Your Excellency, your Honor, Soldiers and Friends: In these unveiling exercises the duty falls to me of expressing in simple words some of the feelings which have actuated the givers of St. Gaudens' noble work of bronze, and of briefly recalling the history of Robert Shaw and of his regiment to the memory of this possibly too forgetful generation.

The men who do brave deeds are usually unconscious of their picturesque ness. For two nights previous to the assault upon Fort Wagner the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment had been afoot, making forced marches in the rain; and on the day of the battle the men had had no food since early morning. As they lay there in the evening twilight, hungry and wet, against the cold sands of Morris Island, with the sea-fog drifting over them, their eyes fixed on the huge bulk of the fortress looming darkly three quarters of a mile ahead against the sky, and their hearts beating in expectation of the word that was to bring them to their feet and launch them on their desperate charge, neither officers nor men could have been in any holiday mood of contemplation. Many and different must have been the thoughts that came and went in them during that hour of bodeful revery; but however free the flights of fancy of some of them may have been, it is improbable that anyone who lay there had so wild and whirling an imagination as to foresee in prophetic vision this morning of a future May when we, the people of a richer and more splendid Boston, with Mayor and Governor and troops from other States, and every circumstance of ceremony, should meet together to celebrate their conduct on that evening, and do their memory this conspicuous honor.

How, indeed, comes it that out of all the great engagements of the war, engagements in many of which the troops of Massachusetts had borne the most distinguished part, this officer, only a young Colonel, this regiment of black men and its maiden battle—a battle, moreover, which was lost—should be picked out for such unusual commemoration?

The historic significance of an event is measured neither by its material magnitude, nor by its immediate success. Thermopylæ was a defeat; but to the Greek imagination Leonidas and his few Spartans stood for the whole worth of grecian life. Bunker Hill was a defeat; but for our people the fight over that breastwork has always seemed to show as well as any victory that our forefathers were men of a temper not to be finally overcome. And so here. The war for our Union, with all the constitutional questions which it settled, and all the military lessons which it gathered in, has throughout its dilatory length but one meaning in the eye of history. And nowhere was that meaning better symbolized and embodied than in the constitution of this first Northern negro regiment.

Look at that monument and read the story—see the mingling of elements which the sculptor's genius has brought so vividly before the eye. There on foot go the dark outcasts, so true to nature that one can almost hear them breathing as they march. State after State by its laws had denied them to be human persons. The Southern leaders in congressional debates, insolent in their security, loved most to designate them by the contemptuous collective epithet of "this peculiar kind of property." There they march, warm-blooded champions of a better day for man. There on horseback, among them, in his very habit as he lived, sits the blue-eyed child of fortune upon whose happy youth every divinity had smiled. Onward they move together, a single resolution kindled in their eyes, and animating their otherwise so different frames. The bronze that makes their memory eternal betrays the very soul and secret of those awful years.

Since the 'thirties the slavery question had been the only question, and by the end of the 'fifties our land lay sick and shaking with it like a traveller who has thrown himself down at night beside
a pestilential swamp and in the morning finds the fever through the
marrow of his bones. “Only muzzle the Abolition fanatics,” said
the South, “and all will be well again!” But the Abolitionists could
not be muzzled—they were the voice of the world’s conscience, they
were a part of destiny. Weak as they were, they drove the South to
madness. “Every step she takes in her blindness,” said Wendell Phi-
lips, “is one more step towards ruin.” And when South Carolina
took the final step in battering down Fort Sumter, it was the fanatics
of slavery themselves who called upon their idolized institution ruin
swift and complete. What law and reason were unable to accom-
plish, had now to be done by that uncertain and dreadful dispenser
of God’s judgments, War—War, with its abominably casual inac-
curate methods, destroying good and bad together, but at last able
to hew a way out of intolerable situations when through man’s
delusion or perversity every better way is blocked.

Our great western republic had from its very origin been a singu-
lar anomaly. A land of freedom, boastfully so called, with human
slavery enthroned at the heart of it, and at last dictating terms of
unconditional surrender to every other organ of its life, what was
it but a thing of falsehood and horrible self-contradiction? For
three quarters of a century it had nevertheless endured, kept to-
gether by policy, compromise, and concession. But at last that
republic was torn in two; and truth was to be possible under the
flag. Truth, thank God, truth! even though for the moment it must
be truth written in hell-fire.

