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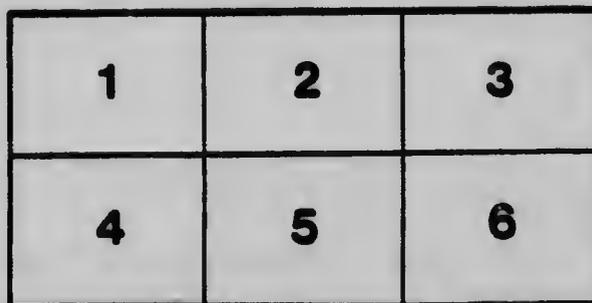
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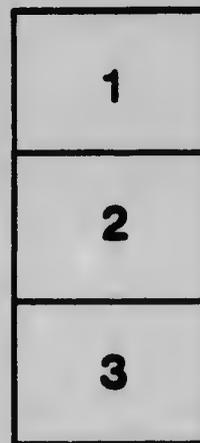
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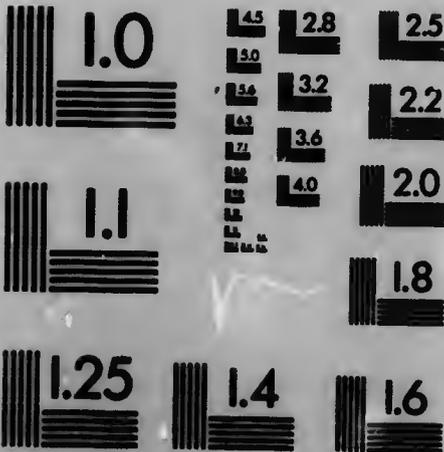
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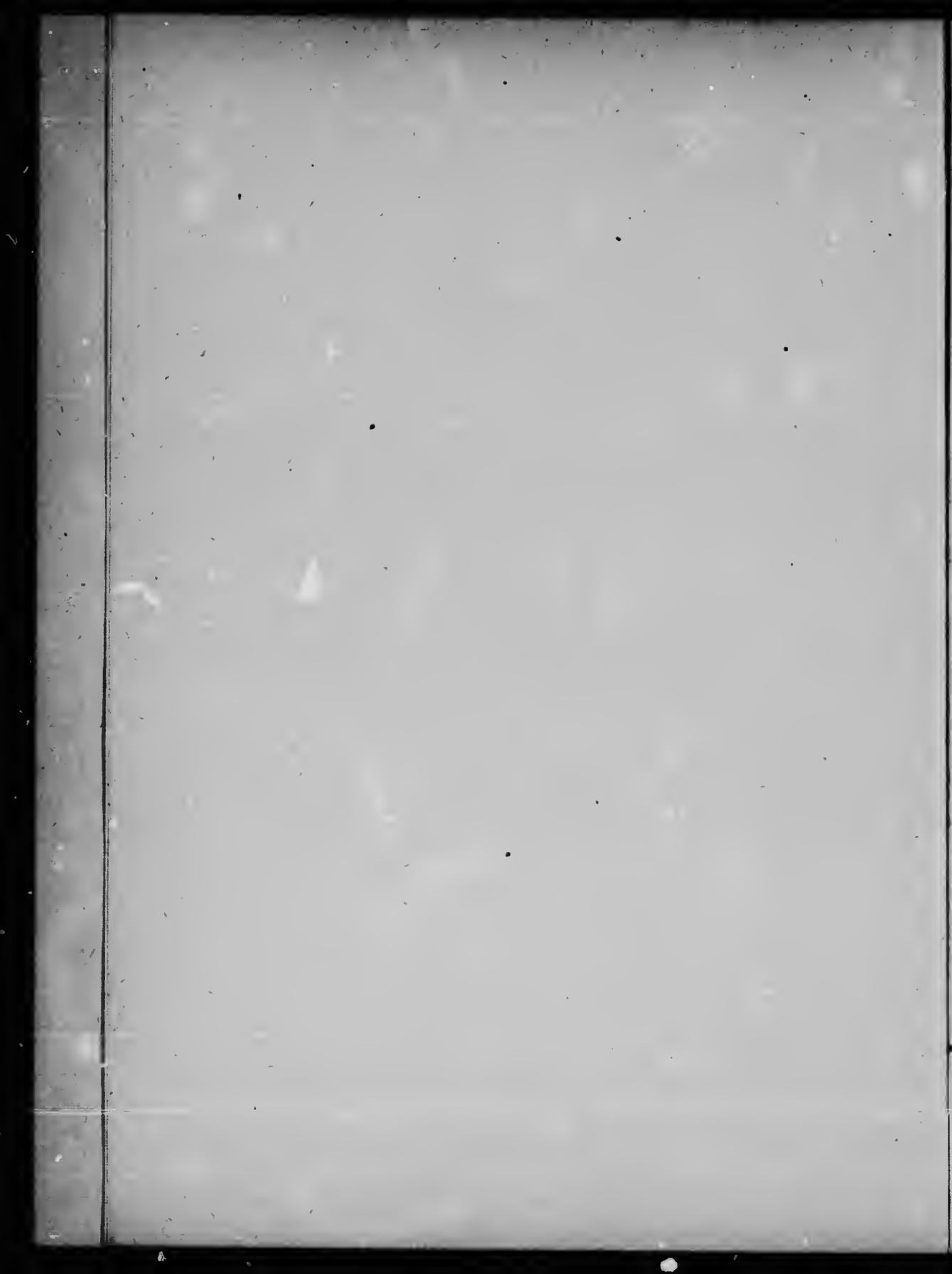
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**WAR LYRICS AND BATTLE BALLADS.**

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**WAR LYRICS**  
**AND**  
**BATTLE BALLADS.**



**BY**  
**J. ALEX. ROBINSON,**  
*formerly Colonial Secretary of Newfoundland.*

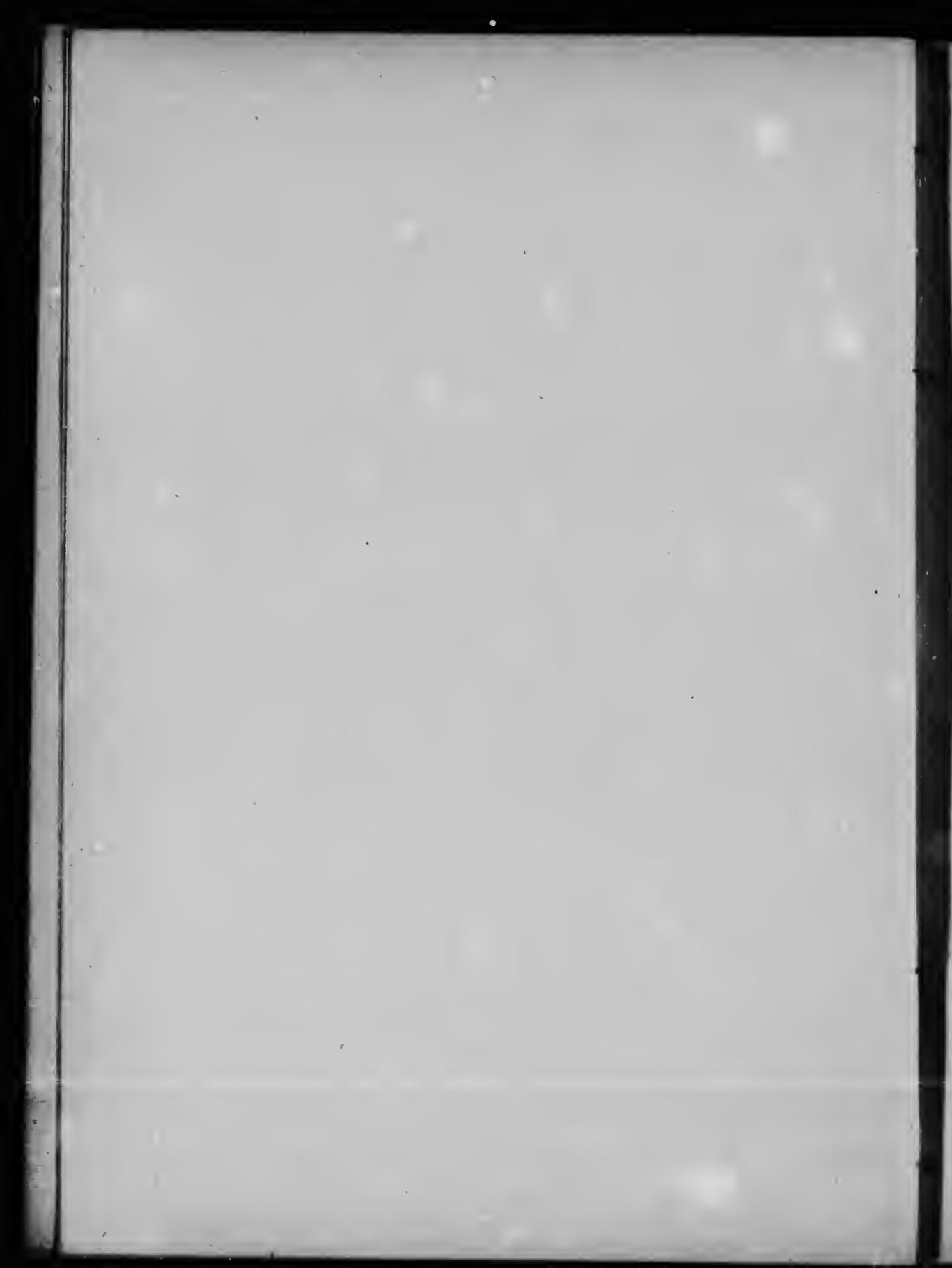


**ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D.:**  
**"Free Press" Publishing Co., 310 Water Street,**  
**1901.**

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**THIS BOOK  
IS  
REVERENTLY DEDICATED  
TO  
THE HONORED MEMORY  
OF  
EDWARD JEWITT ROBLNSON,  
BY  
HIS SON.**



## PREFACE.

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Imperialism is the natural outcome of the ages. It means more than the alliance of the national and commercial interests of Britain and the Britain beyond the seas. It is the welding in one body of the thought, the speech, the hopes desires and ambitions of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. It is the assurance of peace and the necessary adjunct to national prosperity. In it the world has the answer to the charges of insularity freely hurled at the Motherland, and of isolation at the nation. Britain can never be insular in habit and history so long as a quarter of the world's vast population rejoices to call her by the sacred name of mother. Isolation is a misnomer when the homeland, hoary with

age and crowned with memories retains the love and veneration of the offshoots from the parent stem. Windsor and Downing streets are the centres around which the mighty Empire revolves, but they are not the Empire. The Imperialistic spirit has taken hold upon the lusty young republics, and Canadian Dominion, Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand Democracy are now partners, not subordinates, in the national firm. The smaller colonies, as time passes on, will follow the example of the larger ones, as they are even now imbued with the same aspirations and ideals. Independence, under the old monarchical idea, meant severance of relationship. The independence fostered by Imperialism is an independence of equality, tempered by the seemly reverence of youth for age.

