

Pamphlet #1

David Duchovny's reflection

The Round eyed barbarians

If Lee had not won the battle of Gettysburg

David Duchovny on the Right Advice at the Wrong Time

Aug 6, 2012 1:00 AM EDT Newsweek



On Mr. Rogers and me.

I've made so many mistakes. But it is my feeling that you learn from failures, so I welcome them as often as I can.

My favorite mistake occurred when I was 17. I was running for the elevator at my high school when the door shut on my arm. The next thing I knew, I was waking up in the hospital. I had fainted, fallen on my face, and knocked out my two front teeth, so I spent a week in the hospital getting tests on my heart and brain. Everything appeared normal.

While I was in the hospital, the only teacher who visited me was my Latin teacher, who was named Mr. Rogers, of all names. I always thought he didn't like me, but he came and sat by my hospital bed. He told me, "You know, you don't have to come back to school so soon." But I was captain of the basketball team and we were midseason. I didn't know what he was talking about and wanted to get back as fast as I could.

Then about 10 years later when I was just starting out as an actor, I wasn't working. One movie I remember wanting really badly and not getting was *White Men Can't Jump*, which I auditioned for by playing basketball. I felt like I blew it by walking away from academia and that I should still be doing that instead of going on all these auditions and not getting them.

I couldn't process what was happening and at one point just fell to my knees and realized that I was overworking myself. I needed to take a step back and breathe a little. Part of being an actor is letting things come about organically as opposed to forcing them.

The incident with Mr. Rogers has always remained an odd moment in my life where I went "Aha!" and just stopped trying to work myself so

hard. There's a great Latin motto, *Festina lente*, which means "Make haste slowly." That was the motto he was trying to impart to me. By the time I learned that, Mr. Rogers had died from AIDS and I didn't have a chance to say, "Hey, I finally get it." That lesson became the kernel of my directorial debut, *House of D*, which is about getting advice before you can process it. You want to return once it ripens and thank the person who gave it to you, but by then it's too late.

When I say I understand Mr. Rogers's advice, it doesn't always mean I heed it. One way I think I've incorporated those words in my work is the sense of relaxation I have. Every day I try to do breathing exercises, meditation, and yoga. These things sound awfully cliché, but they help me slow down and try to point to a truth. If you've experienced moments of letting go, mistakes happen, but in this business there's a fine line between trying hard and letting go. My favorite parts of work as an actor and a director are those unplanned mistakes that do happen, because it's like catching lightning in a bottle. It's the best part of what we do.

Interview By Marlow Stern

Career Arc

1977 Gets into an elevator mishap, receives sage advice from his Latin teacher.

1987 Becomes frustrated as a struggling actor and remembers his teacher's advice.

1993 Begins starring in the breakout sci-fi TV series *The X-Files*.

2007 Wins a Golden Globe (his second) for the role of Hank Moody on *Californication*.

2012 Portrays a wise man in the indie comedy *Goats*, in theaters August 10.

THE ROUND-EYED BARBARIANS

L. Sprague de Camp

Ho Youwen, General of the Advanced Imperial Eastern Force, to the esteemed Li Ganjing, Director of the Eastern Continent Section of the Barbarian Relations Bureau of the External Affairs Department of the Overseas Branch of His Imperial Majesty's government. Health, prosperity, and many sons!

Dear old friend: This person thinks that, besides his formal report on the affair of the round-eyed barbarians, which will follow in the next dispatch, you would also like a personal letter to furnish background for this turn on events. It is all very well for officials of the Upper Mandarinate to sneer at barbarian thoughts and deeds as of no interest to representatives of mighty Zhongguo.* True, barbarians' customs are often strange and disgusting, their beliefs outlandish, their manners appalling, and their emotions childish. But to be realistic, barbarous tribes and nations also include many dangerously vigorous and ingenious people. It was just such a toplofty attitude that in the days of the Sung led to the Mongol plague and the subjection of civilization to the rule of barbarian hordes for a century.

The same shortsightedness threatened a century ago, when Zheng-tung was the Son of Heaven. A cabal of scholars and soldiers sought to end the voyages of exploration and tribute gathering begun by the great Zheng Ho. These misguided persons sought to stop all foreign contacts. They held that, since the Middle Kingdom had everything needed by civilization, such contacts would only have adverse effects.

Luckily the cabal was defeated; the work of exploration and of

*In the Pinyin transcription of Chinese, *zh* stands for the sound of the *j* in journal.

scientific development initiated under the accursed Mongols was continued. Hence the exploration and conquest of this Eastern Continent has proceeded in an orderly manner. The red-skinned barbarians, realizing the futility of opposing the advance of civilization with weapons of wood and stone, have been offered the benefits of our superior culture. Many take advantage of this opportunity and, in another few centuries, may have raised themselves almost to the level of civilized human beings.

But to return to the round-eyed barbarians. One day this summer, this person was reconnoitering the eastern side of the Lower Mountains, in an area not yet brought under the benevolent sway of the Son of Heaven. I led a company of Hitchiti infantry, armed with our new breech-loading rifles. A scout reported the approach of a force of redskin warriors of the Ochuse tribe, who dwell on the shores of the great water to the south. Signal drums and gongs alerted my detachment.

A *shi* later this force debouched from the trail. First came a scattering of redskins, from their paint evidently the Ochuse. After them rode a horseman in a steel helmet, cuirass, and other pieces of plate armor. After him came hundreds of round-eyed men afoot, less impressively armored, in the garb of Yuropian barbarians, wherewith the voyages of Admiral Xing have familiarized us. Their loins were covered with short, bulging breeches, below which they either went bare-legged or wore a kind of skintight trouser on each leg. They bore pikes, crossbows, and firearms of primitive types, obsolete in the Celestial Empire for a century. My redskin spies had warned me of the incursions of such people along the coast of this continent, but these were the first such intruders whom I had personally seen.

Behind them, threading their way through the forest, I glimpsed many other redskins, men and women bowed beneath the weight of the burdens they bore. Farther back yet, barely visible amid the towering trees, came a troop of armored horsemen and other men leading unsaddled horses.

At the sight of my group, taking cover behind rocks, bushes, and hummocks, the newcomers halted. The armored man in the lead swung off his horse with a clank of armor and handed the reins to another round-eye, who led the animal to the rear. The armored round-eye was handed a pole, and another man afoot joined him in front of the array. This was a lean man in a long black robe; through my telescope I saw that he was clean-shaven.

The armored man drove the butt of his pole into the soil. From the upper end of this pole hung a flag; but since the day was still, there was no wind to flutter this banner. All I could see was that it bore a pattern of red and yellow.

The armored man then shouted in his native gibberish. Through my telescope I saw that he was of medium size, with a sun-browned skin, sharp, beak-nosed features, and a full black beard. This, I perceived, must be one of those round-eyed barbarians inhabiting the Far Western Peninsula, called Yuropa by its natives, of which Admiral Xing informed us on his return from those lands in the reign of Hung Wu. The other round-eyes crowded up behind him.

When the armored man finished his proclamation, the other round-eye, the black-robed one, raised his hands and uttered another unintelligible speech. I called to the scout Falaya nearby:

"O scout, you know the Ochuse tongue. Find out what this be all about!"

