

THE

MISSION
THAT FAILED!

A TALE OF THE RAID
& OTHER POEMS
REPRINTED FROM THE
"OWL" ETC



BY
EDGAR WALLACE

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May van Breda.

Job. Chapter 23
Hebrews Chapter VIII
Verses 3-4-7.

This Book of Verse is dedicated to

W. A. C.,

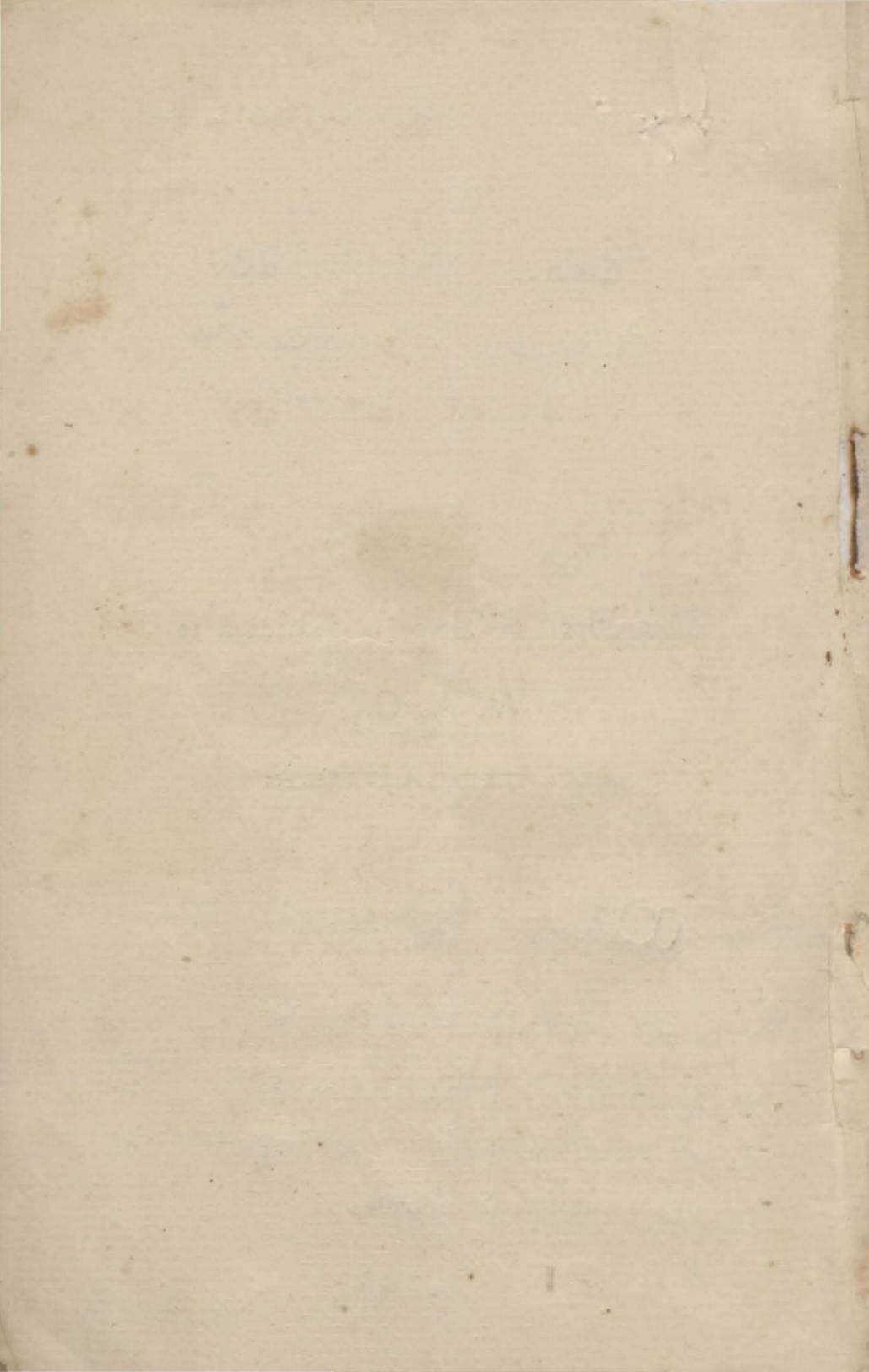
AN UITLANDER.

William Arthur Galdecott (my uncle)

For 23 years - 1901 - 1923

consulting Metallurgist
to Consolidated Goldfields of
South Africa Ltd.

