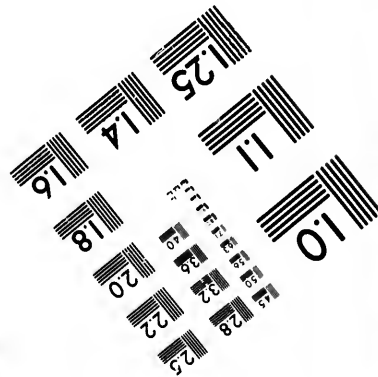
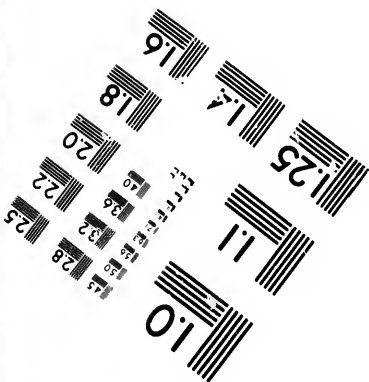
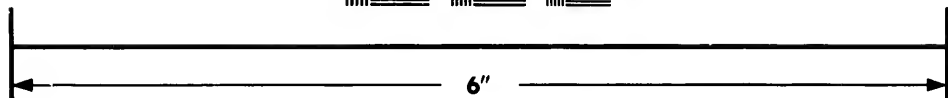
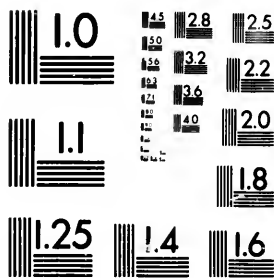


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1987

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached/
Pages détachées |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough/
Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure | <input type="checkbox"/> Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées. | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires: | |

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

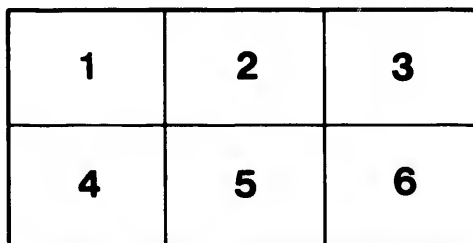
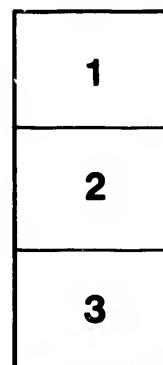
University of British Columbia Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

University of British Columbia Library

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

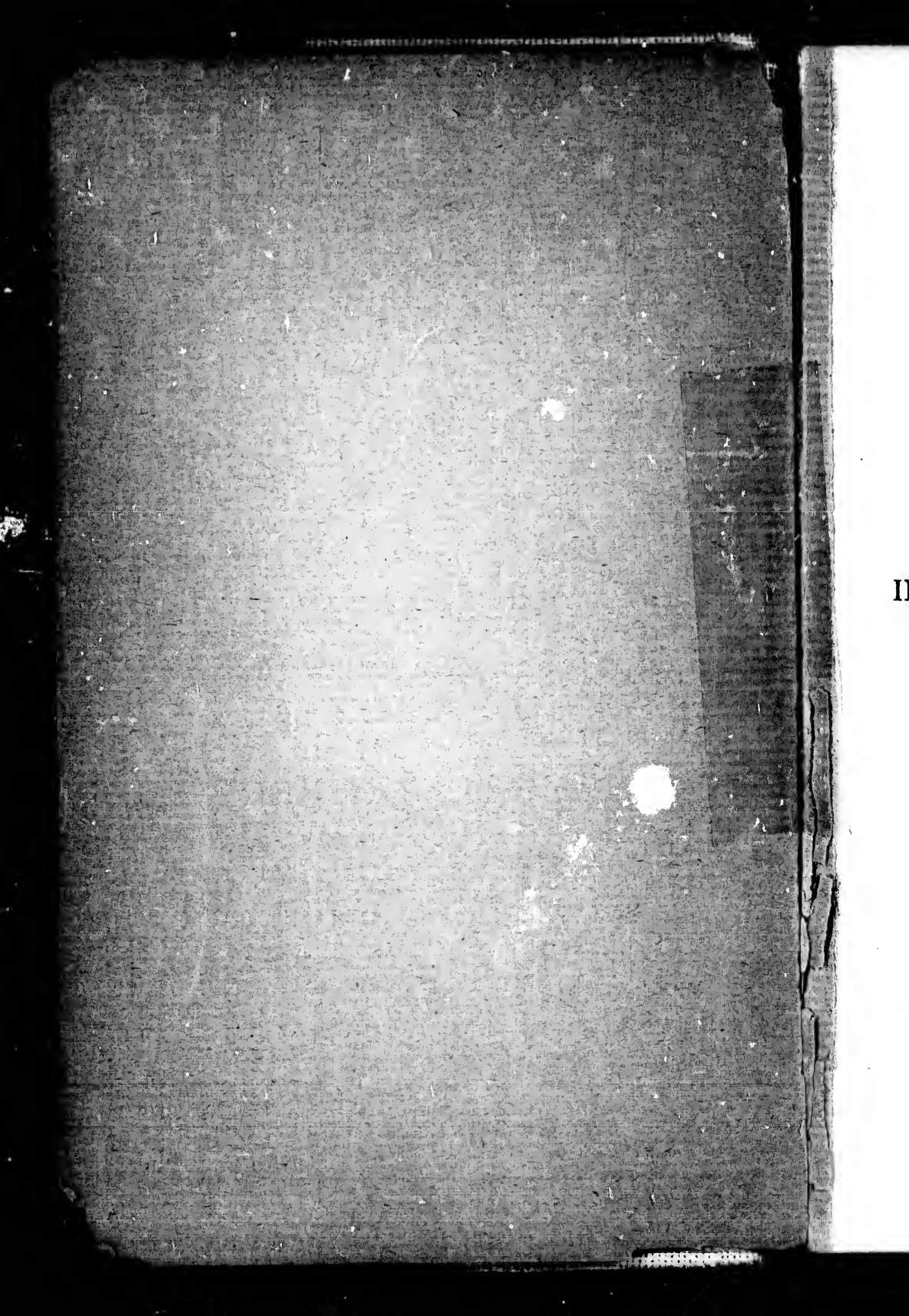
Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