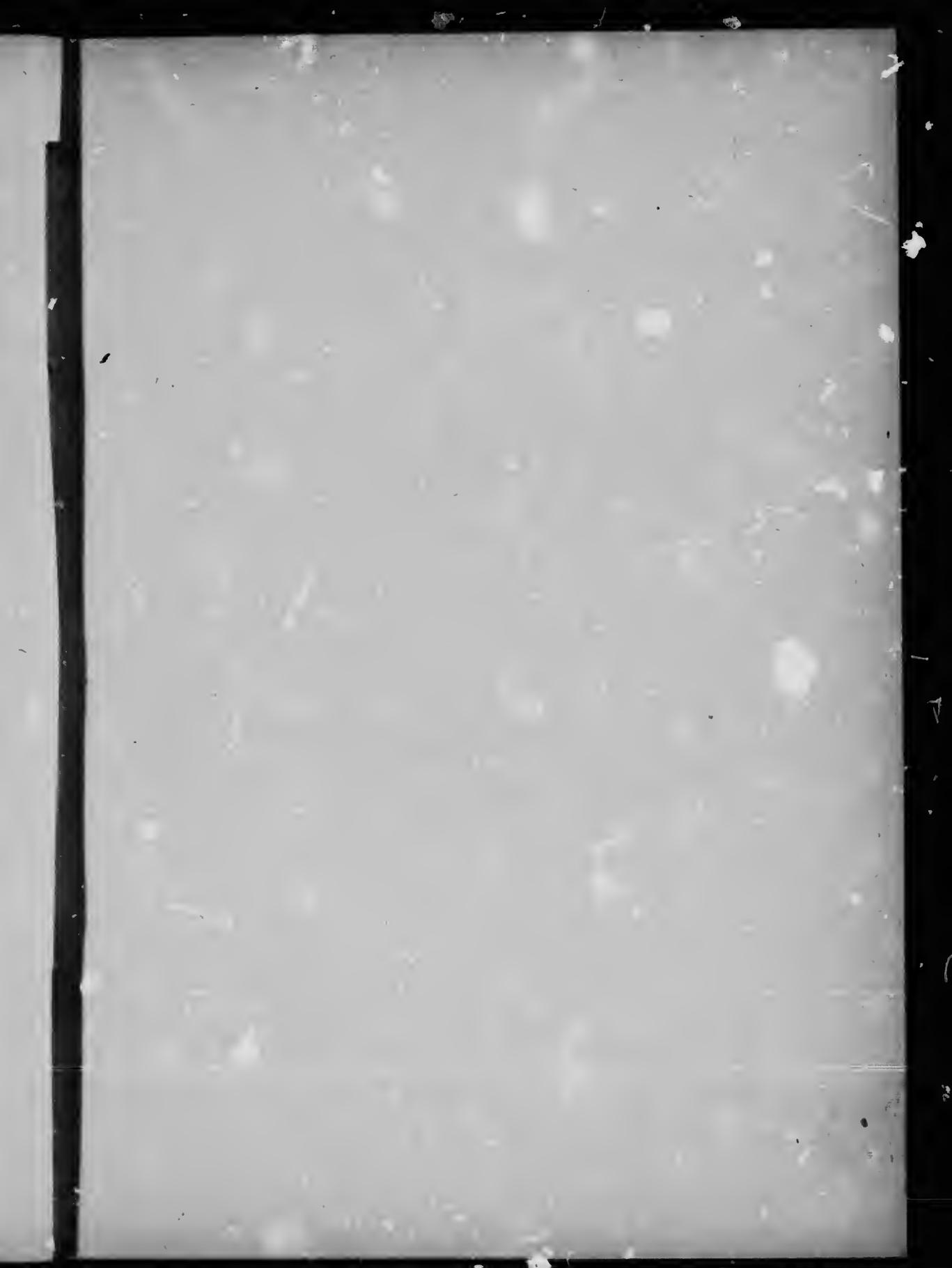
To the growth of Imperialistic sentiment and its practical results, this little work is due. It was born on a lecture platform on the night when the news of the relief of Ladysmith reached the city

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of St. John's. Since then, on four separate occasions, the loyal colony of Newfoundland has had the opportunity of demonstrating the sincerity of her love for the Motherland and her devotion to the Imperialistic doctrine. Twice has she passed the *modus vivendi*, so injurious to her best interests, in order that the Empire might be freed from one embarrassment. The government and people, by vote of parliament and voluntary contribution, have gladly responded, as limited means allowed, to the appeals for our lads in khaki on the veldt. Last year fifty of her sons enrolled themselves as members of the Royal Naval Reserve, thus forming, as we confidently hope, the first of many local links in the chain of national defence. Although the most ancient, and until recently, maybe, the least progressive of Britain's colonies, the heart of Newfoundland throbs with pride in the national traditions, and, with her sister colonies, she stands courageous, confident and firmly rooted in the Imperialistic faith.

If a perusal of this little book will kindle responsive echoes in the hearts of loyal readers, or aid in unfolding to the eyes of the boys and girls of the colony, amongst whom the writer lived and labored for many years, a portion of the wealth of patriotic literature to be found in the pages of the poets, the author will feel that his work has not been in vain.

*St. John's, Nfld.,  
June 29th, 1901.*





# WAR LYRICS AND BATTLE BALLADS.



**P**OETRY is the Music of Language. Coleridge defines prose as words in their best order—Poetry as the *best* words in their best order. Eminent scholars have differed in their definitions of the Heaven-born gift. To the prosaic mind of the great lexicographer of Lichfield, the very essence of Poetry was invention. Emerson, on the other hand, pronounced the finest poetry as first experience. Macaulay combined the two ideas in graceful phrase as truth conveyed to the understanding by means of imaginative associations. Longfellow termed music the universal language of

mankind, but true poetry *is* music, just as true music is poetry. Shakespeare has declared that

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

So those who allow the material and prosaic side of life to twist and warp their natures to the exclusion of poetic music, give up that which sweetens existence, soothes the weary, quickens the pulse, fires anew the flagging ardours of youth, and opens the doors of a brighter, better, purer and grander world than that of dollars and of dinners.

In the breasts of all have been placed intangible chords that throb responsive to the melodies of harmony and language. Some breasts are attuned to finer harmonies, some to sounds more penetrating but not the less harmonious. A Shakespeare

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The "Man in the Street," so prominent in these days of democracies, is very man,

human and healthy, rather than spiritual and imaginative. He carelessly plucks the common wall-flower, and, if thoughtfully inclined, may quote the lines of the greatest poet of the past century:

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all in my hand,  
Little flower.

There speaks the average man of undeveloped poetical power, it is in the sequel, the voice of the real poet, the high priest of nature, is heard,

But if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

In these few words Tennyson compresses the theology of the ages and the whole mystery of the Deity.

There are degrees of poetic affinity. The most exquisite music often falls unimpressive upon the human ear; the pealing anthem, swelling the note of praise, wakes no responsive echoes in the hearts of many. The musical instinct is not dead, but, sleeping sluggishly, calls for stronger

food. A military band playing stirring martial airs, causes eyes to flash, figures, bowed, to stand erect, whilst feet keep cheerful time, and voices, more or less melodious, join lustily in chorus. It is not the scene which works the transformation but the stirring harmony that

Raises the soul above all earthly storms,  
With melting airs, or martial, brisk or grave;  
Some chord in unison with what we hear  
Is touched within us and the heart replies.

So with poetry. Wordsworth, Southey, Cowper, Goldsmith, Browning, Swinburne, even Milton's magnificent word painting, do not appeal to people generally. To appreciate poetry there must be affinity of spirit between reader and author, a development, more or less marked, of that mysterious sixth sense, so often quoted, so little understood. In all is a rudimentary spirit of poetry, undeveloped and untrained, may be, but ready to respond on occasion.

The first recorded War Lyrics are the songs of Moses and of Miriam. They will be found in the 15th chapter of Exo-

dus. Tom Moore, Ireland's sweet singer, has translated and amplified Miriam's song into language more consonant with the present age :—

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,  
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free,  
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,  
His chariot and horsemen all splendid and brave.  
How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but spoken,  
And chariot and horsemen are dashed in the wave.  
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,  
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free.

The song of Deborah and Barak is another example of the martial lyric, a song marred only by its praise of the murderess Jael. Let us read it carefully, even as it is in the authorized version, and, the oftener we read it, the more forcible will its poetry and meaning appear. Picture this chanted by the victorious Prince and Prophet before the assembled hosts, and we need little wonder that "the land had peace for forty years." The best conservator of peace is readiness for war. Britain has reason to know this full well. Preparation after reverses and British pluck and determination have in

the past, and will again, repair British lack of war material, but at heavy cost. Deborah's inspired war song made men and soldiers of her hearers, who, doubtless, told the story to their children, so that the warrior race remained in peace until forgetfulness of their record and the arts of ease and opulence made them effeminate and an easy spoil to the Midianitish foe.