May van Breda



THE MISSION THAT FAILED.



UR troop was encamped by the side of a stream
An' a very smart troop was we.
We 'ad Cavalry oficers,—straight from Town
An' we escorted Mister Commissioner Brown,
Commissioner Brown, C. B.
An' we 'eard that the Governor put 'im down,
For a spare K.C.M.G.!

We wos camped near by to a border town,
On the borders of Creegerland,—
A very despotic, republican state,—
An' there we 'ad got the order to wait,
But why, we did not understand.
So we bedded our 'orses, an' cussed at our fate,
(For you can't cuss the man in command)..

One mornin' sez Mister Commissioner Brown,
Sez 'e to the 'ole parade,
“I've bin inspired by a dream just now,—
I can't say why, an' I can't say 'ow,—
But a voice in my dream it said,
'O in Joannistown there's a deuce of a row
And badly they want your aid!’ ”

Now Joannistown is in Creegerland,

Which same is a friendly state.

An' it isn't no joke,—which is puttin' it fine

To pass without notice, the border-post sign ;

But we did it, as I will relate.—

We really intended to drop 'em a line !

But we 'adn't got time to wait.

We 'ad ridden some miles into Creegerland

When Commissioner Brown, C.B.,

'E called an alt,—which a troop requires—

For a man, 'e tires, as 'is 'orse perspires,—

An' 'e sez to the troop, sez 'e,

“About ten miles from 'ere are some telegraph wires

An' a very good thought struck me.”

“For fear of my dream bein' misunderstood

An' the evil constructions of liars !—

For fear of alarmin' the dear farmers' wives

An' disturbin' the quiet an' peace of their lives,

I think we will sever them wires !

An' I'll give somethin' 'andsome to 'im 'oo
contrives

To cut off the current,—with pliers !”

An' Michael McCarty, Lance Corp'ral was 'e,

Right guide to a section of “ A”,

Started orf on the job, an' we whispered a cheer,

An' we each gave the beggar our flasks,—full of
beer

To 'elp for to lighten 'is way !

We gave 'im cheap drinks,—though it was very
dear

When it came round to settling day !

McCarty, 'e rode, an' McCarty 'e swilled
 An' McCarty got big in the 'ead
 Till 'e couldn't tell telegraph poles from trees,
 An' 'e wandered around, sorter go-as-you-please
 Till 'is wonderin' wanderin's led
 To the wires,—of a fence ! an' reclinin' at ease
 'E cut up these wasters instead !

It's all over now : an' Brown 'e got jugged
 And the Burghers of Creegerland knowed.
 They licked us to fits in a sweet little fight,
 An' the King of Jerusalem wired 'is delight !
 An' the Laureate wrote us an Ode !
 An' Europe got ready for action that night
 'Cos McCarty got drunk on the road !

McCarty's a thief, McCarty's a beast,
 An' McCarty is likewise a liar !
 'E went an' got drunk, which 'e shouldn't 'ave done
 'E went an' got drunk, an' 'e spoilt the 'ole fun :
 An' the moral to them wot conspire,
 Is *don't send a beer-swilling son of a gun*
When you're cuttin' a telegraph wire !

THE PRAYER.

[This poem, which appeared in the "Evening News and Post," is included in this collection by request.]

O GOD of Battles ! Lord of Might !
 A sentry, in the silent night,
 I, 'oo 'ave never prayed,
 Kneel on the dew-damp sands, to say,
 O see me through the comin' day—
 But, please remember, through I pray,
 That I am not afraid !

O GOD of Battles ! Lord of Might !
 'Ere in the dusky, starry light,
 My inner self I've weighed ;
 An' I 'ave seen my guilt an' sin ;
 I'm black as black can be, within,
 But through I would forgiveness win,
 It ain't cos I'm afraid !

O GOD of Battles ! Lord of Might !
 Keep me, to-morrow, in Your sight !—
 Far 'ave I erred an' strayed.
 I've flaunted You, with gibe an' sneer,
 At' ome, with chums to laugh an' cheer
 But now, I am alone— out 'ere !
 But still I ain't afraid !

O GOD of Battles ! Lord of Might !
 The en'my's camp fires twinkle bright.
 To-morrow, Lord, Your aid ;
 The canteen was my Sunday-school :
 The drill-book was my Golden Rule ;
 Wot are they now ? O 'elpless fool !
 But still, I'm not afraid !