rrrata
to

pelure,
n à



32X



H

IN THE WAITING TIME OF WAR

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Vignettes

Cloth, 5s.

Brown Studies

Paper, 2s. 6d.

LONDON: ELLIOT STOCK

In the Waiting Time of War

And other Poems

BY

AUBREY N. MILD MAY, M.A.

"L'objet de la Guerre, c'est la Victoire ; celui de la Victoire,
la Conquête ; celui de la Conquête, la Conservation."

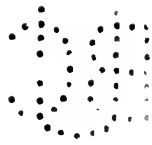
"Une conquête peut détruire les préjugés nuisibles ; et mettre,
si j'ose parler ainsi, une nation sous un meilleur génie."

—*Montesquieu* ("Esprit des Loix," I. 3., X. 4.).



LONDON
SWAN SONNENSCH E I N & CO., LTD.

1900



GLASGOW : PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO.

I
a
n
p

I DESIRE to thank the Editors of the *Daily News* and of the *Pall Mall Gazette* respectively, for permission to republish from their columns four of the pieces in this collection.

June 6, MCM.

DI

TI

IN

A

PI

O

A

D

Contents

	PAGE
DEDICATION,	1
THE CHALLENGE,	5
IN THE WAITING TIME OF WAR,	7
<i>Reprinted by permission from the 'Daily News.'</i>	
A BALLADE OF HUMBLE-PIE,	10
<i>Reprinted by permission from the 'Daily News.'</i>	
PIET'S PHILOSOPHY,	13
<i>Reprinted by permission from the 'Daily News.'</i>	
ON A LADY KNEELING IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL BESIDE THE GORDON AND STEWART MEMORIALS,	15
AUDA,	17
DEKIEL'S DRIFT (IN MEMORIAM "H.G.M."),	21

	PAGE
SALUTATION TO THE "PILOT" NEWSPAPER, - -	23
TO A WIDOW OF THE CAMPBELLS, - - - -	25
THE PROBLEM OF EMPIRE, - - - - -	27
THE HUNDRED DAYS' SIEGE. MAFEKING I., - -	29
<i>Reprinted by permission from the 'Pall Mall Gazette.'</i>	
THE CRY OF THE GANGES. MAFEKING II., - -	33
TLEPTOLEMUS : OR THE SAPPERS' HARVEST, - -	36
<i>Dedicated to the Officers and Men of the Royal Engineers.</i>	
POST SCRIPT, - - - - -	38

23
25
27
29
33
36
38

DEDICATION.

*Mother of Peoples, England of the free,
Thy warfare is our warfare, and thy worth
Our worth. Who would not dedicate to thee
SONGS OF THY SONS, to Prophecy and Mirth
And Music vowed, till commandeering War
Their service claimed and would not be denied?
But Mercy, for their Captain, came from far,
And sent them forth all olive-liveried,
Shod with the preparation of her peace, clear-eyed.*

*O land, O merrie England, that we love,
(Maugre this battle-fever), take the gift
Which we esteem all other gifts above,
And, if not worthy, give thy poet short shrift.
For if to covet honour, as some preach,
Is sin, then worst of all offenders I,
Since, knowing this—that death ends all, for
each—*

Dedication

*I fain would be called England's ere I die,
Approved her spokesman, linked with her eternity.*

*And this is England: sceptred, but not sold
In bondage to the littleness which preys
Most on the mightiest—the fierce lust of gold;
The faith in ancient lies of ancient days;
The dull suspicion of all worth; the hate
Of inequalities, which leaven with life
The undistinguished lump invertebrate
Of Lukewarmness, that taketh Sloth to wife,
And breedeth pampered pensioners of a tottering state!*