And this, fellow-citizens, is why, after the great generals have
had their monuments, and long after the abstract soldier’s monu-
ments have been reared on every village green, we have chosen
to take Robert Shaw and his regiment as the subjects of the first
soldier’s monument to be raised to a particular set of comparatively
undistinguished men. The very lack of external complication in
the history of these soldiers is what makes them represent with such
typical purity the profounder meaning of the Union cause.

Our nation had been founded in what we may call our American
religion, baptized and reared in the faith that a man requires no
master to take care of him, and that common people can work out
their salvation well enough together if left free to try. But the
founders had not dared to touch the great intractable exception;
and slavery had wrought until at last the only alternative for the
nation was to fight or die. What Shaw and his comrades stand for
and show us is that in such an emergency Americans of all com-
plexions and conditions can go forth like brothers, and meet death
cheerfully if need be, in order that this religion of our native land
shall not become a failure on the earth.

We of this Commonwealth believe in that religion; and it is not
at all because Robert Shaw was an exceptional genius, but simply
because he was faithful to it as we all may hope to be faithful in our
measure when the times demand, that we wish his beautiful image
to stand here for all time, an inciter to similarly unselfish public
deeds.

Shaw thought but little of himself, yet he had a personal charm
which, as we look back on him, makes us repeat: “None knew thee
but to love thee, nor named thee but to praise.” This grace of
nature was united in him in the happiest way with a filial heart,
a cheerful will, and a judgment that was true and fair. And when
the war came, and great things were doing of the kind that he could
help in, he went as a matter of course to the front. What country
under heaven has not thousands of such youths to rejoice in, youths
on whom the safety of the human race depends? Whether or not
they leave memorials behind them, whether their names are writ in
water or in marble, depends mostly on the opportunities which the
accidents of history throw into their path. Shaw recognized the vital
opportunity: he saw that the time had come when the colored people
must put the country in their debt.

Colonel Lee has just told us something about the obstacles with
which this idea had to contend. For a large party of us this was still
exclusively a white man’s war; and should colored troops be tried
and not succeed, confusion would grow worse confounded. Shaw
was a Captain in the Massachusetts Second when Governor Andrew
invited him to take the lead in the experiment. He was very modest,
and doubted for a moment his own capacity for so responsible a
post. We may also imagine human motives whispering other
doubts. Shaw loved the Second Regiment, illustrious already, and
was sure of promotion where he stood. In this new negro-soldier
venture, loneliness was inevitable, ridicule certain, failure pos-
sible; and Shaw was only twenty-five; and, although he had stood
among the bullets at Cedar Mountain and Antietam, he had till
then been walking socially on the sunny side of life. But whatever
doubts may have beset him, they were over in a day, for he inclined
naturally towards difficult resolves. He accepted the proffered com-
mand, and from that moment lived but for one object, to establish the honor of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth.

I have had the privilege of reading his letters to his family from the day of April when, as a private in the New York Seventh, he obeyed the President's first call. Some day they must be published, for they form a veritable poem for serenity and simplicity of tone: He took to camp life as if it were his native element, and (like so many of our young soldiers) he was at first all eagerness to make arms his permanent profession. Drilling and disciplining; interminable marching and countermarching and picket duty on the upper Potomac as lieutenant in our Second Regiment, to which post he had soon been promoted; pride at the discipline attained by the Second, and horror at the bad discipline of other regiments; these are the staple matter of the earlier letters, and last for many months. These, and occasional more recreative incidents, visits to Virginian houses, the reading of books like Napier's Peninsular War or the Idylls of the King, Thanksgiving feasts and races amongst officers, that helped the weary weeks to glide away. Then the bloodier business opens, and the plot thickens till the end is reached. From first to last there is not a rancorous word against the enemy—often quite the reverse—and amid all the scenes of hardship, death, and devastation that his pen soon has to write of, there is unfailing cheerfulness and even a sort of innermost peace.

After he left it, Robert Shaw's heart still clung to the fortunes of the Second. Months later, when in South Carolina with the Fifty-fourth, he writes to his young wife: "I should have been Major of the Second now if I had remained there and lived through the battles. As regards my own pleasure, I had rather have that place than any other in the army. It would have been fine to go home a field officer in that regiment! Poor fellows, how they have been slaughtered!"

