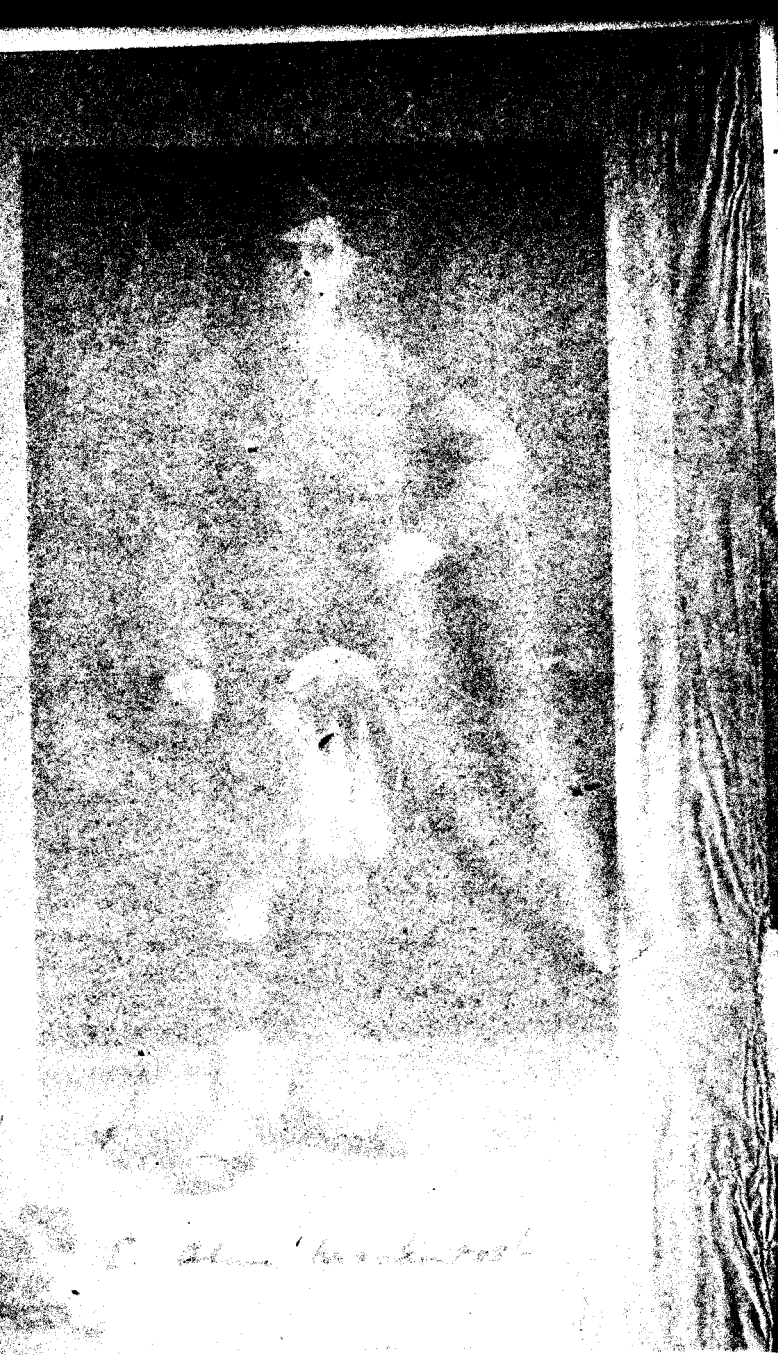




E. Alan Mackintosh.

WAR, THE LIBERATOR
AND OTHER PIECES BY
E. A. MACKINTOSH, M.C.
LT. BEANORTH HIGHLANDERS (51ST DIVISION)
WITH A MEMOIR

LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY MCMXVIII



WAR, THE LIBERATOR
AND OTHER PIECES BY
E. A. MACKINTOSH, M.C.

LT. SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS (5¹ST DIVISION)

WITH A MEMOIR

LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY MCMXVIII

MEMOIR

EWART ALAN MACKINTOSH

THE only surviving son of the late Alexander Mackintosh, formerly of Teaninich House, Alness, Ross-shire, Alan Mackintosh was born on 4th March 1893 at Brighton. He was the grandson of Dr Guinness Rogers. He received his early education at Brighton College, from which he won a scholarship at St Paul's, going straight into the Middle VIIIth. He was already a writer of verses, and for a period he edited the *Pauline*. Two years later, in October 1912, he came to Christ Church as a Classical Scholar. At Christmas 1914 he joined the 5th Seaforths as a subaltern, and after training at Golspie he crossed to France with his battalion in July 1915, and bore his share of fighting. In May 1916 he carried out a successful raid, which was described in the Press at the time, and which brought him the Military Cross. He returned to England in August 1916, having been wounded and gassed at High Wood. For eight months he taught bombing to the corps of cadets

at Cambridge ; and while at Cambridge he became engaged to Sylvia Marsh, daughter of a Quaker family, with whose traditions and ideals he had much in common. They planned to make their home in New Zealand. In October last he returned to France, joining the 4th Battalion of the Seaforths, and on 21st November, in the fighting about Cambrai, he fell, shot through the head.

Alan Mackintosh looked the Gael he was, loose-limbed, muscular, tall and dark. He carried a fine head well. His roving eye, merry, tender, cautious, penetrating, bold by rapid turns, epitomised the richness of his nature and his still rarer force of self-expression.