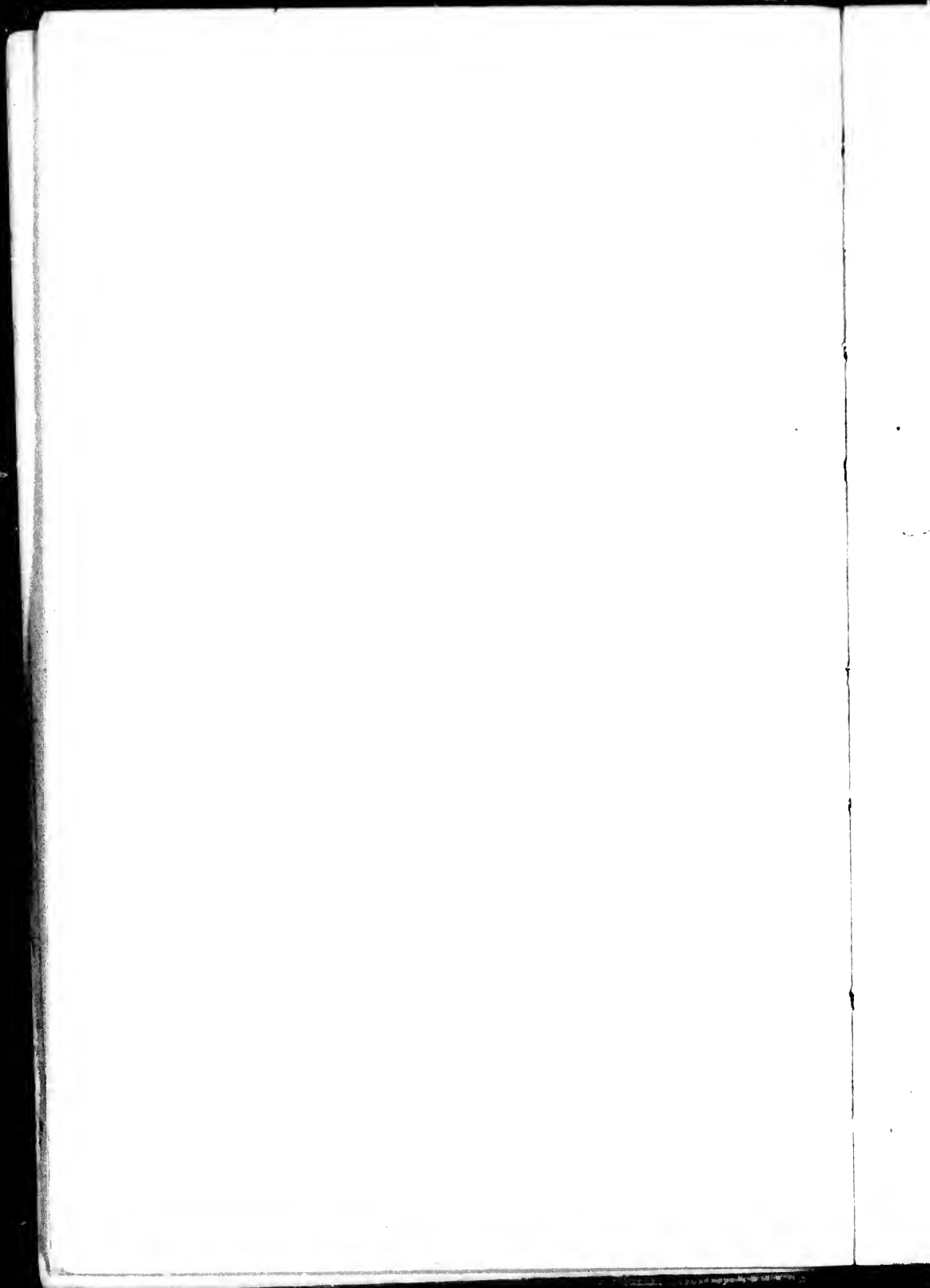
*Mother of stalwart children, who could wake
The sleeping loveliness which godlike Greece
Enshrined in Parian effigies, and make
Of old-world dreams her living masterpiece
Of angel-English manhood, womanhood;
And in the turquoise depths of Saxon eyes,
And in the swart brows of her northern brood,
Paint all the mystery of her changing skies,
The moving pageant of her strenuous histories.*

*Servant of servants, throned on iron, whose breast
The blue sea guards with its Damascus blade*

*Of jewelled channel : charged, above the rest,
To wield that sword which maketh kings afraid,
The sword of English justice, if so be ;
To span the rivers, gird the earth with steel,
And with her iron ushers guard the sea ;
With flying shuttle, and with whirring reel,
Shrill steam, and fettered lightning, serve man's common
weal.*

*"Ich Dien" ! her watchword, and " Victoria,"
The battle-name, borne by no battle-maiden ;
Oh write it reverently : for from to-day
There shall be no more conquerors, spoil-laden,
But Knights of the Victorian Chivalry,
With her dear name for pass-word of their war.
The " old kings " shall be no more, since Monarchy
Has claimed in womanhood its sister-star :
" Kings for thy nursing-mothers ! "—publish it afar !*

JUNE 21ST, MCM.



In the Waiting Time of War

And other Poems

THE CHALLENGE.

FROM Glasgow and Gibraltar,
From Cahir and Candahar,
From Edinburgh and Aldershot,
Athlone and Mullingar,
From Windsor and Kilkenny,
From Newcastle-on-Tyne,
From Hounslow and the Curragh,
Streams out the thin red line,
From Colchester and Dublin,
From Fort George and Pembroke Dock,
From Devonport and Bristol,
The British "Red-necks" flock.