Falaya stood up and shouted in the tongue of the coastal redskins. Presently one of the Ochuse conferred with the armored man and shouted back. This translating back and forth, as you can imagine, proved a lengthy, tedious business. Mankind were better off if all men spake the tongue of Zhongguo, which is after all the speech of civilization. At length Falaya turned to me, saying in broken Zhongguo:

"O General, he say man in armor say he claim all this land in name of his king, Felipe of Espanya."

Somewhat astonished, I told Falaya: "Ask this bold fellow, who claims lands belonging to the Son of Heaven, who he be?"

After the usual pause for translation from Zhongguo to Ochuse and from Ochuse to the armored man's Yuropian dialect, the reply came back:

"He say he Captain Tristan de Luna y Arellano, and who be we?"

This person gave Falaya the needed information, adding: "And by whose leave, barbarian, do you trespass on the lands of the Son of Heaven and, moreover, claim parts of it in the name of some tribal chieftain in the Far Western Peninsula?"

I know not how literally my words were translated, but they seemed to arouse the armored round-eye to a frenzy. He began to shout a reply; but the black-robed one laid a hand on his arm. I could not hear what they said at that distance—not that I could have understood their blather anyway. But black-robe seemed to be urging negotiation.

At last the armored round-eye fell silent and signaled black-robe to speak. The result, translated sentence by sentence, was a lengthy homily. It reminded me of the endless sermons of that loquacious bonze, Brother Xiao-jin, whom we sent home last year. He could put a hungry tiger to sleep with his endless disquisitions on the wisdom of the compassionate Buddha.

This fellow, the black-robed one, advanced an astonishing claim: that

his master, a Yuropian high priest called a *papa*, had divided the world between two Yuropian rulers, the kings of Espanya and Portugal; and this part had gone to the King of Espanya. There was more, about how the Yuropian god had commanded all men to love one another; and if we would but accept his theological doctrines, we were all assured of endless bliss in his Yuropian Heaven. If we refused to swallow these myths, we should all be slain by the Yuropians' weapons and then suffer eternal torment in the Yuropian Hell, a fearsome afterworld reminding me of the more eccentric afterlife concepts of the Tibetan Buddhists.

Although this person knows better than to laugh under such serious circumstances, I could not suppress a burst of mirth. I sent back the message that his *papa* seemed very free in giving away other peoples' countries and that in any case all men came naturally under the dominion of the Son of Heaven.

As for his theology, I was satisfied that I must have done something right in a previous incarnation to have earned my present rank as a reward. I would try by correct action and keeping my *karma* clean at least to maintain this status, compared to which round-eyed barbarians were less than worms beneath my feet. They must have committed grave offenses in previous lives to have been born into such a lowly estate.

At this the armored man altogether lost control of himself and screamed orders. His redskins spread out to the flanks, nocking their arrows, whilst a couple of hundred other round-eyes formed a double line facing us and readying their primitive firearms. These operated by means of lengths of cord, treated to burn slowly; I have seen specimens of similar weapons in the Imperial War Museum.

One round-eye passed down the line with a bucket of glowing coals, wherein each of the invaders dipped the end of his cord until it was alight. Then he clamped it to the mechanism of his gun. Meanwhile those armed with crossbows cocked them. The leader shouted some more, and my scout reported:

"He say we surrender or die, sir!"

I replied with a vulgarism expressing my disdain for such primitive insolence. The armored man shouted again, whereupon the other round-eyes discharged their weapons. After the first rank had fired and begun the lengthy business of reloading, the second rank stepped forth between them and fired in their turn. On their flanks, the redskins shot arrows.

The guns made loud reports and tremendous puffs of smoke, whilst their musket balls and crossbow bolts whistled past us. Since my people were well under cover, and those of the second rank had fired blindly

because of the curtain of smoke before them, we sustained no casualties save a few flesh wounds among my Hitchiti from the arrows.

When the pall of smoke had somewhat dissipated, I said: "Fire!"

Our rifles opened up, and a number of trespassers, both round-eyed and red-skinned, fell.

"Reload!" I said, and then: "Fire!"

The round-eyes were still struggling to reload, which with firearms of that archaic type is a protracted process. As I later learned, such a gunner does well to get off twenty shots in one *ko*, whereas a well-trained soldier can fire one of our breech-loaders a hundred times in that interval, if he run not out of cartridges.

At our third volley, the intruders' redskins fled. Half the round-eyes were down; but the leader was still erect, shouting commands and defiance. I told the captain of my force:

"Choose a sharpshooter and order him to wound that armored man in the leg. I wish him alive, and also a redskin who can speak his language."

So it was done. At the fall of the leader, the other round-eyes joined the redskins in flight: first a few here and there, then all of them. Some dropped their guns to run faster. Behind them the redskin porters also dropped their loads and fled, while the horsemen cantered off with their armor jingling. I did not command a pursuit, knowing that in these forests of immense trees the pursued can easily slip away and the pursuer as easily get lost. My Hitchiti broke from cover and raced away to collect the scalps of the fallen foes.

Later, when I had donned my official robe instead of my filthy uniform, and my peacock-feather hat in place of the steel cap, I commanded that the wounded Yuropian leader be brought to my tent, along with his redskin interpreter and our own Ochuse-speaking/scout. I also sent men to retrieve the baggage dropped by the fleeing porters.

This Tristan de Luna appeared at the entrance to my tent with a pair of my redskins gripping his arms. His armor had been shed, and his garb was ordinary Yuropian, with the puffed trunks and below them the skintight trousers of their kind. He sweated heavily in the heat, limped on his bandaged leg, and supported himself by a tree branch he had somehow obtained, whittled down to a walking stick.

Now that I had a closer look at the man, I saw that he was older than I had thought. His curly black hair and beard were, like mine, beginning to show gray. But his stance was still erect and his movements youthfully springy, save for his wounded leg.

As he neared, I became aware that the man had not bathed lately, if

ever. Not to put too fine a point on it, he stank. I then attributed this to the exigencies of travel, but my redskin spies inform me that this is usual with Yuropians. Not only have they a naturally stronger bodily odor than normal folk; but also the Yuropian religion discourages cleanliness. Most adhere to Christianity, whereas the other major western creeds, Islam and Judaism, value bathing and cleanliness. Christians suspected of going over to either of these other faiths are burned alive, as the more warlike redskin tribes do to captive foes. Therefore among Christians cleanliness arouses suspicion of conversion to one of those other cults, which are completely outlawed in Espanya.

At the entrance Captain Tristan wrenched loose an arm, placed his hand over his heart, and made a low bow. This gesture, evidently meant as a polite greeting, overbalanced him in his crippled state. He staggered and would have fallen had not the two redskins caught him. He did not go to his knees and touch his forehead to the carpet, but one must make allowances for barbarians who have never been taught civilized manners; the full *ko-tou* would have been difficult for him in any way.

At least this barbarian had evidently decided on a more urbane approach. His translated words were:

"Sir, now that I perceive you more closely, it appears that you come from the Great Khan of Cathay. Be this true?"

Yuropians had evidently not kept up with events in the Middle Kingdom. I told Tristan: "Two centuries past, your impression might have been apt. But we sons of Han expelled the Khans long ago and restored the Celestial Empire to the proper Sons of Heaven, now reigning as the glorious Ming. The Khans were but barbarian usurpers from the Gobi. Whence came you?"

