyros of Madrid gave me a letter to a swine here who put me up at this Club—the Jockey Club, not this café—it is now only 10a.m.

and Barcelona is still asleep—and he proposed joining the game. After dining me very nicely, he, being very simple in his manners, as are most *chic* Spaniards according to my experience, tried to get me away from the table, but after a few losses, I am always like the proverbial fool. I have not been into the baccarat room since and shall not go again, but that does not palliate in the least. I shall write to the Da and tell him, because it is only honest, and yet I know that it will give him pain. I hope your little Lee will never turn out such a fool. I seem bound to be a thorn in the Da's side, and yet God knows I wish otherwise.

I have decided to go to Palma de Mallorca and wait there for two weeks, then, if I hear nothing from Bles, I shall make a stab at the Red Cross, and if that fails, join the Legion. That will, at any rate, stop expenses.

In the meantime, it is a comfort to hear that Adam is a success. I suppose it's my fault that a sort of gloom hangs, or seems to me to, over Dedham. What is worse, I at bottom don't think it is all my fault.

If they would only ask some definite thing of

me, I would do it cheerfully and feel at rest. Also once at rest, I *know* I could write what I want to, and doing already what was wanted, would not have to worry about whether it succeeded or not. If you can give me any suggestions, do it, and "lay on, Macduff!"

Love,

HENRY

*Grand Hotel, Palma de Mallorca,
November 26, 1914*

DEAR MAMMA:

I arrived here this morning, for reasons which I wrote Ellen two or three days ago, and won't rehash here. If curious, it will be a fund for you to write and ask her.

I have been reading more or less about the island and it is really a most interesting place. As long as I can't get to the war, I am better off here than in Paris, or at least I think so. I caught a fearful cold in Barcelona and was so miserable on the boat last night that I fully expected to have typhoid; about two hundred per day are dying of it in Barcelona! However, a long walk in the hills here this morning has put me in

good shape again and I feel no more typhoid symptoms.

The town is rather large, but scattered, and very simple, quiet, and picturesque. There is one beautiful cathedral, and some attractive ruins of a castle in the offing. I believe there are some twenty castles in the island, some very handsome and even inhabited. I mean to go to a small town, Sollaire, on the other side of the island, and live there until Bles definitely makes up his mind if he can do anything or not. After that I shall try Norton's or somebody else's Red Cross. The closing of the Dardanelles has put an end to my first scheme.

In Barcelona I picked up a German and an Austrian,—there are a lot of them there, trying to get to their respective armies,—and by a great display of tact, managed to become fairly intimate, especially with the Austrian. I think Cramb is absolutely right in his diagnosis. The only thing I differ with him in is calling the Germans the most great-minded, as well as the greatest, of England's foes. Mad with envy is how they strike me. At the expression "English Channel" they froth at the mouth. I imagine

that on the battlefield their courage and patriotism is no greater than that of any of the other nations involved.

Owing to my jumping around so, I have not heard a word from home for three weeks, but expect shortly a large pile of letters.

I will write again shortly and let you know what my plans are, when more matured. As usual, I am ashamed to say, I have a half-baked literary project on hand, and that is really what I came here for.

Love to the Da.

Yours,

HENRY

Palma de Mallorca,

December 2, 1914

DEAR MAMMA:

It occurred to me just now that even though I was not doing anything very heroic here in Palma, I might at any rate write home and tell you so. I have changed hotels and am now in the villa, so-called, of the one from which I last wrote. It is a little place of some seventeen rooms, perched on the cliffs across the harbor

from the main town. It is all very beautiful and calm and picturesque. Also it's the cheapest place I ever got into, and that is why I stay.

I advise you to look up Mallorca in the "Britannica." I have read up on it a bit and it is all very interesting. The little huddled town and the cathedral rising like a crag out of the sea, the harbor full of fishing-boats, lateen sails, and the stern mediaeval castle of Belver facing the cathedral from the heights on this side, all make the Middle Ages seem near and fresh. As long as the sun is out, it is really warm, and at nights it is very cold.

I am having more success with my writing than ever before. That's another fundamental reason for my stop here. I really do think I shall be able to finish an actual novel and have it go more or less the way I want it (which is a new departure in my field). It seems to me as though my experience in the Prado museum might bear fruit. It is the fourth organized attempt to write on the same subject. Three have in various past times been torn up. This time things move slowly, but with no nervous wear and tear. Every day I get things clearer in mind.

The only other lodger here is a little French *réformé*, trying to get his chest up to standard measurement. I detest him, and hence have no distractions.

My programme—rise at 7 and walk on my veranda while the sun rises, and admire the cathedral until there begins to be fair warmth in the sun, then read over yesterday's writings, change when advisable, and go ahead until about 10. Then dress and drink a cup of coffee on the veranda downstairs, and then fish from the rocks till lunch. After lunch, long walk in the hills around Belver and return between 3:30 and 4, drink tea and write till 8, then down to read the papers, the local Spanish daily and twice a week the "New York Herald," then to bed about 9:30. It is so cold that that is the only place. You may notice a lack of writing hours in the programme, but that is really not my fault. In order to have anything definite and coherent and which can be joined to what has gone before, I have to think a long time. Even then, I write with a shameful slowness and have just now completed the second chapter, of which the first is ragged and very short. The whole business would have to be re-

written anyway, if I was ever to show it to any one. I am trying gradually to put in everything of interest I know and have seen or thought. I think that is better than trying to force things. I believe a plot of some kind will work out of itself.

In the meantime, I have telegraphed for my mail and am eagerly waiting news from home. I haven't had any for a month. If you write that you despise me, I could always join the Legion and try to redeem matters.

With love to the Da, whom I think it would please if I could publish a novel,

Yours,

HENRY

*Villa Victoria, Palma de Mallorca,
December 4, 1914*

DEAR ELLEN:

This island is truly a fascinating place, and the longer I stay, the better I like it. I think it was the original home of the lotus trees; beyond the daily exodus of the fishing fleet in the dawn and their return in the twilight, and the lazy movements of occasional tramps, nothing seems to go on.

Most offices are open from 9:30 to 1, and there are of course innumerable *fête* days when nobody works. Everybody and everything seems to be simple and easy-going, yet there is but one beggar in the town and everybody seems to know and rather like him. He was made blind by an American shell in Cuba, but says that he bears me no grudge. I, like every one else, give him five centimos (one penny U. S. A.) when I pass him. He does n't make any excuse of dire poverty, but smokes rather good cigars.

Every day I get up at dawn to see the fishing fleet go out, and always the cathedral right across the harbor from this place seems more mediaeval and impressive. Have you ever lived opposite any really good piece of architecture, which was alone among the commonplace? I don't mean that the town of Palma is commonplace, but from here no details of houses can be made out. The roofs look like chickens swarming about the huge brooding cathedral.

I walk and fish and write every day about the same hours, and take all my meals here, and am from the negative or passive viewpoint a model

boy. Also at the present moment a very serene one.

The housekeeping of the place is deeply interesting. A little French *réformé* and myself are the only lodgers, and yet, according with the Spanish custom, they serve us two huge meals a day. For lunch, *hors d'œuvres* eggs or macaroni, fish, a green vegetable, a meat, and fruit, dessert, and coffee. For dinner, soup, fish, entrée, vegetable, meat, etc. All this and lodging for about two dollars a day of our money. In Joliga, an island southwest of this, you can do it for one dollar and a quarter.

I wish you could influence Alfred to speculate or something that would bring in several millions, and then hire me as courier guide and let me run you about for a year or two. I wonder if Uncle Theodore has ever put in here, and if so, if the Burgii liked it as much as I do. It is really fairly warm here during the day. We eat outside and never wear overcoats. At night it is cold, and then I go to bed.

Unfortunately, there is nothing to read, not even French books to be had in the town. That, however, makes me write the more. In six days

I have covered about fifty-two block pages in a middle-sized hand. I mean that that amount has survived the tearing-up process always so dear to me. There are a host of things that would bear describing, castles, ruined and otherwise, mountains, etc., but I simply cannot sit down and do it. I doubt if it would interest you very much if I did.

As soon as Lee begins to have consecutive thoughts, I hope you will give me a detailed account of what he thinks about. I really take the greatest interest in him, and for some reason feel a sort of part ownership in him. The other one does not affect me that way at all.

Au revoir, my dear, one of these days, and please write me a long screed of gossip from home.

Yours,

HENRY

TELEGRAM TO WILLIAM FARNSWORTH

Lyon, December 24, 1914

Love to you and Mother.

HENRY

TELEGRAM TO WILLIAM FARNSWORTH

Paris, January 5, 1915

Joined Foreign Legion for duration of war.

FARNSWORTH

TELEGRAM TO HENRY FARNSWORTH

Boston, January 6, 1915

Think you have done right. God guard you.

MOTHER, ELLEN, FATHER

Paris, January 1, 1915

DEAR MAMMA:

Your letters, which arrived in a large packet and with many re-addresses upon them, brought great joy to your son, who was, and had been for some weeks, more lugubrious than necessary.

I hope in a few days now to be a "soldier of the legion,"—not St. Augustine's, but not wholly despicable "for a' that,"—and then my joy will be complete. My name is already on the list, and Tuesday morning, when all the volunteers for the new regiment they are forming are to be rounded up and selected, I have been

promised by the French captain in charge of the recruiting to be one of those accepted. If not, I can join the Ambulance, as already written to Papa.

Christmas, on my way to Paris from Barcelona, I stopped off at Lyons and walked way out into the country along the Rhone. I thought of you riding Adam—do you go alone?—and longed and longed to be with you on Eve. I wonder if you know the Rhone and the country about Lyons. It is very beautiful, and for once a pale winter sun came and lit up a gigantic white cloud and made me think of a passage from a French opium smoker that I had been reading:

“And after the other things had passed away, dawn came, cold and bright like the winter in France, and lit up a white cloud which shone in the heavens like ethereal silver, and from within the cloud a choir of horns played César Franck until the unseen trumpeters blended into one note and a clear light burned steadily for a while and I found myself again,” etc.

I know that that sort of thing is not your style, but for a week I have been thinking about those sorts of things and it all seemed perfectly natural

at the time. I speak of it now because I spent some time this morning looking at the towers of Notre Dame, and thought of you again. Also this afternoon I am going to a concert of César Franck, and was much struck by what you said about Rhodes, Rembrandt, and your taste in literature. To say the truth, I don't think there is much sense in it, because all art is expression, and d'Annunzio, whom I don't know much about, by the way, has never tried to express the things that Rembrandt or any of his kind were interested in, but Dickens, Balzac, Gogol, and Dostoevski are nearer the same catalogue, though probably writers of the same epoch are the only ones who really hit the mark.

This is, I suppose, the most solemn New Year we will ever see. Nothing can over-express the quiet fortitude of the French people. In your lessons I hope you will learn them as I am beginning to do.

Your SON, who sends you all his love.

*Café des Deux Magotts,
Paris, January 1, 1915*

DEAR PAPA:

I am very sorry that I did not get your cable about Mr. Bird until yesterday, though for two weeks already I had been trying to join the Legion. Otherwise, I should have joined the American Ambulance and would have been in a position to send the articles at once. As it is, I shall not know until Tuesday morning whether the Legion will accept me. They are getting up a new regiment and have more recruits than necessary. However, I cannot draw back now, and as a matter of fact, I don't want to, and even think it the wiser move in the long run. The American Ambulance, the one I can join, at least, works with the English army, and the French operations are much less known.

Of course I may have to drill for two or even three months and that will delay matters, but on the other hand, a company of recruits was sent right into the first line after two weeks' training, to replace a company that had been wiped out. The new volunteers in the Legion, those that joined during the month of Septem-

ber, were sent forward in November and have had heavy losses. That may mean that we shall be wanted to fill up gaps. There will really be matter for an interesting book, if it turns out thus. At the worst, we are bound to take part in the big spring campaign, when the serious offensive begins, and with a stroke of luck, I might be in at the death—the Prussian death, that is. If on Tuesday morning I am refused, I can still go with the Ambulance.

One point interests me intensely. It is the values of the English and French armies. To read English magazines, you would gather the opinion that the British were fighting the war on land as well as sea. While the French are very polite in singing their praises in print, the fact remains that the portion of the line held by the English is infinitesimally bigger than that held by the Belgians, and that whenever advances occur, it is always a coöperating force of Allies that gains ground. I imagine that this does not agree with your views, and of course I know nothing definite, but in talking with Americans who worked with the British hospital corps I found that they always admit “the two sides” of

the question, and usually favor the French army as a fighting machine. Certainly it is true that as the British get relieved every two days at most, they are in fresher condition than the French, who are relieved every three days at least, and are often four or five in the gutter trenches.

I shall cable Tuesday if I get a chance, and let you know what I am up to. As to personal matters, it is well that I at last got some mail from home. For the last month or three weeks I have been so morbid that almost anything might have happened. Among other things I imagined, or rather took for granted, that you all despised me, and that nothing but a sense of duty kept you from cabling me not to come home again. Reading the mail yesterday at Hottinguer's was like coming out of ether.

With love,

HENRY

*Café des Deux Magotts,
Paris, January 1, 1915*

DEAR ELLEN:

You are truly the best of sisters, and a bunch of your letters which reached me here in Paris

were the most welcome things I ever received. You forgive, cheer, and stimulate, all in one act. I hope you will never have reason to be sorry for it.

As just written to the Da, for the first time I don't know how many weeks, I am trying to join the Foreign Legion, and have every reason to expect that I shall be accepted on Tuesday morning.

To-day is Friday, and it is lucky some mail arrived before the interim of three days of inactivity. I have been so unduly nervous of late that I truly think, in a city where people of necessity are more or less watched, I might have been shut up as an idiot.

It has nothing to do with things in hand, but being still full of Mallorca, I must write of it some more. It was there in Valldemosa that Chopin wrote his funeral march, and it was from there that George Sand wrote of him as "velvet fingered Chopin." Also Richepin in his memoirs looks back to a winter's month spent there as the happiest and most peaceful of his life.

About an hour's walk from Terrino, where I was living, brings you to cliffs wilder and more

magnificent than any you have ever seen, with caves and tunnels, and awful holes in the flat rocks, at the bottom of which you could hear the sea sucking in and out, but so far down that you can see nothing. In some places the formation is almost the same as Doré's conception of Hell, and over all the warm Mediterranean sun, the blue water dotted with little lateen sails.

I used to sit there by the hour and dream, and dream, and watch the clouds. It is only fair to say that I was waiting for my baggage to come from Paris. But even otherwise, I should never regret that month. I used to think a lot of you, and our days in Marblehead, and one March morning when we drove out to Nahant.

Here the sun never shines and it rains most of the time. If it were not for the spirit of the French people, it would be impossible. "Call it fate, call it God, call it France and Russia" is nearer the truth.

In the Paris "Midi" was a cabled quotation from this morning's leader in the "Times." I think even the English are beginning to realize what France is doing. Kitchener promises three hundred and fifty thousand men next month and

a million more by spring. The French papers say nothing of two million in the field, and heartily applaud the British, saying politely that Kitchener's opinions are the same as facts.

Over and above the men mobilized, the French have more recruits, foreigners, *réformés*, and those over or under age, than they can handle. The whole country gives its money, and beyond the fact that the "Marseillaise" is sung too much in theatres and played too much in movies, nobody glooms much of any. Even those that are starving — not few — keep quiet about it, and realize that those who have something are doing their best for them.

Have you heard of the Catalan regiment from Toulouse, who stayed two weeks in their trench, fought seventy-two hours without stopping, and when there were only five hundred and sixty of them left and they were relieved, asked for more ammunition and permission to advance?