O GOD of Battles ! Lord of Might !
 The price for every thoughtless slight
 To-morrow will be paid !
 A voice is whisp'rin' to my 'eart—
 A voice that makes me sweat an' start !
 "To-morrow, soul an' soldier part !"
 But I—I'm not afraid !

O GOD of Battles ! Lord of Might !
 'Ere, in the silence of the night,
 My 'umble prayer is prayed !
 All life an' Death, are one to you !
 If I must die,—O 'elp me to !
 In that last moment, see me through,—
 My God ! I *am* afraid !



THE LAND OF THE NORTH.

There's a land that lies north of the Vaal
There's a country that's south of the Line.

'Tis a land to be made
With the hatchet and spade,
In Pasture, in Homestead, and Mine.

'Tis a land for a nation unformed,
A home for your children unborn.

If you're lacking the grit
To "trek" for your bit,
Be worthy your progeny's scorn.

It's the land of the Can Be and Shall !

It is Nobody's country for All !

So gather around
The rallying ground,
The city that's built on a kraal !

Carve your name in the land of the North !

Carve it out in the forest and wood.

In the clearing and town
Set your Monogram down,
And stand where none others have stood !

Build your house on the Pioneer's camp ;

Follow close at the Pioneer's heels

And march to the clip,
Of the Pioneer's whip.

Make your roads in the rut of his wheels.

To the North—and the land shall be yours ;
To the North, as your fathers would do ;
 And be not afraid
 But make and be made ;
Make the land—and the land shall make you !



SOME ADVENTURES OF JAMES JAWKINS, ESQ.

*(Late of Bermondsey New Road and Tanner's Hill,
Deptford, together with some Impressions.)*

No. 1. HE ARRIVES.

I come aht in a Mile-boat on the Unicawstle line :

I 'ad a lively passidge in a ten-quid-open-berf !

I lived on meat an' pickles, an' on (cheap) Madeira wine.

I crosred ther bloomin' ocean an' I cut a bloomin' shine,

An' I'm standin' once agine on solid Earf !

Before I come from Bermondsey, a lidy sez to me,

("Twas Mrs. Branas keeps a pub, an' does a roarin' tride)

" Be sure you tell me, Jimmy, all the funny things you see,

An' if you find some nuggets, you can send me two or three

An' I'll put 'em underneaf a little shide !"

I arrived on Toosday mornin', at the brikin of the diy.

The thing wot struck me mostly was the Mount'in big
an' grand.

The tahn looked white an' lovely (from the middle
of the Biy) !

The tahn smelt sweet an' spicy, ('bout a mile or two
awiy !

When the breezes wasn't blowin' from the land !)

We got 'long side of the Jetty, an' I cleared my luggidge
through.

The coal dust nearly blinded me, but still I did'nt-
mind :

I've chinged my nime to Isaacstein, I'm nah a Germing
Jew

(The reason for so actin' may be obvious to you)

An' I'm lookin' rarnd to see wot I can find !

I've got some nice apartments, an' I've time to look ararnd.

An' also time to drop a line to Mrs Brarn to tell,
Abart my dily doin's as I am in dooty barnd,
That Dop's a bob a bottle, an' that Beef's a bob a parnd !
But otherwise I'm doing very well !

I like this little city where I've took up my abode

Although it's inconvenient to walk abart the Tahn,
When Mac Someone's traction ingin's with a 'arf a mile
o' load,

Come a wobblin' rarnd the corner an' monopperlize the
road

(An' I think I'll mention this to Mrs Brarn !)

An' when the sweet Souf-Eaister doesn't bung yer
eyes with sand,

In the Avenoo at evenin' time I like to anchor darn!
They've got a fine enclosure, an' a very nobby Stand
They've gardin-seats by hundreds—tho' I 'avent seen
their band !

(I must mike a note of this to Mrs Brarn.)

Our grub is most expensive (tho' the price'll alter soon,
 For I'm callin' on the Preem-yeer for a confidential
 chat)

The cheapest thing is brandy—that would paralise a
 Coon!

But you cannot get a cup o' tea on Sunday afternoon!
 (An' Ill write to Mrs. Brarn an' tell 'er that!)

I 'avent quite mide up my mind, wot labors I'll persoo:

I 'avent 'ad an orfer, but I'm willin' for to wite

Until this blessed Gover'ment, with philanthropic
 view

Indentures me to some one—as I understand they do,
 In the int'rest of the Colony an' Stite!