He said: "From the land that the deceased Captain Ponce discovered and named *la Florida*. He thought it an island, but unbroken land appears to extend far to the north thereof, and also to the west to Mexico." After a pause he continued:

"Then be we in truth in the Indes? When that Italian Colón returned from his voyages, half a century ago, he insisted that he had reached them, or at least come to a chain of islands to the east of them, whence another day's sail would have brought him to the Spice Islands.

"But a ship of that fellow Magallanes returned to Espanya thirty-odd years ago. The captain thereof, Delcano, asserted that far to the west of these lands lies an ocean so vast as to require three or four months to sail across, and that the lands of the Great Khan lie beyond it. But this Delcano was a Basque and therefore not to be implicitly trusted. If this be the true Indes, that were greatly to the advantage of my sovran."

I told him: "Your Captain Delcano is quite correct. In any case, the

Eastern Continent whereon we now stand is wide enough to take a well-mounted man, with remounts, as long to ride across as your Magallanes found the Eastern Ocean. It has nought to do with the land of India, which is even farther than the Celestial Empire. And now, what is all this nonsense about claiming this land for some Yuropian chieftain?"

The man muttered: "So huge a world!" Then followed another harangue, essentially repeating what the black-robed man had said before the shooting began.

"I could better explain it," said Tristan, "if your men had not slain our holy father. I myself have small knowledge of letters and history. But what have you done with my woman?"

"Woman? We have no captive women. There were a couple of female bodies in the woods behind your battle line. I suppose they were struck by our fire before all your redskins fled. What woman claim you to have had?"

"The daughter of a chief of the Nanipacana," said he. "We fell in love and eloped."

To straighten this out took further questions, since there be nought in Zhongguo exactly corresponding to these concepts, save perhaps in Li Po's poetry. But, like Captain Tristan, I am no literary man, familiar with such things. Besides, the mating habits of barbarians afford endless amusement.

Tristan said that he and the woman had not only fled secretly, defying the wrath of the woman's father, but had also caused the black-robed one to conduct a rite over their union, according to his customs rendering it permanent and unbreakable. I later learned that Tristan already had a wife somewhere, notwithstanding that Yuropians are supposed to be monogamous. But that is no affair of ours.

"Sir," said Tristan, "could you let me have something to eat? We are all half-starved, for the Indians" (as the Espanyans ridiculously call the redskins, although these live halfway round the world from the true Indians) "along the route had fled, taking all their food supplies with them before we arrived. Those *cabrones*—"

Falaya could not translate that word, but questioning revealed that it meant a eunuch. Notwithstanding the high rank of the eunuchs of the Imperial Court, the term is a deadly insult among round-eyes.

Whilst this person was getting Captain Tristan's meaning straightened out, a Hitchiti of my personal guard thrust his head into the tent. "O General!" he cried. "Our scouts report a large force of Nanipacana approaching, in full war paint."

"Kwanyin save us!" I exclaimed, rising. "Sound the alarms!"

* * *

This time things went more smoothly despite the war paint. The new force was led by Chief Imathla, with whom I had had dealings and so knew personally. I had been trying to persuade him voluntarily to place himself under the protection of the Son of Heaven, to save us the necessity of conquering him. So, when Imathla thrust his spear into the ground and laid his skull-cracker beside it, I signaled him to advance.

When he and I returned to my headquarters tent, the round-eye Tristan still stood there, leaning on his walking stick and with his free hand hungrily gnawing an ear of maize. At the sight of him, Chief Imathla burst into a tirade. Had he had his weapons to hand, I would not have wagered a brass cash on Tristan's life. The round-eye shouted back. When the polemics ran down, I said to Falaya:

"Ask whether this speech refers to the chief's daughter."

At length Falaya reported: "He say aye, it does. This round-eye carry off his daughter, delight of his age, and chief set out in pursuit. When his war party near this place, they come upon daughter Mihilayo wandering, lost, in forest, with some Piachi whom Espanyans enslave and now flee back home. From her chief learn that round-eye and his men fight great general and lose. He say he happy to see scoundrel captive, and he know some excellent tortures to dispose of him."

Tristan, to whom his own interpreter had been feeding a translation, visibly paled beneath his swarthy skin at the mention of torture. Then he squared his shoulders, raised his chin, and assumed an attitude of defiance, as captive redskin warriors are wont to do at the prospect of being burned alive by their foes. I could not help a twinge of admiration for his courage, barbarian though he was. He asked:

"Where be she now?"

Imathla replied: "Know that she is safe under her father's protection. Where that be is no affair of yours."

"She is my lawful wedded wife! That is whose affair it be! Fetch her here!"

I suggested: "That might be a sensible thought, O Chief, to unravel this knot."

"Never!" said Imathla. "You know not, O General, the depths of evil of these palefaces. Before they passed through our tribal lands, they had descended upon the Piachi tribe, whom they enslaved to furnish porters for their supplies. When some Piachi defied the palefaces' commands, the invaders seized them, chopped off their hands and feet, and cast them out to die. Others they strung up by the hands and affixed weights to their feet until they expired, or forced water down their throats until they burst inside."

"Why should they go to so much trouble? If one wishes to kill a man, it is quicker and easier to shoot him or chop off his head."

"They have a passion for that pretty yellow metal that we get in ornaments by trade from other tribes. They would not believe that there were no hidden stores of this metal, and they thought that by such treatment they could force the Piachi to reveal its whereabouts. Of course the Piachi are not Nanipacana and so not real human beings, or we should have felt obliged to avenge them."

"Twenty years ago the accursed Ernando de Soto came through, treating those who gainsaid him in this same ferocious manner. He also brought strange diseases amongst the tribes, whereof over half of us perished. Had our towns been still fully populated, O General, you would not have found it so easy to pass amongst us unscathed."

The round-eye was hopping up and down on his unwounded leg, indicating an eagerness to say his say. I told Falaya to give Tristan my permission. The barbarian shouted:

"These savages are too stupid and ignorant to appreciate the benefits we offer! They refuse to understand that by accepting our religion they may live to serve us, as is only right for such lowly folk, in return for the boons we bestow. Then, after death, they shall enjoy an eternity of pleasures in Heaven, praising the true God."

"Is that all you do in this Heaven?" I asked.

"What more is needed? We sit on clouds, play the *arpa*, and sing the praises of God."

"Forever?"

"Aye, forever."

This person commented: "Your Yuropian God must get bored with incessant flattery. Our gods are more rational; they are busy keeping records and otherwise carrying out their duties in the Heavenly bureaucracy."

When this had been translated, Tristan gave a contemptuous snort. But he forbore to argue theology, for which I doubt whether either of us had enough book knowledge. I regretted that the bonze Xiao-jin was no longer with us, having set out to return to his monastery in civilization. He would have argued spiritual matters with the barbarian all day and all the following night. Tristan said:

"I still demand my wife! I rescued her when two of my colonists would have raped her and then slain her for her golden earrings."

"All the demands in the world will not get the poor thing," said Chief Imathla. "She is well quit of you."

"Then fetch her here and let her choose her own fate!" cried Tristan.

"Ridiculous!" cried Imathla. Those twain began shouting again, until I

roared them to silence. I said: "Come; honorable Chief, tell me: Is the woman where we can reach her?"