The Challenge

You have burnt the Kaffir homesteads,
You have ground your workers down,
But Freedom's friends are coming,
They are coming from Cape Town !
From Table Bay they're coming,
And from Mossel and Algoa,
And they watch from Western Walfish,
And from Eastern Delagoa,
Were we authors of the quarrel ?
Yes, *we took away your slaves,*
And Freedom's flag, for moral,
Must wave o'er madmen's graves.

In the Waiting Time of War 7

IN THE WAITING TIME OF WAR.

"ALL SHALL BE WELL."—*Epitaph on the Grave of
President Brand at Bloemfontein.*

STRIKE for thy country's cause, simple in knightliness:
Soldier, fight on in defence of a throne.
Nor shall the widow, for all death's unsightliness,
Nurse the vendetta for him that is gone.

Death on the veldt ! It is angel-attended ;
Sweet is the sound of a nation's " Well done !"
Sweeter to know when the carnage is ended,
Briton and Hollander yet shall be one.

Closer the ties that make all manhood equal grow,
Pulses of mercy the war-throb can rouse ;
Ah, to what issues Old Land, shall the sequel grow,
When the veldt-vultures shall end their carouse ?

O'er thy dark continent, awful Futurity,
God the Geographer traceth His line.
Pitiless mocker of age-long security,
Pitiless lord of the Law of decline.

8 In the Waiting Time of War

"Rome, the immortal!" Was Rome irreducible?
Wandering farmers on waggons of war
Trekking from the Vistula. Destiny's crucible
Melted Rome's might under Alaric's star.

'Tis the rough giants, not heeding the cast of them,
Havoc-Queen Destiny leads by the hand:
Empire of peoples still falls to the last of them,
Nor do men fight best who best understand.

Britain and Africa! Beaconsfield elfishly
Sighed, "Let this mill-stone be eased from our
neck!"

Britain and Africa! Sullenly, selfishly
Palmerston mocked at the malcontents' trek.

Kimberley woke: and the Witwater gleamed on us,
Brought the gold flush to the stepmother's cheek.
Can we forget what the dawn that has streamed on us
Owes to the Hollanders, Brand and Riebeek?¹

African mistress, if England has toyed with thee,
Dutchmen have deathlessly loved thee of old.

In the Waiting Time of War 9

Land of Good Hope,² the Dutch metal alloyed with
thee

Rings not less true than the Uitlanders' gold.

Stand by the sea-going Thames : how the slack water
Strives with the current ! Yet both swell the flood.
Each must rend each, British tide and Dutch back-
water ;

Yet they are one, though the spruit shall run blood.

Therefore—if England, the high God's lieutenant is—
Beaten, let Africa yet have her will !

Spare them our greatness, and spare them its penalties,
Hollander-English leave Africa still.

Soldier, fight on ! Not for thee is the reckoning ;

Let not the war-hazard find thee dismayed.

Only let England, not blind to Fate's beckoning,

Learn from the Past how her spectres are laid.

¹ "Jan van Riebeeck was the commander of the first Dutch expedition to the Cape, which landed in Table Valley in 1652."

² Cape of Good Hope : The name given to Barthol. Diaz's "Cape of Storms" by King John II., of Portugal.

10 A Ballade of Humble-Pie

A BALLADE OF HUMBLE-PIE.

“Either we are ashamed of ourselves, or we are not.” . . .
“To sow piety in hopes of reaping military successes is illogical.”

Letters to the “*Daily News*.”

A DAY of “national humiliation?”

I sauntered by the lake and asked the ducks

In old St. James’s Park—

“O many-coloured mallard, fiat lux !

We’re somewhat in the dark :

Would your Serenity discuss the situation ?”

“We’ve no established Kirk,” replied Oom Quack.

“The sea-gulls, they’re more orthodox, being sailors ;

“Ask Bobs of Biscay yonder,

“Blast him and cuss him.” Then he turned his back,

While I began to wonder

Whether the ducks perhaps resented these black-
mailers.

[For teeming London’s kindlier sons and daughters
Are wont with ducks and geese to share their dinner,

A Ballade of Humble-Pie 11

As generous cockneys should :

But, 'soon as gulls and guillemots crowd the waters,
The lazy ducks grow thinner :

Oom Quack was ousted, and of course Oom Quack
was rude.]

Now, little guillemot Bobs was lithe and jolly,
A buccaneering twinkle in his eye,

Nippy upon the ice ;

But Oom Quack, web-footed and melancholy,
Just missed each tempting slice,

While Bobs of Biscay scored a mouthful every shy.

"Well," Bobs replied, "you take a hint from me :

That fat, frog-eating furriner pretends,

Because dooks came here fust,

That we new-comers ought to slave for he !"

With that he faked a crust

Dropped by a gobbling goose, and tossed it to his
friends.

"I know 'the meek are bless'd'; but I'll be
bless'der

If they'll 'inherit' ponds by too much grovel ;

12 A Ballade of Humble-Pie

It's much the same with lands.
We did our fastin' first, in a blamed sou'-wester,
But, since we've piped all hands
Gainst Duck monopolies, we call a shovel a shovel."