With love, dear,

HENRY

Paris, January 5, 1915

DEAR MAMMA:

I formally and definitely joined the *Légion Étrangère* this morning, and to-morrow morning I go into barracks here in Paris, and as soon as the company is ready, on to the front. The joining was to me very solemn. After being stripped and examined as carefully as a horse, and given a certificate of "aptitude," I went to another place and was sworn in. A little old man with two medals and a glistening eye looked over my papers and then in a strong voice asked if I was prepared to become a soldier of France and, if asked to, lay down my life for her cause. Then I signed, and was told to report the next morning and be prepared to start training at once.

I went out and walked down the Boulevard des Invalides, with Napoleon's tomb behind me. It was warm and foggy, and the golden-winged horses on the Pont Alexandre III seemed to be stirring through the mist. Lately I have come to love Paris beyond all cities, and now I think in a dim way I can understand how the French love it. I suppose if America were fighting for her life, I should feel the same way about my

own country, though I don't about England or Serbia, and differently about Russia. Belgium surpasses everything.

Last night I met a newspaper man I had known in Vera Cruz and Mexico. He was with an Englishman, also a reporter, who was most interesting. He has been in the Egyptian civil service and knew a lot about Mohammedan matters. We talked from nine to three, while Rourke slept peacefully, and I was much flattered that the Englishman took copious notes on the German spirit, their strength in times past, and on Turkey and the Turks' attitude toward the Germans in 1912 and 1913. Rourke told me that Varges, one of Hearst's photographers, had been in jail ever since two days after landing. I was very intimate with Varges in Mexico City.

I enclose New Year's leader from "Le Temps." With love to the Da,

Your SON, who feels on the brink.

Paris, January 9, 1915

DEAR ELLEN:

I have now been five days in the Legion and am beginning to feel at home there. We are at pres-

ent in the barracks of Reuilly, but already there is talk of going to the front. I am in the 15th Company, 2^d *régiment*, *première régiment de marche* (whatever that is in English), and the 13th Company, which is leaving the week after next, lacks twenty men and is to take them from ours. As there are only thirty-five men so far in the 15th, I am told that I stand a good chance of going. If I do, it will be luck surpassing and infinitely more than I hoped for. More of this anon.

As for the Legion, as far as I have seen it, it is not much like its reputation. Of course this regiment is newly recruited—although the two *régiments de marche* are already on the front, and the 13th Company is going to fill up gaps.

In the first place, there is no tough element at all. Many of the men are educated, and the very lowest is of the high-class workman type. In my room, for instance, there are “Le Petit Père Uhlin,” an old Alsatian, who has already served fourteen years in the Legion in China and Morocco; the Corporal Lebrun, a Socialist well known in his own district; Engler, a Swiss cotton broker from Havre; Donald Campbell,

a newspaper man and short story writer, who will not serve in the English army because his family left England in 1745, with the exception of his father, who was Captain in the Royal Irish Fusiliers; Sukuna, a Fijian student at Oxford, black as ink; Hath, a Dane, over six feet, whom Campbell aptly calls "The Blonde Beast" (*vide* "Zarathustra"); Von somebody, another Dane, very small and young; Bastados, a Swiss carpenter, born and bred in the Alps, who sings—when given half a litre of canteen wine—far better than most comic opera stars, and who at times does the *Ranz des Vaches* so that even Petit Père Uhlin claps; the brigadier Musorgsky, cousin descendant of the composer, a little Russian; two or three Polish Jews, nondescript Belgians, Greeks, Roumanians, etc. I already have enough to write a long (ten thousand word) article, and at the end of the campaign can write a book truly interesting.

As to my going to the front, it is technically against the rules, as only those who have been inoculated four times—at ten-day intervals—are supposed to leave. On the other hand, I stand in well with the Corporal, thanks to Bles, who

taught me to drill with my eyes shut and in any language; and thanks to God and a month in Mallorca, which gave me strength to raise a service rifle from the muzzle with each wrist—I was lame for two days, but was reported to have done the feat “*tout simplement, en passant*”—and thanks to an unmistakable bullet scar on the hip, which the Sergeant, a Russian of the regular army, noticed and gave undue importance to—it came in the Telacpalon affair and was treated with cotton and electric tape at the time—and lastly thanks to young Christobal de Quayros, whom I left in Madrid and found again in the ranks of the 13th Company, about to be made Corporal and very friendly with both the Lieutenant and Captain. Also the fact that I knew how to clean a gun and never “kick about the food” weighs in the scale, and also, having—please don’t think I’m trying to be tough, for most of your men friends could and would have—knocked out one of the Belgians in a certain esoteric manner which made me instantly very close with the Père Uhlin, the Mulvaney of the three companies.

All that page is what I am most full of—my

own chances of getting to the front. Now for general detail.

We live in the Caserne de Reuilly in the barracks of the 46th *régiment de ligne*—a very well-known regiment, who have been in all the wars since 1650, and have their campaigns painted on the wall. Also it is the oldest and most uncomfortable barracks in town. It is about a mile from the Place de la Bastille and in the Quartier du Faubourg St. Antoine. We rise at 6:30, drink one cup of coffee, and drill from 7:30 to 9:30. Good fast drill, with guns at the regulation French “Carry arms”—a hellish position—most of the time. At 10:30 *La Soupe*, and rest until 12:30. Then drill till 3:45, clean arms, more soup at 5, and freedom till 8:30. It is hard on those in soft condition, but easy for the others. The drill is purely of the recruit order and done in sections. Little Lee could be taught to do it. I may add that it’s not done half as smartly as Bles used to exact. The more I learn, the more I know that Bles was born for a drill-master. De Quayros tells me that he has gone as observer in an aeroplane, with the French. I wish him luck; he is physically unfit for either the French or Brit-

ish service, but deserves better. To-day is Sunday and we get off at 10:30 a.m. Hence this length of letter. Ordinarily I cultivate acquaintance.

Campbell is a really interesting man; Harrow, and then all over the world in most capacities. He never mentions it, but I suspect from certain tricks of the trade that I picked up from Race—whom he knows—that he is no stranger to the British secret service. His acquaintance in Paris is of the amusing type. He has already taken me up to the “Daily Mail” office, where I met some very nice men, among others, S. Ward Pryce, whom I knew slightly in Turkey, and Rourke, whom I knew pretty well in Vera Cruz and Mexico. All these people seem to respect us very much for joining the Legion. Campbell is not over respectable from the New York or New England standpoint, but he is a man and a gentleman for a’ that—Scotch of course by descent, although of French upbringing in spite of an English school.

Lebrun, our Corporal, is also worth knowing; of Belgian descent, although in Paris since six years of age. He is of the type which brought victory to the French Revolution. Wounded at the beginning of the war, he asked to go back to

the front; but when requested to stay and drill recruits, he accepted, on the condition that he might remain a corporal. He does not approve of authority, and if all men were like him, it would not be necessary. Like all Socialists, he likes to argue. Last night, after the lights were out, he began to argue with the cotton broker, and became very heated. So much so that Campbell was afraid of bad blood. The broker had announced himself as a radical anti-clerical. Finally Campbell made himself heard, and Lebrun angrily asked him his party. "French Traditional Royalist," replied Campbell, and Lebrun gave up with a good-natured laugh. Extremes met. Bastados began "*Nous sommes tous les frères,*" the Legion's song, and all passed over.

With love,

HENRY

Ambassade la République Française aux États-Unis
Washington, le January 12, 1915

MY DEAR GOVERNOR:

In answer to your letter of the 7th, I hasten to say, first, that the enlisting of young Mr. Farnsworth is one more token of the admirable sym-

pathy shown us by so many Americans in the great struggle in which we are presently engaged. Be so good as to convey to his father the feelings of gratitude which such a noble act cannot but elicit in every French heart.

Concerning the Foreign Legion, I can assure you that most of the elements there are excellent. A great many people are French; the officers are among the best we have, most of them being French too. The number of Americans is also very great, and, if I mistake not, they form a group apart, having been included in the same recently, where, judging from letters now and then printed in the American papers, they lead a life which seems to interest them very much and to answer their expectations. I have just before me, at the present time, on my table, a letter from an American friend of our cause who wants to enlist himself, if that be possible, and who has already at the front, in the *Deuxième Étranger*, his only son and his two nephews.

I do not think it is at all impossible to locate a private soldier in the Foreign Legion, any more than in any other regiment. If your friend knows the Company to which his son belongs, he has

the fairest chance that his letters, or almost anything he would choose to send him, would reach him. Some letters may be lost, but others, without doubt, would reach their destination.

I have several nephews in the trenches, and while at first, in the confusion of the early days, nothing from their families could reach them, for many weeks now almost every letter, and even bundles and parcels of chocolate, etc., arrive without difficulty.

With best wishes for the welfare of the brave young American who has so pluckily espoused our cause, and with best souvenirs to you and Mrs. Guild, I beg you to believe me, my dear Governor,

Most sincerely yours,

JUSSERAND

HON. GOVERNOR GUILD,
Boston, Mass.

Paris, January 17, 1915

DEAR PAPA:

Although I have sent a postcard to Hottinguer to forward my mail to the barracks, none has come through yet, and hence I am without any news from home and have nothing but Legion

gossip to write about. I don't suppose it is the sort of thing that interests you much, but I, in spite of dirt, cold, blistered heels, and hard work, find it fascinating.

I am thoroughly at home by this time and good friends with every one in the company, even including a Belgian whom I was forced to lick thoroughly. The two great Legion marching songs, "*Car nous sommes tous les frères*" and the old, the finest marching song in the world,

*“ Soldats de la Légion
La Légion Étrangère,
N'ayant pas de patrie,
La France est notre mère, ”*

are quite true at bottom, at least in the 15th Company. Farm hands, professional soldiers, wood workers, journalists, socialists, royalists, Christians, and Jews are all working in harmony, and each one doing his best for himself and his comrades. Our Captain, a veteran of 1870 and a retired Legionary, is largely responsible. A Frenchman of the best type, an aristocrat, a countryman, the best shot, and still one of the best marchers, he uses the most extraordinary common sense. He keeps up the most iron discipline

while drill is going on, and will give a man two days in jail for a dirty *capote* or even for talking in the ranks or for being late to the *appel*, but outside of business he is as indulgent as possible. In spite of the good spirit of the company, the place is no Sunday-School, and on some occasions he could raise trouble if he wanted to. He never winks at the delinquents. He tells them what he thinks of them and what he will do if it happens again. So far nobody has repeated an offence.

There is also a picturesqueness about it all that I never expect to see equalled. Reggie Waterbury has turned up here, and having been introduced to Donald Campbell, a most genial and amusing soul of vast acquaintance here in Paris, we three often dine together. Campbell and I get leave till 10 p.m. and Reggie puts on his bully suit—so as not to be refused admittance—and the three of us go about to all the most “exclusive” bars and cafés. The funny part is that Campbell and I, being in Legionary uniform, excite great admiration, and the most respectable old gentlemen, catching sight of the Legion button, step up and ask us to drink with them. The other day I bought a pair of boots and

was at the *caisse* paying for them, when the manager of the shop dashed up and said that he would not take any payment from "*un des petits Légionnaires.*" I explained to him that I had plenty of money, but that if he would give me a reduction, I would see that the difference went where it would be really appreciated. He gave me ten francs off, and I gave five to Le Petit Père Uhlin and five to de Hath, a Dane and a gentleman, explaining of course how I got the money. Uhlin sent a money order to his wife in Alsace and de Hath bought a pair of gloves. I mention this episode because it is a good example of the way things go in our company. Although Uhlin has spent hours showing me how to take down the rifle, to grease boots, fence with the bayonet, polish my belt, etc., I have never dared offer him any money, although I knew he had not a cent except the five centimes per day that is the regulation pay.

The other day Campbell was paid two hundred francs for some stories he wrote in the "Daily Mail." He dined Waterbury and myself and Sukuna, the Fijian from Oxford, and then bought twenty litres of wine for the company.

As for leaving for the front. The 13th Company, which was due to go this week, is still here. I had put in an application to go with them, and was told yesterday by the Captain that if I insisted, I could go when they left, but he asked me personally to stay in the 15th, and I think in the long run it will be better so. The 13th is nothing to brag about, and is not well thought of by the general staff who reviewed us all the other day. On the other hand, we received special mention and are well thought of by all. We have not a soul in jail at present and have never had anybody on the sick list—also, as a company, we have refused all bureau jobs, and by request we all carry full weight packs at all drills. I am now in the first file, and have so far the best shooting record in the company. The standard is very low and 150 meters the longest range so far. Our old captain puts his ten shots in a circle of eight inches at 400, just to show us what he considers normal Legion shooting—he is considered one of the best shots in France—and Père Uhlin, who detests marching and drilling, never appears at the butts.

In the meantime, I am learning to really speak

French and understand the French, and when it is all over, will have material for an interesting book.

A bit of silliness that, being on the heart, must come out, is that a Martinique nigger, who believes he has divining powers, fell into a violent fever yesterday after the typhoid inoculation, and prophesied about some of us. Two were to be killed, one of them the Corporal, several of us wounded, and for myself, *médaille militaire*. I would give my soul for it!

With love to Ellen and Mother,

Yours,

HENRY

Hotel St. Pétersbourg,

33 & 35 Rue Caumartin,

Paris, January 21, 1915

DEAR AUNT ALICE:

While I was eating sodden potatoes and salt beef out of a tin pail, known as the *gammelle*, in the room of the 15th Company of the first regiment of the Paris Battalion of the Foreign Legion, a letter was given me, and in it was a check for £5.2s. from you.

I don't know when my heart has so bounded with joy. My own funds being somewhat exhausted, I had for ten days been living on the regimental pay, sou per day and half a pound of tobacco every ten days.

I don't believe any of your Christmas gifts brought more joy. I immediately obtained leave for the afternoon, and am now just out of a hot bath, am smoking a good cigarette, writing in a comfortable hotel, and am brimming with gratitude.

On the 31st of this month we leave for Lyons and on the 15th of February for Albert, a small town on the Somme, where I am glad to say the fighting is active.

In the meantime I have found four sympathetic friends in my company and like the rest of them. The work is hard, but every one is glad to do it, and we all—I am not writing to hear myself talk, as some one said of Hall Caine—love France and are willing to do our little best for her.

I think of you, in your rooms in the Vendome, all peaceful—so am I until the 15th of February—and thank you from the bottom of

my heart. You have provided me with little comforts, and during the life in barracks my body as well as my heart will remind me of your everlasting kindness.

Your affectionate nephew,

HENRY

*Hotel St. Pétersbourg,
33 & 35 Rue Caumartin, Paris,
[about January 25, 1915]*

DEAR PAPA:

I have just read your letter concerning the Legion. What I have written before explains pretty well the situation. To be technical. I am in the Première Battalion, Première Régiment, 3 Régiment de Marche, de la Légion Étrangère de Paris — which means that the regular Legion has been made open for enlistment for the duration of the war and that an extra battalion has thus been formed. As most of the recruits joined in Paris, the Battalion was christened Légion Étrangère de Paris — and as they may form another, it was called the first.

As for the class of people, De Hath, Broke-man, Campbell, Engler, and Sukuna are all gen-

tlemen whom I would not hesitate to invite to dine at home, though Engler is very *bourgeois* (the virtues *compris*). As for the rest of them, you would detest them, and I say frankly that I like them, for the most part, and so does the Captain, who is more of an aristocrat than any of us. They are rough, drink when they have money, and when they have not, do not try to bum drinks. They will all go to considerable trouble to do a comrade a favor. I am not the one to rave about "good red blood," but I feel a personal pride in the 15th Company and will stand up for it. The way the men will march on horribly blistered feet, and say nothing about it to the officers, is splendid, and the drill is no joke. We march 24 kilometers a day, manoeuvre two hours at Vincennes, and two hours' section drill in the Parade ground. That in full campaign outfit. On shooting days we do no drill, only march from the Reuilly barracks to Auteuil, shoot at the butts, and march home, from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m. I assume you will think me young and hence wrong, but I would rather go into action with my company than with any English regiment, or most that would be raised in Boston.