"She is under the protection of my personal guard," growled Imathla.

"Well, am I to understand that you wish her to be happy?"

"Aye, O General. That is my dearest wish, since her mother died of one of those diseases these accursed palefaces brought into our land."

"Then why not fetch her here, set the alternatives before her, and let her decide? If after that she be not happy, the fault will not be yours."

Imathla growled a bit, but after further argument I talked him round. The fact that he was alone in my tent, with rifle-bearing Hitchiti standing by, may have influenced his decision.

So Imathla put his head out the tent and called to one of his warriors. After some converse in Nanipacana, the warrior set off at a run. Whilst we waited, I caused tea to be brewed and offered to our guests. Imathla drank his, while Tristan took a mouthful, made a face, and returned the cup to the Hitchiti who had brought it.

At length the warrior returned, leading a young Nanipacana female. When she entered the tent, Tristan limped forward and seized her in an embrace. He performed that gesture of affection used by Yuropians and Arabs, of pressing the lips against the esteemed one.

Then Tristan placed his hands on the woman's shoulders and held her at arm's length. He said something sharply to her; she replied, and they argued. It sounded as if he were making some demand and she refusing. I asked Falaya for a translation.

"O General," he said, "he say she must cover self; she say no cover, too hot."

Mihilayo was clad in the normal garb of these southern redskins in hot weather, namely: naked save for a pair of golden earrings and reticular designs painted on her body and limbs. Yuropians, coming I suspect from a cooler climate, regard such exposure as improper.

A heated argument followed amongst the three: the woman Mihilayo, the round-eye Captain Tristan, and the Chieftain Imathla. Mihilayo and Imathla spake in Nanipacana, whilst Mihilayo and Tristan conversed in the tongue of Espanya, which she spake albeit somewhat brokenly. Tristan and Imathla, having no tongue in common, had to communicate through the interpreters.

At last Imathla said to me: "My daughter wishes to know if you, O General, need a wife."

The question so surprised me that for a few heartbeats I was unable to reply. At last I said:

"I have my Number One wife back at Fort Tai-ze. But she has long nagged me to take a second wife, to relieve her of some of the burdens

of domesticity. Besides, she says that she is too old to enjoy the act of love any more, whereas I am still fully able. Suppose I did take Mihilayo as proposed; how would that sit with you?"

Imathla grinned. "I should deem it a splendid idea, giving me access to the General's ear, and high standing amongst the tribes."

"Does your daughter truly wish this?"

"She assures me that indeed she does."

"How about that previous indissoluble marriage to Captain Tristan?"

"Oh, she says that is easy. His Yuropian mumbo-jumbo means nought to her. If there be any doubt on that score, the answer is simple. Slay him and make her a widow, free to wed whom she likes under any nation's customs."

According to what I hear, she was not quite correct, since it is said that in India they burn widows alive. A wasteful custom, I should say. But I saw no point in correcting the woman.

When Tristan's interpreter had given him the gist of this dialogue, the round-eye uttered a scream of rage. Wrenching loose from his guards—for he was a powerful man—he limped forward, gripping his walking stick in both hands and raising it over his head. I know not whom he meant to bludgeon first: Mihilayo, Imathla, or me. Before he got within hitting distance, however, one of my guards fired his rifle at close range. With a howl of frustrated fury, Tristan fell back on my Tang-dynasty rug, writhed a little, and fell still. He was dead from a bullet that entered his ribs below the heart, came out his back, and punched a hole in the canvas behind him.

I questioned Imathla about Nanipacana marriage customs. He told me that when a man and a woman moved into the same hut, that was deemed a marriage. There were none of the processions, music, gifts, fireworks, and so forth that solemnize a wedding in civilization. Imathla said in Nanipacana that he gave Mihilayo to me, and that was that.

Later I asked my new bride why she had chosen me in lieu of her round-eye lover. That, she said, was simple. When she saw the power that Captain Tristan commanded by his thunder sticks and his armor and weapons of this Yuropian metal, she decided that he would make a suitable spouse and protector of her and their children. When she observed that I commanded even greater power, by my superior thunder sticks and my well-trained army, she decided that I should be an even more effective protector. Besides, the union would confer honor on her family, clan, and tribe. She added that Tristan stank; although redskins, as a result of smearing their bodies with animal fats to protect themselves against insect bites, are also fairly rank.

Such a foresightedly practical outlook makes me hopeful of eventually

raising the redskins to our level of civilization. About the emotional Yuropians I am more doubtful.

Now I am back in Fort Tai-ze with two wives. My Number One carped about my taking a Number Two whom she had never seen, let alone chosen for me; but that died down. A more vexing problem is acting as judge when the two women daily disagree over some detail of household management. Although Mihilayo is fast becoming fluent in the language of civilization, I fear she does not fully accept her position as subordinate to the Number One. She also tries to elicit from me more frequent lovemaking than is easy for a man of middle age.

On the other hand, ere we parted, Chief Imathla declared his allegiance to the Son of Heaven and placed the Nanipacana beneath our benevolent protection.

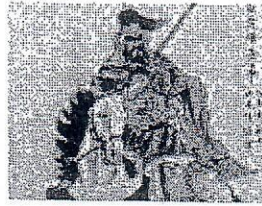
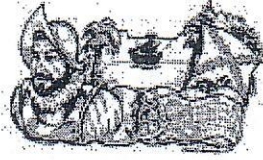
With this letter I shall send samples of the guns and armor of the round-eyes, to see whether they have features that might usefully be copied and improved upon by our makers of armaments. I doubt that this be the case; for in these techniques the men of Espanya seem to be about where we of Zhongguo were a century and a half ago.

I regret the death of Captain Tristan de Luna, fool though he was. Had he lived, I should have brought him back to Tai-ze. I should have questioned him about conditions in Yuropa and amongst the men of Espanya who have landed along the coasts of the Eastern Continent and begun to subdue and enslave the redskins. If he proved reticent, I have ample means to loosen his tongue.

But how typically barbarian to make such an unseemly fracas over so trivial a matter as affection for a woman! As I said at the start, their customs are strange, their beliefs outlandish, and their emotions childish. Let us thank the divine bureaucrats that we, at least, are truly civilized!

D/

The Round-eyed Barbarians by L. Sprague de Camp.



Major Characters

Ho Youwen: General of the Advanced Imperial Eastern Force (China)

Lt. Ganjing: Director of the Eastern Continent Section of the Barbarian Relations bureau.

Zheng Ho: initiator of Eastern Exploration.

Zheng-tung: Son of Heaven (Emperor during isolationist attempt by a Cabal)

Captain Tristan: Spanish European warrior

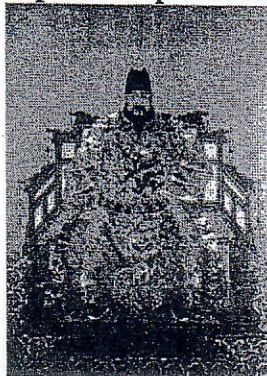
Mihilayo: Native American woman and wife of Tristan

Chieftan Imathla: Native American Indian, father of Mihilayo

Falaya: translator for Chinese and the Nanipacana tribe and the Europeans.