January 1st, 1900

PIET'S PHILOSOPHY.

(An incident in the Boer War described in a letter from the
Daily News Correspondent, March 1900.)

GRETCHEN, only think !
Mother let me touch him,
 One of the men in yellow,
 —Such an udgly fellow !—
He let my fingers smutch him,
And then I watched him drink.

Father bade me pray
That when I was a man
 I might go help my fellow-men
 And kill the cruel yellow men :
I don't think I can,
After yesterday.

“ Bless you, little Curls ! ”
That was all he said :
 But a tear was on his lash
 Under the burning gash

Piet's Philosophy

Where the shell had broke his head,
And he spoke of his "ain wee girls."

And, Gretchen, he looked at you,
And said they were just like that,
 Romping with one another
 In Moray, along with Mother ;
And I climbed on his crumpled hat,
And his eyes were brown and true.

Oh, he wasn't all udgly, Gret,
Not really—except the scar.

 Gretchen, we'll pray instead
 That God will mend his head,
And perhaps when we've done the war,
We may play with his little girls yet !

ON A LADY KNEELING IN ST. PAUL'S
CATHEDRAL BESIDE THE GORDON AND
STEWART MEMORIALS.

April, MCM.

WHERE the heart of the City throbs under the Dome,
she has come
To GOD's tent, who has called her hero home :
But her heart grows faint in the glitter and gloom,
having room
For no sights of earth, but a far-off tomb.

“ Archangel, that spreadest thy ruby wings ”—the cry
rings—

“ Canst thou fathom our hearts' deep anguishings?
Ours is the great black Angel of Death, and the sheath
Of his terrible sword is crimson beneath ! ”

O sorrowing child of a warrior race, turn thy face
From the gleam of the gold to the quiet place
Where the ebony marble's raven shroud cannot cloud
The sweetness that lightens that face so proud,

On a Lady Kneeling

Nor the wine-dark bronze throw a shadow of gloom
o'er the tomb

Of the brother who shared his splendid doom.

GORDON and STEWART! in every clime, thro' all time,
Your changeless monument stands sublime,

For while men shall suffer and greatly dare, Earth
shall bear

—God's Earth—bear witness to what you were!

Young wife, at the warriors' trysting-place, veil your
face,

For these were the princes of our race!

The Roman Street

AUDA.

FEVER of fighting!—this commercial age,
This grim gold-spinning London, which we knew,
Transformed into a theatre of war!
The men old Romans, and the matrons all
Mothers of Gracchi, straining for the last
News of the camps, and showering on their sons,
(Tearless, and eloquent, and womanly)
Dauntless adieus and martial benedictions!
Nation of traders, given o'er to gains,
How comes it that the merchant city summons
Back to its heart the old heroic fires
Without one hint of softness? 'Tis the tale,
The old, old tale of first love unforgot:
A nation's heart is woman's heart writ large,
One such I know, as chaste as Britomart,
As fair as Helen, wielding yet the spell,
Wearing the semblance, of that same sweet child
Who passed, long years ago, into the ranks
Of the broken-hearted: whom a soldier loved,
Who loved a soldier, and was cast away,

One of the many. And behold her now,
Long years accustomed to the spinster's round
Of simple homely things, a stranger still
To all those intimacies which reveal
The rough worth of the man to faithful wives,
Behold her, while the war-throb shakes the land,
Full of grave counsel, stronger than the strong.

There is in the far Southern seas a bird,
A little, quiet swimmer, never seen
When great white gulls fly thick in the broad sun,
Which only in the hurricane awakes
Upon wide wings, exulting and alone ;
Then, when the life of ocean looms so large
That Nature seems too vast, its forces all
Too fierce for man's calm cognisance ; when, dazed
And sunk in a tremendous nothingness,
All animate things, and each most fearless Captain,
Shrink into the dark, amazed to hear far off
The voice of thunders ; while the infinite air,
Rent into riot and fire, blinds the rapt brain
With lightning sketch of measureless furnaces,
'Tis then the melancholy Petrel feels

The normal joy of life, and through the din
Of fierce convulsive elements, loud pipes
Its holiday note, and rides upon the storm,
In love with chaos and at peace with the world,
Tireless yet fasting whole long days and nights,
While gallant ships and hapless sons of men
Perish, and secular islands and great rocks
And ancient cities are convulsed in ruin—
Only the stormy petrel is refreshed,
Till once again across the vaulted gloom
The sunlight strikes and the wild waters sink
Through sullen surges to their ancient peace.
The tiny tempest bird goes back to grief,
All out of tune with peace, and tired of law,
To feed, to sleep, to commune in dark caves
With life's long, listless, melancholy round.
Even so the sister soul which I have loved,
Far off, far off—I never knew the wars,—
Rose on the stress of war, the painful hour
Of Empire's hazard and burnt homesteads, rose
To life and joy and being, while the pulse
Of common men grew faint, and all our pity
For one who seemed cut off from common joys,

Dead while she lived, was turned to a great awe
That such a dauntless life, inebriate
With danger and distressful things, and filled
With hope and help, lay hid in that frail body.
'Twas the slow harvest of her life's long dream :
Auda had loved a soldier once, aye loved
And entered into his best dreams, who proved
So false, so "absent-minded" if you will—
You, who have learnt to jest at soldier's faith.