He spent two happy years at Oxford. For study, and especially the routine study of the schools, he cared little. Native power and a felicitous exuberance in literary things gained him his place in honour classical moderations. He played with Socialism, to the point of having scruples about the possession of wealth. He read poetry enthusiastically, and notably French poetry, in which his *répertoire* was very large. Both in term and out of term he cultivated, above all, the sentiments and the arts of the Highlands. He learned to play the pipes and to speak Gaelic, things which later endeared him to his regiment. His friendships were many and ardent. Of

his bosom friends, Andrew Fraser of Christ Church was reported wounded and missing in the same Cambrai fighting, E. J. Solomon of Exeter College, who is commemorated in "Gold Braid," was killed in August 1917, while Ian M'Kenzie of Balliol has fallen in the present battle.

In the army the Gael in him, artist and man, ripened quickly. With growing strength and health he grew in the control and the use of his own powers and in influence over other men. He cherished political ambitions, whether to be fulfilled in the Colony or in England he scarcely knew. As a soldier he united brilliant courage with gentleness, and humour with resolution. His vivid and affectionate nature remained undulled through the years of warfare.

The present volume contains a number of pieces, some early and some late, which the author, had he lived, might have omitted. His many friends, and those who will know him only through his two books, will alike feel that from a last volume as little as need be should be excluded. It is difficult for one who knew him very intimately to estimate his work, for in each poem the author's personality speaks with engaging and engrossing clearness. There is much in this volume and in "A Highland Regiment" (1917) that is already peculiarly complete and rounded in idea and also finished in form. There

is much, too, of great promise. "The Remembered Gods," which was written at Oxford, shows his poetic power with the great spaces, the long-ranging time, the brooding significance which are as a home to the highland imagination. In this direction, perhaps, his work might have developed notably. The shorter pieces exhibit remarkable concentration of mood and mastery of technique. The keynote varies: here the lightest play of fancy, there the broadly comic, again a haunting pain, sentiment, reverie, grimness, and unforced irony, but everywhere melody and sure movement and a delicate rightness. The war pieces, unlike many that have been written since 1914, evade the circumstance and horror of war. There is strangely little, indeed, about the war in any of them, but much about the minds and hearts of those who wage it. There shines through them a very triumph over war. This much loved gallant poet is of those whose living martyrdom rises whole-souled above the storm of violence and is humanity's true victory. And not that martyrdom only.

JOHN MURRAY

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD

April 1918

CONTENTS

	PAGE
MEMOIR	3
I	
WAR, THE LIBERATOR	
WAR, THE LIBERATOR	13
RECRUITING	15
THE GERMAN AND THE GAEL	18
BEAUMONT-HAMEL	20
FAREWELL. TO SERGEANT H. FRASER AND LANCE- SERGEANT G. M'KAY	23
THREE BATTLES—TO THE FIFTY-FIRST DIVISION	
HIGH WOOD	25
BEAUMONT-HAMEL	26
VICTORY AND FAILURE	28
FROM HOME. NOVEMBER 13, 1916	29
FROM HOME. CAMBRIDGE	31
THE DEAD MEN	33
	7

All they dreamed of childishly, bravery and fame for them,
Charges at the cannon's mouth, enemies they slew,
Bright across the waking world their romances came for them,
Is not life a little price when our dreams come true ?

All the terrors of the night, doubts and thoughts tormenting us,
Boy-minds painting quiveringly the awful face of fear,
These are gone for ever now, truth is come contenting us,
Night with all its tricks is gone and our eyes are clear.
Now in all the time to come, memory will cover us,
Trenches that we did not lose, charges that we made,
Since a voice, when first we heard shells go shrilling over us,
Said within us, " This is Death—and I am not afraid ! "

Since we felt our spirits tower, smiling and contemptuous,
O'er the little frightened things, running to and fro,
Looked on Death and saw a slave blustering and presumptuous,
Daring vainly still to bring Man his master low.
Though we knew that at the last, he would have his lust of us,
Carelessly we braved his might, felt and knew not why
Something stronger than ourselves, moving in the dust of us,
Something in the Soul of Man still too great to die.

RECRUITING

" LADS, you're wanted, go and help,"
On the railway carriage wall
Stuck the poster, and I thought
Of the hands that penned the call.

Fat civilians wishing they
" Could go out and fight the Hun."
Can't you see them thanking God
That they're over forty-one ?

Girls with feathers, vulgar songs—
Washy verse on England's need—
God—and don't we damned well know
How the message ought to read.

" Lads, you're wanted ! over there,"
Shiver in the morning dew,
More poor devils like yourselves
Waiting to be killed by you.

THE GERMAN AND THE GAEL

WHEN they go out to battle
They march with pomp and show,
And all the fruits of victory
Before them as they go.
Because they dream the fight is theirs,
Therefore they will not flee,
But we go darkly out to meet
The fate we cannot see.

Their officers and generals
Have nourished them with lies,
And waved the torch of victory
Before their blinded eyes.
But we go grimly forward,
Believing—come what may,
We shall not tread the grass again
Nor see another day.

Not for the hope of glory,
Nor for desire of loot,
Not for the pride of conquest,
Nor dream of wild pursuit ;
But because ancient battles
Stir in our memory,
Hopeless as went our fathers
And stern as they, go we.

Maybe that we shall drive them,
Maybe we fight in vain,
We care not now our fathers
Are born in us again.
When the old voices called us
We heard them and obeyed,
Whether we die or conquer
We have not been afraid.

OTHER POEMS AND
THE REMEMBERED GODS

DEATH

BECAUSE I have made light of death
And mocked at wounds and pain,
The doom is laid on me to die—
Like the humble men in days gone by—
That angered me to hear them cry
For pity to me in vain.

I shall not go out suddenly
As many a man has done.
But I shall lie as those men lay—
Longing for death the whole long day—
Praying, as I heard those men pray,
And none shall heed me, none.

The fierce waves will go surging on
Before they tend to me.
Oh, God of battles I pray you send
No word of pity—no help, no friend,
That if my spirit break at the end
None may be there to see.