Questions:

1. What was the change in history that led to this alternate history?
2. Compare the religious and cultural differences between the Europeans and the Chinese and the Indians with respect to: Marriage, Cleanliness, views on heaven, gold, use of clothing.
3. What real historical incidences are referred to in the story: (hint: Papal declaration, Indian and European cooperation, Disease, isolationism)



He grimaces, peers into the hole under the table as if it were a tunnel out of history, then hurries outside to the cliff's edge and searches the sea. Hannibal's ship is halfway to the horizon, running with wind and tide to fulfill the Greek oracle's prophecy.

IF LEE HAD NOT WON THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

The Right Honourable
Winston S. Churchill, M.P.

If Lee had not won the Battle of Gettysburg

1. Various action could have altered the outcome; interception of Lee's plans, enforcement of Little round top and Stuarts' supporting Pickett's flank
2. Vicksburg made less of an impact without a defeat in Getysburg
3. North fled to NY
4. Jeff Davis and Lee were wise Disraeli a popularity and anti-slavery advocate vs. Gladstone – Lee aligned himself with the abolitionist sentiments of Britain
5. Gladstone made all the Difference and Disraeli never became a darling and an eventual House of Lords's member
6. Carpet bagging never occurred and the rebound which led to local repression of freed slaves never took place
7. Lee abolishes slavery no longer economically viable – the north loses its moral cause
8. Treaty of Harper's Ferry – south independent no more slavery
9. England and Gladstone triumph by a less powerful United States north and south
10. Disareli's health laws never enacted
11. Confederacy conquers and reorganized Mexico
12. North become militarized
13. 1905 great tensions around the world Russo Jap war
14. Balfour TR and southern president Wilson created the ESA or the English speaking Association. A sort of common market Re-united States
15. Disarmament is inspired NO WWI NO WWII NO Russian revolution and a United States of Europe emerges

The quaint conceit of imagining what would have happened if some important or unimportant event had settled itself differently, has become so fashionable that I am encouraged to enter upon an absurd speculation. What would have happened if Lee had not won the Battle of Gettysburg? Once a great victory is won it dominates not only the future but the past. All the chains of consequence clink out as if they never could stop. The hopes that were shattered, the passions that were quelled, the sacrifices that were ineffectual are all swept out of the land of reality. Still it may amuse an idle hour, and perhaps serve as a corrective to undue complacency, if at this moment in the twentieth century—so rich in assurance and prosperity, so calm and buoyant—we meditate for a spell upon the debt we owe to those Confederate soldiers who by a deathless feat of arms broke the Union front at Gettysburg and laid open a fair future to the world.

It always amuses historians and philosophers to pick out the tiny things, the sharp agate points, on which the ponderous balance of destiny turns; and certainly the details of the famous Confederate victory of Gettysburg furnish a fertile theme. There can be at this date no conceivable doubt that Pickett's charge would have been defeated, if Stuart with his encircling cavalry had not arrived in the rear of the Union position at the supreme moment. Stuart might have been arrested in his decisive swoop if any one of twenty commonplace incidents had occurred. If, for instance, General Meade had organised his lines of communication with posts for defence against raids, or if he had used his cavalry to scout upon his flanks, he would have received a timely warning. If General Warren had only thought of sending a battalion to hold Little Round Top, the rapid advance of the masses of Confederate cavalry must have been detected. If only President Davis's letter to

General Lee, captured by Captain Dahlgren, revealing the Confederacy plans had reached Meade a few hours earlier, he might have escaped Lee's clutches.

Anything, we repeat, might have prevented Lee's magnificent combinations from synchronising, and if so Pickett's repulse was sure. Gettysburg would have been a great Northern victory. It might have well been a final victory. Lee might, indeed, have made a successful retreat from the field. The Confederacy with its skillful generals and fierce armies might have survived for another year, or even two, but once defeated decisively at Gettysburg, its doom was inevitable. The fall of Vicksburg, which happened only two days after Lee's immortal triumph, would in itself by opening the Mississippi to the river fleets of the Union, have cut the Secessionist States almost in half. Without wishing to dogmatise, we feel we are on solid ground in saying that the Southern States could not have survived the loss of a great battle in Pennsylvania, and the almost simultaneous bursting open of the Mississippi.

However, all went well. Once again by the narrowest of margins the compulsive pinch of military genius and soldierly valour produced a perfect result. The panic which engulfed the whole left of Meade's massive army has never been made a reproach against the Yankee troops. Every one knows they were stout fellows. But defeat is defeat, and rout is ruin. Three days only were required after the cannon at Gettysburg had ceased to thunder before General Lee fixed his headquarters in Washington. We need not here dwell upon the ludicrous features of the hurried flight to New York of all the politicians, place hunters, contractors, sentimentalists and their retinues, which was so successfully accomplished. It is more agreeable to remember how Lincoln, "greatly falling with a falling State," preserved the poise and dignity of a nation. Never did his rugged yet sublime common sense render a finer service to his countrymen. He was never greater than in the hour of fatal defeat.

But, of course, there is no doubt whatever that the mere military victory which Lee gained at Gettysburg would not by itself have altered the history of the world. The loss of Washington would not have affected the immense numerical preponderance of the Union States. The advanced situation of their capital and its fall would have exposed them to a grave injury, would no doubt have considerably prolonged the war; but standing by itself this military episode, dazzling though it may be, could not have prevented the ultimate victory of the North. It is in the political sphere that we have to look to find the explanation of the triumphs begun upon the battlefield.

Curiously enough, Lee furnishes an almost unique example of a

regular and professional soldier who achieved the highest excellence both as a general and as a statesman. His ascendancy throughout the Confederate States on the morrow of his Gettysburg victory threw Jefferson Davis and his civil government irresistibly, indeed almost unconsciously, into the shade. The beloved and victorious commander, arriving in the capital of his mighty antagonists, found there the title deeds which enabled him to pronounce the grand decrees of peace. Thus it happened that the guns of Gettysburg fired virtually the last shots in the American Civil War.

The movement of events then shifted to the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. England—the name by which the British Empire was then commonly described—had been riven morally in twain by the drama of the American struggle. We have always admired the steadfastness with which the Lancashire cotton operatives, though starved of cotton by the Northern blockage—our most prosperous county reduced to penury, almost become dependent upon the charity of the rest of England—nevertheless adhered to the Northern cause. The British working classes on the whole judged the quarrel through the eyes of Disraeli and rested solidly upon the side of the abolition of slavery. Indeed, all Mr. Gladstone's democratic flair and noble eloquence would have failed, even upon the then restricted franchise, to carry England into the Confederate camp as a measure of policy. If Lee after his triumphal entry into Washington had merely been the soldier, his achievements would have ended on the battlefield. It was his august declaration that the victorious Confederacy would pursue no policy towards the African negroes, which was not in harmony with the moral conceptions of Western Europe, that opened the high roads along which we are now marching so prosperously.

But even this famous gesture might have failed if it had not been caught up and implemented by the practical genius and trained parliamentary aptitudes of Gladstone. There is practically no doubt at this stage that the basic principle upon which the colour question in the Southern States of America has been so happily settled, owed its origin mainly to Gladstonian ingenuity, and to the long statecraft of Britain in dealing with alien and more primitive populations. There was not only the need to declare the new fundamental relationship between master and servant, but the creation for the liberated slaves of institutions suited to their own cultural development and capable of affording them a different, yet honourable status in a commonwealth, destined eventually to become almost world-wide.