The Psalms abound in lyrics and may explain, to some extent, the war record of the chosen nation. The poet Homer, two hundred years after Solomon had been gathered to his fathers, wandered from place to place, singing his ballads of the Trojan war, and who shall say that to him was not largely due that infusion of martial spirit which made of the Greeks a nation, whose fame shall live so long as the world shall last? Lord Byron believed in the inherency of this spirit when he chanted his war songs in the early days of the century. Nor was he all mistaken. His satire and his vigor combined, in

English though it was, stirred the war spirit, revived and invigorated the national feeling, and Greece at length threw off the Turkish yoke. His words burn into the national heart:—

The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea:  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;  
For, standing on the Persian's grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A King sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations:—all were his:  
He counted them at break of day,  
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
The heroic bosom beats no more:  
And must thy lyre so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?  
Must we but blush?—our fathers' blood.  
Earth, render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead.  
Of the three hundred grant but three  
To make a new Thermopylæ.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine.  
We will not think of themes like these,  
It made Anacreon's song divine;  
He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant—but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
That tyrant was Miltiades.  
Oh, that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind,  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
They have a king who buys and sells;  
In native swords and native ranks  
The only hope of courage dwells;  
But Turkish force and Latin fraud  
Would break your shield, however broad.

These martial melodies appeal not  
alone to Greeks, but to all nations. Eng-  
land reads her own lesson therein. In  
the decadence of modern Greeks appear  
the dangers that beset this age of indo-  
lence and commerce. War is abhorrent,  
but war is a stern, an inevitable necessity.

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Christ himself came not to bring peace, but a sword. Until the reign of the Prince of Peace is established, war must remain. Our duty is to avoid it by being ready for it; accepting and carrying into practice the advice of the great Puritan warrior, "trust in God and keep your powder dry." St. Jingo urges to unholy wars, but St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick and St. David point to the grand old Union Jack that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, and bid us protect our heritage.

It's only a small piece of bunting,  
It's only an old coloured rag,  
Yet thousands have died for its honour,  
And shed their best blood for the flag.

It's charged with the cross of St. Andrew,  
Which of old, Scotland's heroes has led,  
It carries the cross of St. Patrick,  
For which Ireland's bravest have bled.

Joined with these on our own English ensign,  
St. George's red cross on white field,  
Round which from King Richard to Roberts\*  
Britons conquer or die, but ne'er yield.

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(\*) The words marked with an asterisk differ in the original.

It flutters in triumph o'er ocean,  
As free as the wind and the wave,  
The bondsman from shackles unloosened  
Neath it cowers no longer a slave.

It floats o'er Newfoundland\* and Malta,  
O'er Canada, the Indies, Hong Kong ;  
And Britons, where'er that flag's flying,  
Claim the right that to Britons belong.

We hoist it to show our devotion  
To our King,\* to our country and laws ;  
It's the outward and visible emblem  
Of advancement and liberty's cause.

You may say it's a small bit of bunting,  
You may call it an old colored rag ;  
Yet freedom has made it majestic,  
And time has ennobled the flag.

What Lord Byron did to revive the memories of the glories of ancient Greece, Lord Macaulay has done for ancient Rome. Who has not been thrilled with the legend of Horatius? Again and again, in imagination, have we flung back the curses of false Sextus and joined in the prayer of Lars Porsena, the great hearted enemy of Rome. We have watched with breathless interest the in-

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(\*) The words marked with an asterisk differ in the original.

trepid hero, as, with harness on his back, he plunges headlong in the Tiber's tide. This lesson of devoted patriotism appeals to British hearts as vigorously as did the feat of valor to the Roman and Etruscan soldiery.

When the goodman mends his armour,  
And trims his helmet's plume;  
When the good-wife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told,  
How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

It was said of Macaulay that "he wore all his learning like a flower." An unexcelled prose writer, he was a poet not made but born. In all his writings, in prose and poetry alike, he appears to advantage. His prose is poetry. We may dispute his facts and say that he knew not where history ended and romance commenced, but though we be Tories as blue as the bluest of his contemporaries, we cannot deny the force of his writing and the beauty of his language. Not alone to Rome, but to France and the dear old

Motherland, he dedicated his stirring war lyrics. The very cadence and flow of Ivry breathe the martial spirit. Perhaps no poem in the English language is so full of changes. Gaiety, horror, courage, despair, love, hatred, wailing, joy and triumph chase one another with the rapidity of kaleidoscopic views. Macaulay's admiration for Henry of Navarre must have been great indeed to justify the glorious tribute paid to his memory in those picturesque and thrilling lines:—

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant  
crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern  
and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing  
to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord  
and king".

"An' if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,  
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the  
ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah: the foes are moving . Hark to the mingled din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring  
culverin.

The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain  
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne  
 Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of  
 France,

Charge for the golden lilies, upon them with the lance!  
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears  
 in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-  
 white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a  
 guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Ho : maidens of Vienna ; ho : matrons of Lucerne ;  
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never  
 shall return.

Ho, Philip, end for charity thy Mexican pistoles.  
 That Antwerp monks may sing a Mass for thy poor  
 spearmen's souls.

Ho : gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms  
 be bright ;

Ho : burghers of St. Genevieve keep watch and ward  
 to-night,

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath  
 raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valour of  
 the brave.

glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;  
 glory to our Sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre.

To Englishmen, however, the "Armada"  
 must forever stand as the most powerful  
 of his war lyrics. It may not be as fin-  
 ished or as graceful as some of his wri-  
 tings, but the subject causes the bosom of

every British patriot to swell with proper pride. He sings of an event which marks the commencement of Britain's naval supremacy, when a handful of British merchantmen, overthrew, with God's aid, the enormous power of the greatest Empire of the age. There were giants in those days. We may boast our Wellingtons and Nelsons, and talk of Roberts and Kitchener, but though not less great, they are certainly not greater than the Drakes and Howards, the Hawkins and Grenvilles of the days of good Queen Bess.

Attend all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise ;  
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient  
days,

When that great fleet, invincible, against her bore in vain  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm, summer day,  
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth  
Bay:

Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's  
Isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.  
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;  
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.  
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall.  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;

Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast,  
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a  
post.

With his white hair unbonnetted, the stout old sheriff  
comes;

Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the  
drums;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample  
space;

For there behooves him to set up the standard of Her  
Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal and gaily dance the  
bells,

As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,

And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed  
Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle  
shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay  
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely  
hunters lay.

Ho, strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight! ho, scatter  
flowers, fair maids!

Ho, gunners, fire a loud salute! ho, gallants, draw your  
blades!

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes waft her wide;  
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

Then follows the story, in detail, of how  
the news of the approach of the monster  
fleet was flashed by bonfires from St  
Michael's Mount,—

Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

In the reign of the great and glorious Queen Bess forced military service was not required. Britons then belonged to a nation of volunteers, and, thank God, throughout the greater and more glorious reign of our own Victoria, the well-beloved, our strength has lain in the voluntary service, in time of need, of Britain's sons, wherever they may be scattered over Imperial territory; and her august son, our liege lord, Edward VII, will find the same spirit stir his subjects. Let France talk of her conscription, and Germany vaunt itself as a nation of soldiers; let all nations sneer at the commercial instincts of the British; let them boast of their huge armies whilst press and people play fearfully with the sleeping lion's tail. If he but shake his shaggy shoulders and utter the roar that has held the world in beneficial thrall for centuries, they will find that, at that sound, the small

standing army will assume gigantic dimensions,—militia, reserves, yeomanry, volunteers and unattached vieing with each other as to who shall be first in the field for the honor of the Empire and the service of King and country. No idle boast is this, but a fact proven again and again during the progress of the South African war. Britain is no longer a little island of the sea. She was great in the days of Waterloo ; greater when on Crimean battlefields the Muscovite was driven to his lair ; but greatest to-day, when from Australia to Canada, from the Shetlands to the Cape, Britain's sons have risen to defend the wronged, maintain the supremacy of the Empire, and uphold the right.

Then a cheer, my lads, a cheer,  
For the British volunteer;  
For the Queen he'll like a hero bear the brunt.  
Ne'er shall wane our England's might,  
When we've sons like him to fight  
Side by side with British soldiers at the front.

That most mysterious, most honoured  
of British poets, William Shakespeare,  
the immortal bard of Avon, flourished in

Elizabethan days. It is unnecessary to discuss his identity, or raise questions that are foolishness to some, but pregnant to others. Shakespeare's *works* are ours, a priceless heritage of the Anglo-Saxon nation and of the world—for although the Shakespearean plays are written in English, they are confined to no country and to no era. Strictly speaking he cannot be said to have composed any war lyrics, but in his works are many passages breathing the patriotic spirit. One example must suffice. There are few passages more spirited in all martial literature than the speech of the hero of Agincourt before the gates of Harfleur:—

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more  
 Or close the wall up with our English dead \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* On, on, you noblest English;  
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war proof—  
 Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,  
 Have in these parts from morn to even fought,  
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.  
 Dishonour not your mothers \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* And you, good yeomen,  
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear

That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not.  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;  
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,  
Cry:—God for Harry, England and St. George.