NO. 2.—JAMES GETS A BILLET.

I wos eatin' of my breakfast, an' a readin' my Cipe
Times :

And I read them Digger fibles

Wot are designit "Cibles" !

An' I read its Leadin' Leader, an' I read its P'lice
Court crimes :

An' its litest agitation

On the Eastern situation.

Wiv its Birfs, an' Deafs, an' Marriages, an' In Memr'um
rhymes !

I'd 'ardly finished readin,' when a wire arrived for
me :

Which was very unexpected,

For I'm not at all connected

Wiv any person livin' in this blessed Colonee,

An' I wondered if it sent me

To a farmer to indent me,

Or if it was the Governor invitin' me to tea !

So I opened it in wonder, an' I quickly read it thro'—

"From Paul 'oo grants concessions

"To Jimes 'oo writes impressions

"I've got a billet witin', which is just the job for you,

"An' you need n't be a lawyer

"For I'll sentence people for yer

"An' I'll tell you wot you've got to siy an' wot you've
got to do."

So I packed up my portmanteau, an' I caught an early
trine

An' I passed thro' desolation
Till I reached my destination

(O the *Sameness* of the big Karoo, it nearly turned my
brine)

An' I found a guard to meet me
Which proceeded for to greet me

With a bar or two of *Volkstied*, which afforded me
much pine!

When Mister Kruger saw me, 'e was orfully polite

('E's a *very* nice old feller,
Very innercent and meller!

An' the nasty things that people siy, concernin'
dynamite,

Must be a fabricition
To upset the reputation

Of an 'ighly interleckshal, an' a moral shinin' light!

'E took me in 'is parlor—an' a very nice one too!

(Tho' it did not seem to lack a
Smell of Dop an' Boer terbacca),

An' 'e told me very plinely, wot 'e wanted me to do.

An' I'll give some reproductions,
Of the President's instructions,

Ar lar Justice H. De Vill-yers in 'is bloomin' inter-
view.

The President:—"Your dooties will commence at
twelve to-diy,

"Administerin' Justice

"In a manner which I trust is,

"In accordance wiv the Law—an' wot the President
may siy."

“For right, than might, is brighter.”

(“On’y wot *I* siy—is righter!”)

Justice James :—“You do me prard sir, but wot abart the piy?”

The President :—“Go easy! *You’ll* git your doos, my son

“At the end of every session,

“I will grant you a concession,

“An’ per’aps a little extra from the secret service fun’!

“Which I’m *sure* will mike you ’appy!”

Justice James :—“You’re right, old chappie!”

(Mister Kruger called for cawffee and the interview was done!)



But Mister Leyds 'e said "O never mind,
Wot ever 'appens, Jimes, I'll see you righted!"

But I soon got tired of doin' wot 'e bid,
It didn't soot an 'igh born Cockney-Briton!
It's a bit above a joke
To a fellow from the smoke,
When 'e 'as to knuckle under to a bloomin' foreign
bloke,

An' as to climbin' dahn I never did!
I ain't no coloured snob for Leyds to sit on!

As I didn't like the yoke, I've cast it orf
(For reasons quite beyond the ones I mentioned),
So I wrote "I'm gettin' tired
"An' a little rest's required.

"For I find your job is one, that leaves a lot to be
desired!

"So I'm goin' to do a 'Justice Ameshoff'!

"An' I'm writin' just to tell you my intention!"

"For I'm weary of your funny little gimes,

"An' I'd be obliged to you if you could mike me,

"A consul at the court

"Of a K'iser or a Porte,

"Wiv a thou' a year for extras, would be just my
bloomin' forte.

"I remain,

"Most 'Onoured Sir,

"Yours truly,

"Jimes,"

An' I'm waitin' nah to see if thiy will tike me!

AN IMPRESSION OF JAMES.

TOMMY.

I 'ave things I of'en think,
I've Impressions wot I write

I've some very clever notions wot 'ave never come to
light ;

An' I never cuss or drink ;

An' I don't stay aht all night ;

I'm a poet an' a ge-ni-us, an' everything that's bright—
Also wot I siy is right !

But one great mistake I've made,

An I'm' tellin of it, 'ere ;

It's concernin' Thomas Atkins, 'oo you all turn aht to
cheer

When you see 'im on parade

In 'is marchin order gear.

That in spite of patriotic songs, 'e aint so very dear,
Which I think is very queer.