Let us only think what would have happened supposing the liberation of the slaves had been followed by some idiotic assertion of racial equality, and even by attempts to graft white democratic institutions

upon the simple, docile, gifted African race belonging to a much earlier chapter in human history. We might have seen the whole of the Southern States invaded by gangs of carpet-bagging politicians exploiting the ignorant and untutored coloured vote against the white inhabitants and bringing the time-honoured forms of parliamentary government into unmerited disrepute. We might have seen the sorry face of black legislatures attempting to govern their former masters. Upon the rebound from this there must inevitably have been a strong reassertion of local white supremacy. By one device or another the franchises accorded to the negroes would have been taken from them. The constitutional principles of the Republic would have been proclaimed, only to be evaded or subverted; and many a warm-hearted philanthropist would have found his sojourn in the South no better than "A Fool's Errand."

But we must return to our main theme and to the procession of tremendous events which followed the Northern defeat at Gettysburg and the surrender of Washington. Lee's declaration abolishing slavery, coupled as it was with the inflexible resolve to secede from the American Union, opened the way for British intervention.

Within a month the formal treaty of alliance between the British Empire and the Confederacy had been signed. The terms of this alliance being both offensive and defensive, revolutionised the military and naval situation. The Northern blockade could not be maintained even for a day in the face of the immense naval power of Britain. The opening of the Southern ports released the pent-up cotton, restored the finances and replenished the arsenals of the Confederacy. The Northern forces at New Orleans were themselves immediately cut off and forced to capitulate. There could be no doubt of the power of the new allies to clear the Mississippi of Northern vessels throughout the whole of its course through the Confederate States. The prospect of a considerable British army embarking for Canada threatened the Union with a new military front.

But none of these formidable events in the sphere of arms and material force would have daunted the resolution of President Lincoln, or weakened the fidelity of the Northern States and armies. It was Lee's declaration abolishing slavery which by a single master stroke gained the Confederacy an all-powerful ally, and spread a moral paralysis far and wide through the ranks of their enemies. The North were waging war against Secession, but as the struggle had proceeded, the moral issue of slavery had first sustained and then dominated the political quarrel. Now that the moral issue was withdrawn, now that the noble cause which inspired the Union armies and the Governments behind them was gained, there was nothing left but a war of reconquest to be waged

under circumstances infinitely more difficult and anxious than those which had already led to so much disappointment and defeat. Here was the South victorious, reinvigorated, reinforced, offering of her own free will to make a more complete abolition of the servile status on the American continent than even Lincoln had himself seen fit to demand. Was the war to continue against what soon must be heavy odds merely to assert the domination of one set of English-speaking people over another; was blood to flow indefinitely in an ever-broadening stream to gratify national pride or martial revenge?

It was this deprivation of the moral issue which undermined the obduracy of the Northern States. Lincoln no longer rejected the Southern appeal for independence. "If," he declared in his famous speech in Madison Square Gardens in New York, "our brothers in the South are willing faithfully to cleanse this continent of negro slavery, and if they will dwell beside us in neighbourly goodwill as an independent but friendly nation, it would not be right to prolong the slaughter on the question of sovereignty alone."

Thus peace came more swiftly than war had come. The Treaty of Harper's Ferry which was signed between the Union and Confederate States on the 6th September 1863 embodied the two fundamental propositions, that the South was independent, and the slaves were free. If the spirit of old John Brown had revisited the battle-scarred township which had been the scene of his life and death, it would have seen his cause victorious; but at a cost to the United States terrible indeed. Apart from the loss of blood and treasure, the American Union was riven in twain. Henceforth there would be two Americas in the same northern continent. One of them would have renewed in a modern and embattled form its old ties of kinship and affiliation with the Mother Country across the ocean. It was evident though peace might be signed and soldiers furl their flags, profound antagonisms, social, economic and military, underlay the life of the English-speaking world. Still slavery was abolished. As John Bright said, "At last after the smoke of the battlefield has cleared away, the horrid shape which had cast its shadow over the whole continent, had vanished and was gone for ever."

At this date when all seems as simple and clear, one has hardly the patience to chronicle the bitter and lamentable developments which occupied the two succeeding generations.

But we may turn aside in our speculation to note how strangely the careers of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli would have been altered if Lee had not won the Battle of Gettysburg. Mr. Gladstone's threatened resignation from Lord Palmerston's Cabinet on the morrow of General

Lee's pronouncement in favour of abolition, induced a political crisis in England of the most intense character. Old friendships were severed, old rancours died, and new connections and resentments took their place. Lord Palmerston found himself at the parting of the ways. Having to choose between Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Russell, he did not hesitate. A Coalition Government was formed in which Lord Robert Cecil (afterwards the great Lord Salisbury) became Foreign Secretary, but of which Mr. Gladstone was henceforward the driving force. We remember how he had said at Newcastle on 7th October 1862, "We know quite well that the people of the Northern States have not yet drunk of the cup—they will try hard to hold it far from their lips—which all the rest of the world see they nevertheless must drink. We may have our own ideas about slavery; we may be for or against the South; but there is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and the other soldiers of the South have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy; *and they have made what is more than either; they have made a nation.*" Now the slavery obstacle was out of the way and under the aegis of his aged chief, Lord Palmerston, who in Mr. Gladstone's words "desired the severance (of North and South) as the diminution of a dangerous power," and aided by the tempered incisiveness of Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Gladstone achieved not merely the recognition but an abiding alliance between Great Britain and the Southern States. But this carried him far. In the main the friends of the Confederacy in England belonged to the aristocratic well-to-do and Tory classes of the nation; the democracy, as yet almost entirely unenfranchised and most of the Liberal elements, sympathised with the North. Lord Palmerston's new Government formed in September 1863, although nominally Coalition, almost entirely embodied the elements of Tory strength and inspiration. No one can say that Gladstone's reunion with the Tories would have been achieved apart from Gettysburg and Lee's declaration at Washington.

However, it was achieved, and henceforward the union of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Robert Cecil on all questions of Church, State, and Empire, became an accomplished and fruitful fact. Once again the "rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories" had come back to his old friends, and the combination, armed as it was with prodigious executive success, reigned for a decade irresistible.

It is strange, musing on Mr. Gladstone's career, how easily he might have drifted into radical and democratic courses. How easily he might have persuaded himself that he, a Tory and authoritarian to his fingertips, was fitted to be the popular and even populist, leader of the working classes. There might in this event have stood to his credit nothing but sentimental pap, pusillanimous surrenders of British inter-

ests, and the easy and relaxing cosmopolitanism which would in practice have made him the friend of every country but his own. But the sabres of Jeb Stuart's cavalry and the bayonets of Pickett's division had, on the slopes of Gettysburg, embodied him forever in a revived Tory party. His career thus became a harmony instead of a discord; and he holds his place in the series of great builders to whom the largest synthesis of the world is due.