To write of war lyrics, or patriotic lays without referring in eulogistic terms to Thomas Campbell would be an omission inexcusable. It has been said of him that in his lyrics he ascended to the highest Heaven of song. His virile, spirited and forceful verse has fostered love of country in the breasts of succeeding generations. What the "Marseillaise" did for France, the "Mariners of England" has done for the Motherland. Both were the inspirations of youth and genius, and despite the passing of the decades and the shifting sands of time, both will continue to fan into flame the love of country inherent in the hearts of men worthy of the name. Just as the strains of our own "Rule Britannia"—delicious medley of harmony and chauvinism as it is—appeal to Britons everywhere, so the

smallest souled of our Gallic friends feels the nobler, the braver and the better as the notes of the "Marseillaise" float proudly on the circumambient air. The story of 1792 is ever repeating itself, and the "Marseillaise" is as powerful a recruiting agency to-day as it was over a century ago. Its first effect was to double the ranks of the regiment. When the column was leaving Strasbourg the Mayor of the city asked young Rouget de Lisle to sing the "Marseillaise" in honor of the volunteers who had been enrolled under the ægis of the ancient city. The result was, that instead of 600 leaving for the front, over 1000 responded to the call of La Patrie, and marching out of the city to the martial strains of De Lisle's masterpiece they did so with lighter hearts and more determined courage. The day that the skirl of the bagpipes, the strains of the piper, and the music of the bands are banished from the ranks, will prove a woeful day in the annals of British glory and for the greatness of the British Empire.

In Thomas Campbell Rouget de Lisle had a worthy contemporary. The words that Campbell directed to the Mariners of England during the first year of the last century we can, with equal confidence, repeat at the dawn of its successor:—

The spirit of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave:—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave:  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long.  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below,—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow;  
When the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,  
Our song and feast shall flow,

To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow:  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

From the windows of a Bavarian monastery, just a hundred years ago, Campbell witnessed the awful carnage on Linden's banks. To-day the Black-and-White artist, often with the aid of the ubiquitous camera fiend, portrays the scenes of battle. Then the artist had to paint his picture in words, and became more or less realistic as his powers of deduction and imagination were more or less developed. As a specimen of metrical word painting who can excel his description of that terrible night when furious Frank and fiery Hun met in awful crash? No Long Toms then; it was man to man, steel to steel. Whilst we cannot assent to the statement that the day of the bayonet has passed, yet all must admit that powder, telescopes and the foundry have now more to do with victories than personal prowess and individual courage. With the memory of Elandslaaghte and Dundee it is not yet

necessary to sing the requiem of the bayonet. In the following sixteen lines are at least twelve distinct scenes, each worthy of the artist's brush and poet's song :—

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,  
Far flashed the red artillery.

The combat deepens. On ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave.  
Wave Munich;—all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet.  
The snow shall be their winding sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Lochiel's reply to the Wizard is characteristic of the nation of warriors who boast of Scotia as their home. Call the Scotsman close, clanny and commercial, we may, but none can refuse to admit and admire his bravery. Scotsmen are ever in the thickest of the fray. Duty, cold

and unyielding, is the monitor that guides the Gael. At times its commands take the form of self-sacrifice, as in the '45; sometimes of the sacrifice of others. Occasionally duty is tinged with romance. But few countries produce such men as William Wallace, John Knox and Walter Scott, three types apparently divergent as the rays of a wintry sun, but all following unquestioningly what they conceived to be the stern behests of duty. The Gael may be less reckless, less fiery, less impetuous than the equally brave Celt, but where the battle rages fiercest he is always to be found. The words of Lochiel might, with equal truth, have been placed in the mouth of General Wauchope, the hero of Magersfontein:—

Tho' my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,  
Like the ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,  
Wauchope, untainted by flight or by chains,  
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his face to the foe.  
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

With a brief reference to that noble lyric, the "Battle of the Baltic," we bid adieu to Thomas Campbell, whose gift of language has proven as pregnant of glorious deeds as those very deeds carried into effect, wherever the British flag has flown, by other and more active members of his glorious clan. "The Battle of the Baltic" sings

Of Nelson and the North,  
And the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth,  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone :  
By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold, determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line ;  
It was ten of April morn by the chime.  
As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death ;  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd  
To anticipate the scene ;  
And her van the fleetest rush'd

O'er the deadly space between.  
"Hearts of oak", our captains cried; when each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Sprad a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.—

Again: again: again:  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feebler cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back;—  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom,  
Then cease— and all is wail,  
As they strike the shatter'd sail;  
Or, in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom.—

Now joy, old England raise,  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
While the wine-cup shines in light;  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore.

Thank God, England and Denmark to-day are friends, sincere and true. Her Royal Sweetness, Queen of Hearts as well as Queen Consort, our own Alexandra, has been the charming link to bind in bonds of love and amity the brave little

northern land with the greatest Empire of the ages.

Nearly all British poets, even the rabbit-taming Cowper and the mild Wordsworth, have contributed their quota to the War Lyrics of the World. Edinburgh after Flodden by Aytoun, Burns' Bannockburn, Byron's Waterloo, Cowper's Boadicea, Wordsworth's Arnold Winkleried, Drayton's Agincourt, Scott's Story of Flodden, Longfellow's Norse and Icelandic Sagas, Mrs. Hemans's Bernardo del Carpio, Browning's Battle of La Hogue, and scores of others, are well worth the reading of every lover of stirring lyrics. They tell of

A thousand glorious actions that might claim,  
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame.

The foremost of modern war poets, the greater by contrast, are Alfred, Lord Tennyson and Rudyard Kipling. The one is the apostle of culture, the other Philistine of the Philistines. Tennyson's choice language and correct diction are, however, neither more nor less forceful than Kip-

ling's vernacular. The one speaks the language of the courts, the other the jargon of the camps, but both alike appeal to the great English-speaking world. The one is the disciple of St. George, the other is accused of being the herald of St Jingo. To the former our soldiers are heroes, fitted by their avocation to sit at Arthur's Round Table, men whose glorious deeds have purged them of their grosser vices. To the latter Tommy Atkins is very man, with all his faults and failings thick upon him, an absent-minded beggar but a sturdy one. Tennyson idealizes his heroes, Kipling paints them as they are. Tennyson's lyrics abound in dramatic situations and striking word-paintings. Kipling sacrifices style to his conception of reality, and the kinship of tragedy and comedy is often in evidence. Tennyson like the less known but equally inspired poet, Gray, has left behind him a legacy of literature from which to expunge a page would be to reduce the heritage of the ages. Of Kipling's works it may be said, with pos-

sibly some small degree of truth, as of Falstaff's dinner bill, but one halfpenny-worth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack, but that bread is of the best. Tennyson is the poet of the ages; Kipling principally of the present age. The one is the mouthpiece of the classes and the Court, the other of the masses and the music hall, and yet both appeal to all. After all, when the Motherland calls, her sons, whether in broadcloth or fustian, speak the same language,—the language of patriotism.

Cook's son, duke's son, son of a belted earl,  
Son of a Lambeth publican,

it was all the same the day on which the  
Widow of Windsor sent out the Fiery  
Cross,—

Prompt at the signal of alarms  
The sons of Albion rushed to arms.

Tennyson is poet first and all the time. Kipling won his spurs in prose,—his poetry gives but the greater brilliance to his genius. Exalting the former is no depreciation of the latter. The bearded bard of Freshwater has closed life's volume.

and achieved the double immortality. The beardless jungle writer is still in the hey-day of youth, with vigour unimpaired. Yet even now he can claim that he has scaled the heights of Parnassus. His *Recessional* is of itself sufficient to ensure him a seat among the immortals. Wide apart though they be in style and temperament, Tennyson and Kipling meet on common ground as writers of War Lyrics.

The most powerful, though possibly not the best known, of Tennyson's martial ballads is the "Revenge." We have already referred to the Elizabethan age of valour, but it required a greater, even than Macaulay, to sing the song of the heroic fight of the one and the fifty-three. To illustrate Tennyson by extracts is always difficult. Each couplet may be the keystone of the poetic arch, but at the risk of failure the venture must be made. It will be remembered how

At Flores, in the Azores, Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
when the news came of Spanish ships of

war at sea. Lord Howard's ships were out of gear and half his men sick, so, urging Sir Richard to follow quickly, he sought shelter. The valiant old sea dog who "never turned his back on don or devil yet," determined to give fight. Haranguing his men in bluff, sailorly manner, they in reply

Roar'd a hurrah, and so  
The little *Revenge* ran on, sheer into the heart of the foe.

The sun goes down, the stars come out,  
and again the sun shines over the summer sea,

And never a moment ceases the fight of the one and the fifty-three.

Sir Richard was himself wounded. At length,

The pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent,

And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;  
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,

"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night

As may never be fought again:

We have won great glory, my men:

And a day less or more

At sea or ashore,

We die—does it matter when?

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain:

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain.

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply :  
 " We have children, we have wives,  
 And the Lord hath spared our lives,  
 We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield to let us go ;  
 We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."  
 And the lion thrice dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him  
 then,  
 Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught  
 at last,  
 And they praised him to his face with their courtly  
 foreign grace ;  
 But he rose upon their decks and he cried :  
 " I have fought for Queen and Faith, like a valiant man  
 and true ;  
 I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :  
 With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die !"  
 And he fell upon their decks and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant  
 and so true,  
 And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap,  
 That he dared her with one little ship and his English few ;  
 Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they knew,  
 But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,  
 And they manned the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew ;  
 And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own,  
 When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from  
 sleep,  
 And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,  
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake  
 grew,

Till it smote on their hulls, and their sails, and their masts,  
and their flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered  
navy of Spain,  
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island  
crag,  
To be lost evermore in the main.

The best known of Tennyson's War Lyrics is, of course, "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

When can their glory fade?  
Oh! the wild charge they made,  
All the world wondered!

No poem in the English language has been more butchered than this. The schoolboy maltreats it with a persistency reflecting little credit on his teacher's common sense. The stage-struck hero mouths and murders it. It has become so hackneyed as to have grown monotonous. Few of our leading elocutionists could do it justice, even when fresh from the poetic mint. To hear it recited is, in nine cases out of ten, to regret that the reciter had not been amongst those who so boldly rode into the jaws of death, and did not ride back again; "somebody blun-

dered", and the blunder has since been too frequently repeated. It is said that, in order to appreciate the poem at its full value it required to be heard, as read by the gifted author himself.