I hope you won't think me uppish, because I am at bottom both affectionate and respectful.

H. W. F.

Paris, January 25, 1915

DEAR MAMMA:

We have at last definite marching orders, and twenty of us leave Thursday for Péronne, the general headquarters of the Legion. It is about fifteen miles from the German lines, and we are to make ourselves useful there and complete our training, get used to the atmosphere, and take our place in the trenches as soon as possible.

All is bustle and excitement. Everybody is being re-equipped, and with the best that a Government can supply, and many of the men are going to the various newspaper offices and begging warm clothes, etc. At the last moment a bit of unexpected pride prevented me from going. I have left enough in my letter of credit to get me home after the war and buy my own extras. There are so many without a centime, who are going just as I am and who hate the cold nearly as much.

Last Friday we shot, all three companies together, at four hundred meters. I regret to say that the night before, instead of coming back at 8:30 as the regulations rule, I returned at 1:30 a.m. and unfortunately ran into a Brazilian lieutenant of the 13th Company, whom I had always detested. He said nothing about it at the time, but at the Butts, as I went up to shoot, he stood behind me and made sarcastic remarks about my handling of the rifle. We shoot lying down at that range. Fortunately the French rifle agrees with me and I put four shots in the bull's-eye. The Lieutenant, contrary to regulations, gave me four more and told me to shoot again. At that range it is a great strain, at least for me, to shoot with the necessary care. I perspired freely, but got four more bulls. It ended by my making a perfect score with twenty rounds. At last he relented, and said to the scorer, "*Enfin nommé le pointeur il ne vaut pas la peine de brûler les munitions tout la matinée,*" and then in English to me, with a man to man, instead of officer to private, accent, "I was going to give you four days in jail on bread and water. Instead, you are now a sharpshooter. But please don't let it

happen again, and I advise you to resign as soon as the war is over. You may be of service at the front, but in my opinion you are not the type that is wanted in the ranks." After that he gave me a drink from his canteen, talked about Mexico, and ended by telling me to ride his horse back to barracks, as he was going elsewhere.

It was owing to this affair that I am on the list to leave. The Colonel reviewed us Saturday and talked with those who were recommended to go. When he came to me, he put his foot down and said I must have at least two months' training before going out, and the Brazilian saved the day by personal intercession.

I can't express my joy at leaving the cold and dirt and dullness and drill of barrack life. At Péronne we will have the work without the excitement, but it is a step. We will be doing something actual, and I have hopes of being sent on among the very first.

The Captain told me briefly that some things were tolerated in the English and American armies that were not in the French, but that *enfin* I had always given proof of *bon volonté* when

work was concerned, and that France needed men and he would try to give me a chance among the first, because he was sure that I had volunteered to fight, and not to get a better job after the war. I would really do anything for that gallant little old man, with his wispy fiery moustache, proud, kindly bearing, and wise old desert eyes.

Our *caporal* Fournier, a Swiss, has deserted and disappeared. The prospect of a winter campaign was too much for him. Also a Russian Jew had hysterics last night when told of the death of his brother-in-law. He was *réformé* this morning and dismissed quietly. He always was a swine, and there are three or four more, his friends all, whom I would not trust under fire.

On the whole, twenty of the twenty-six I am personally sure of and am glad to be with. Old father Uhlin, the old legionary, who, by the way, always does exactly as he likes, has arranged to ride on the wagons and fight on foot. He is a most remarkable man, and though he cannot read or write, the more I know him, the more I believe he is one of the wisest men I ever

met. His common sense is astounding. He is truly the type of peasant who wrote the "Fables" one thousand years ago.

I have material for a book worth reading. I know that a second Abraham Lincoln would write it by the camp-fire, but being as I am, I can't write with half-frozen fingers, and it takes me a long time to digest what I take in. As for what I wrote in Mallorca, there are a block and a half of it in the Hotel Terminus Gare St. Lazare.

By way of lugubriosity, if I get myself shot, you can recover all my effects by asking the consul here to send the trunks which I left there on January 6. I locked them up in the storehouse this afternoon, and they are all there, marked with my name. In the meantime, the mails are not very regular, and you may not always hear from me. If anything should happen, you would hear almost at once, so for once no news will be no damage.

I have arranged with Hottinguer to forward my mail, and in the future if you will write there I will get the letters in time.

My official address is:

2 Armée

14 Corps

28 Division

56 Brigade

Première Étrangère

3 Régiment de Marche

15 Companie

Caserne de Reuilly

(That is the Legion post-office.)

Au revoir! With a full and joyous heart. Love to the Da. I am glad you all approve of my action.

HENRY

Paris, February 1, 1915

DEAR ELLEN:

At last the final delay that according to my experience is inevitable in all army movements is over, and to-morrow we start forward. We were supposed to go Thursday, but this time it is a sure thing.

Yesterday we were reviewed for about the hundredth time in full campaign order. Even the

cartridges have been served out, ninety-six of them per man, and they add considerably to the weight of the equipment. You, with what you consider more vital things in mind, will turn up your nose at this last item, but if you stand in the ranks for one hour and ten minutes with the sort of pack necessary for an inspection, your back and shoulders will tell you that it is of the utmost importance. I know you get used to it in a few weeks, but even that is unnecessary.

I have made up my actual campaign kit and Père Uhlin has gone over it thoroughly and pronounced it quite sufficient. He has also taught me to make it up in such a workmanlike way that a captain who happened up in the barracks asked me where I had seen service before. It weighs about two-thirds of what the rest are starting with. What is more, Uhlin assures me that I am quite right in thinking that anything that is necessary can always be got hold of at the front in one way or another.

At the last minute another legionary, a man who says he does not remember what country he came from, but whom I suspect of being a German (Bavarian or Bohemian), has dropped

in and is to be our Sergeant. He has completed his fifteen years and is coming along because he wants to have his pension in his son's name. Although that is what he says, I think his real reason is the joy of it.

I could write you ten pages about the doings of this one and Uhlin during the last few days, on how to pass the guard at the barrack gate, and generally defy all the rules of military life, but I shall not inflict them. In all affection, it would be wasted. Hereafter, it shall be written, but by an unworthy hand. Uhlin's song of packing the sack would need a Rabelais and a Kipling to expound to the public. There is an official string provided to tie the tent pegs to the outside of the sack. He gave at least twenty-seven uses to which it might be put, all in his slow Alsatian legionary *argot*. Before the end Campbell and myself were rolling on the floor in an agony of laughter. The scene in the dirty whitewashed barrack room, lighted by one guttering lamp, with the black shadows cast by the rifles in the rack, old Uhlin with his little desert-bleached eyes snapping and his freshly waxed moustache bristling like a cat's, and Campbell with his genial,

ineffaceably Bohemian air,—it will always remain, it is one of the pearls without price that many a worthless rolling-stone may carry in his memory, but which, alas! he can only share in part and that a faint one, and with a world of Pharisees who turn up their noses to criticise aesthetically the method of presentation, understand nothing at all about any of it, and subconsciously pity the man who in turn pities them back.

All this, however, is of no great matter. The one thing of any importance is that we leave for the front to-morrow morning at 12:35 and go to actual active service. All the men that are good for anything in our company are well looked on by all the officers, and it is generally understood that we are actually to fight, and that before long, too.

I have overhauled my rifle for the fifteenth time and put it in a properly greasy campaign condition. I long and long to see something better than a black spot at the other end of the front sight. From general gossip it is thought that where we are going most of the fighting is village fighting, which is far more amusing than

the trenches, particularly in this bad weather, when not very much is going on.

To be more serious, the more I learn of French and France, the more I am glad to have a chance to do my little best for her. For Heaven's sake, try to give your boys a chance to travel and for a while to live in Paris. What they lose in worldly effects they will gain tenfold in inward joy, which those less fortunate can never dream of. I don't set up to know either French or Paris, but I am making their acquaintance and am very glad even of that.

As for details, I have shaved my head and am growing a beard. It is of a dark reddish color that some gorillas have, and far from pretty.

As for other things, write to Hottinguer, 38 rue de Provence. They know how to address my letters so that they will get there. I will write to you when I have the chance, but it may not be very often. In the meantime I send you my best love.

HENRY

[*Somewhere in France*]

February 14, 1915

DEAR MAMMA:

After a week in a small village, where we made route marches every day, learned to carry the sack, and personally got into wonderful condition, we packed up our belongings and came on to this village of —, where we are in daily artillery contact with the Germans and not more than a few kilometers from the first line of trenches. In four or five days more I ought to be there myself. In the meantime we are getting a fair breaking in to the "horrors of war."

On arrival here we were put into bad quarters, and Engler, Campbell, Sukuna, an old legionary (not father Uhlin), and a Pole from Igeria, and I all got out and found a very comfortable hay-mow near the kitchen of a battery of 75 artillery. We soon made friends with them, and yesterday when they went to bombard, they left us in charge of their fire and told us to make ourselves at home. We did this by frying some of their potatoes. In the midst of this we began to bombard with fury, until the echoes began to be continuous. This put us all in high spirits, when,

with a hiss like a hellish rocket, a German shell came through the roof of our sleeping quarters. Two men were knocked down and one hurt a little, the rest of us not touched. Of course we had to pick up and get back to the company quarters. I personally lost half of my belongings, buried in dust and débris. However, nothing of any value was lost, and now my pack is easier to carry.

For about an hour shells dropped on the village, but not much of any damage was done. All last night we fired pretty steadily though slowly, and now the German shells are falling thickly around us. I suppose fifty have come over and burst, one carrying off another piece of our roof.

Campbell, Sukuna, the old legionary, Moreno by name, and myself have found another quarter. It is again in a hay-mow, reached by a ladder, which the rest lack energy to go out and steal. Just now we are all up here writing, and nobody seems to mind the continual hiss and bang.

I wrote a postcard earlier in the day to the Da and asked for a gift of moneys. Please explain to him that I have £40 on my letter of credit, but need that to get home after the war. Also

I don't, strictly speaking, need any. I only want it to buy cigarettes, hot coffee, clean socks, wine, white bread, etc. It would of course be better for me to go without such luxuries.

As for mail, write to Hottinguer. He can always get mail to me.

Love to the Da and Ellen and Ellen's brood.

HENRY

March 6, 1915

DEAR PAPA:

I am writing from the trenches, so please excuse the extraordinary paper. I have no need to be so mournful as it looks.

As for news. There is not much in our district. The cannonading, which was described in the *Officiel Communiqué* as excessively violent, has dwindled to an occasional flurry of shells. In my company we have a loss now and then, usually the man's own fault for not keeping his head below the trench line. We have been working fairly hard mounting guard and digging all through the night while in the trenches, and a bit of digging on other sectors during the four days' *repos*. Not an over-exciting programme,

but there is a general feeling in the air that with a little better weather, things may start up a bit.

A few mornings ago the Germans delivered a furious attack on the French line about seven kilometers to the right of our position. These wretched people chose a minute when one battalion was replacing another in the trenches. The French were practically elbow to elbow in their trenches, and they say that the Germans suffered big losses. There was cannonading for about half an hour and then the rifles began to splutter briskly, growing rapidly from the prairie-fire-like crackle of the beginning of an engagement to the constant drumming of the resistance to the charge. The whir of the *mitrailleuse* at full speed at once loudened and steadied the sound effect. Rockets and candle bombs hung steadily over the scene. The light artillery roared, and way back in the distance the English naval guns, so gossip has it, mounted at ——, thundered steadily. The rifles died away in ten minutes, and in half an hour the thing was over, except for the rumble of distant big guns. In that respect the Germans are well provided. A Russian of the 4th section of my company told me the other day a 405 milli-

meter shell dropped in on them and destroyed a week's advance digging that they had been doing.

As for personal matters. I love to get your and Mother's and Ellen's letters more than I ever did before. I know that you are eager for mine, and suppose I ought to write more, but really there is not much time; rifle and arms must be kept clean, the mud must be scraped off shoes and *capote*, and I need lots of sleep nowadays in order to keep as fit as possible. When the advance comes, I want to be one of those capable of doing my share of it. I still have trouble with my feet marching, but by taking good care of them and using plenty of grease, I get along well. In another month I ought to be a fairly good soldier, physically, that is, for though I know what is to be said from the fireside on the point, I am not very strong on cantonment discipline, or on the respect due the humors of *sous-officiers*.

In the meantime Sukuna and I live in the greatest peace and mutual enjoyment of each other's company. We are in the same section and squad, and in the trenches share the same cabin. Sukuna is always writing to old ladies and gentlemen who interest themselves in Indians and

other native students at Oxford, and in return has received delicious tucker boxes from them. These we share *en Légionnaire*, and sometimes he gathers in so much that it is all we can both do to carry it.

Evening "*Alerte!*" I go to work till dawn.

Love to all,

HENRY

[*About March 7, 1915*]

DEAR ELLEN:

When I wrote to Mother last, bombs were bursting not far away and two of the bunch had already been slightly hurt, but I was not yet a soldier. Now I am, having just come back from four days in the trenches. At the moment I am sitting in the sun and writing on the back of a biscuit tin, which came last night to Sukuna. The idleness is explained by the fact that six of us are mounting guard in a little wood outside of the village. I have been washing clothes all the morning, and am now about to cook some macaroni, also the property of Sukuna. The same kind soul has also provided me with some good cigarettes. There is a little hint of warmth in the sun — only

random rifle shots and a distant battery and the quacking of wild ducks breaks the silence.

Your and Mother's letters came yesterday, apparently just having heard of my enlistment, and were a great joy. I have not the time here to try to put you in the full atmosphere of the trenches, and their sensations and reactions. You read the papers and know that there is a deal of mud and water and cold, and not overmuch room. Sukuna, Campbell, and myself are stationed in an *avant petit poste*. Our cabin was 10 by 5 by 4 and, all of us being lazy souls, filled with no ordinary clutter and dirt. All day we slept, ate, cleaned our trenches and rifles, and smoked Sukuna's tobacco. The wily Fijian seems to have unlimited old ladies who send him "tucker" boxes.

Then came the magic of the nights. At sundown we began to do sentry, hour on and hour off till daylight. We were about 50 meters from the German trenches and not allowed to shoot (why, I don't know). As the night grows and you stand crouching and watching for any sign of life ahead of you, the very air seems to come to life. All is still, nobody talks above a whisper,

and all lights are out. From trenches all along the maze of line shots crack out and stray impersonal bullets whiz by on unknown errands. A huge rocket candle shoots up and hangs for a moment above the earth, lighting up a section of the country, big guns boom out, and shells like witches riding to a feast whiz by. Sometimes, with a whistle and bang, a half-dozen "75's" swoop over like a covey of devil's quail, and we stand crouching and watching for any sign of human life. It never came. Just the impersonal bang and whistle.

I must do my cooking now and leave a lot unsaid. We go again to the trenches in two days. I will try to write from there. As a Parthian good-bye, — send me two tooth-brushes, stiff, and some paste (easier to carry), a machine to light cigarettes with — both with alcohol and that string stuff — a pot of boracic ointment, and one of vaseline, this latter a big one, and if you are the sort of Christian Christ was, 100 cigarettes. I have not a centime to bless myself.