Precisely the reverse effect operated upon Mr. Disraeli. What had he to do with the Tory aristocracy? In his early days he was prejudiced in their eyes as a Jew by race. He had, indeed, only been saved from the stigma of exclusion from public life before the repeal of the Jewish disabilities by the fact of his having been baptized in infancy. He had stood originally for Parliament as a Radical. His natural place was with the left-out millions, with the dissenters, with the merchants of the North, with the voteless proletariat. He might never have found his place, if Lee had not won the Battle of Gettysburg. But for that he might have continued leading the Conservative Party, educating them against their will, dragging them into all sorts of social policies which they resented, making them serve as agents for extensions of the franchise. Always indispensable, always distrusted, but for Lee and Gettysburg he might well have ended his life in the House of Lords with the exclamation, "Power has come to me too late!"

But once he was united by the astonishing events of 1863 with the democratic and Radical forces of the nation, the real power of the man became apparent. He was in his native element. He had always espoused the cause of the North; and what he was pleased to describe as "the selfish and flagitious intrigue (of the Palmerston-Gladstone Government) to split the American Union and to rebuild out of the miseries of a valiant nation the vanished empire of George III," aroused passions in England strong enough to cast him once and for all from Tory circles. He went where his instinct and nature led him, to the Radical masses which were yearly gathering strength. It is to this we owe his immense contribution to our social services. If Disraeli had not been drawn out of the Conservative Party, the whole of those great schemes of social and industrial insurance which are forever associated with his name, which followed so logically upon his speeches—"Health and the laws of health," "sanitas sanitatum omnia sanitas"—might never have been passed into law in the nineteenth century. They might no doubt well have come about in the twentieth. It might have been left to some sprout of the new democracy or some upstart from Scotland, Ireland, or even Wales, to give to England what her latest Socialist Prime Minister has de-

scribed as "our incomparable social services." But "Dizzy," "The people's Dizzy," would never have set these merciful triumphs in his record.

We must return to the main theme. We may, however, note, by the way, that if Lee had not won the Battle of Gettysburg, Gladstone would not have become the greatest of Conservative Empire and Commonwealth builders, nor would Disraeli have been the idol of the toiling masses. Such is Fate.

But we cannot occupy ourselves too long upon the fortunes of individuals. During the whole of the rest of the nineteenth century the United States of America, as the truncated Union continued to style itself, grew in wealth and population. An iron determination seemed to have taken hold of the entire people. By the 'eighties they were already cleared of their war debt, and indeed all traces of the war, except in the hearts of men, were entirely eradicated. But the hearts of men are strange things, and the hearts of nations are still stranger. Never could the American Union endure the ghastly amputation which had been forced upon it. Just as France after 1870 nursed for more than forty years her dream of *revanche*, so did the multiplying peoples of the American Union concentrate their thoughts upon another trial of arms.

And to tell the truth, the behaviour of the independent Confederacy helped but little in mitigating the ceaselessly fermenting wrath. The former Confederate States saw themselves possessed of a veteran army successful against numerous odds, and commanded by generals to whose military aptitude history has borne unquestioned tribute. To keep this army intact and—still more important—employed, became a high problem of state. To the south of the Confederacy lay Mexico, in perennial alternation between anarchy and dictatorship. Lee's early experiences in the former Mexican War familiarized him with the military aspects of the country and its problems, and we must admit that it was natural that he should wish to turn the bayonets of the army of northern Virginia upon this sporadically defended Eldorado. In spite of the pious protests of Mr. Disraeli's Liberal and pacifist Government of 1884, the Confederate States after three years' sanguinary guerrilla fighting conquered, subdued and reorganised the vast territories of Mexico. These proceedings involved a continuous accretion of Southern military forces. At the close of the Mexican War seven hundred thousand trained and well-trying soldiers were marshalled under what the North still called "the rebel flag." In the face of these potentially menacing armaments who can blame the Northern States for the precautions they took? Who can accuse them of provocation because they adopted the principle of compulsory military service? And when this was retorted by similar measures south of the Harper's Ferry Treaty line, can we be surprised

that they increased the period of compulsory service from one year to two, and thereby turned their multitudinous militia into the cadres of an army "second to none." The Southern States, relying on their alliance with the supreme naval power of Britain, did not expend their money upon a salt-water navy. Their powerful ironclad fleet was designed solely for the Mississippi. Nevertheless, on land and water the process of armament and counter-armament proceeded ceaselessly over the whole expanse of the North American continent. Immense fortresses guarded the frontiers on either side and sought to canalise the lines of reciprocal invasion. The wealth of the Union States enabled them at enormous sacrifice at once to fortify their southern front and to maintain a strong fleet and heavy military garrison in the fortified harbours of the great lakes of the Canadian frontier. By the 'nineties North America bristled with armaments of every kind, and what with the ceaseless growth of the Confederate army—in which the reconciled negro population now formed a most important element—and the very large forces which England and Canada maintained in the North, it was computed that not less than two million armed men with trained reserves of six million were required to preserve the uneasy peace of the North American continent. Such a process could not go on without a climax of tragedy or remedy.

The climax which came in 1905 was perhaps induced by the agitation of war excitement arising from the Russo-Japanese conflict. The roar of Asiatic cannon reverberated around the globe, and everywhere found immense military organisations in an actively receptive state. Never has the atmosphere of the world been so loaded with explosive forces. Europe and North America were armed camps, and a war of first magnitude was actually raging in Manchuria. At any moment, as the Dogger Bank incident had shown, the British Empire might be involved in war with Russia. Indeed, we had been within the ace on that occasion. And apart from such accidents the British Treaty obligations towards Japan might automatically have drawn us in. The President of the United States had been formally advised by the powerful and highly competent American General Staff that the entry of Great Britain into such a war would offer in every way a favourable opportunity for settling once and for all with the Southern Republic. This fact was also obvious to most people. Thus at the same time throughout Europe and America precautionary measures of all kinds by land and sea were actively taken; and everywhere fleets and armies were assembled and arsenals clanged and flared by night and day.

Now that these awful perils have been finally warded off it seems to us almost incomprehensible that they could have existed. Nevertheless, it is horrible even to reflect that scarcely a quarter of a century ago

English-speaking people ranged on opposite sides, watched each other with ceaseless vigilance and drawn weapons. By the end of 1905 the tension was such that nothing could long avert a fratricidal struggle on a gigantic scale, except some great melting of hearts, some wave of inspiration which should lift the dull, deadly antagonisms of the hour to a level so high that—even as a mathematical quantity passing through infinity changes its sign—they would become actual unities.

We must not underrate the strength of the forces which on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean and on both sides of the American continental frontiers were labouring faithfully and dauntlessly to avert the hideous doom which kindred races seemed resolved to prepare for themselves. But these deep currents of sanity and goodwill would not have been effective unless the decisive moment had found simultaneously in England and the United States leaders great enough to dominate events and marvelously placed upon the summits of national power. In President Roosevelt and Mr. Arthur Balfour, the British Prime Minister, were present two diverse personalities which together embodied all the qualities necessary alike for profound negotiation and for supreme decision.

After all, when it happened it proved to be the easiest thing in the world. In fact, it seemed as if it could not help happening, and we who look back upon it take it so much for granted that we cannot understand how easily the most beneficent Covenant of which human records are witness might have been replaced by the most horrible conflict and world tragedy.