The charge of the Three Hundred, or, to give it the correct title, the Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, appeals less forcibly to the average audience, but it contains many vigorous passages notwithstanding. The poet tells how the charge

Fell like a cannon shot,  
Burst like a thunderbolt,  
Broke thro' the mass from below,  
Drove thro' the midst of the foe,  
Plunged up and down, to and fro,  
Rode flashing blow upon blow—  
Brave Inniskillens and Greys,  
Whirling their sabres in circles of light.

The world has rejoiced to honor the Light Brigade, whose deed of derring-do is placed in the same category with that of the Three Hundred at Thermopylæ. Let not, however, the glorious valour of the other Three Hundred be forgotten, but as the picture of the gallant Heavy Brigade, dashing up the hill, flashes on

the memory, let loyal hearts and admirers-  
of brave deeds unite in voicing the clos-  
ing lines of Tennyson's stirring lyric:—

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made;  
Glory to all the Three Hundred, and all the Brigade.

Next to the "Revenge," the Defence of Lucknow is the most forcible of Tennyson's war lyrics. To read it with Lady-smith, Mafeking and Kimberley fresh in our memories is to read it with renewed zest.

Banner of England, not for a season, O Banner of Britain  
hast thou

Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry.  
Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee  
on high

Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow,  
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee  
anew,

And ever upon the topmast roof our banner of England  
blew.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held  
with our lives,

Women and children among us, God help them, our child-  
ren and wives.

Hold it we might and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.  
Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his  
post.

Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best  
of the brave:

Cold were his brows when we kissed him—we laid him  
that night in his grave.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart  
 and in limb,  
 Strong with the strength of the race, to command, to  
 obey, to endure,  
 Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but  
 on him.  
 Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day  
 fewer and fewer.  
 Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We  
 can fight.  
 But to be soldier all day, and sentinel all thro' the night,—  
 Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,  
 Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive.  
 Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we  
 knew—  
 Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the  
 shell-shattered walls,  
 Millions of musket bullets, and thousands of cannon balls—  
 But ever upon the topmast roof our banner of England  
 blew.  
 Hark, cannonade, fusilade: is it true what was told by  
 the scout,  
 Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the  
 fell mutineers?  
 Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears.  
 All on a sudden the garrison utters a jubilant shout.  
 Dance to the pibroch:—saved, we are saved: Is it you?  
 is it you?  
 Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of  
 Heaven;  
 'Hold it for fifteen days.' We have held it for eighty-  
 seven;  
 And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of Eng-  
 land blew.

When Alfred, Lord Tennyson, was

gathered to his fathers the literary world was thrown into a fever of disputation as to the respective claimants for the Laureate's office. Unquestionably the most accomplished of the rival claimants was Algernon Swinburne, but there was 'something on a slate' to be wiped out first, and mediocrity was left to contend with mediocrity. Upon the brows of Alfred Austin, in grim contrast to the noble forehead of the greater Alfred, the laurel wreath, after much delay, was pressed. Since then

There has risen a singer out of the East, in the clatter,  
and chatter and strife;

The babble of markets and blur of print—the turmoil  
men call life.

He came to the task that was set for him; and scarce  
was that work begun,

When he knew that the world is a-building yet, and the  
powers that build are one.

He knew by the spirit's countersign that Teuton, and  
Celt, and Greek,

Kaffir, and Pathan, and Rajput king the self-same lan-  
guage speak.

Face to face he has talked with each—they have given  
him of their best,

He has made his home on the sea and land, and brought  
the East to the West.

Should the post become vacant again before long—and it is only the rhythmical drivel, and not the author thereof, whose departure would be hailed with joy—we venture to say that to Rudyard Kipling would belong the honor, not so much for his present works, but on account of the magnificent possibilities that his youth and genius have transformed into probabilities. At present he is known rather as the poet of the music hall than of the court, but already he has written poems that assure him the poet's immortality. The versatility of this lightning-change author-artist is remarkable. His genius has assumed many phases, and no matter in what guise the poet has given expression to his thoughts, the world has welcomed the wit and wisdom which has fallen from the lips and pen of this deep thinker, original writer and many-sided man. Not until a new poem appears from his pen can it be told whether the author is appearing in his character of puritan preacher, patriotic poet or music-

hall artist. Rudyard Kipling is the grandson of a Wesleyan-Methodist minister. The ex-President of the British Wesleyan-Methodist Conference, Rev. F. W. Macdonald, is his uncle, and his descent is traced through a long line of non-conformist ancestry. Bearing this in mind it is easy to understand how the writer of the "Absent-Minded Beggar" is also the author of the "Recessional," one of the grandest litanies in the English language.

God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle line,  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine,  
    Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
    Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,  
The captains and the kings depart,  
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart,  
    Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
    Lest we forget, lest we forget,

Far called our navies melt away,  
On dune and headland sinks the fire,  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.  
    Judge of the Nations, spare us yet.  
    Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law,  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Another specimen of this side of Kipling's genius is his "Hymn Before Action"—a hymn worthy to have been chanted by Cromwell's ironsides as they prepared to do battle with those they regarded as the enemies of the Lord. It is said that the Boers march to action with the Psalm book in one hand and the Mauser in the other. Whether the Lord is on the side of the strongest batallions we leave for theologians to decide, but when both sides claim His aid, and term their cause that of God and of humanity, the victor should, at least, be ready to render praise to Him for the victory. The sentiments of the "Hymn Before Action" appeal to us in language worthy of Milton himself:—

The earth is full of anger,  
The seas are dark with wrath,  
The nations in their harness  
Go up against our path.

---

Ere yet we loose the legions,  
Ere yet we draw the blade,  
Jehovah of the Thunders,  
Lord God of Battles, aid.

High lust and froward bearing,  
Proud heart, rebellious brow,  
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,  
We seek Thy mercy now,  
The sinner that foreswore Thee,  
The fool that passed Thee by,  
Our times are known before Thee,  
Lord, send us strength to die.

From panic, pride and terror,  
Revenge that knows no rein,  
Light haste and lawless error,  
Protect us yet again.  
Cloak Thou our undeserving,  
Make firm the shuddering breath,  
In silence and unswerving  
To taste Thy lesser death.

E'en now their vanguard gathers,  
E'en now we face the fray.  
As Thou did'st help our fathers,  
Help Thou their seed to-day.  
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,  
In life in death make clear,  
Jehovah of the Thunders,  
Lord, God of Battles, hear!

As a patriotic writer Kipling is *facile princeps*. Almost every line of his poetry, and much of his prose, breathe the spirit

of country. To the citizen of the greatest of the old world Empires his proudest honour consisted in that citizenship. To Kipling, citizenship in the greatest empire of modern days, is a reality—a thing to be proud of. He rejoices in his citizenship. The march of civilization is his gospel, the triumph of the White Man his creed, and the supremacy of the British nation his boast. He believes fervently in the Anglo-American alliance, and regards the two great nations as God's instruments for the regeneration of the world. We may not all agree with him in his belief in the oneness of British and American aims, but we can none the less admire that broad spirit of world citizenship which recognizes that

That man's the true cosmopoli'te  
Who loves his native country best.

Kipling is no blind enthusiast; he can see his country's faults, but endeavors, by exposing rather than concealing the national blunders and vices, to erase them, or transform them into virtues. "The

White Man's Burden" may be said to contain his creed. It is an appeal to the nations to do their duty to those nations less favored,—originally written as a reminder to the American Republic that to remove Spanish misrule from the Philippines without substituting the law and order of civilization would be a crime against God and mankind.

Take up the White Man's Burden,  
Send forth the best ye breed,  
Go, bind your sons to exile  
To serve your captives' need:  
To wait in heavy harness,  
On fluttered folk and wild,  
Your new-caught sullen peoples  
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's Burden,  
The savage wars of peace,  
Fill full the mouth of famine,  
And bid the sickness cease;  
And when your goal is nearest  
(The end for others sought)  
Watch sloth and heathen folly  
Bring all your hopes to nought.

Take up the White Man's Burden,  
No iron rule of kings,  
But soul of serf and sweeper,  
The tale of common things.

The ports ye shall not enter,  
The roads ye shall not tread,  
Go, make them with your living  
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's Burden,  
And reap his old reward,  
The blame of those ye better,  
The hate of those ye guard.  
By all ye will or whisper,  
By all ye leave or do,  
The silent sullen peoples  
Shall weigh your God and you.

Despite the Jingoistic traits in Kipling's character, he is keenly alive to the evils of war and the wickedness of warfare for warfare's sake. His lines upon England's naval wars might have been written by that smallest of little Englanders, William T. Stead, himself, but the spirit of Kipling is not, thank God, the spirit of the peace-at-any-price Editor, to whom Britain's humiliation would appear to be a consummation devoutly to be wished.

We have fed our sea for a thousand years,  
And she hails us, still unfed ;  
There's never a wave of all her waves  
But marks our English dead.  
We have strewn our best to the weed's unrest,

To the shark and the sheering gull ;  
If blood be the price of Admiralty,  
Good God, we have paid in full.

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,  
For that is our doom and pride,  
As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*,  
Or the wreck that struck last tide ;  
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef,  
Where the ghastly blue lights flare ;  
If blood be the price of Admiralty,  
Good God, we have bought it fair.

Before passing to the lighter and probably more popular side of Rudyard Kipling's patriotic writings, we must refer to that magnificent allegory in verse, "The Truce of the Bear." All will remember the Czar's rescript, and the so-called Peace Conference, which met at the Hague in 1899, the greatest international farce of the ages :—Czar Nicholas, good, earnest man, crying peace, whilst his ministers were watching the passes of the Hindoo Koosh with greedy eyes ; the other nations ready to spring at each other's throats, the while they chanted their songs of peace on young Wilhelmina's hospitable soil ; France gnash-

ing her teeth at England; England apparently anticipating armed intervention in South Africa; the United States, fresh from the struggle with Spain; Germany anxious to absorb the very country in which the Congress was held; each suspicious of the other, and yet happily uttering peace platitudes, and singing the song of Stead.