Even so our England,—like this silly soul,
Silent, and single-hearted, and serene,
Till the storm's stress revealed the mail-clad maid,—
Even so our England,—like the wayward bird
That loved the hurricane only,—not in vain
Has drunk the spirit of battle long ago
From those heroic elders, who prevailed
With Philip, and Van Tromp, and Buonaparte,
The white Czar, and the dusky Indian hosts,
And now, beneath this mask of money-spinning,
Back to her first love turns her flaming eyes.

Dekiel's Drift

21

DEKIEL'S DRIFT.

13th February, MCM.

(In Memoriam "H. G. M.")

HAPLY some woman of our race
Has looked into those eyes of thine,
And holds, by right of love, the place
Which I, thy friend of long ago,
Claim, knowing only what I know,
By right of boyish love for mine.

Chosen by such a chief to lead
His chosen knights, whose lightest word
Could make men great, has death indeed
Summed up in little all that fame
We looked might grow about thy name,
When thou hadst scarce girt on thy sword?

Dear comrade of the far-off days
When friendship and the world were young,
I loved you for your royal ways,
The forcefulness, the ring of steel,

Dekiel's Drift

Which made my slower senses reel
To music, which no lips had sung

In that grave circle and sedate
In which my boyhood learnt its drill.—
For never was there runagate
To patient elders half so dear,
Nor droll, delightful brigadier
Of bandits, bent on harmless ill,

So well-beloved by victim bands
Of worshippers, rough-hewn by you—
Their torturer, with the gentle hands,
The ready wit, the various skill,
To tame the sulkiest, stormiest will—
Into a knightly mould and true.

We walked as friends : at last the choice
Of books was mine, and his was men.
You, that have loved him, tho' that voice,
Which death has stilled beneath the veldt,
No more shall make its magic felt,
Bow to the blow which God hath dealt,
And join with me in love's Amen !

SALUTATION TO THE "*PILOT*"
NEWSPAPER.

ST. BRENDAN sailed the stormy seas,
The ancients of Balallan say,
Beyond the wintry Hebrides
For many a lonely night and day.

And as with midnight prayer and psalm
He smote the stars, to Brendan came
A vision—Judas, grave and calm,
Stood by him, late released from flame.

And though a colder age makes answer
That Brendan neither saw nor sailed,
The deathless watchword "*Esperanza*"
Breathed through the legend and prevailed.

Now, by Saint Brendan, fav'ring gales
Attend thee, Pilot of the wise!
Outward or homeward bear thy bales
Safe home in thought's grave argosies.

Salutation to the 'Pilot'

Weep for us, warn us, dare to call
Your 'halt' when in the dark we grope:
But this we pray, whate'er befall,
Teach us to hope, teach us to hope!

To a Widow of the Campbells 25

TO A WIDOW OF THE CAMPBELLS.

(= Wm Patrick Campbell)

Now may the gentle-fingered surgeon Time
With honour's salve bind up this widowed heart !
Can our faint service reach thee, where apart
From common tears lone genius sits sublime ?

Lady, the spendthrift grief at last must borrow
From Memory's hoarded wealth, when tears are
spent,
See, England writes o'er Campbell's monument
Her last "Well Done"—transfiguring even thy
sorrow.

The kindly Seasons out of Nature's mint
Shall aid thee : thou shalt not be mocked with
summer.

Under the Southern Cross—(though spring shall come,
And summer here in England)—*there* is winter.

Brief is our Life, and Death, though dreamers doubt it,
Is Nothingness : then only Art remains,

26 To a Widow of the Campbells

Fadeless : and everlasting Life without it
Would lack the great worth-while of present pains.

He is not ! What he gave thee is thine own
And lives ; yet not thine own, for long ere this
That Spirit of the storm, which turns to stone
Or melts to tears men's hearts, has called thee his.

THE PROBLEM OF EMPIRE.

ins.
"To be, or not to be?"—the unanswered riddle
Which genius asked of madness, Liberty
Still asks of Empire.

his.
Can the old faith live,
The faith of Englishmen, the patriot faith,
Which leaps to arms each time the globe, ringed round
With English iron, grides upon its axle—
With the new Faith in Liberty, and Law,
And each man's money-spinning, with one foot
On excellence, and one foot on the weak?
War Spirit, great as Hamlet, and as mad,
Liberty, great as Shakespeare, and inspired
Not less than Shakespeare, wonder not nor seek
Escape from ills, because the People's riddle
Is like that ancient riddle of the Soul
Unsolved: nor marvel if in each dark hour
The love of Country, and the love of Right,
Lungs of the commonwealth, sigh each to each
"Now make an end, and our quietus take!"
We may not shuffle off the coil of things:
And Time, the true Physician, loveth best
The medicine of *despairs encountered well*:
The darkest hour is herald of the Dawn.