With love to all,

Your brother,

HENRY

March 17, 1915

DEAR MAMMA:

It seems an age since last I wrote, and I have received a whole packet of letters from you and the Da and Ellen. Times have been busy with us here, — our regular work in the trenches and during the four days' *repos*, always on the move, going out at night to strengthen the line in weak places, and hasty digging in the pitch dark, what and for what you know not. Many of the men think they are overworked, and grumble the way such people do. Sukuna and I go on as peaceful and contented as ever. The others have been at it all winter and are more tired, I suppose.

Hottinguer also sent me 250 francs, which I suppose must be from the Da. He must have telegraphed it after receiving my begging letter. I am much touched and very grateful. I thank him as best I can.

Knitted socks, from the maids, as you say, have also arrived, and a most glorious muffler. One pair of socks is on and comforting, and the muffler, during the one cold night we have had since its arrival, was wrapped about my body as a belt and was welcome.

The money has made a great difference; was immediately able to buy candles for our cabin in the trenches; sugar, which Sukuna loves, matches, etc. Sukuna for the moment is without a centime, though his train of eatables still arrives with fair regularity. At seven this morning we arrived here, where I first came to the front, by the way, and this evening or tomorrow I hope to give a feast of cheese, white bread, tobacco, wine, jam, and *pâté* to all those who have been kind to me in my destitution.

As for war news, there is the usual scarcity. The Germans have been bombarding furiously at times, and with slow steadiness all the time. We sit in our trench cabin or mount guard at night in the advance posts, and dig interminably, deepening and strengthening the trenches, and little or no attention is paid to the whistle and bang of the shells.

The other day, for various reasons having rowed with the Sergeant, I was sent up to work through the night with the 3^d Company, and stayed up there during the day, as my own company, the 6th, was to replace them some time during the next night. As all the cabins were full,

two others in the same predicament and myself established ourselves in the cellar of a house, the top of which had been blown entirely away. That afternoon the Germans let shells drop like rain on the village for a while. The noise was terrible and wonderful, too. The damage, everything being already ruined, amounted to nothing. Finally they set fire to a group of farmhouses on the other side of the canal. As the darkness came on, the flames became fearful. I never saw such a blaze, lighting up the whole countryside as bright as day. I was put on "kitchen *corvée*," which means carrying the stuff of the 3^d Company down to where the wagons were, making room for the 6th Company, which was coming up. The road, which is unfortunately exposed to the enemy, was as bright as day, and most of the men were herded into a *boyau* on the other side of the canal. By staying discreetly in the rear I managed to get left behind, and was free to take the road with only my sack of bread for company. Alas! none can paint such a scene, and I am too tired to attempt a description. The canal is lined with poplars, which cast magic shadows on the blazing flames. Every two or three minutes shells

came over and burst over the fire. The bombardment in the afternoon had smashed several of the poplars, and they lay all mangled and dragging their tops in the sleepy, beautiful canal. Bullets zipped by and forced me to hide from time to time, when the great green German candles sailed up into the black sky, and hanging for a minute or two like earthly stars, lit up the vicinity beyond the firelight.

War is terrible and hard, incredibly, but what thoughts and scenes it raises! Walking back without the bread sack, and knowing there was no hurry, I whistled the Fifth Symphony and thought of you. I don't know when I have been in a sadder or more tender mood. The shelling died down to an occasional shot, and no Germans disturbed my walk home. It was a warm evening, and with the fire to help out, was almost like Dedham garden on a night in June. I longed and long to be at home again, but war is war. Nothing can approach it, and every man ought to know it once.

After getting back to the 3^d Company quarters, I got my sack and things and crossed the canal to the burning village. It is in the trenches

in front of this that my section is placed. My company turned up about midnight, and I spent the night on guard on watch, and as usual, settled in our cabin with Sukuna.

All this may not make much sense, but I have only had two hours' sleep in two days, and have done a lot of digging and marching and a deal of ear and eye straining, watching for first signs of a German attack, which all their shelling was thought to prelude.

It is about 11 a.m. now, so good-night, dear She. I long to be with you all again, once the war ends. I think it will be this summer some time; then for the rest and peace of Dedham!

With love to the Da and Ellen,

HENRY

March 18, 1915

DEAR ELLEN:

I wrote a long letter to Mamma yesterday, so there remains little of news for me to tell you. It is only because there is, for once, nothing to do, and because I enjoy your letters so much, that I write at all. I am tired out, covered from head to foot with dried trench mud. Sukuna and I are

sleeping or making tea in our little cabin, a corporal puts his head in and gives me a bunch of letters from home. It really seems like getting news from Paradise. Not that I am unhappy, but the contrast of it all.

When on guard I spend hours and hours imagining myself home next autumn, that is, assuming the war ends this summer; also I talk with Sukuna about it all, and he knows you and Mamma and Papa, the horses, the polo, the Nickersons, the Hales, the river, and all the rest of Dedham so that I think he would be able to pass for a native, if he should ever meet another wandering Dedhamite. I in turn know his little island, two hundred miles from Suva, where his father is chief; the Island of Tonga, where he spends his time when possible; his rooms, Wadham College, Oxford, his friends there, and his chiefs at the Colonial Office in London, where he once worked as some kind of a deputy commissioner from Fiji. I think I am possibly more fond of him than any man I know. He's quite as amusing as the average, better educated, and of course knows the world well—in the travelling sense, I mean; also, to be comrades and share

everything as we do through a winter campaign in our section is no mean test of character. I don't mean to seem to brag, but really he and myself are the only ones who came up from Paris together who have not let their nerves go a bit. Sukuna despises petty things and keeps his sense of proportion just what it was.

K——, for instance, has utterly gone to pieces. A piece of chocolate or a hot coffee seems to him, when he wants them, the greatest thing on earth. Twenty minutes extra on guard, because some one has overslept, will put him in a rage for the day. He is a nice fellow and I still like him, but as a companion I prefer the black Sukuna, who is of sterner stuff.

I have an amusing anecdote about K——. One evening we went to a deserted and wrecked factory to get coal. We did not know the section at that time, but knew that the coal was exposed to the German trenches. While gathering in the dark I saw a party of six men come up at a distance and begin to gather at the other end of the field. Two had rifles. They did not see us. Suddenly K—— dropped something and made a noise. Instantly we heard a bolt flung

back and a cartridge slipped in. I pulled K—— down and we lay for a minute waiting. Then we heard the men talking German. As we were unarmed, it was no place to offer fight. On all fours I departed to the shelter of the building, went through it to the other side, and approached the men from the back. I soon found out they were in French uniforms, and it turned out they were Russian Jews, belonging to our company. I went back to K——, expecting to find him quietly at work, and rather ashamed of my own nervous mental attitude. I found him with his nose in the coal, quite demoralized. It must be added that that was in the very beginning, and now he has better control of himself and does not trouble too much over shells or stray bullets.

All this aside from the point. I propose to bring Sukuna home with me, if the war ends before September. The term at Oxford does not open till November, and he has much reading to do before it does. He is black and has Polynesian features. I wonder if we at home are too parochial to stand for him. He is a chief at Fiji and a swell in England, with a crown agent to manage his money affairs, and all that sort of thing.

I am afraid that just the people who would run their heads off to meet the people in England that he visits, and who write and send things to him, would be the ones to make themselves snobs if he appeared in Dedham with no other recommendation than he had been my comrade in the Foreign Legion. It may be added that the British Government want him to take command of a company in the Expeditionary Force that the Fijians are sending, but that he prefers the Legion. I know that all of us would like him. He is about as lazy in small ways as myself, and as fond of creature comforts. He swears that he would study hard if he came with me, and that would egg me on to write. Please advise me about this as soon as possible.

I have also a bit of spleen to tell you as private. The more it shocks you, the better I shall be pleased. Warm things are nice to have and books are interesting to read, that is granted, but if you come in from four hours' sentinel duty in a freezing rain, with mud up to your ankles, you do not want to change your socks—you go out again in an hour—and read a book on German thought. You want a smoke and a drink of hot

rum. I say this because several times I have been notified that there were packages for me at the paymaster's office. To go there hoping for such things, and receive a dry book and a clean pair of socks, has been known to raise the most dreadful profanity. Don't dwell on this. It's only amusing at bottom.

I meant to say at the very beginning that Mother wrote me the babes were better, but it would have interrupted the flow of continuity. I suppose I have left out something I want to say, but can't think it up now. Oh, yes—some boracic arrived from Mother that was most gratefully received. As you may remember, I had already written to you for some.

With love to all, your brother,

HENRY

March 27, 1915

DEAR PAPA:

After writing so lengthily to Mother and Ellen, I was moved on at 5.30 a.m. to a new sector. To be honest, the letters were written from jail, where my row with the Sergeant had landed me, and I was sent forward with the other prisoners

to reinforce the 3^d Company. In our new position the Germans are more active and there was continual firing almost all night, also considerable cannonading. Little damage was done, however.

After three days my company replaced the 3^d and I resumed my normal standing. I was of course a silly ass to allow matters to get in the state they did, where the first time I was caught with the slightest infraction I was given the maximum. However, this morning another man was punished and made a false and silly excuse, and the Captain made a reference to myself as one who, when caught, admitted the guilt and took the punishment in good spirit. So I don't think the incident did any harm.

The afternoon my company arrived, the Germans let fall a flock of *saucisson*, huge bombs flung by a sort of modern catapult. They carry something like a hundred pounds, so people say, of explosive, and made a truly horrible explosion. Several cabins were knocked down and some damage done in our 4th section. At last our "75's" came to our rescue, and for ten minutes the air was filled with the whistling shells and the hard metallic bursting of those famous shells.

The German lines, after a short smoke-covered period, were quiet for the rest of the night.

After five days in the trenches, we came back to our usual resting-place, rested yesterday, and are off again this afternoon for the trenches once more.

A new adjutant has been placed in command of our section. He is an old legionary from Africa, though still a young man, and has the earmarks of a good soldier. It will be a comfort to have a man who knows his business over us. The firemen from Paris may be good drill-masters, but as campaign leaders they are nothing but a nuisance.

I cannot tell you how much I was touched by your telegraphing the money, especially after my own stupid and despicable actions. I reiterate that to have you pleased with my actions now is an undying joy!

Also, it is getting warmer, and I like the life better.

With love to Mother,

Yours,

HENRY

April 4, 1915

DEAR ELLEN:

We are now *en repos* at a rather comfortable little town. "We" in this case is the whole regiment, and we have also been put into a new army corps. Two days ago we were reviewed by General De Castelnau, second to Joffre they say, and it is rumored that he was pleased with our appearance. What is more interesting is the rumor that we are to be joined with the African troops—the Tirailleurs Algériens and Sénégalé—and the Turcos. That would mean attack and fighting all the time and seems almost too good to be true. Trench-holding, especially when there is work to do and long guard hours, is neither inspiring nor exciting. I may add that being bombarded is not too attractive, either. There is nothing to do but wait. You can hear the whistle of the shell louder and louder as it comes nearer and nearer, then the shock, flash, and bang of the explosion; a breath of relief, purely instinctive, and you wait for the next and wonder in which direction they will change the range. Luckily I may say frankly that I do not especially mind them, and in fact, when on guard in advance post with Sukuna,

we have several times blazed away with our rifles until we brought down a couple of 77's upon us. It was done to discourage the officiousness of a Polish Jew, who began to think himself of too much importance in the community.

I don't know if I wrote that I met Victor Chapman in the trenches and now often see him. Somebody told me that he was near us in the Mitrailieuse section. I went down to visit him, and just as I got to his cabin a bomb fell back of it and knocked the roof in. Fortunately nobody was hurt, though the dirt was so driven into my beard that I have hardly got it out yet.

This morning tooth-brushes, etc., arrived, and were much used and welcomed. I am afraid that I have been something of a brother to the daughter of the horseleech, but then, I always have, so far as that is concerned. What is worse, I don't see anything in all this that points to that promised day when I shall be self-supporting.

As for other matters, company matters, a new adjutant, an old legionary of some forty years, has been put in command of our section, and the reign of the Pompier is over. This was well emphasized by Sukuna and myself. We went out of

our *cantonnement* one noon when we were supposed to be consigned, and lunched at a neighboring inn. Unfortunately the Pompier Sergeant, who especially delights to punish me, was there. After lunch he amused himself by yelling at us for some minutes and by giving us both four days *consigné*. As the thing had not been done absolutely according to the letter of the law, we asked the Adjutant about it, taking the ground that a mistake had been made. That delightful soul explained that what was meant by the restriction was that it was forbidden for legionaries to get themselves caught out of hours, and that the affair was unfortunate. Ten minutes later the detestable Sergeant turned up and rescinded his punishment, a thing he would never have done of his own free will.

I express my thanks for material benefits, but really, long letters are just as welcome.

With love to your boys,

HENRY

April 10, 1915

DEAR MAMMA:

It is a warm April morning and, having spent three days digging second-line trenches in beastly weather, we are having a day of *repos*. Our *cantonement* is in a large farm, and now the yard is filled with soldiers, washing, cleaning clothes, rifles, etc. I am sitting on a chair, borrowed from the *patronne*, beside the dunghill, and writing. Sukuna is in the kitchen persuading the slavey to make cocoa for us, and standing near me, smoking, eating an orange, and talking, is a young Swiss from Montmartre, putting the finishing touches to a clay head which he began to model in the trenches. Yesterday, being cold and rainy, everybody was gloomy and cursing; to-day all are cheerful, talking in Hebrew, Russian, French, and English, and one little man is snapping his fingers and singing a Spanish song. I often talk to him about Barcelona and Madrid, in what Spanish I still remember, and in return he does little odd jobs for me. Many of the men are shaving, but my beard, which is an actual beard by this time, remains untouched.

I see Chapman every day now and enjoy him

very much. He showed me eight articles by a swine named Rachr, written in the "Evening World." If by any chance you saw them, you may put down the whole business from beginning to end as lies.

I have so much to say that I really lack courage to begin. Some day you will hear my camel bell again and I can tell you all you want to know. I am not sick of the war, and burn to see some real fighting; but yet, I long with a steady yearning to be home again with you and the Da and Ellen.

It is a Sunday morning and a little church bell is ringing, and cocks are crowing on the dung-heap. As far as the war is concerned, I might as well be in Dedham. I hope that before long we will be upon the firing line again.

Your letters are a comfort. Love to all.

HENRY

April 23, 1915

DEAR PAPA:

The other night we were bundled out and moved still further back. We are now almost outside the sound of guns. As usual, there are conflicting

rumors of all sorts, but I hope and believe that before long we will be sent back to the first line and in a more active section. For the last three weeks we have done nothing and had little time to ourselves. We have been reviewed by General [*obliterated by the censor*], put into a new division, brushed and polished, and in some cases put into new clothes; also we spent a few nights making quick marches to small villages close to the line, where in case of necessity we could be rushed up.

As for further details, as they say in the *Officiel Communiqué*, *Rien à signaler*. It is still fearfully cold for this time of year, and my hands are suffering. I am only sending this because I've waited already too long for a truly comfortable opportunity.

My love to you all.

[*Mailed May 8, 1915*]

DEAR MAMMA:

I do hope that this arrives on the morning of May 19. It is all, naturally, that I can send in the way of birthday offering. It carries much love, and hopes of seeing you before the next year ends.