It was at this time that Kipling uttered his warning note, putting the story of Muscovite treachery in the mouth of "Matun, the old blind beggar, bandaged from brow to chin." Matun tells how he went hunting "Adamzad—the bear that stands like a man."

"Up from his stony playground—down to his well-dugged lair—

Out on the naked ridges ran Adamzad the bear,  
Groaning, grunting, and roaring, heavy with stolen meals,  
Two long marches to northward and I was at his heels.

Two full marches northward, at the fall of the second night,

I came on my enemy Adamzad, all weary from his flight.  
There was a charge in the musket—pricked and primed  
was the pan—

My finger crooked on the trigger—when he reared up  
like a man.

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Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in prayer,  
Making his supplication, rose Adamzad the bear.  
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swag  
and swing,  
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous  
pleading thing."

Touched with pity and wonder, Matun  
did not fire then. Nearer the bear tot-  
tered, and nearer, with hands like paws  
that pray, apparently pleading for mercy,  
when,

Sudden, swift and savage, searing as flame the bow,  
Faceless I stood before his feet, fifty summers ago.  
I heard him grunt and chuckle—I heard him pass to  
his den.  
He left me blind to the darkling world and the little  
mercy of men.

The peace congress at the Hague, as  
Kipling saw it, and as the world may yet  
prove it to have been, was to Russia  
what the white flag and the Red Cross  
have proven too often to the Boer, a  
kopje from which to strike. Russia's  
present action in the East, and indeed  
her whole foreign policy since the date of  
the international burlesque of 1899, is a

fitting commentary on Muscovite faith, and emphasizes old Matun's pregnant warning:—

There is no truce with Adamzad, the bear that looks like a man.

Barrack Room ballads may not always be Battle Ballads, but they are very near akin to them. Kipling is essentially the laureate of the ranks. He writes of Atkins as he is, and using Tommy's own vernacular, gives Tommy's own version of his treatment. We are very mindful of our soldiers when war calls for active service, but what about our memory in the piping times of peace? Then

It's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and Tommy go away,  
But it's thank you Mr. Atkins when the band begins to  
play.

Then

It's Tommy this and Tommy that, an' Tommy wait out-  
side,  
But it's 'special train for Atkins' when the trooper's on  
the tide.

No wonder Tommy says

Making mock o' uniforms that guard you when you sleep  
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're tar-tion  
cheap,

An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a  
bit,

Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy  
'ow's yer soul?

But it's 'thin red line of 'eroes when the drums be-  
gin to roll,

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no black-  
guards too,

But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you ;

An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,  
Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster  
saints.

While it's Tommy this, and Tommy that, an' Tommy  
fall be'ind,

But it's 'Please to walk in front of me, when there's  
trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an'  
all :

We'll wait for extra rations if you treat us rational.

Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to  
our face

The widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' chuck him  
out, the brute.

But it's 'saviour of 'is country' when the guns begin  
to shoot ;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything  
you please ;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy  
sees.

Thomas Atkins, if Kipling is to be  
believed, refers irreverently, and yet

not irreverently, to our deeply-mourned Queen as the "Widow of Windsor." Victoria's soldiers were her sons, and were the better soldiers for pride in their mother. Her influence and memory still remain to animate the ranks, and cultivate that spirit of chivalry which in spite of Burke's apostrophe, is not yet extinct.

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor,  
 With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?  
 She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome,  
 An' she pays us poor beggars in red.

(Ow, poor beggars in red).

There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses,  
 There's 'er mark on the medical stores—  
 An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind  
 That takes us to various wars.

(Poor beggars, barbarious wars).

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,  
 An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns,  
 The men an' the 'orses what makes up the forces  
 O' Missis Victorier's sons.

(Poor beggars. Victorier's sons).

Walk wide o' the Widow of Windsor,  
 For 'alf o' creation she owns:  
 We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the  
 flame.

An' we've salted it down with our bones.

(Poor beggars. It's blue with our bones).

Hands off o' the sons o' the Widow,

Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,  
For the kings must come down an' the Emperors frown  
When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop."

(Poor beggars. We're sent to say stop).  
Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,  
From the pole to the tropics it runs—  
To the Lodge that we tile with the rank an' the file  
An' open in form with the guns.

(Poor beggars. It's always the guns.)

We 'ave heard o' the Widow at Windsor,  
It's safest to ler 'er alone:  
For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land  
Wherever the bugles are blown.

(Poor beggars—an' don't we get blown?)  
Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin',  
An' flop round the earth till you're dead;  
But you won't get away from the tune that they play  
To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.

(Poor beggars—it's 'ot over'ead).  
Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,  
Wherever, 'owever they roan.  
'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require  
A speed; return to their 'ome.

British subjects are still sons of the Widow, and rejoice in this kinship with her firstborn, whom may God long preserve.

Tommy Atkins is great on toasts, and admires a brave foe wherever he finds him. The magnificent charge of the

Dervishes in the Soudan inspired the British soldiery with admiration. Tommy of course forgets that to the Mahdist and follower of Mahomet the enemy's bullet is the key that unlocks for him the doors of heaven and its sensual joys. Tommy is such an absent-minded beggar that he is apt to forget the 'ologies, and cannot, therefore, be expected to pay much attention to the religious beliefs of the Fuzzy-Wuzzies, as he terms the hosts of the Khalifa. Bravery is to him bravery. Tommy takes his chances of death like a hero, but he loves life heartily. His own love of existence he imagines must exist in the breast of every fighting man. However, Tommy's views of the subject have been graphically expressed by Kipling.

We've fought with many men across the seas,  
An' some of 'em was brave, an' some was not:  
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;  
But Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.  
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:  
'E squatted in the scrub and 'ocked our 'orses,  
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,  
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's to you Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome  
in the Soudan;  
You're a poor benighted 'eathen but a first-  
class fighting man.  
We gives you your certificate, an' if you want  
it signed  
We'll come an' have a romp with you whenever  
you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,  
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,  
The Burman gave us Irriwaddy chills,  
An' a Zulu impi dished us up in style:  
But all we ever got from such as they  
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller:  
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,  
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,  
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,  
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown  
In using' of 'is long two-'anded swords,  
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush  
With 'is coffee-'eaded shield an' shovel spear.  
An' 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush  
Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,  
An' before we know 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;  
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,  
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.  
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb.  
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,  
'E's the only thing that doesn't give a damn  
For a Regiment of British Infantee.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome  
in the Soudan;  
You're a poor benighted 'eathen, but a first-  
class fighting man;  
An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your  
'ayrick 'ead of 'air—  
You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke  
a British square.

Now that the interest of the entire Empire is centered in South Africa, a soldier's estimate of Lord Roberts will be particularly interesting. Lord Roberts is the darling of the army—not of the officers or of the War Office, may be—but of Tommy, and the fighting men generally. Disappointment was rife and keen when Lord Wolseley was appointed to succeed the Duke of Cambridge in the chief command. By a large section of the British public Wolseley was regarded as more or less of a theorist and a child of good fortune. The estimate may have been somewhat unfair, but recent events would appear to justify it to some extent. Certain it is that General "Bobs," as he is affectionately called, has a place in the hearts of the rank and file that no Gen-

eral has won for many generations. His unflinching devotion to duty was shown when at his country's call, though mourning the death of his only boy on the battle-field, he, not only without demur, but with alacrity, obeyed, and proceeded to the front. The posthumous honour of the V.C. conferred on young Roberts, the only instance to date where father and son have both been decorated with the coveted trophy, carried its solace, but the wound is still green, and the gray and toil-worn soldier seeks to bury his sorrow in the lethal waters of hard work.

The Nation feels the safer now that Lord Roberts is Commander-in-chief. It would feel even more secure if that anomaly known as dual control were done away with.

This is Kipling's interpretation of Tommy's estimate of Bobs:

There's a little red-faced man,  
Which is Bobs;  
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can—  
Our Bobs.  
If it bucks, or kicks, or rears,

'E can sit for twenty years,  
With a smile round both 'is ears—  
Can't yer, Bobs?

If a limber's slipped a trace.  
'Ook on Bobs.  
If a marker's lost 'is place  
Dress by Bobs.  
For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat,  
An' a bugle in 'is throat,  
An' you will not play the goat  
Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink,  
Chaplain Bobs;  
But it keeps us outer clink—  
Don't it, Bobs?  
So we will not complain,  
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,  
If 'e leads us straight again—  
Blue-light Bobs!

If you stood 'im on 'is 'ead,  
Father Bobs,  
You could spill a quart o' lead,  
Outer Bobs.  
'E's been at it thirty years,  
An' amassin' souvenirs  
In the way o' slugs an' spears—  
Ain't yer, Bobs?

What 'e does not know o' war,  
Gen'ral Bobs.  
You can arsk the shop next door—  
Can't they, Bobs?

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Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise;  
'E's a terror for 'is size,  
An'—'e—does—not—advertise—  
Do yer, Bobs?