"We have had the mortification of finding men whom we were willing to believe would conduct themselves like a civilized enemy firing on our Red Cross flag, under which a party went out to collect our dead; advancing their own ambulance with fighting men in it; and deliberately shelling the convent, the women's laager, although the spots were pointed out to Mr. Cronje, and marked with the Geneva flag. . . . The walls of the convent are riddled; over twenty shells have fallen in the laager, and a woman was fatally hit with a mauser bullet; and the hospital has been several times struck, a ward has been wrecked, and a little boy killed."

—"Life in Mafeking during the Siege" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 29, 1900).

It is reported that the provisioning of the little town of Mafeking would have been miserably, and indeed hopelessly, inadequate to its present needs, but for the following incident. A young officer, acquainted with Baden-Powell and his proposed command, observed certain consignments of tinned meat and other stores on their way from Cape Town station, addressed "Colonel Baden-Powell, Mafeking." Immediately, on his own responsibility, and temporarily at least, at his own charges, he quadrupled the order, and the garrison of Mafeking thus received a surplus of food supplies, which afterwards proved of momentous importance to the Imperial cause. This young officer was Lord Edward Cecil, afterwards one of the officers in command of the beleaguered city.

“The Hundred Days’ Siege” 29

“THE HUNDRED DAYS’ SIEGE.”

[MAFEKING. FIRST STAGE OF THE SIEGE:
OCTOBER 1899—JANUARY 2, 1900.]

Now, soldiers, sing of Mafeking, and Baden-Powell’s
trafficking,

Girls, blow kisses to Ulysses, its gritty, witty, chatty
king! ff/

For there’s grave, grim grit at the heart of it.

When a man fights death with his mother-wit!

Shouting “Forward, to Pretoria!”

Shouting reverently “Victoria!”

Canon thundering “Deo Gloria!

“Deo Libertatis Gloria!”

“May we fetch Bobs down from the Diamond
Town?”—But our Captain’s brow wears a battle-
frown.

Nay, when Cronje has muckered, eh? then in a
work-a-day fashion *he’ll* be succoured, eh?

And *he’ll* make things swim, in the interim,

And Bobs shan’t waste a man for him!

30 "The Hundred Days' Siege"

Shouting "Forward, to Pretoria!"
Shouting reverently "Victoria!"
Cannon thundering "Deo Gloria!"
"Deo Patientiae Gloria!"

For your missile, food and gristle, brave men thank
you, Edward Cecil!

Midst the rattle of their battle-show we'll hold our
interim cattle-show:

First Prize, Second Prize,

For babies of the biggest size!

Shouting "Forward, to Pretoria!"
Shouting reverently "Victoria!"
Cannon thundering "Deo Gloria!"
"Deo Strenuorum Gloria!"

But there's this alloy to our battle-joy, they've
mangled the women and killed the boy.

"Bury me, Dad," said our dying lad, "where the
Boers shan't find me, my back's so bad."

And this riddled rag is our own white flag!

'Tis no rooinek's lie, but the Boers' own brag!

Shouting "Forward, to Pretoria!"
Shouting reverently "Victoria!"

“The Hundred Days’ Siege” 31

Cannon thundering “Deo Gloria !

“Deo Parvulorum Gloria !”

And if we kill with a fiercer will than when Symons
died on Talana Hill,

Or than Lyttelton wist oh, at Monte Cristo, or
Buller’s braves with their mailed fist oh,

’Tis because we must teach brave men who preach
There’s no quarter for such, if they fight double-Dutch !

Shouting “Forward, to Pretoria !”

Shouting reverently “Victoria !”

Cannon thundering “Deo Gloria !

“Deo Sabaoth Gloria !”

“The people have no stocks of grain. Their credit is exhausted, their hearts have failed within them. . . . The same charity exists, and the same will to help our fellow-subjects in India, as existed in 1897. . . . Let it be remembered that, hampered and afflicted as they are by the calamity that has come upon them, the Princes of India have offered us their men and given us their horses ; and the Indian soldiers, much as their families must feel the high prices prevailing, have sent their offerings to the South African War Fund.”

—“*The Famine in India*” (*Pall Mall Gazette*, Feb. 5, 1900).

The Cry of the Ganges

33

THE CRY OF THE GANGES.

(MAFEKING RELIEVED, May 24, 1900.)

“ Kimberley, Ladysmith,
Mafeking, wedded with
Lucknow and Delhi.”—*Alfred Austin.*

TRUE-HEARTED were the prayers we said
In the raven-twilight of distress :
Now through this Dawn of thankfulness
Rings a new cry of bitterness :
“ Give us and ours this day our daily bread ! ”

Gaunt Famine, that on sable wing
Thrice o'er our soldiers stooped, thrice stayed—
Since Kimberley was unafraid,
Nor hill-girt Ladysmith dismayed,
And succoured at the last is Mafeking.—

This people knoweth thee, Havoc-Queen !
Dread ' Forty-Six ' ! Can Ireland yet
Dead babes, and banished sons forget ?
Glasgow and Bristol paid their debt ;
And London yields thee yet her toll unseen.

34 The Cry of the Ganges

Far from the warring West, at peace—
 (Oh, mocking benediction !)—stress
 Nor surge of war, nor martial dress,
 Nor drill to make the panic less—
Sad INDIA pineth for the earth's increase.