Meanwhile he had well taught his new command how to do their duty; for only three days after he wrote this he led them up the parapet of Fort Wagner, where he and nearly half of them were left upon the ground.

Robert Shaw quickly inspired others with his own love of discipline. There was something almost pathetic in the earnestness with which both the officers and men of the Fifty-fourth embraced their mission of showing that a black regiment could excel in every virtue known to man. They had good success, and the Fifty-fourth became a model in all possible respects. Almost the only trace of bitterness in Shaw's whole correspondence is over an incident in which he thought his men had been morally disgraced. It had become their duty, immediately after their arrival at the seat of war, to participate, in obedience to fanatical orders from the head of the department, in the sack and burning of the inoffensive little town of Darien on the Georgia coast. "I fear," he writes to his wife, "that such actions will hurt the reputation of black troops and of those connected with them. For myself I have gone through the war so far without dishonor, and I do not like to degenerate into a plunderer and a robber,—and the same applies to every officer in my regiment. After going through the hard campaigning and the hard fighting in Virginia, this makes me very much ashamed. There are two courses only for me to pursue: to obey orders and say nothing; or to refuse to go upon any more such expeditions, and be put under arrest and probably court-martialed, which is a very serious thing." Fortunately for Shaw, the general in command of that department was almost immediately relieved.

Four weeks of camp life and discipline on the Sea Islands, and the regiment had its baptism of fire. A small affair, but it proved the men to be staunch. Shaw again writes to his wife: "You don't know what a fortunate day this has been for me and for us all, excepting some poor fellows who were killed and wounded. We have fought at last alongside of white troops. Two hundred of my men on picket this morning were attacked by five regiments of infantry, some cavalry, and a battery of artillery. The Tenth Connecticut were on their left, and say they would have had a hard time if the Fifty-fourth men had not stood so well. The whole Division was under arms in fifteen minutes, and after coming up close in front of us, the enemy, finding us so strong, fell back. . . . General Terry sent me word he was highly gratified with the behavior of our men, and the officers and privates of other regiments praise us very much. All this is very gratifying to us personally, and a fine thing for the colored troops. I know this will give you pleasure, for it wipes out the remembrance of the Darien affair, which you could not but grieve over, though we were innocent participators."

'The Adjutant of the Fifty-fourth, who made report of this skirmish to General Terry, well expresses the feelings of loneliness that still prevailed in that command:
On over the sand, through a narrow defile which broke up the formation, double quick over the chevaux de frise, into the ditch and over it, as best they could, and up the rampart; with Fort Sumter, which had seen them, playing on them, and Fort Wagner, now one mighty mound of fire, teeming out their lives. Shaw led from first to last. Gaining successfully the parapet, he stood there for a moment with uplifted sword, shouting “Forward, Fifty-fourth!” and then fell headlong, with a bullet through his heart. The battle raged for nigh two hours. Regiment after regiment, following upon the Fifty-fourth, hurled themselves upon its ramparts, but Fort Wagner was nobly defended, and for that night stood safe. The Fifty-fourth withdrew after two thirds of its officers and five twelfths or nearly half its men had been shot down or bayoneted within the fortress or before its walls. It was good behavior for a regiment no one of whose soldiers had had a musket in his hands more than eighteen weeks, and which had seen the enemy for the first time only two days before.

“The negroes fought gallantly,” wrote a Confederate officer, “and were headed by as brave a colonel as ever lived.”

As for the Colonel, not a drum was heard nor a funeral note, not a soldier discharged his farewell shot, when the Confederates buried him, the morning after the engagement. His body, half stripped of its clothing, and the corpses of his dauntless negroes were flung into one common trench together, and the sand was shovelled over them, without a stake or stone to signalize the spot. In death as in life, then, the Fifty-fourth bore witness to the brotherhood of Man. The lover of heroic history could wish for no more fitting sepulchre for Shaw’s magnanimous young heart. There let his body rest, united with the forms of his brave nameless comrades. There let the breezes of the Atlantic sigh, and its gales roar their requiem, while this bronze effigy and these inscriptions keep their fame alive long after you and I and all who meet here are forgotten.