As for news. There is none of any personal nature. We are still in our small village, drill every morning, and get ourselves cussed all the afternoon by stupid *sous-officiers*. Chapman, Ames, and myself are in jail for having come back late to *cantonnement*, and Sukuna and I are trying to transfer to the *Mitrailleuse* service. We may succeed. This so-called *repos* is harder than anything I have ever done, and gets desperately upon the nerves. Strangely enough, most of the men seem to like it; because their miserable skins are in safety, I suppose. In another week I shall go to the Colonel and try to transfer into an active regiment, if such a thing is possible. There are many talkers who are sure we are destined for the Dardanelles. In a way I hope we are. It would be desperately picturesque, and under D'Amade there 'd be no lack of incident.

I suppose by now spring is well advanced in Dedham. Here it came all of a sudden, for now we go *en tirailleur* through the woods, all carpeted with flowers and with little green leaves. It makes me think of the Little Welds and Green Lodge.

We are so far from the front that even our

own big guns make only a distant thunder; sufficient, however, to start the fever going in the blood. With all this reorganization and giving out of new supplies they must be going to do something with us. With the Grace of God, I hope we will put our bayonets on some night and receive our baptism of fire.

I have received two gifts of cigarettes and some magnificent *briquets*, and Hottinguer has said nothing about duties to pay. If you would address everything to me, Légionnaire H. W., etc., C/o H. & Co., it would obviate all trouble.

With love and happy returns of the day in all senses,

Your son,

HENRY

I have been given a new style of *capote* and have had my picture taken therein. I have also one taken in the old *en tenue* while on guard in a village, and I hope to be able to send you both of them.

May 19, 1915

DEAR MAMMA:

I am writing once again from a new *cantonnement*, this time after six days in the trenches. Thank God, the *repos* of our regiment is over. They woke us up at three one morning,—“*Allez hop. Sac au dos et en route.*” We trooped off on a hot, muggy morning and did thirteen kilometers before the *grande halte*, which was held in a small village. Here for the first time it was definitely known that we were bound to relieve a battalion of *Tirailleurs Algériens*, in trenches some twelve kilometers further on. We ate and lay about on the grass all the afternoon, and at seven heaved up our sacks once more and went off at the command, “*Pas de route. En avant marche,*” which means—a long journey ahead. In the gathering darkness we passed through a couple of villages where the *Tirailleurs* were drawn up on both sides of the streets. As the stars began to come out, we approached a black “*Pelléas et Mélisande*” sort of forest, with high towering oaks and small young birches and beech in amongst. We passed through a high gateway of ancient brick, with the top of the

coat-of-arms shot off by a shell. Inside the woods it was so dark we had to go in single file, each holding to the back of the other's pack. Big guns were pounding occasionally in their mysterious way, and the big war rockets at times sent their light flickering through the trees so far over our heads.

In time we came out on a brick wall pierced with loopholes and shattered by shells. All was dim in the starlight, for there was no moon. There the *boyau* began, two kilometers of it, narrow and deep. Before our backs broke we came to our trenches, and found the Arabs already at the entrance, with their sacks beside them. In silence we threw our packs on the cabins allotted. Then most of the sections slept, and our squad took the guard. The Arabs went off wishing us good luck, and once more after six weeks I was alone under the stars—peculiar gun-broken silence—watching my section, leaning on my rifle watching the rockets and thinking long thoughts.

The guard over, three hours of it, I fell into a heavy sleep without noticing much where, except that I was beside Sukuna. In the morning birds were singing, and we found that we were

in a sort of a fake section, some 600 meters from the enemy. These trenches were not bad, though. The cabins were arranged by squad, instead of by twos and threes. We had nine in place of six.

I also found that Chapman and Ames were with their *Mitrailleuse* directly beside us. During the six days we saw much of each other. With Chapman I talked American politics—his father had just been up to Amiens to see him—Charles Lamb, Emerson, and other worthies. With Ames I tested his system on the *revue de Monte Carlo*, doing all the balls for a week. We won between £100 and £1000 every night. It really is the most astonishing system. If you start with 2000 and play long enough, you cannot lose. It goes by sections of 50's, and you never bet more than 40. The drawback is that you have to work the whole gambit sometimes to win your 50. Ames is the offspring of an Ames of Baltimore who, when cast off by his family, ascended to the inner parts of the Argentine and came back rich and married to a noble Spaniard. Ames is very flip-pant, ill-disciplined, amusing, and supposed to have the most nerve in the *Mitrailleuse* section, no mean thing to have said of any man.

The afternoon after arrival we lost a sergeant and two wounded in a little bombardment, but since then have had no trouble.

Money has arrived from the Da, and cigarettes and unguents from yourself. I am very grateful for all.

I caught a furious cold lying out in the—but not the only—cold night we had. I was out there *en patrol*, but needless to say, no Germans put in an appearance. They never do when I'm about.

With love to all,

HENRY

May 30, 1915

DEAR PAPA:

Your funds and those of Aunt Alice arrived at the same time and were both more than welcome, I being entirely out and Sukuna having lost his last 80 francs a week before. You can hardly imagine the joys of cooking eggs and fresh vegetables, after an uninterrupted spell of *gamelle*.

I am writing in *cantonnement*, having arrived last night from six days in the trenches. This time it was for our section a very peaceful session.

Most of the time there was not even the crack of a rifle to break that peculiar brooding silence that pervades the inactive portions of the front. The night that Italy declared war, the French regiment on our right wing began to shout, and brought on a fusillade and some cannonading. The next afternoon there was another bombardment and several were done for. Fortunately, the trenches where we are, are too far apart to throw the big bombs they gave Dompierre, one of our winter billets. Here we have adequate shelters and shells are negligible quantities.

Sukuna and I are now recognized patrolmen, and go out whenever it is the turn of our section. We made two this last few days, one a cumbersome affair of fifteen men, with the intention of capturing any Germans that might be prowling about in front of the lines. The other, seven of us, including two corporals and a sergeant. It was to carry French newspapers into the German lines. We could not get through the barbed wire, there being an incredibly bright moon, so we stuck them on a stick on their barbed wire. Although plainly visible from our own lines, the Germans have ignored them.

I am about to write to Debby, and will go into more details there.

With love to Mother and you,

HENRY

May 30, 1915

DEAR ELLEN:

It being a very cold, gray morning and the courtyard of our *cantonnement* being dirty—we arrived last night from the trenches—I decided to *porte malade*, and succeeded in persuading the doctor that I needed a day of rest. Hence, while others are cursing and brooming, I write in peace; also I have gotten a sheaf of straw and am very comfy. This throws a glimpse into the side of military life not much advertised at present. A species of low and self-contained cunning is a thing one learns from association with old *Légionnaires*. The strange thing is that nobody thinks any the worse of you for these self-given holidays. It goes without saying that in the trenches one does one's work without a murmur and well, and thus stands in with corporals and sergeants. For the trench loafers the trick is not so easily turned.

Of the last six days in the lines, *rien à signaler*, except two patrols, which lacked nothing but the Germans to make them successful. Between the lines is a broad fertile field of beet sugar and clover. It grows high enough to hide a man crawling on his stomach, and in spots, even on all fours. It is here that the patrols take place. The first was an attempted ambushade. Fifteen of us, with an adjutant, a sergeant, and two corporals, went out and hid in a spot where Germans had been seen twice before. None appeared. The next night seven of us were detailed to carry French papers, telling of Italy's declaration of war, into the German lines. We crawled from 9 o'clock till 11:30, and succeeded in sticking papers on their barbed wire. They have since then steadily ignored them, much to our disgust.

There is a certain fascination in all this, dull though it may seem. The patrol is selected in the afternoon. At sunset we meet to make the plans and tell each man his duty; then at dark our pockets are filled with cartridges, a drawn bayonet in the belt, and our magazines loaded to the brim. We go along the *boyau* to the *petit poste* from which it is decided to leave. All along the

line the sentinels wish us good luck and a safe return. In the *petit poste* we clamp on the bayonets, blow noses, clear throats, and prepare for three hours of utter silence. At a word from the chief we form line in the prearranged order. The sentries wish us luck for the last time, and the chief jumps up on the edge of the trenches and begins to work his way quickly through the barbed wire. Once outside he disappears in the beet weeds and one after another we follow.

Then begins the crawl to the appointed spot. We go slowly, with frequent halts. Every sound must be analyzed. On the occasion of the would-be ambush, I admit I went to sleep after a while in the warm fresh clover where we lay. It was the Adjutant himself who woke me up with a slight hiss, but as he chose me again next night, he does not seem to have thought it a serious matter.

Then, too, once home we do not mount guard all the rest of the night, and are allowed to sleep in the morning; also there are small, but pleasing discussions of the affair, and above all the hope of some night suddenly leaping out of the darkness hand to hand with the Germans.

It's time now that I began cooking Sukuna's and my midday meal of eggs, so good-bye, my dear, and love to all.

HENRY

June 4, 1915

DEAR MAMMA:

This afternoon we go up to the trenches; hence, peace and time to write in the morning. It is a dull, gray, hot morning, and I am sitting on a big pile of freshly cut clover that smells of pastoral ease. Your so-called hero is for the moment "very calm." In the distance we can hear the clarions practising a march tune, but not even the distant thunder of big guns speaks of war.

The other morning the company was on a digging *corvée* in a battered village near the château, when the Germans let fly 912 shells of all calibre in the space of forty minutes. Their lack of munitions is less noticeable here than in the papers, but they have at least kept very still since then. The casualties were two or three men and six horses. It does not seem as though there were any way of ending this rabbit-warren war.

Nevertheless, I have an inward conviction that it will end in September or October. It does not seem credible that humanity will go through another winter campaign.

Victor Chapman, at his family's suggestion, has put in application for transfer to the American Flying Corps, but I am fond of the 3^d *de marche*, for all its grumbling and cursing; and as long as you are agreeable and our Captain stays with us, I too shall stay. There are obvious drawbacks to being a soldier of second class, but I was always a runner after the picturesque, and in good weather am not one who troubles much where I sleep, or when, and the picturesque is ever with us.

It so happened that the Captain was pleased with our bringing the papers to the Germans and gave the seven of us f. 20 to prepare a little *fête*. What an unforgettable supper!

There was the Sergeant, Zampanedes, a freak of classic type, who won his spurs at Zanina and his stripes in the Bulgarian campaign. Since, he has been a medical student in Paris; that to please his family, for his heart runs in different channels, and he studies music and draws in

his spare time. (From the amount he knows, I should judge that "spare" time predominated.) We first fell into sympathy over the Acropolis, and cemented a true friendship over Turkish war songs and Byzantine chants, which he sings with a mournful romanticism that I never heard before.

Then there was Nicolet, the Company Clarion, serving his twelfth year in the Legion, an incredible little Swiss, tougher than the drums of the fore and aft, and wise as Nestor in the futile ruses of the regiment.

The Corporal, Mortens, a legionary wounded during the winter and cited for bravery in the order of the army. He was a commercial traveller in his native grand duchy of Luxemburg, but decided some five years ago to leave his debts and troubles behind him and become a *Petit Zephyr de la Légion Étrangère*.

Sudic, a butcher from the same grand duchy, a man of iron physically and morally, and mentally unimportant.

Covalieros, a Greek of Smyrna, who might have spread his silks and laces at the feet of a feudal princess and charmed her with his shining

eyes and wild gestures into buying beyond her means. He also has been cited for reckless gallantry.

Sukuna and myself brought up the list. We were all in good spirits and flattered, and I, being in funds, put in f. 10 and Sukuna the same. Some of us drank as deep as Socrates, and we ate a mammoth salad under the stars. Nicolet and Mortens talked of the battalion in the Sahara, and Zampanedes sang his Eastern songs, and even Sukuna was moved to Tongan chants. Like Æneas on Polyphemus' isle, I feel that some years hence, well out of tune with all my surroundings, I shall be longing for the long warm summer days in northern France, when we slept like birds under the stars, among congenial friends, when no man ever thought of the morrow, and you changed horizons with each new conversation.

This time our company is stationed in the village, a guard and *corvée*. It is a bore that the companies take in turn and I have dreaded it. Now Sukuna, Covalieros, and myself are appointed to the post of observation on the roof, and unless a shell blows us all to glory, we do

nothing but mount guard at night, being exempt from all *corvée*.

With love to the Da,

Your son,

HENRY

June 5, 1915

DEAR ELLEN:

I have just posted a long one to Mother, so there is nothing to be said, but as I am in the observation post at night and have nothing to do days, and as Sukuna is still obstinately asleep, the spirit moves again.

Our company is on guard in the deserted village belonging to the château behind our trenches, and I am sitting on a junk of white cornice stone, leaning against the battered *Hospice*. Not a floor or an interior wall remains of what was once a fine old abbey or monastery of some kind, only the bare brick walls and the coat-of-arms over the main gate; all else is splintered, twisted, burnt, and shattered by the shells; the débris slops over and fills half the little brick-walled fruit garden. The ruin is completed by huge piles of earth flung up by the *chambres*

d'abris in the making. The ground is pot-marked by shells which have dropped there.

It is a bright morning, with a fresh breeze stirring at times, and all about the grounds a swarm of men are working in the usual dilatory way, picking up rubbish, finishing the *chambres d'abris*, and carrying big logs for the same. A German aeroplane is somewhere over our lines, for I can hear the batteries shooting at it. You soon learn to tell an aerial shooting match from an actual bombardment. Here, of course, we live in the depths of the strongest cellars, which, filled with straw, make a better *cantonnement* than we usually get. The people who are doing the work naturally grumble a bit and wish they were in the trenches, where, by the way, you are if anything a little safer, but we three observers have time to see the mournful beauty of it all and are content to stay here for six days.

In case of bombardment all the sentries come into the cellars and we mount to our shell-splintered, unprotected roof. Hence our present freedom from bickering or snarling *sous-officiers*. I am low enough to rather hope for one. We might fall in for some kind of a medal, if they

knocked the roof down without blowing us up. I really believe that if a man is destined for a hit, he will get it regardless of where he may be. The other day a mitrailleur was killed by an *éclat* that came through the narrow door of his cabin while he was reading the paper in supposed security.

If you ever have the ambition to come as far as Paris again, I hope you will visit the Meissoniers in the Louvre. They achieve the very spirit of soldiers on campaign.

The other night, while still in cantonment, we had an *alerte*. Of course rumors of it preceded the order, and everybody got ready and then sat about in the gathering darkness. The Commandant's orderly, who plays first violin at the Café de Paris, brought out his violin and the Adjutant played the accompaniment. Some thirty or forty soldiers and an old hag with three tiny, dirty children were the audience, and the two played the same tunes that danced Maurice into fame. The Adjutant, a well-born man whom fourteen years in the Legion have turned into the most *blasé* soul on earth (though the iron has entered into his heart), with his firm-featured,

weak, indomitable face, and the half-caste violinist in his cavalry gaiters, and the crowd of us standing about and beating time in spite of ourselves, brought Meissonier with a rush to my mind, that made me reverence him.

With love to Lee and Farnie,—and for Heaven's sake, don't bring them up too cramped. What they lose in shekels they will more than gain in treasures of the mind. Tell them early about Burton, and let him early be one of their heroes.

With love,

HENRY

June 10, 1915

DEAR PAPA:

This is designed to arrive on July 3, and to let you know that I am more than ever before, perhaps, full of thoughts and longings for you and Mother. Next year we may all be together.

We are still in our usual inactivity, and I have no Prussian helmets or other trophies to send. I have sent Aunt Alice photos of the village where we enter the *boyau* to go to our trenches. For

the last six days our company has been mounting guard there.