The Balfour-Roosevelt negotiations had advanced some distance before President Wilson, the enlightened Virginian chief of the Southern Republic, was involved in them. It must be remembered that whatever may be thought of Mr. Gladstone's cold-blooded *coup* in 1863, the policy of successive British Governments had always been to assuage the antagonism between North and South. At every stage the British had sought to promote goodwill and close association between her southern ally and the mighty northern power with whom she had so much in common. For instance, we should remember how in the Spanish-American War of 1895 the influence of Great Britain was used to the utmost and grave risks were run in order to limit the quarrel and to free the United States from any foreign menace. The restraining counsels of England on this occasion had led the Southern Republic to adopt a neutrality not only benevolent, but actively helpful. Indeed, in this war several veteran generals of the Confederate army had actually served as volunteers with the Union forces. So that one must understand that side by side with the piling up of armaments and the old antagonisms, there

was an immense under-tide of mutual liking and respect. It is the glory of Balfour, Roosevelt and Wilson—this august triumvirate—that they were able so to direct these tides that every opposing circumstance or element was swept before them.

On Christmas Day 1905 was signed the Covenant of the English-speaking Association. The essence of this extraordinary measure was crystal clear. The doctrine of common citizenship for all the peoples involved in the agreement was proclaimed. There was not the slightest interference with the existing arrangements of any member. All that happened was that henceforward the peoples of the British Empire and of what were happily called in the language of the line "The Re-United States," deemed themselves to be members of one body and inheritors of one estate. The flexibility of the plan which invaded no national privacy, which left all particularisms entirely unchallenged, which altered no institutions and required no elaborate machinery, was its salvation. It was, in fact, a moral and psychological rather than political reaction. Hundreds of millions of people suddenly adopted a new point of view. Without prejudice to their existing loyalties and sentiments, they gave birth in themselves to a new higher loyalty and a wider sentiment. The autumn of 1905 had seen the English-speaking world on the verge of catastrophe. The year did not die before they were associated by indissoluble ties for the maintenance of peace between themselves, for the prevention of war among outside Powers and for the economic development of their measureless resources and possessions.

The Association had not been in existence for a decade before it was called upon to face an emergency not less grave than that which had called it into being. Every one remembers the European crisis of August 1914. The murder of the Archduke at Sarejevo, the disruption or decay of the Austrian and Turkish Empires, the old quarrel between Germany and France, and the increasing armaments of Russia—all taken together produced the most dangerous conjunction which Europe has ever known. Once the orders for Russian, Austrian, German, and French mobilisation had been given and twelve million soldiers were gathering upon the frontiers of their respective countries, it seemed that nothing could avert a war which might well have become Armageddon itself.

What the course and consequences of such a war would have been are matters upon which we can only speculate. M. Bloch in his thoughtful book published in 1909, indicated that such a war if fought with modern weapons would not be a short one. He predicted that field operations would quickly degenerate into long lines of fortifications, and that a devastating stalemate with siege warfare, or trench warfare, lasting for years, might well ensue. We know his opinions are not accepted by the

leading military experts of most countries. But, at any rate, we cannot doubt that a war in which four or five of the greatest European Powers were engaged might well have led to the loss of many millions of lives, and to the destruction of capital that twenty years of toil, thrift, and privation could not have replaced. It is no exaggeration to say that had the crisis of general mobilisation of August 1914 been followed by war, we might to-day in this island see income tax at four or five shillings in the pound, and have two and a half million unemployed workmen on our hands. Even the United States far across the ocean, might against all its traditions have been dragged into a purely European quarrel.

But in the nick of time friendly though resolute hands intervened to save Europe from what might well have been her ruin. It was inherent in the Covenant of the English-speaking Association that the ideal of mutual disarmament to the lowest point compatible with their joint safety should be adopted by the signatory members. It was also settled that every third year a Conference of the whole Association should be held in such places as might be found convenient. It happened that the third disarmament conference of the English-speaking Association—the E.S.A. as it is called for short—was actually in session in July 1914. The Association had found itself hampered in its policy of disarmament by the immense military and naval establishments maintained in Europe. Their plenipotentiaries were actually assembled to consider this problem when the infinitely graver issue burst upon them. They acted as men accustomed to deal with the greatest events. They felt so sure of themselves that they were able to run risks for others. On the 1st August when the German armies were already approaching the frontiers of Belgium, when the Austrian armies had actually begun the bombardment of Belgrade, and when all along the Russian and French frontiers desultory picket firing had broken out, the E.S.A. tendered its friendly offices to all the mobilised Powers, counselling them to halt their armies within ten miles of their own frontiers, and to seek a solution of their differences by peaceful discussion. The memorable document added "that failing a peaceful outcome the Association must deem itself *ipso facto* at war with any Power in either combination whose troops invaded the territory of its neighbour."

Although this suave yet menacing communication was received with indignation in many quarters, it in fact secured for Europe the breathing space which was so desperately required. The French had already forbidden their troops to approach within ten miles of the German frontier, and they replied in this sense. The Czar eagerly embraced the opportunity offered to him. The secret wishes of the Kaiser and his emotions at this juncture have necessarily been much disputed. There

are those who allege that carried away by the excitement of mobilisation and the clang and clatter of moving armies, he was not disposed to halt his troops already on the threshold of the Duchy of Luxembourg. Others avow that he received the message with a scream of joy and fell exhausted into a chair, exclaiming, "Saved! Saved! Saved!" Whatever may have been the nature of the Imperial convulsion, all we know is that the acceptance of Germany was the last to reach the Association. With its arrival, although there yet remained many weeks of anxious negotiation, the danger of a European war may be said to have passed away.

Most of us have been so much absorbed by the immense increases of prosperity and wealth, or by the commercial activity and scientific and territorial development and exploitation which have been the history of the English-speaking world since 1905, that we have been inclined to allow European affairs to fall into a twilight of interest. Once the perils of 1914 had been successfully averted and the disarmament of Europe had been brought into harmony with that already effected by the E.S.A., the idea of "An United States of Europe" was bound to occur continually. The glittering spectacle of the great English-speaking combination, its assured safety, its boundless power, the rapidity with which wealth was created and widely distributed within its bounds, the sense of buoyancy and hope which seemed to pervade the entire population; all this pointed to European eyes a moral which none but the dullest could ignore. Whether the Emperor Wilhelm II will be successful in carrying the project of European unity forward by another important stage at the forthcoming Pan-European Conference at Berlin in 1932, is still a matter of prophecy. Should he achieve his purpose he will have raised himself to a dazzling pinnacle of fame and honour, and no one will be more pleased than the members of the E.S.A. to witness the gradual formation of another great area of tranquillity and co-operation like that in which we ourselves have learned to dwell. If this prize should fall to his Imperial Majesty, he may perhaps reflect how easily his career might have been wrecked in 1914 by the outbreak of a war which might have cost him his throne, and have laid his country in the dust. If to-day he occupies in his old age the most splendid situation in Europe, let him not forget that he might well have found himself eating the bitter bread of exile, a dethroned sovereign and a broken man loaded with unutterable reproach. And this, we repeat, might well have been his fate, if Lee had not won the Battle of Gettysburg.

If Lee Had Not Won the Battle of Gettysburg

- 1. What interest do you think Churchill had in speculating on the outcome of the Civil War?**
- 2. How plausible were the events that followed Lee's victory?**
- 3. Which seem the most likely? And which the least likely?**
- 4. What does the essay say about the emancipation of Slaves in America?**
- 5. Which outcome would you have preferred and why?**