How soon indeed are human things forgotten! As we meet here this morning, the Southern sun is shining on their place of burial, and the waves sparkling and the sea-gulls circling around Fort Wagner’s ancient site. But the great earthworks and their thundering cannon, the commanders and their followers, the wild assault and repulse that for a brief space made night hideous on that far-off evening, have all sunk into the blue gulf of the past, and for the majority of this generation are hardly more than an abstract name,

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a picture, a tale that is told. Only when some yellow-bleached photograph of a soldier of the 'sixties comes into our hands, with that odd and vivid look of individuality due to the moment when it was taken, do we realize the concreteness of that bygone history, and feel how interminable to the actors in them were those leaden-footed hours and years. The photographs themselves erelong will fade utterly, and books of history and monuments like this alone will tell the tale. The great war for the Union will be like the siege of Troy, it will have taken its place amongst all other “old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago.”

In all such events two things must be distinguished—the moral service of them from the fortitude which they display. War has been much praised and celebrated among us of late as a school of manly virtue; but it is easy to exaggerate upon this point. Ages ago, war was the gory cradle of mankind, the grim-featured nurse that alone could train our savage progenitors into some semblance of social virtue, teach them to be faithful one to another, and force them to sink their selfishness in wider tribal ends. War still excels in this prerogative; and whether it be paid in years of service, in treasure or in life-blood, the war-tax is still the only tax that men ungrudgingly will pay. How could it be otherwise, when the survivors of one successful massacre after another are the beings from whose loins we and all our contemporary races spring? Man is once for all a fighting animal; centuries of peaceful history could not breed the battle-instinct out of us; and our pugnacity is the virtue least in need of reinforcement by reflection, least in need of orator’s or poet’s help.

What we really need the poet’s and orator’s help to keep alive in us is not, then, the common and gregarious courage which Robert Shaw showed when he marched with you, men of the Seventh Regiment. It is that more lonely courage which he showed when he dropped his warm commission in the glorious Second to head your dubious fortunes, negroes of the Fifty-fourth. That lonely kind of courage (civic courage as we call it in peace-times) is the kind of valor to which the monuments of nations should most of all be reared, for the survival of the fittest has not bred it into the bone of human beings as it has bred military valor; and of five hundred of us who could storm a battery side by side with others, perhaps not one would be found ready to risk his worldly fortunes all alone in resisting an enthroned abuse. The deadliest enemies of nations are not their foreign foes; they always dwell within their borders. And from these internal enemies civilization is always in need of being saved. The nation blest above all nations is she in whom the civic genius of the people does the saving day by day, by acts without external picturesqueness; by speaking, writing, voting reasonably; by smiting corruption swiftly; by good temper between parties; by the people knowing true men when they see them, and preferring them as leaders to rabid partisans or empty quacks. Such nations have no need of wars to save them. Their accounts with righteousness are always even; and God’s judgments do not have to overtake them fitfully in bloody spasms and convulsions of the race.

The lesson that our war ought most of all to teach us is the lesson that evils must be checked in time, before they grow so great. The Almighty cannot love such long-postponed accounts, or such tremendous settlements. And surely He hates all settlements that do such quantities of incidental devils’ work. Our present situation, with its rancors and delusions, what is it but the direct outcome of the added powers of government, the corruptions and inflations of the war? Every war leaves such miserable legacies, fatal seeds of future war and revolution, unless the civic virtues of the people save the State in time.

Robert Shaw had both kinds of virtue. As he then led his regiment against Fort Wagner, so surely would he now be leading us against all lesser powers of darkness, had his sweet young life been spared. You think of many as I speak of one. For, North and South, how many lives as sweet, unmonumented for the most part, commemo-rated solely in the hearts of mourning mothers, widowed brides, or friends, did the inexorable war mow down! Instead of the full years of natural service from so many of her children, our country counts but their poor memories, “the tender grace of a day that is dead,” lingering like echoes of past music on the vacant air.