I wrote Ellen how Sukuna and I fell in for the job of *observateur*. It was decided after the first night that the roof where the post was situated was insufficient. Shortly after finishing my letter to Ellen, the Captain came along and sent us out to hunt up a better place. We at once seized on the belfry of the ruined church and found that, though in a terribly dilapidated state, it would still bear our weight on the very top. The view from there was excellent. At night-time we mounted for the first time, accompanied by the Russian Corporal in charge of us. He turned out to be what we'd call a "married man," meaning one with whom the thoughts of wife and family weigh more than the "lure of danger." The wretched man protested bitterly, but we had already boosted up straw into the room under the belfry, and there was nothing for it but to let us sleep there. Not a shot was fired all night long, and the night after we went up in the fortified tower which the artillery had just given up.

To the north of us the French have made a successful attack, and to the south there has been

terrible rumbling of heavy artillery. I suppose some day it will have to be our turn. When it does, everything being comparative, I am more and more sure that I shall be able to give a good account of myself.

Last night a torrent of rain fell and there was a meter of water in the trenches.

With love and hopes for many happy returns.

HENRY

June 19, 1915

DEAR MAMMA:

In a letter lately received from Ellen she wondered if I was in the Dardanelles expedition. By now you must know pretty well where I have been—for the last month. By the time this reaches you I hope, and half expect, to be in the region north of Arras, where the 2 *de marche*, stiffened with old *Légionnaires*, fought its way to fame—and sadly, to practical annihilation. It held the centre, being flanked on one side by a regiment of *chasseurs* and on the other by one of *tirailleurs* (Algerian). After fifty minutes of *pas de charge* three German trenches were taken. Then the *chasseurs* and the *tirailleurs* quit—

according to the story — and the Legion went on alone and took the fourth. As our regiment is something below half strength and there are no more recruits to fill up, there seems some probability in the rumor that we will be sent up there and the two cast into one.

As for news here, it is not of the brightest. The other night the Germans crept up in the grass and carried off two men of our third section, who were working some thirty meters beyond our line. Sentinels were supposed to be posted beyond the line of workers, and Sukuna and I were on a *patrole* sent out to guard against just such doings. The disgrace did not fall upon us two, we were under orders and could only do as told; but such things rankle, and I was so proud of our company — much the best of the regiment.

The *patrole* consisted of four men and a sergeant of the first section and four men of ours — the second. We were told to be ready to leave at 9:30 from the *petit poste* of the first section. At the appointed time we met, and with no instructions at all scrambled out of the trench, and in close, disordered formation began to climb

through the barbed wire. I happened to be next one of our men, a Russian peasant, quick, resolute, and conscientious—a good patrolman. We exchanged glances. “*Il va arriver une malheur,*” he said, and without an order went off to right wing. Sukuna and I took the left. The rest scrambled on in the middle after the Sergeant. By the time we had passed through the entanglements, so much noise had been made that Germans working in front of their lines—cutting grass, by the sound—were called in, or at any rate stopped working.

We blundered on in this way some thirty meters, and then halted and formed a sort of rudimentary line of *tirailleurs*. No directions were given as to what to do in case of attack—which was more than probable, as it was evident the Germans had heard us and as most of the men walked upright. During this halt we thought we heard a rustling towards the right wing, but in our own centre several angry disputes were going on and nothing definite could be made out. Then on we went again in the same fashion towards the middle of the field which divides the trenches, and after a time lay down and, I believe, consid-

ered ourselves in ambush. There we stayed some hour and a half, during which the Germans sent up fuses every two or three minutes, and during which the grass on all sides was filled with the subdued gentle rustling of men crawling, as a patrolman should.

Our people kept up a brief dispute in whispers, and a nineteen-year-old child next to Sukuna wiggled his feet obstinately, and told us not to be afraid, when we remonstrated. Naturally, no notice was taken of the signs of the times, and in fact nothing definite could be made out. There we lay, like sheep ready for the butcher, the minority of us waiting with cocked rifles for the moment when the Germans, having cut us off, would open fire, and with the expectation of being shot by one of our own men in the confusion that such an event would have brought on. As you know, I am given to undue optimism, but neither Sukuna nor I expected to come back that night. At midnight we did troop back in perfect safety, and found that the Germans had let us alone, gone in behind us—from the right wing—and taken two of the unarmed workers we were there to guard.

If we go to Arras, according to percentage, I will very likely get hit. Personally I don't for an instant dream of such a thing, and have the same conviction I always did have. If I do, please don't come over. I will see you again any way in a few months now, and over here you could do nothing but torture the Da and make yourself sick.

I love you, Mother, but I mean this, especially the part about there being no need to worry.

HENRY

July 4, 1915

DEAR ELLEN:

This is late for the 16th, but it has the same messages as though it were earlier. At the time I should have been writing, I was at least thinking, so morally it is the same. At the same time I was marching (or most of the time), so physically it was impossible.

Long ago, during the bleak bombarded days in Cappy, the Russians in the regiment set up a petition to get out of it (each hoping to himself to find a loophole of escape during the change of

regiments). The other day, while we were peacefully in the trenches of Tilloloy, the petition bore fruit. Now they are to go either to Russia or to a French regiment — like Ahab, they leave unwept — and the Belgians are going, too. The Italians have already gone, and the *Deuxième marche* is either under the ground or in hospital and cannot give us reinforcement, so we are again on our way back from the front.

We were relieved by a French regiment at 9:30 of a very stormy evening, just as the rain, which had been only an intermittent drizzle during the day, burst into a near-tropical downpour. Wet through and covered with mud to the knees, we started for some vague place the other side of Montdidier. It was only eighteen millimeters of march, but we put the whole night into it, arriving at 3:30 of a damp, misty morning. During the night the rain stopped and we walked ourselves nearly dry.

By a new arrangement five men in each section were told off to put their sacks in the wagon and to walk at the rear of the section and carry sacks of those who otherwise would have fallen out. I was one of the so-called *bon marcheurs*,

and excited myself to a great degree of dried spleen by carrying the sacks of lazy, but healthy, Jews.

After a day of rest we took the road again and did twenty-five more kilometers. It speaks well for the training you get at the front, for I can truthfully say that I was not a bit tired, though I carried my own sack, which is a heavy one.

I hope nobody will shake the wise finger and say I should not have grumbled about the Jews. Those sorts of jobs go in turns, and Sukuna took my place in the natural course of events. Papa has gathered the impression that because I often write that I am in the *boîte*, I am not well looked upon by superiors. That does not follow in the least. The Foreign Legion is not a bit like Groton School or even Harvard College—and in my opinion has a far better spirit. Rules are many and strict. You break one and get caught. You make no excuses and are given a punishment. There is no ill-feeling on either side. At least it has been that way since the Adjutant—who has been promoted Lieutenant—came to us as Chief of Sections. At Capy, under the yoke of the *Pompriers*, I was given to frequent and ill-

concealed rage and scorn. It is a point of satisfaction with me that the swine who used to do the cursing has, in spite of very general promotion, remained in his grade and been kicked out of our section by the Lieutenant, and is now as meek as Moses. With the Captain and all the Legionaries, I am very much *bien vu*, and nearly always am called on for patrols, observation posts, etc.

It is my opinion that shortly the regiment will be broken up and the engagements broken. I do not want to become naturalized French and go in a line regiment. Neither do I want to leave the war, or to take a three-year engagement in the Legion. The American Ambulances see nothing, in spite of what they write home. I do very much want to join the Aviation Corps. They have been flying at the front. I shall write to this effect to the Da and explain things fully. I suppose I should need about \$1000, which is a nuisance. Also, if things move quickly, I may have to cable before these letters reach you.

With lots of love, Dear, and many soft memories of past 16^{ths} and hopes for future ones,

HENRY

[*July 4, 1915*]

DEAR PAPA:

About a week ago I received a welcome note from Hottinguer, saying he had received funds to my account. But there was an unpleasant addition to the effect that of the f. 128.50 he had kept f. 125 for himself for charges he had paid in postage, etc., for me. Hence I have taken £10 out of my letter of credit — or at least begun the process.

I don't want to seem stupidly extravagant, but really in the army here money does make an enormous difference. Now that summer is here it means that you can buy eggs, fresh vegetables, etc., even fresh meat in some places. Things cost very much, eggs 3 sous apiece, and all that sort of thing. I don't merely throw it away, except for the fact that the company food is amply nutritious and I do not need cauliflowers, asparagus, macaroni, and eggs.

Now for more seriously depressing news. I have just written Ellen how and why we have been again called back from the front. It is my opinion that we shall shortly be disbanded and all the duration of the engagements broken. In

that case I am anxious to join the U. S. Aviators, who are now at the front and have been north of Arras. I suppose I should have to support myself, and it would mean about \$1000 to see me to the end of the war—which will occur in November—and get me home afterwards. I hate to ask for the money, and naturally put myself entirely according to your advice. The facts will be as follows:

I can become naturalized French—which I do not want to do—and join a second-rate line regiment, one which will never see any more fighting than we did. Or sign a three-year affair in the Legion and hope to get to the Dardanelles eventually. Or the Ambulance—which I know means nothing. I know a Sophomore driving one of the Morgan-Harjes ambulance cars, who thought himself quite a hero because he had two or three times gone up to bombarded villages to cart away the wounded. One of them was the village where we used to go for *repos*.

I have just time to give this to a man who is going to Montdidier.

Love to Mother and yourself,

HENRY

[*About July 17, 1915*]

DEAR PAPA:

By this time I suppose the drafts have arrived, and any way there is no good in mincing matters. I was given two days' permission in Paris, as an American citizen, and at the first sight of a big city went quite off my head and blew in every cent I could get hold of. If you had been in Paris lately and knew the enthusiastic reception with which the *permissionnaires* were greeted, and the exceptional tolerance from all parties given to the troops of the African Army, *Zouaves*, *Tirailleurs*, *Chasseurs*, and *Légionnaires*, you would know that there was some excuse for my piggish proceedings. A thin one, for I personally have done nothing to deserve any ovation. At any rate, I had a time that I shall never forget. I am sincerely sorry for it, and am now doing the penance of regimental life on one sou a day quite contentedly.

Many people with broad hems to their garments say that the Legion makes a brute of a man; but don't blame my proceedings on the Legion. I have done the same thing before, as you know, and the Legion is in no way to blame.

Think only that, when all the other troops said the thing was impossible, the Legion took not one line, as planned, but four, and was not stopped then, though more than half the officers and men were down at the taking of Souchez.

I have all this to say about the Legion, because now I am in it — the real, hard, incredible thing — what with the Russians, Italians, and Belgians . . . 3 *de marche* so we were . . . brought up to the full effective with professionals from Saïda — *Régiment Étranger*.

After coming back from Paris we did two days' desultory drill, with constant rumors of the change coming, and then suddenly at the company *rapport* one afternoon the Captain came into the square formed by the sections, wearing his best jacket, with the big Officer of the Legion d'Honneur medal on his breast, more red in the face than ever, and with his mustachios twirling angrily. Old Moreno roared out his "*Garde à vous*" with a tinge of break in his hard old voice, and the Captain said "*Repos*" right away, and stood for an instant looking at us. Then in the formal military way he told us . . . when and where we would entrain on the morrow, details

as to pay, etc. Then he began to speak of the regiment, how it had never been tried, but how he had never doubted it, and what a comfort it had been to him ever since the winter months to have a little nucleus of men who always could be trusted to volunteer for anything hard or dangerous, and could be trusted to do it well and intelligently. He ended up with the bad news that he was to leave us, "effected" to a French regiment. For twenty-five years he said he had served . . . and now to take off the flying wing of the Foreign Legion, even to go into any other regiment on earth, was a terrible blow to him. At any rate, though he could not be there to see us and help us, he hoped that the Volunteers of Paris would hold up their end with their older brothers, who had fought so gloriously in Arras. We were all fighting for the right cause, and that after all was the most important. If after the war any of us should ever see him anywhere, he hoped that we would take a drink together as two good *Légionnaires*.

Then he walked out, and not half a dozen had the voice to cry, "*Vive* Captain Escall!" By his justice, gallantry, and wonderful constantly good

spirits this most unemotional of men had so eaten himself into our hearts that many wept frankly at the idea of leaving him, and those of us who did not had a hard time not to.

The next morning after the Captain had made his good-bye speech and we were lined up behind the *fessos* waiting for the order, "*Sac au dos,*" he came down the line and shook us all by the hand. When he came to our squad, with Corporal Mortens, Sukuna, Covalieros, and that crowd, everybody being already much strung up, he embraced us one and all. I have not had the same feeling of desolating woe at leaving anybody since the days when I used to say good-bye to Mother and take the train to Groton, finding all lonely in the world.

Escall had punished me, but there had never been any discussion about the justice thereof nor any respect lost on either side, and if you only knew him, it would be a pleasure to you that this no mean judge of nature liked and respected me in spite of certain obvious failings. I shall be proud of the fact all the rest of my life. Escall knew exactly what happened in Paris, too.

As for the other details, we are now in the first

Moroccan Division, the best one in the French Army, and though now they are reforming after their losses around Arras, we are bound to be called upon to do the same again. If anything happens to me, you can be sure that it was on the way to victory, for these troops have been . . . but never beaten.

With love to Mother and Ellen.

HENRY

*2nd de marche—1^{ère} Étrangère
Battalion A, Compagnie I*

[*Postmarked August 3, 1915*]

DEAR MAMMA:

I have received at least five letters from you and two from the Da. They are the greatest of blessings and come into my weary world most welcome. The two regiments being cast into one and the whole division being brought up to strength, etc., goes wearily on, and in the meantime our soldiers do "*À droit par quatre*" and other section drill until it seems as though my mind would go. Having slopped over more than a little during my two days' permission in Paris was an ill wind that had some good effects, for I feel that

I have had my good time and can well afford to do my service and not kick against the pricks to any but you. Here I am on good behavior—carry a full sack when I know how to pad one with straw in the most cunning way, and all that sort of thing.

Papa writes Bob Stevenson is going to a training camp where they are to march five or six miles per day with full complement of transport wagons. It is not my place to set up as an authority, having done nothing at all in the way of fighting, but if the marches were sixteen to seventeen miles, half the wagons broken down, much rain, trenches to dig, etc., they might gain some actual idea of what war is—not an expeditionary campaign, but the sort of thing they would have to face if America was invaded. Still I suppose that can never happen, and there is no use giving people sore feet and aching backs for nothing.

The other day we were waked at 2 a.m., and at 3 sent off in a pouring rain for some indefinite place across the mountains for a divisional review. We went off slowly through the wet darkness, but about dawn the sun came out and,

as is usual with the Legion, everybody cheered up, and at 7 a.m. we arrived at the parade ground after fifteen kilometers in very good spirits. The two regiments of Zouaves from Africa were already drawn up. We formed up beside them, and then came the two *tirailleurs* regiments, their colors with them, then the second *Étrangère*, two thousand strong, and finally a squadron of *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. We all stacked arms and lay about on the grass till 8:30. Suddenly the Zouave bugles crashed out sounding the "*Garde à vous*," and in two minutes the division was lined up, every man stiff as a board—and all the time the bugles ringing angrily from up the line, and the short staccato trumpets of the *chasseurs* answering from the other extremity. The ringing stopped suddenly, and the voices of the colonels crying "*Bayonnettes aux Canons*" sounded thin and long drawn out and were drowned by the flashing rattle of the bayonets going on—a moment of perfect silence, and then the slow, courtly-sounding of the "*Général! Général! qui passe!*" broken by the occasional crash as regiment after regiment presented arms. Slowly the General rode down the lines, with

the two Brigadiers and a Division General in his suite.

Then came the *défilé*. The Zouaves led off, their bugles playing “*As tu vu la casquette, la casquette.*” Then the *tirailleurs*, playing some march of their own, slow and fine, the bugles answering the scream of the Arab reed flutes as though Loeffler had led them. Then the Legion, the second *Étrangère* swinging in beside us at the double, and all the bugles crashed out with the Legion marching song,

“*Tiens voilà du boudin pour les Belges,
Y en à pour les Belges y en à,
Parce qu'ils sont des bons soldats,
Pour les Suisses y en à et les Alsatiens-
Lorraines,*” etc.