Dr. Conan Doyle, the talented author of "Sherlock Holmes," is himself a writer of patriotic songs of no mean merit. At a banquet, recently, Conan Doyle, speaking of President Kruger, said that a statue should be erected to his memory and placed in the most central of London's squares, inscribed with the pregnant words, "In honour of the man who cemented the British Empire." No man in the last century did more than Kruger to fan into flame the national feeling, and to demonstrate to the world that Britons, irrespective of latitude and longitude, are still a unit in the maintenance of the supremacy of the Empire. Whether Boreas blows his trumpet, or Zephyrus lilt's lullaby, whether Auster sings his siren song, or Eurus excites humanity to exertion, wherever the sons of the Empire may be, hearts beat in unison and voices swell

the chorus of freedom. Let the *sans-cullottes* of the last century shriek their raven cries of liberty, fraternity, equality; and republics, with the national limbs twisted and contracted with the gyves and thongs of party politics, denounce the monarchical system, the fact remains that the vast Anglo-Saxon brotherhood, spread over the face of the entire world, is the truest republic that time has ever witnessed. It may be true as Pope well remarks that

Not all the blood of all the Howards  
Can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards,

and it is equally true that the "rank is but the guinea stamp," but in republics, more often than in monarchies, the scum floats on the top, not having a sufficient body to form a sediment and sink to the bottom. Republics, not seldom, are enemies to progress and personal freedom. Even little Switzerland, whose independence is guaranteed by the nations, groans under the miseries of forced military service. France is the sport of

the army. The best elements of the United States are more or less—generally more—at the mercy of machine rule and Tammany Hall. Democracy is not always a triumphant success. Autocracy has its advantages as well as its disadvantages.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was Freedom's best and bravest friend:  
That tyrant was Miltiades.

Many a nation, boasting its paper liberty, will fervently re-echo Byron's words,

Oh that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind,  
Such chains as his are sure to bind.

We can learn, even to-day—two thousand years after the events—lessons from the great Roman nation. When talk and red tape reduce and enfeeble, a dictatorship, limited alone by time, may reorganize, invigorate and rebuild. Between Pushful Joseph, the War Office, and drawing-room darlings, things looked ugly enough at one time in South Africa. Dictator Roberts filled the breach, and, untrammelled and absolute, evolved order

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out of chaos, method out of madness, and success out of failure. He arrived at Cape Town to find Kimberly, Mafeking and Ladysmith beleagured, Natal overrun and the Boers victorious. Soon the three cities of the veldt were relieved, the Boers driven back into their own country, whilst the British flag waved over Bloemfontein and Pretoria. We are not ungrateful to Uncle Paul for helping to prove to the envious and on-looking nations, that, when the mother lion shows her teeth, the cubs, from the youngest to the most matured, are not content with growling, but are ready to rush into the thick of the fight. Australia, Canada, New Zealand, India, and Britons the world over, have done their duty. Small colonies cannot do much, but not impossibly the renewal of the Modus Vivendi by the unanimous vote of both Houses of the Newfoundland Legislature, both in 1900 and 1901, may have proven of greater service to the British Empire than the contribution of

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lakhs of rupees, or the despatch of regiments of infantry. Of course there are traitors in every camp. Even the Round Table had its Sir Modreds, and nowhere this side of the borderland may we hope to find perfect fidelity and mutual trust. Treachery is always cowardly and contemptible, but treachery to home and fatherland is fiendish and criminal. At the present day are creatures of British birth and parentage to be found, partaking of British benefits, rejoicing in British protection; in some cases drawing pay from British revenues, as did Kruger himself at one time, proclaiming themselves anti-British and pro-Boer. Such traitors should at least be consistent, and either forego their privileges or the country. If Britain or her colonies withheld from such the inherent rights of man, as has Kruger from the Outlanders, there would be reason for their treason. Even the heathen nations regarded the rights of hospitality sacred, but cowards, who partake of Britain's salt, and then

with foul ingratitude hurl their puny darts of malice into the heart of the great Mother, have not attained to heathen virtues.

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,  
Whose treason like a deadly blight  
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
And blasts them in their hour of might.

Time enough to quarrel with Chamberlain and the War Office; time enough to criticize the officers when their duty is done and the war over. Tongue and pen are mightier than the sword may be, but they can work irreparable havoc at times. The censorship in South Africa has been close, but none too close. Who can tell how many lives have already been sacrificed to the injudicious action of a section of the British press? The pro-Boer sentiments of the *Morning Leader* and the *Manchester Guardian*, filled daily as they have been with anti-British pabulum, and the sentimental shrieking of the stultified Stead have prolonged the war; men of the stamp and genus of Dr. Leyds believing, or affecting to believe,

that such writings represent a large section of the British public. Salisbury's late triumph at the general election taught a much needed lesson to the little Englanders.

Since the famous jingo song of Macdermott, no music-hall ditty has proven more powerful than Kipling's "Absent Minded Beggar." It is not exactly a war lyric, nor can it be strictly termed a battle ballad. Kipling here has struck an entirely new chord, but one which has awakened responsive echoes on all sides. The "absent-minded beggar" is Tommy Atkins, and the ballad appeals, for those that "Tommy left behind him." Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been poured into the Lord Mayor's fund through its stirring lines. Whether recited or sung the response has been the same. Its lesson, taught in typical Kiplingesque, has been learned throughout every section of the Empire. People always ready to kill Kruger with the mouth have been driven to silence or

their strong boxes; and artizan has vied with millionaire in replying in hard cash. A patriotism that stops at the pocket is spurious patriotism. The patriotism of Britain and of Greater Britain has the sterling ring, and stops neither at pocket nor at person.

When you've shouted 'Rule Britannia,' when you've  
 sung 'God Save the Queen,'  
 When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth,  
 Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine  
 For a gentleman in Khaki ordered south?  
 He's an absent-minded beggar, and his weaknesses are  
 great,  
 But we and Paul must take him as we find him,  
 He is out on active service wiping something off a slate,  
 And he's left a lot of little things behind him.

CHORUS.

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings—  
 Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay.  
 Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look  
 after the things?)  
 Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay.  
 There are girls he married secret asking no permission to,  
 For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did.  
 There is gas, and coals, and vittles, and the house rent  
 falling due,  
 And then it's more than likely there's a kid.  
 There are girls he walked with casual; they'll be sorry  
 now he's gone,  
 For an absent-minded beggar they will find him.

But it ain't the time for sermons with the winter coming  
 on,  
 We must help the girl that Tommy left behind him.

## CHORUS.

Cook's son—duke's son—son of a belted Earl—  
 Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same to-day.  
 Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look  
 after the girl?),  
 Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay.  
 There are families by thousands far too proud to beg or  
 speak,  
 And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout;  
 And they'll live on half o' nothing paid 'em punctual  
 once a week,  
 'Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out.  
 He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country's  
 call,  
 And his regiment didn't need to send to find him;  
 He chucked his job and joined it. So the job before us  
 all  
 Is to help the home that Tommy left behind him.

## CHORUS.

Duke's job—cook's job—gardener, baronet, groom,  
 Mews or palace or paper shop—there's someone gone  
 away.  
 Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to  
 look after the room?)  
 Pass the hat for your credit sake, and pay—pay—pay.  
 Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face,  
 And te'll him what he'd very much prefer—  
 That while he saved the Empire, his employer saved his  
 place,  
 And his mates —(that's you and me)—looked out for her.

He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all ;  
But we do not want his kiddies to remind him  
That we sent him to the workhouse while their daddy  
hammered Paul,  
So we'll help the homes that Tommy's left behind him.

## CHORUS.

Cook's home—duke's home—home of a millionaire.  
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay)—  
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and what have  
you to spare?)  
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay.

Needless to say that so catching a ballad has been the target of numerous parodies, some bad, some indifferent, but one or two almost equal to the original. Britain's "splendid isolation," a phrase coined by a Canadian statesman, is a fact that cannot be gainsaid. As a nation we must be content to go it alone. Our allies are mythical; all Europe is watching eagerly for a breach in our national armour, and the European press is shouting its anathemas night and day at the Mistress of the Seas. English people are more or less reticent and reserved. Britons do not effusively embrace strangers, or confide their personal affairs and inter-

ests to the tender mercies of others. As the people, so the nation. We are isolated and must accept our isolation from European sympathies, as we accept Britain's insularity in position. Just as that insularity has proven the bulwark of our freedom from invasion in the past, so our isolation may prove our salvation in the future. Two things, and two things only, have so far prevented the conflict of nations—the jealousies of the continental powers, and the emptiness of the national exchequers. Russia looks greedily at India, but fears Japan in the East. Austria dislikes England, but hesitates to invite Italian aggression in the event of general war. Germany hopes to embroil England with France to advance her designs on Denmark and Holland. Spain smarts under its whipping by the United States. France hates England with a hatred unfathomable as it is unreasonable, and snarls with a viciousness unparalleled. All Europe remembers that but for Brit-

ain the Spanish empire would not have fallen. When the United States were at war with Spain, European intervention was imminent. Every effort was made to drag Britain into the attempt, or, at least, to ensure her neutrality. But Britain refused. She remembered that the United States were peopled by blood of her blood and bone of her bone. A united Britain and America against the world meant ruin to the ambitions and schemes of the European kingdoms, empires and republics. Uncle Sam was left severely alone, and the Spanish war became a thing of the past. Britain never acted more nobly than on that occasion. Only a year before and Jonathan treated his elder brother with jeer, and gibe, and insult over the Venezuelan business, but Britain remained true to her traditions. Recent events have proved that national gratitude, though rare, is not defunct. The higher phases of American thought and life recognize at its true value the paramount impor-

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tance of Anglo-American union. The prevalence of this sentiment amongst the masses of the States may be regarded as mythical. Gratitude is, too often, a lively sense of favours to come, and England's action has long ere this been forgotten. Commercial jealousies, race hatreds, and the celebration of Independence Day, with its stories of so-called British tyranny, have blotted out the glorious heritage of the past, and the mistakes of the imbecile George and the incapable North are remembered and repeated, whilst Chatham and Burke are forgotten. The Anglo-American alliance *may* become a fact accomplished, but *the time is not yet*.