But so and so only was it written that she should grow sound again. From that fatal earlier unsoundness those lives have bought for North and South together permanent release. The warfare is accomplished; the iniquity is pardoned. No future problem can be like that problem. No task laid on our children can compare in difficulty with the task with which their fathers had to deal. Yet as we face the future, tasks enough await us. The republic to which Robert Shaw and a quarter of a million like him were faithful unto death is no republic that can live at ease hereafter on the interest of
what they won. Democracy is still upon its trial. The civic genius of our people is its only bulwark, and neither laws nor monuments, neither battleships nor public libraries, nor great newspapers nor booming stocks; neither mechanical invention nor political adroitness, nor churches nor universities nor civil-service examinations can save us from degeneration if the inner mystery be lost. That mystery, at once the secret and the glory of our English-speaking race, consists in nothing but two common habits, two inveterate habits carried into public life—habits so homely that they lend themselves to no rhetorical expression, yet habits more precious, perhaps, than any that the human race has gained. They can never be too often pointed out or praised. One of them is the habit of trained and disciplined good temper towards the opposite party when it fairly wins its innings—it was by breaking from this habit the slave States nearly wrecked our Nation. The other is that of fierce and merciless resentment towards every man or set of men who break the public peace—it was by holding to this habit the free States saved her life.

O my countrymen, Southern and Northern, brothers hereafter, masters, slaves, and enemies no more, let us see to it that both of those heirlooms are preserved. So may our ransomed country, like the city of the promise, lie forever foursquare under Heaven, and the ways of all the nations be lit up by its light.

Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine

So many critics have made one and the same objection to the doorway to immortality which my lecture seems to be left open by the 'transmission-theory' of cerebral action, that I feel tempted, as the book is again going to press, to adapt a word of explanation.

If our finite personality here below be what the objectors say, be due to the transmission through the brain of portions of a preceding larger consciousness, all that can remain after the brain expires is the larger consciousness itself, as such, with which we should thenceforth be perforce reconfounded, the only means of our existence in finite personal form having ceased.

But this, the critics continue, is the pantheistic idea of immortality, survival, namely, in the soul of the world; not the Christian idea of immortality, which means survival in strictly personal form.

In showing the possibility of a mental life after the brain's death, they conclude, the lecture has thus at the same time shown the impossibility of identity with the personal life, which is the brain's function.

Now I saw myself anything but a pantheist of the somatic pattern; yet, for simplicity's sake I did in the lecture speak of the 'mother-soul' in terms that must have sounded pantheistic, and suggested that I thought of it myself as a unit. On page 30 [pp. 95–96], I have added that future lecturers might prove the loss of some of ou
direction, while men’s prejudices vary, their passions ebb and flow, and their excitements are intermittent. Our sand-bank, I absolutely believe, is bound to grow,—bit by bit it will get dyked and breakwatered. But sitting as we do in this warm room, with music and lights and the flowing bowl and smiling faces, it is easy to get too sanguine about our task, and since I am called to speak, I feel as if it might not be out of place to say a word about the strength of our enemy.

Our permanent enemy is the noted bellicosity of human nature. Man, biologically considered, and whatever else he may be in the bargain, is simply the most formidable of all beasts of prey, and, indeed, the only one that preys systematically on its own species. We are once for all adapted to the military status. A millennium of peace would not breed the fighting disposition out of our bone and marrow, and a function so ingrained and vital will never consent to die without resistance, and will always find impassioned apologists and idealizers.

Not only men born to be soldiers, but non-combatants by trade and nature, historians in their studies, and clergymen in their pulpits, have been war’s idealizers. They have talked of war as of God’s court of justice. And, indeed, if we think how many things beside the frontiers of states the wars of history have decided, we must feel some respectful awe, in spite of all the horrors. Our actual civilization, good and bad alike, has had past wars for its determining condition. Great-mindedness among the tribes of men has always meant the will to prevail, and all the more so if prevailing included slaughtering and being slaughtered. Rome, Paris, England, Brandenburg, Piedmont,—soon, let us hope, Japan,—along with their arms have made their traits of character and habits of thought prevail among their conquered neighbors. The blessings we actually enjoy, such as they are, have grown up in the shadow of the wars of antiquity. The various ideals were backed by fighting wills, and where neither would give way, the God of battles had to be the arbiter. A shallow view, this, truly; for who can say what might have prevailed if man had ever been a reasoning and not a fighting animal? Like dead men, dead causes tell no tales, and the ideals that went under in the past, along with all the tribes that represented them, find to-day no recorder, no explainer, no defender.