On and on went the bugles playing that light, slangy tune, some of the verses of which would make Rabelais shudder, and the minor variations of which bring up pictures of the Legion marching with thin ranks in foreign, blazing lands, and the drums of which, tapping slowly, sound like the feet of the regiment scrunching through desert sand. It was all very glorious to see and hear, and to wind up, the *chas-*

seurs went by at the gallop—going off to their quarters.

To wind up the day, the Colonel took us home straight over the mountain—fourteen kilometers over mountain-goat tracks. When we got in at 3:30 p.m., having had nothing to eat but a bit of bread, three sardines, and a finger of cheese, few of the men were really exhausted. It was then I got your letter about the training camp. Really it did make me feel a bit superior, and made me think less than ever of our military system—and if possible, more of the French. I don't think any other army would have done it on the food ration we did, and even Sukuna admitted that it was doubtful if many English regiments would have done it under any conditions.

As for news, that's all I have, but do continue to write me frequently, even if there is nothing to say. Here in this division I feel incredibly far from home.

Love to Ellen and the boys and the Da.

There is a rumor that we may go to Morocco, as things are going badly there, but I don't believe it; we cannot be replaced here.

August 4, 1915

DEAR ELLEN:

I am sending enclosed in this a little ring. It is not supposed, by myself at least, to be a thing of beauty, but it is interesting. It is made of aluminum from the fuse of a German or Austrian shellhead picked up at Tilloloy and made by an old *Légionnaire* with a little file he stole somewhere. How he made the little holes in it I don't know, but he worked for some time, and gave it to me because I did him a good turn one night, when he was about to be arrested by the *patrole* for being out late at night in a state of obvious and noisy drunkenness.

I wish I could make you see the man in the flesh; people like him appear only, as far as my experience goes, in the Foreign Legion — a Roumanian from Constantinople, speaking Turk, Greek, Roumanian, French, a little English, Spanish, and Arab; about six feet two inches, and very skinny and pale, with a half-dozen long hairs on each side of his upper lip, about the color and consistency of a big tomcat's whiskers. He has more useless accomplishments than can be stated. He imitates cats, dogs, and mules from

Senegal—a peculiarly noisy breed—and can use his feet with the same force and accuracy. When he thinks drill is getting a little dull, he amuses the whole section by going through the motions as though he were a monkey, and when the Sergeant begins to scream, quotes accurately from the theory book how the thing should be done. He was once a sergeant himself—was broken—is now first-class, but too lazy to go to the class of *élèves corporeaux*. He can also pour a litre of wine into his mouth, holding the bottle a foot away, and get it all down without spilling a drop. He is also an expert tailor, washerman, rifle-shot, etc., and was originally a law student in Constantinople. He has a fund of comic stories, falls in occasional glooms when off by himself, and sings Turk songs, gets drunk once a month, and stays so for three days.

There is something so incongruous about your wearing his ring that I don't suppose you will, but the man is absolutely honest, which is more than many are under like circumstances, and even when drunk will never ask a sou from any one. He washes clothes, cleans rifles, mends *capotes*, shaves people, cuts hair, greases boots, and

mounts guard for others until he has enough. Also he is a brave man, and always cheerful when it rains and the marches are long and the sacks heavy.

The *corporal d'ordinaire* is screaming " *Au potates;*" which means that I must go and peel potatoes, so good-bye, dear, and love to the boys.

There is no news.

August 6, 1915

DEAR PAPA:

News from Hottinguer of 330 francs has arrived just now and is more welcome than ever. Many thanks to you and Mother and Ellen and Alfred.

As to the details you wanted, they always send a letter saying that they have received for my account, etc., etc. I always ask to have it forwarded in cash, which they promptly do; it is, I think, the only way. Drafts direct I should have to send back to them and run the risk of their being lost, whether registered or not. Parcels I receive at weird intervals; I think five altogether — three of chocolates and two of cigarettes.

Sukuna, by the way, is becoming as dependent on boracic acid as is Mother herself.

The only kick I have about mail is that "Life" stopped coming some time ago—after four or five numbers, in fact. I much enjoyed it, though I could not agree with Mr. Martin's high opinion of Wilson as President. His famous note did not seem to me any better worded than some of his Mexican sayings, and as he never backed up those, I did not for a minute think that anything but the whirlwind of public sentiment would make him stick to this one. As long as the people "stand behind the President," they will stay where the immediate profit leads. I am, of course, in no position to judge those things, and only splutter a bit because I remember the unwholesome position I was in last August, when there could be no feeling of pride in announcing my nationality. Here people seem well disposed towards Americans and many individuals are doing fine work, but as a Government I am ashamed to say that I really and truly feel that we are contemptible, and that it is Wilson's talk and shilly-shally that makes us so. We have an expression over here for the souls who never can take a leap at the

Rubicon and yet are fine talkers—here in the Legion, but I shan't obtrude it on you. I do wish you would write me at some length what you and your friends do think of our attitude.

With much love to you all,

HENRY

August 13, 1915

DEAR ELLEN:

I have received Mother's of July 19 and 25 and can think of nothing but one quotation therefrom: "Our last note is off, and now if Germany persists, we shall have to take action." Since then, according to Paris newspapers, another American boat has been blown up. When will people perceive that Wilson will never do anything but talk, and realize the Devil's rôle that his calm views, high principles, and endless staying open to the other side's point of view has played in Mexico?

I suppose as usual that all this will be put down as childish and unconsidered, but save this letter as you did the one about the *Illusions Perdus*, and you will see I am right later on. I feel more bitterly about Wilson and his *bourgeois*—in

Balzac sense, not the ordinary French one—virtues than I ever did about any public thing before.

As for local news, as usual there is *rien à signaler*. We are still refitting in this d—d village, and rumors fly about three times a day. As for myself, I keep out of trouble and stand well with all parties, and the mountains are beautiful, and you may bathe in ice-cold mountain streams, and see all Switzerland rising like the pillars of Heaven out of the haze over the French lowlands. Nevertheless, I should leave to-night for Lyons and liberation, Marseilles and the Dardanelles, or the front and trenches with an equal cheer. We march, clean rifles, present them and ourselves and our linen and our reserve rations till the grasshopper weighs like a cross and the men grumble and do it so stupidly that it's worse than the infernal barking of the Sergeant.

We will probably go to the trenches shortly. If so, so much the better; but if we are liberated, I think I shall dash home by the first boat and stay there a month or six weeks and get my "Campaign with the Legion" written, and then try to get back again in the Aviation or Am-

balance, or anything that Papa approves. This seems too ideally happy ever to come true—worse than that, I dreamt the whole thing last night, and my dreams never come true.

If we are put into French regiments to finish a year's service, as the latest has it, I shall ask for the Legion or the Zouaves at the Dardanelles. It will at least make a change, for it appears that there are no dull *secteurs* such as usually fall to my fate, and to march in triumph into Constantinople! The Golden Horn still seems to have the mysterious fascination for me that it had before I knew it—alone of any place I have ever wanted to go to and have seen.

Some fifteen years hence, if I and you are not already dried up—I suspect you of that possibility, and have a fear of it myself—you must pack up and let me cart the whole family, especially the boys, about for a year. You are quite capable of doing the guide to St. Paul's and other interesting parts of London and Paris, but somebody who was there when he was young ought to take them to Mexico, thence by the Spanish boat to Spain and Mallorca, thence to Russia by the Nord express to Petrograd, Mos-

cow, Odessa, Bucharest, Constantinople, a long stop, and end up with the Egyptian mail to the Piraeus and the spring morning on the Acropolis, to watch the maidens of the Caryatids' porch in everlasting beauty against a blue Mediterranean sky.

I know as well as you the futility of this kind of dreams and that it leads to no benefit, and that some one who was not there in his youth would have to pay for the party. Not one necessarily who stayed at home at the grindstone all his life, but one who has kept his interests there and not been out searching for interest where he found it.

All of which means that I am bored to death and make up for it by dreaming about past and present and future. The last looks bad. I don't see as any of this campaign has done anything towards that hoped-for day when I shall be capable of earning my own living in the way the Da thinks I ought to. I suppose the poor Da realizes this and it adds to his worries; then, the more I gloom about present and future, the more I dream about Dedham and the happy days there with you and Mother and the Da,

and long for another session of it with no worries in the wind.

Good-bye, dear. With love, HENRY

[*The censor's stamp contains the word "Belfort," implying that he was near there.*]

[August, 1915]

DEAR MAMMA:

We are on the move again, and I have hopes that the *repos* is over. To be sure we are not up to anything very exciting as yet, only trench-digging in a section duller than any as yet seen, but once out of the infernal village, I have hopes that we will not go back there.

As usual we left at 2 a.m. and marched under a full moon through a misty sunrise and on into the early heat of the morning, doing twenty-seven kilometers. Then we stopped for the night and went on at 1 a.m. the next day, the Captain wearing his Moroccan burnous and looming ghostly white at the head of the company. We did thirty-one kilometers, much of it up and down steep hills, and some of the men got sore feet and fell out. I was so glad to hear the booming of the

cannon again that I was no more than healthily weary of the sack and could have done ten or fifteen more in the afternoon after a *grande halte*.

Here the trenches are held by a battalion of respectable Territorials. After making the coffee, some of us were lying under the trees and talking to these old boys and watching a stoop-shouldered, unmedalled Captain talking to the Sergeant-Major about something, leaning on a cane and looking much like the Da talking to Mike. Suddenly a couple of shells steamed past and broke in a neighboring quarter of the town. With incredible activity one and all of the old boys disappeared down an *abris*, the Captain included. I don't think it even occurred to any *Légionnaire* to move out of a comfortable position in the shade on a hot day for a couple — or even the fifty which followed — miserable 77's. A trifling incident, but really it brings out a point I am aiming at.

Papa says he dislikes the reputation of the Legion, admitting that naturally he knows no more of it than that. If he could spend an hour in this village, I think he would change his mind, for the contrast is enlightening.

On the one hand are the Territorials, wherein every man is honest and respectable and legally married to a wife, and all that sort of thing. They live in dirty quarters, carry dirty rifles, and fall into their ranks in a gossipy way, every man chattering with his neighbor or the Sergeant.

On the other hand, in the Legion everything is cleaned up and shipshape, with iron discipline and polished accoutrements, men who stand like machines in the ranks, and of whom not a man but has utterly got over whatever fear he may ever have had of shells and so forth. With us the *sous-officiers* know every detail of the service backward and are mostly capable of exacting prompt obedience and respect by force of personality. As for the officers, it is well known that they are the best corps of officers in France, and probably in the world.

The surroundings here are no more sordid than those of the common soldier anywhere, and as long as you are soldiering, I think it as well to do it with people who are soldiers to the very marrow of their bones. As for my refinement and fears that I may lose it, my hands are in poor form, rather toughened, and naturally I

have picked up a lot of *argot*; otherwise, I have of late been reading Charles Lamb, Pickwick, Plutarch, and a deal of cheap French novels, and "War and Peace" over again. If I see we are to spend winter in the trenches again, am thinking seriously of writing to London for a pair of real waterproof and practical boots and some Vicuna underwear. H. G. Wells' "Ann Veronica" I found interesting, though it was trite and irritating at bottom. I wonder if you remember it.

I wish from time to time you would send me one novel that you find interesting. Books are too heavy to carry when on the move. Naturally either in French or English. The state of the German mind, Plato, or Kant are not necessary for the moment, and I have read Milton, Shakespeare, and Dante.

September 3, 1915

DEAR PAPA:

The night after writing to Mother of our trench-digging and marching, we received . . . everything and . . . doing the fifty-odd kilometers in two . . . but oh! how gladly, as far as I was

concerned. As we stopped in a small village on the way . . . the . . . came through, echoing through the , and their . . . like mad. Then we . . . that the . . . was on . . . and that . . . real . . . and . . . come at last.

That evening our sick ones who came on by train saw our artillery on trains headed north, and rumor says that the 2 *Étranger* moves out this morning. This time things are sure. We can't stay here more than two or three days, and drill and reviews and all the hell of military life is over.

As to where we are going, nobody knows or cares very much. Some say Dardanelles, but I don't think the *tirailleurs* would ever be sent to take Constantinople. It is too much in the foundation of their creed. Others say Champagne, Argonne, Alsace, etc., etc. Sukuna and I . . . and pray for Belgium and a general drive alongside the English. We both want it so much that we do not put much faith in our arguments, but there are really about ten good ones why that should . . . will be a second Arras, and this time there will be reinforcements behind, for now it is known that the Legion and the *tirailleurs* can

break the German lines in one go, and it is merely a question of having troops that will go into the gap we make. I should think the English could hardly refuse that position, with the two million and the twenty kilometer front.

This would be very glorious indeed, and as the regiment would immediately be very much shot up, it might get what was left of us out of winter in the trenches. On the other hand, it is a sad fact that regimental changes are always for the worse, and I suppose shortly you will hear from me digging trenches in some filthy hole where it rains all the time.

As for the \$85, thanks very much. It is easily thought I had better do without luxuries. I even see the point myself, but in the meantime a few francs make the well-nigh unbearable supportable with philosophy.

With love to all,

HENRY

September 5, 1915

DEAR MAMMA:

As yet no progress, but we are still held ready to move at the first order. In the meantime it

rains, is cold, and I personally bore myself terribly and would welcome any conceivable change.

Sukuna, as usual, is very calm, reads the "Weekly Times" including the advertisements, and tells me that when we are needed we will be called up. The obvious truth of the remark helps not at all.

If I ever find myself in a regiment about to go back to refit again, I think I shall take pains to get myself decently wounded and pass the time in hospital.

Hence letters from home are more grateful than ever before, and though it seems terrible to hear of Adam's downfall, it did make sort of natural reading. I almost feel like suggesting your riding Eve, who has proved herself able to stand on all fours for some years now. I suppose not to ride at all is the sensible course, though I should never advise it to you.

I have had some experience of misery in the last months, and would never advise anything to any one that meant that, under any circumstances. Don't let this work you up, for I took it with open eyes and am still very much of the same idea. I want to see the war from close to,

and do not allow incidentals to irritate for more than the moment.

I am much interested in the Plattsburg Training Camp. If you meet any one who went there, I wish you would skilfully pump him a bit and find out how practical the training was. Spirit and all seem to have been fine, according to a stray copy of "Life" that turned up, but did the trainers learn to get the most out of the men in hard conditions—to make them march on sore feet when there were no wagons—get what food they could in a pouring rain—work night after night at the same dull digging—put up with the insolence of stupid sergeants, and all the real hardships of a campaign?

Association with such *Légionnaire* captains as Escall and our present Leroy bring it home more and more. What a rare bird even a first-rate captain is! The present Leroy has been with us about a month. Came from hospital after May 9 and has just been given the Officers' Cross of the Legion of Honor—a little gratification that many a colonel has to do without. I shall probably write more of him anon.

Love to the Da.

HENRY

September 12, 1915

DEAR MAMMA:

Your letters, two of which arrived this morning, are a great blessing. A little sympathy is a very grateful thing when one is bored to death and exasperated by every one else in the world.

I always try to write of the most interesting events in these surroundings, and the fact that you seem to look at them in something the same way makes it all seem a little less futile.