The press of the world, European and American, were exceedingly virulent during the last years of our gracious and beloved Queen. Germans vied with Frenchmen, Frenchmen with Austrians, Austrians with Spaniards, Spaniards with Belgians, in hurling their hatreds and displaying their malice. The cry

has been re-echoed on this side of the water, but as a nation we have coldly watched the tumult of slander and the sea of verbal mud, and calmly and contemptuously left the ruled to digest the venom of their spleen. The rulers, at least, have been wiser, and remember that if there are 250,000 horse and foot in South Africa, the navy is untouched, and there are millions of colonists as well as British ever ready to fight for the integrity of the empire, for "England, home, and beauty." The press of no country, however, has followed Britain with more virulence and malignity than the French press. If England could lay the hatred of France, and the venomous writings of her pressmen, to the *sans-cullottes* and the ignorant—or if France had left the sacred person of our revered and stainless monarch alone—their frothings and curses would have been regarded with laughter only. Unfortunately, the gross obscenities, and the vile and inexcusable attacks on the private life of the

aged Queen and Empress Victoria, received approval from official quarters. A lewd fellow of the baser sort exercised his prostituted talent in gross and obscene caricatures of Victoria the Good, and yet the Minister of Arts decorated him, and when remonstrated with by the British Ambassador, Sir Edmond Monson, replied in a curt manner that the decoration was a matter of internal administration; in other words, endorsed the slanders, and in effect told Sir Edward to mind his own business. To the average Briton, the person of the living Queen was as sacred as her memory is to-day. No monarch was ever so surrounded by the love and devotion of her subjects. No monarch's life was purer or more noble. Britain's reply to the French menaces and insults may be summed up in the severe but too justly merited parody entitled "The Absinthe Minded Beggar."

When you've shouted "Mort aux traitres," and you've sung out "Vive l'armée,"

And have got back Alsace-Lorraine—in your mind,  
When you've "Conspuez'd les Juifs" have forgotten  
    Boulangier,  
And have washed the stain that Dreyfus left behind,  
Then you absinthe-minded beggar, in your muddle-  
    headed pate,  
Turn about for something fresh to kick and hit at,  
But we give you timely warning that we hope won't  
    come too late,  
That the British lion's not the chap to spit at.

    King's son, duke's son, son of a hundred cooks,  
    Hundred and fifty thousand men at Metz gave up the  
        day;  
    The enemy were far smaller, yet they struck you off the  
        books,  
    But did we laugh and jeer at you then? Now say—  
        say—say?

When you lay besieged in Paris by the foeman's iron  
    grasp,  
Starvation grim a-staring in your face,  
Who was it sent you vittles, gave your hand a friendly  
    clasp?  
Why, the British whom you're striving to disgrace.  
But of course it's all forgotten, now the danger's past  
    and gone,  
For an absinthe-minded beggar all will find you,  
But if you go too far we must put the stopper on,  
And, by George, we'll take the trouble to remind you.

    Cook's son, duke's son, son of an aristocrat,  
    Son of a sea-cook, son of a gun, old or young and gay,  
    Each of 'em hunting about for himself in search of a  
        sewer rat,  
Wasn't it thus till we sent you help? Now say—say—  
    say?

If you're anxious to revile us, why then do so to our face,  
It's a method that we very much prefer.

But for God's sake keep your insults from the head of  
all our race,

For we can't stand much of that applied to her.

You're an absinthe-minded beggar, and you may forget  
this too,

But in case it haps again we will remind you

That you left from Trafalgar, not to mention Waterloo,  
In a hurry, with the Britishers behind you.

Cook's son duke's son, son of a cuisinière,  
Though you make your country ring with shouts of  
"Vive l'armée."

Empty boasts won't frighten us in spite of your martial  
air,

Keep a civil tongue in your heads or you'll pay—pay—  
pay.

There are those who sneer at patriot-  
ism, sheltering themselves under the  
Johnsonian dictum that "patriotism is  
the last refuge of a scoundrel." Except  
in the sense that many a scoundrel has  
been restored to honor and manhood  
through the ennobling influences of ser-  
vice of country, on flood or in field, the  
statement was a cheap and unnecessary  
libel. There are, of course, and always  
have been, those who have played the  
patriot's part for lust or lucre, but among

the noblest feelings in the human breast is love of country. Dr. Johnson, gruff cynic that he was, recognized this. Another and worthier sentiment, immortalized by Boswell, reveals his real self. Said he, when wandering over the sacred shores of Iona's honored isle, "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Let us not confound patriotism with chauvinism. The one is the rich wine of life, warming the veins and invigorating the system; the other is the vinegar of existence; color all right, but souring and disappointing. The patriot is ever to the front in the hour of his country's need, ready with sword, or tongue, or pen to fight her battles and defend her laws. The chauvinist takes pride in the *faults* of motherland, transforms the national vices into virtues, but is generally first to run to kennel when the danger flag is flying. In the ranks of the patriots are

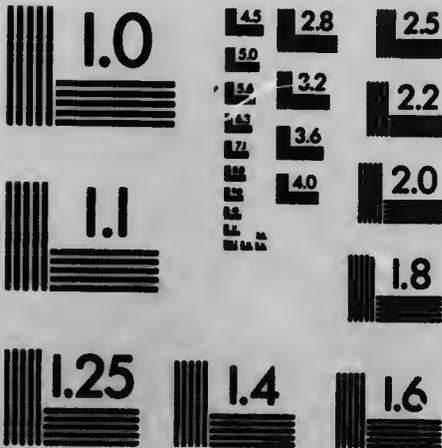
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the Gowers, the Jamys, the MacMorrissees and the Fluellens. The Antient Pistols, Nyms, and Bardolphs are the warriors in the chauvinistic army. Patriotism is the love of country, chauvinism the love of self. These are days of war and rumours of wars. The world is in a ferment of unrest. Armageddon may be in the near future, as many believe, or the years may roll on for centuries of aeons with the final fight unfought. The map of the world has changed within the memory of man, and will continue to change, so long as the heritage of Babel's tower is in our midst. Arbitration may soften the acerbities of national life, but it is questionable whether its disadvantages will not counteract its advantages. Schoolboys fight and are friends. Prevented from settling their differences by the arbitrary decision of their masters or parents, they continue sullen enemies. The nations of the world resemble schoolboys. Dame Europa's children have been the noisiest, the most restless,



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and turbulent in the past. The lands of Columbus and of Cabot will have to be considered in the future. Asia and Africa are the present theatres of disturbance. The young Australasian monarchical republics have long since cut the leading strings, and pant to take their rightful places in the ranks of nations. When Victoria came to the throne, Britain was a kingdom; when she died it was an empire. The metamorphosis continues. Our Empire is gradually assuming the form of a National Federation. Canada, Australia and New Zealand are no longer expatriated children, but lusty young men, rejoicing in their strength; loving the fatherland as stalwart sons; partners, rather than underlings, in the national firm. The smaller colonies feel the pulsations of independence. This is the natural outcome of the colonial policy of the last quarter century. The criminal mistakes of Lord North and feeble King George can never be repeated. No feud is more bitter than the feud of kins-

mèn. Twelve decades have not healed the wounds of the American revolution. The twentieth century has opened with a united empire; a quarter of the world's vast population bow in love and loyalty to Victoria's royal son. How will the century close? Will the family, united in the kindly bonds of kinship, common interest, and national pride, present a united front to the world; or will petty discords, disagreements and jealousies cause disunion or severance. Will it be Anglo-Saxondom leading the world in a splendid isolation that will not isolate; or the world dominating the Anglo-Saxon nations by playing on the jealousies, envies, faults and foibles of the national character? On the statesmen of the twentieth century rest responsibilities that have never before burdened the shoulders and weighed down the minds of the world's great men, and these statesmen are not to be sought for in the British Isles alone but the lusty young republics east and west, will prove the cradle of many of

the world's leaders in the coming years. United the Empire stands, divided it falls. The Belgian motto, "Union is Strength," may be a platitude, but it is a truth that the various branches on the British trunk realize keenly to-day. May it ever be so! Britain, without the love and support of her colonies, is as the trunk of a giant oak destitute of its branches, awaiting the woodman's axe. The colonies—the young republican giants—without the protecting ægis of the Motherland, are as the branches lopped from the parent stem awaiting the sacrificial flames.

The present justifies confidence in the future. From the British nation of to-day will spring a federation of nations united under one imperial head, stronger, lustier and more resourceful, victors on the world's great field of battle, heirs of the wealth and wisdom of the ages.

In the hope that the stirring memories of a thousand years may encourage us to emulate the deeds of our sires in spirit, if

not in fact, and to appreciate at its proper value the glorious heritage of the children of the greater Britain of which we have the honor and the privilege to form a part, we launch this little book on the sea of literature. Our object is rather to encourage the younger generation to dip into the patriotic lyrics of the ages, believing that valuable lessons may be learned from the stirring lyrics and ballads which have sprung from lips and pens of the poets of past centuries.

For war as war, there can be neither apology nor eulogy. In the words of Douglas Jerrold "We love peace as we abhor pusillanimity, but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive to his material body. Chains are worse than bayonets." The true patriot will rejoice

When the war-drums throb no longer and the battle-flag  
is furled  
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world;  
but the millenium is not yet, nor will its

advent be hastened by national cowardice or submission. Britain has ever been in the van of progress, liberty and enlightenment. Her sons have been, and still are, the pioneers of civilization, and the Greater Britain of to-day has reason to rejoice with exceeding joy in the traditions of the Motherland. Whether we are Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Newfoundlanders or denizens of any other section of the vast domains of King Edward VII, we are all Britons, compatriots of Milton, Shakespeare, Wellington and Nelson, blood brothers of Roberts and Wauchope, Tennyson and Kipling, with common ancestry, common aims and mutual interests. Let it be for the present generation to prove themselves worthy of their noble heritage, so that, despite our splendid isolation, despite the world's opposition and the envies and jealousies of the nations, the grand old flag will still continue to float proudly to the breeze, and when life's volume is closing, we may not have to look back with regret on the national

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pages smirched and stained with failure and dishonor. Then will it be the proud privilege of the present generation, in its turn, to hand down to posterity, honored and untarnished, the glorious heritage which it has received from its sires—the heritage of Freedom, of Wisdom and of Glory—a heritage earned by the best blood and brain of the Anglo-Saxon-Gaelo-Celtic nation. May God continue to bless our Empire, preserve our liberties, and secure our safety! God save the King!