But apart from theoretic defenders, and apart from every soldierly individual straining at the leash, and clamoring for oppor-

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I am only a philosopher, and there is only one thing that a philosopher can be relied on to do. You know that the function of statistics has been ingeniously described as being the refutation of other statistics. Well, a philosopher can always contradict other philosophers. In ancient times philosophers defined man as the rational animal; and philosophers since then have always found much more to say about the rational than about the animal part of the definition. But looked at candidly, reason bears about the same proportion to the rest of human nature that we in this hall bear to the rest of America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Polynesia. Reason is one of the very feeblest of Nature’s forces, if you take it at any one spot and moment. It is only in the very long run that its effects become perceptible. Reason assumes to settle things by weighing them against one another without prejudice, partiality or excitement; but what affairs in the concrete are settled by is and always will be just prejudices, partialities, cupidities and excitements. Appealing to reason as we do, we are in a sort of a forlorn-hope situation, like a small sand-bank in the midst of a hungry sea ready to wash it out of existence. But sand-banks grow when the conditions favor; and weak as reason is, it has the unique advantage over its antagonists that its activity never lets up and that it presses always in one

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1 This banquet was given in Boston on the closing day of the World’s Peace Congress, October 7, 1904.
tunity, war has an omnipotent support in the form of our imagina-
tion. Man lives by habits, indeed, but what he lives for is thrills
and excitements. The only relief from Habit's tediousness is perio-
dical excitement. From time immemorial wars have been, especial-
ly for non-combatants, the supremely thrilling excitement. Heavy
and dragging at its end, at its outset every war means an explo-
sion of imaginative energy. The dams of routine burst, and boundless
prospects open. The remotest spectators share the fascination. With
that awful struggle now in progress on the confines of the world,
there is not a man in this room, I suppose, who doesn't buy both
an evening and a morning paper, and first of all pounce on the war
column.

A deadly listlessness would come over most men's imagination
of the future if they could seriously be brought to believe that never
again in saecula saeculorum would a war trouble human history. In
such a stagnant summer afternoon of a world, where would be the
zest or interest?

This is the constitution of human nature which we have to work
against. The plain truth is that people want war. They want it
anyhow; for itself; and apart from each and every possible conse-
quence. It is the final bouquet of life's fireworks. The born soldiers
want it hot and actual. The non-combatants want it in the back-
ground, and always as an open possibility, to feed imagination on
and keep excitement going. Its clerical and historical defenders
fool themselves when they talk as they do about it. What moves
them is not the blessings it has won for us, but a vague religious
exaltation. War, they feel, is human nature at its uttermost. We
are here to do our uttermost. It is a sacrament. Society would rot,
they think, without the mystical blood-payment.

We do ill, I fancy, to talk much of universal peace or of a general
disarmament. We must go in for preventive medicine, not for rad-
cal cure. We must cheat our foe, politically circumvent his action,
not try to change his nature. In one respect war is like love, though
in no other. Both leave us intervals of rest; and in the intervals
life goes on perfectly well without them, though the imagination
still dally with their possibility. Equally insane when once aroused
and under headway, whether they shall be aroused or not depends
on accidental circumstances. How are old maids and old bachelors
made? Not by deliberate vows of celibacy, but by sliding on from
year to year with no sufficient matrimonial provocation. So of the
nations with their wars. Let the general possibility of war be left
open, in Heaven's name, for the imagination to dally with. Let the
soldiers dream of killing, as the old maids dream of marrying. But
organize in every conceivable way the practical machinery for mak-
ing each successive chance of war abortive. Put peace-men in power;
educate the editors and statesmen to responsibility;—how beauti-
fully did their trained responsibility in England make the Vene-
zuela incident abortive! Seize every pretext, however small, for
arbitration methods, and multiply the precedents; foster rival
excitements and invent new outlets for heroic energy; and from one
generation to another, the chances are that irritations will grow less
acute and states of strain less dangerous among the nations. Armies
and navies will continue, of course, and will fire the minds of popu-
lations with their potentialities of greatness. But their officers will
find that somehow or other, with no deliberate intention on any-
one's part, each successive "incident" has managed to evaporate
and to lead nowhere, and that the thought of what might have been
remains their only consolation.

The last weak runnings of the war spirit will be "punitive expe-
ditions." A country that turns its arms only against uncivilized
foes is, I think, wrongly taunted as degenerate. Of course it has
cеased to be heroic in the old grand style. But I verily believe that
this is because it now sees something better. It has a conscience.
It knows that between civilized countries a war is a crime against
civilization. It will still perpetrate peccadillos, to be sure. But it
is afraid, afraid in the good sense of the word, to engage in absolute
crimes against civilization.