They are no Celts, to laugh and cry :
 They are not Britons, to endure :
 Sun-fed and grass-fed, slow, demure,
 Pondering all mysteries, save the cure
For too much thought, they lie them down and die.

“Children !”—Yet “little children” find
 Heaven's kingdom : and to child-like souls
 High Truth reveals its hidden scrolls.
 Child-Buddha freed from half its tolls
The toil-won kingdom of the chainless mind.

And shall the reeling belfries ring
 Echoing the shouts of civic mirth,
 And this great Mother of the Earth
 Forget their woes, forget their worth
Who fight with Famine, ev'n as Mafeking ?

The Cry of the Ganges

35

(1) The distinction between the "Raven's twilight," of the evening, and the "Dove's twilight" of early morning belongs to the literature of the East. Its actual origin is, according to De Quincey, not Hindoo but Semitic.

(2) The Irish Famine (of 1846), and the Bristol Bread riots (of 1753) are dated in history. The famine death-roll of Glasgow is a chronic reproach.

(3) The "cure for too much thought" is "action": a thing commonly eschewed by Orientals. In the west 'action' is a technical synonym for 'battle,' that most drastic of all remedies for human distempers.

TLEPTOLEMUS: OR THE SAPPERS'
HARVEST.

(Dedicated to the Officers and Men of the Royal Engineers.)

THOU Prince of Patience and of Husbandry,
Subtlest TLEPTOLEMUS, that dared to vie
With Nature, quickening the housewife earth
To a more manifold motherhood, through Art,
England should love thee, for the ring of steel
Is in thy mystic name, "Patient in War":
Waster of forests, first to search the sod
With ploughshares, for a far-off usury,
Teach us to turn destruction into gain;
Teach us, since we must smite before we spare,
To seek good out of evil, and ensue
Seed-time and Harvest out of desolate war!
So, when our blood-stained Africa has drunk
Her fill of steel, and this fierce time of ploughing
Is over, and the thunder and the hail,
—Cannon, and musket, and the spades of armies—
Have wrought their panic work of peace-making,

Tleptolemus

37

Walled cities, great and prosperous, shall arise,
And every insolent breast-work and fierce scar,
Wrought by the thriftless spade, shall earth and time
Make mellow : and grim war, turned architect,
Shall trace the circuits of new towns to be.

POST SCRIPT.

“They positively sting with reality”—So wrote the late Mr. Hutton of some verses which he had published in the “*Spectator*,” but of whose reception on the whole he was plainly doubtful. On this principle, and also on the principle laid down by a distinguished critic of the second poem in the present collection, that “nothing but good can come of the interchange of ideas upon the grave issues now lying before the country,”—I venture to give publicity here to the following, which was sent me by a kind reader of “*In the Waiting Time of War.*”

“RECESSIONAL, A.D. 1900.”

A long way after Rudyard Kipling.

“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! O judge us not,
We have forgot, we have forgot.

Post Script

39

“For we, with Empire drunk, let loose
Wild tongues to speak, base pens to write,
Slanders and lies and boasts to use
Should stir the blood, should rouse the fight.
GOD of all men! condemn us not,
We have forgot, we have forgot.”

“For heathen hearts, that put their trust
In heaps of gold, in hosts of men,
To friends untrue, to foes unjust,
In quest of England's seeming gain,
For ruthless deed, for vengeful word
Have mercy on our people, Lord!”

If ballad-poetry is valuable to the Historian in so far as it reflects genuine emotion, I have felt that these lines, however widely differing in sentiment from anything that is to be found in the preceding poems, bear at least the stamp of profound reality, and make a valuable addition to my own miscellaneous collection.

Note on page 17 ("AUDA").

From *The address of 'Ralph, the Grocer's Apprentice' (to the "C.I.V." of the 17th Century gathered at Mile End), in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Knights of the Burning Pestle' (1635).*

"GENTLEMEN, countrymen, friends, and my fellow-souldiers, I have brought you this day from the Shops of Security, and the Counters of Content, to measure out, in these furious fields, Honour by the ell, and Prowesse by the pound. Let it not, O let it not I say, be told hereafter, the noble issue of this City fainted: but beare yourselves in this fair action, like men, valiant men, and free-men: Feare not the face of the enemy, nor the noise of the guns, for, believe me, brethren, the rude rumbling of a brewer's carre is farre more terrible, of which you have a daily experience: Neither let the stinke of powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with you.

To a resolved mind, his home is everywhere: I speake not this to take away the hope of your returne: for you shall see (I do not doubt it) and that very shortly, your loving wives againe, and your sweet children, whose care doth beare you companie in baskets. Remember then whose cause you have in hand, and like a sort of true-borne Scavengers, scoure me this famous Realme of enemies. I have no more to say but this: stand to your tacklings lads and show to the world you can as well brandish a sword as shake an apron. Saint George and on my heart."

My attention has been called to this passage by an article in the *Granta* (Vol. xiii., No. 288): published at Cambridge.

to the
End),
orning

ldiers,
, and
fields,
not, O
s City
valiant
e noise
g of a
a daily
since a

inct this
e (I do
again,
ompanie
nd, and
Realme
ur tack-
a sword

n article
idge.