As for your glorious French Army—I beg to differ. Glorious *battalions d'Afrique* as much as you choose and I will always go you one better, but the conscript of the “National Army” are another tale. Our old *3 de marche* was never considered as a very remarkable outfit, but it is significant that all of the three *secteurs* we occupied, strengthened, fortified, and turned over to French regiments are now in the hands of the Germans—the last one, Tilloloy, what with the barbed-wire, sixty feet thereof, in front of the trenches, and heavily embanked loopholes, was untakable as long as the defenders stuck to their guns. That the thing was done by surprise makes it all the more inexcusable.

To-morrow, so they say, we leave at 3 a.m. for Division Headquarters and Poincaré presents the regiment with a flag. I suppose the ceremony will be impressive, but do not look forward to it very much. Marching orders are all I ask of Heaven, and there seems no sign of them.

Why we were rushed back from the trench-digging in Alsace and all our hopes raised is a question I suppose only the Chiefs can answer. The thought that they had their reasons gives one no comfort.

I wish you could or would read "War and Peace" again. Tolstoi, even more than Stendahl, arrives at complete expression of military life. Incidentally, his conception of family life is no less utterly true to nature, at least as I see and experience it.

With love to Adam's legs. May they bear you in peace hereafter.

HENRY

Will write again after the review, if it ever comes off.

September 16, 1915

DEAR ELLEN:

Yours of August 30 was a true pleasure. The Da had just written me a backing-up of Wilson, in which he assumes that if I knew more of current events and had a wiser heart, I should already have come to the same conclusions. These things being so, you poured oil on the waters, and not the least of them was the fact that you scented that I sometimes fear a Pharisaical outlook on your part — when I say your, I mean it for you and your friends and *entourage*.

I was in the ranks beside Kraimer, the man who made the ring, this morning, when, a division being drawn up, M. Poincaré and M. Mille-rand and Général de Castelnau and a lot of others presented the regiment with a flag decorated with the *grande croix de guerre*. When the collective bugles crashed out with the “*Au drapeau*” and the twenty thousand rifles flew up to the present arms, there were tears in his eyes and he whispered, “*Chez nous à Bel à Bes on porte la Légion d’Honneur.*” The President’s speech was good and very short and addressed — it is characteristic of the French attitude towards the Legion — to

the Zouaves and *tirailleurs*, the 4th regiment of the latter having received a flag as well. He spoke of the Marne, where the Division broke the Prussian guard, and ended up with a ringing praise for the action north of Arras. It was also characteristic that the Legion received its flag before the others, and that our Colonel gave the commands.

I shall write again in three or four days. Now I must go and bathe in a mountain stream. Thirty-five kilometers on top of the review and the defile make it necessary.

With love,

HENRY

. . .

2^d Régiment de marche du 1^{er} Étranger
Cie A¹

COMTE-RENDU

CAPITAINE GABET:

En réponse à votre note du 28, j'ai l'honneur de vous rendre compte que le légionnaire Farnsworth, a été tué le 28 Septembre. C'était un ex-

cellent sujet. Ci joint en retour la demande de renseignements de l'ambassade.

Le Capitaine Command^t la C^{ie}

LALLSELIEZ

Aux Armées le 28 Octobre, 1915

October 29, 1915

ROBERT BLISS, Esq.,

Ambassade des États-Unis d'Amérique à Paris

SIR:

I have the honor of receiving your letter of October 25.

The captain of this company has obtained the enclosed note relating to Mr. Henry W. Farnsworth's death. I was not with him in the battle where he died, but knew about it by some of the men in his company. I appreciated him very much indeed.

I am, Sir, at your entire disposal.

Your obedient servant,

AUGUSTIN HEREDIA

Hospital Complimentaire

17 *Pré Aux Clercs,*

Lyon (Brettaux), France,

October 2, 1915

DEAR MR. FARNSWORTH:

At the request of your son, I am to say with real pain that he was severely wounded on the afternoon of the 28th of September last, on the 4th day of the battle of Champagne, a little in front of the German wire entanglements of the second line before the Fortin de Navarin. A large number of machine guns were on the right flank, and in front, where they were concentrating their fire on the leading files of the attacking party, and no stretcher-bearer could possibly reach the spot where he was lying. Toward dusk the column was still being held up. I left for the rear about this time, but all I could do, I regret to say, was to ask medical people to go up if possible. As one who has seen a great deal of him here, I would venture to mention how much his coolness under fire has on occasions helped to steady the section, and how his indifference to danger prompted him at all times to volunteer for the most dangerous posts. Under a withering rifle and machine gun

fire, he denied my first word and dug a hole for me, to which act I probably owe my life. Up to the present, no fresh information of him has come my way, but I shall always be glad to furnish any previous news. May I here express my profound and sincere sympathies.

Yours very truly,

J. L. V. SUKUNA

Camp d' Arovd, November 2, 1915

TO GROTON SCHOOL

Groton, Massachusetts:

I suppose you have heard by now that Henry Farnsworth was killed in Champagne in the last days of September. A brave fellow he was and a gallant one. The two or three times I met him at college he made little impression. But of the months I knew him in the Legion, I respected him and enjoyed his companionship more and more. When everything was going badly—we were disreputably officered in the 3^{me} *de marche*—and every man was finding fault, grumbling, making all the possible steps to get out of the

Legion into French regiments, he was always optimistic, serene, and an immense moral force in his company. "Leave the Legion? Never!" When we were transferred to the 2^d *de marche* and the true Legion, then he was exultant. Many of the 3^{me} felt insulted to be put with these "desperate characters," but he only told them since they had come to fight, they should be the more happy to be put with the most fearless, perhaps the most famous regiment in France, since the 9th of May and 16th of June. I know he could have wished for nothing more glorious than to die as he did when the 1st *Étranger* again covered itself with honor on the 29th. The *Tirailleurs Algériens* flinched on the right, but his Battalion went on and was demolished.

VICTOR CHAPMAN

WITH THE LEGION IN THE
CHAMPAGNE

BY J. L. V. SUKUNA

THE 24th September broke a close and warm day. The severe cannonading of the two previous days had perceptibly calmed down. The routine of the last few nights—communication-trench digging in the white clay soil of the Champagne District—had been dispensed with the evening before, an ominous sign, the old *Légionnaires* whispered, of the closeness of the impending storm. Here and there, basking in the sun, were scattered small groups discussing the superiority of the French artillery, the possible rapidity of the advance,—for an advance all believed it would be,—or the probable part of the Moroccan Division in the coming conflict. In the 2^d Company's camp a young Cambridge undergraduate, a half-blue, was sparring with his adjutant before an excited and sympathetic audience. Throughout the day the military road running from Suippes was filled with Territorial units, men of the Colonial Corps, and vehicles of every kind and description. Late in the after-

noon the "fall in" was called, and the Colonel, visibly moved, announced the part allotted to the regiment. It was to be in reserve to support the Turcos—Zouaves and Algerian Rifles—and the 2^d *Étranger*, upon whom of the Moroccan Division had fallen the honor of participating in the great initial assault. That evening the regiment was to move forward to take up position. The high-strung feeling of expectancy culminating in the Colonel's speech brought in its wake a reactionary feeling, confused and depressing. The hours seemed so long. All sense of relation and the power of connective thought appeared either lost or hopelessly dulled. Some laid down to rest; but the younger and the less experienced, betraying unmistakable signs of nervousness, sat 'round dimly lit camp-fires, chatting disconnectedly. The night was dark and still. Overhead ominous black clouds seemed to be furtively gathering forces. At 1 a.m. the *rassemblement* was called, and a few minutes later the Legion was *en route*, heading for the first line trenches in close proximity to Souain.

Drizzling rain was falling. The communication-trenches, running immediately behind the

first line trenches, were reached at 2:30 a.m. Orders were given to settle down ; the wait would probably be for some hours. Cannonading had begun again, growing in intensity almost imperceptibly. The heavy guns, far away in the rear, were heavily engaged. Towards dawn the field artillery immediately behind the Legion began to thunder and roar. From a deserted observation post a magnificent view of the bombardment was seen. About two hundred yards away there zigzagged a narrow white line, the parapet of the enemy trenches. Away to the left it disappeared in the declivity of the ground, and to the right it ran back until it was lost behind a barren white ridge. Every moment white flashes of light — forked lightning in a tropical storm, they looked like — seemed to dance over that thin white line, followed by columns of smoke of varying sizes, some black and some white in color, with others of a yellow-bluish hue ; and then rendering crashes as the pieces of exploded steel flew on their deadly errand. The air rocked and quivered. The vibration seemed to penetrate every fibre. Overhead the endless streams of missiles from the heavy guns hissed, and below them the

innumerable shells of the *soixante-quinze* sang and howled not unmusically. But the German guns held a dignified silence. Rain was falling in torrents. At 8 a.m. the artillery fire had developed into one continuous and incessant roar. From the observation post the thin white line was no longer visible. It was entirely enveloped in dust, smoke, and flame. The German guns were now firing spasmodically at the field-pieces to the rear; but some shells were falling in the trenches. The order to move came at last. Cold, stiff, and hungry, it was a welcome change. Rifle and machine gun fire could now be heard above the roar of the guns. The attack had opened. Through the *Boyau de Martinique* came a continual stream of wounded. The Germans were using tear shells. The eyes smarted and ached, and tears flowed abundantly, obscuring one's view, in that narrow way full of wounded.

After half an hour's slow progress a shallow, narrow communication-trench, from which the Turcos had rushed to the assault, midway between the enemy's first line and our own, was reached. The drain was a heart-rending sight, full of the dead and dying, those who in the previous nights

had contributed by hard and difficult digging to minimize the losses of this day. Some German field batteries, somewhere on the Souain-Tahure Road, were raining shrapnel on that trench of the dead and at the approaches in the rear, where two squadrons of cavalry were vainly endeavoring to hack through that curtain of lead. Thrice they reformed and thrice they were scattered. For some time no further progress was possible. Suddenly a battery of *soixante-quinze* began firing short, dropping several shells into the Legion. For a few minutes a panic threatened. It was during these critical moments that Captain Junod rendered signal service: stepping out of the trench and calmly walking along the parapet, in full view of the enemy, he rallied the men. The enemy's first line had long ago fallen; but desperate hand-to-hand fighting was still taking place in the woods immediately in front. A halt was called at the German first line trenches to gather in prisoners and to reform the line. The havoc wrought by the French bombardment was everywhere very evident—enormous holes, barbed wire entanglements completely destroyed, trenches filled in and dig-outs smashed. Sandbag loopholes

above seemed able to withstand the unprecedented battery, and some of these were in a remarkable state of preservation.

The German heavy guns and few field-pieces were now heavily engaged in a *tir de barrage*. At 3 p.m. the order came to advance in support of the Turcos. Rain had again begun to fall. From the direction of Souain French field batteries were trotting forward in support of the infantry advance. Huge shells, raising columns of black smoke hundred feet in height, were bursting all around them; but on they came, apparently not in the least concerned. From a small valley south of Navarin came the sharp crackle of rifle fire, and in the bluish purple light of the gray autumn twilight, troops of various regiments—*Chasseurs*, Infantry of the Line, Colonials—could be made out deploying to the right and left. Suddenly a strange bugle call rang out, followed instantly by loud and continued cheering. Doubts were soon dissipated as French bugles began sounding the charge. *Chasseurs*, Turcos, *Légionnaires*, mingled in that fight, and in a few minutes all was over. The German onslaught had been met and broken. Early that night the Legion

replaced the Turcos in the first line. The Germans, evidently very nervous, kept throwing up lights all through the night, followed by salvos of rifle fire.

Early next morning some units of the *Chasseurs* relieved the Legion; the whole of the Moroccan Division being now gradually placed in the reserve. The regiment took up position in a valley north of Souain at 6 a.m. in groups of sections. Its mission, it seems, was to attract the enemy's fire while along the wooded ridge to the east reinforcements could pass unmolested in the direction of the Butte, Souain, and Navarin. Through the valley ran the main German communication-trench between Navarin and the trenches passing Souain. It was the obvious route for fresh troops to take. Shortly after 7 a.m. a *tir de barrage*, which increased in intensity as the day wore on, was directed on the valley and on the whole length of the communication-trench. It was a perfect inferno. Officers and men went down quickly; but the Legion clung on all day, sections changing position frequently. At dusk the regiment was ordered to retire to the southern end of the wooded ridge,

then to take its place with the Division which had now been all withdrawn. The darkness, the limited space, and above all the devastating artillery fire rendered the movement an extremely difficult one to execute in good order and without heavy loss. In the circumstances confusion was inevitable. Captains lost their companies and men their section and squad commanders. Many strayed away, only to perish in the hurricane of steel. Camped on the wooded ridge, the explanations, the anecdotes given gratuitously of that trying day, the charges and counter-charges, would have made the heart of Tolstoi glad.

The morning of the 27th September was comparatively quiet; the enemy's fire being again mainly directed on the valley below. In the meantime, the regiment proceeded to dig itself in. Towards noon Battalion A was called upon to relieve units of the Turcos in the second line, at the northern end of the communication-trench connecting Navarin and Souain. The day was showery and cold, with occasional strong blasts of wind. Away behind the Fortin de Navarin a German observation balloon floated in the air. This fresh movement of troops was at once sig-

nalled and some German field batteries immediately opened a murderous fire on the communication-trench; while the valley to the south was again ploughed with huge shells. For half an hour a fire more accurate and intense than anything yet experienced devastated the ranks. Some sections entirely disappeared. But during the early part of the afternoon several batteries of *soixante-quinze* moved up into the valley between the ridge occupied by the Moroccan Division and the Souain-Tahure Road, and these guns after a few rounds silenced the enemy's field-pieces. The night of the 27th was passed quietly in the wood, that is, so far as bombardment by the enemy was concerned; but all night long the *soixante-quinze* near the Souain-Tahure Road kept up an incessant war.

On the early morning of the 28th the German heavy guns began searching for these batteries, tearing and ploughing up in all directions the ridge and woods covering the Division. The noise and din of the high-explosive shells were ear-shattering, and the huge columns of thick black smoke were awe inspiring. But clear above the thunder and crash of the Teutonic storm the decisive bark

of the 75's from the valley below rang sharp and true. At 2 p.m. the order to prepare to attack passed 'round, and an hour later the Legion, with gaps filled up, moved out in columns of double companies. The bombardment was still heavy, and as the regiment following the ridge passed by the Zouaves and Algerian rifles, men were falling on all sides. Sweeping 'round to the north-west at the end of the ridge, the Commandants led their men in the direction of the Fortin de Navarin. In the woods on the left the infantry in the first line were closely nestled in their trenches, some knee-deep, others the regulation depth. Stray bullets began to sing in the air. At the crest before the Fortin de Navarin the regiment halted for a few minutes to enable the Turcos to come into line on the left. The enemy were still about two hundred yards away. And then, with bayonets fixed, "*En avant!*" Through a little scraggy pine avenue Battalion A rushed. Away to the left, in the open space, the Turcos were advancing. Bullets sang louder in the air. Tap, tap, tap,—the machine guns were firing methodically. A short halt was called and another rush till the wire entanglements of the enemy

were clearly visible—whole and untouched. Here again for some reason unknown the regiment halted. It was now near 4 p.m., and at this juncture no further advance could possibly have been undertaken in the face of converging machine gun fire from the wood on the half-left front, from the Ferme de Navarin, and from the wood on the right flank. The leading files suffered severely. Of the officers the best had already fallen. The Commandant was dead. Pine leaves and branches cut off by bullets were falling like rain. The groans of the wounded and the cries of the dying sickened and weakened one. Still no orders came. Through it all, when the fire was at its heaviest, could be heard the voice of Captain Sunod, upon whom had devolved the command of the Battalion: "*Ne bougez pas, mes enfants.*" And there the Legion stayed until far into the night.



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