It's a very funny thing—

I'm per'aps a trifle green—

But when you warble "Tommy" an' the "Soldiers of
the Queen,"

When in broken voice you sing,

'Ow'es "Been me boys, an' seen"

Or recite your Rudyard Kiplin' 'bout your bloomin'
red-marine,

Are you sayin' wot you mean ?

I 'ave seen 'im in your tahn,
 Lookin' very spruce an' neat,
 From the cap upon 'is forehead, to the "cossacks" on 'is
 feet ;
 An' I've eyed 'im up an' dahn,
 As 'e walked along the street.
 When 'is belt an' buckl's shinin,' an' 'is kit is all
 complete,
 'E is *rather* 'ard to beat.

But Serciety don't call,
 An Serciety don't send ;
 Nor invite 'im 'ome to dinner, nor an afternoon to spend ;
 Nor the Gov'nor to 'is Ball,
 An' the cause—you may depend,—
 Is that people never want to meet 'is coloured lidy
 friend !
 An' I 'ope I don't offend !



JAMES ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE
CAPETONIAN.

If you're a great observer of 'umanity,
A Sherlock-Holmey pryer on prowl ;
A noticin' 'is weakness an' 'is vanity,
An' a writin' 'em—as I do—for the "Owl,"
Wiv your 'ead enveloped in a soakin' towel.

If you study man, an' 'is peculiarities,
An' you search the world, from Cuba to Japan,
You'll find out 'ere, the rarest of all rarities,
A truly interestin' 'uman man,
An' 'e's built upon the latest English plan.

Yes, the Cape Town man's a trooly interestin' one,
An' 'e gets 'is livin', doin'—Lord knows wot !
'E 'as all the patriotism that is best in one,
An' 'e don't believe in Little Englan' rot !
(Which no one does, 'oo lives upon the spot !)

When 'e furst arrived on board an Inter-me-di-ate,
'E 'ad got some funny notions of 'is own,
That through 'is presence matters would expediate,
An' 'e thought 'e'd rise the standin' social tone,
In fact—'e'd run the Colony alone !

An' 'e didn't seem to tumble to 'is latitude,
For 'e talked in quite a grandy, grandy style,
'E would sneer, an' strike an 'orrer-stricken attitude,
At anything colonial—for a while,
An' 'e said 'e didn't like our bloomin' style !

'E raved about the way that things were done at 'ome !
 'E talked about the price of bottled Stout !
 'Ow very fast the railway trains were run at 'ome
 An' English papers 'e would rave about,
 Till we wondered why the dickens 'e came out !

'E quite believed in black 'an white fraternity,
 That a native was as good as any white,
 An' that colour made no diff'rence in eternity !
 Till some drunken Kaffirs—spoilin' for a fight,—
 Met 'im comin' 'ome from business one night !

But now 'e's settled down, an' got quite sensible ;
 An' 'is pride 'as 'ad a very mighty fall,
 For 'e finds 'is mornin' "Times" is indispensable,
 An' 'e tolerates 'is Mowbray railway crawl !
 An' the country ain't so dusty after all !

'Is 'eart against the native 'e is 'ardenin',
 For 'e's found the "poor benighted" ain't so sweet,
 An' 'e's goin' in for politics an' gardenin',
 An' 'e's interested in the price of meat !
 Is Colonial development's complete !

JAMES ON POLITICS.

People git a strange idea,
 Curious an' rarver queer,
 Wiv regard to Politics,
 Likewise Politishuns' tricks ;
 Politics means—promising,
 Anything and ev-'rything !
 Simple, ain't it ?

'Spose you've got *one* seat to spare.
 You'll find *ten* Progressives there !
 Each, is just the bloke required !
 Each, leaves nought to be desired !
 Then you weed 'em,—till you find,
 Three or four are left be'ind !
 Simple, ain't it ?

Each bloke writes a long address,
 'Arf a column,—more or less,
 Each 'is trumpet starts to blow
 “Vote for Mister So-an'-so !”—
 “Vote for the Progressive Plan !”—
 “Friend of Woman—Friend of Man !”
 Simple, ain't it ?

Each Progressive runs 'is wheeze
 “Hingland—Mistress of the Seas !”
 “Vote for Johnson—an' the Queen !”
 “Cheaper Beer—an' vote for Green !”
 Each partic'lar candidate
 'As 'is *special laureate* !
 Simple, ain't it ?

Agents runnin' up an' dahn,
 'Andbills chucked abart the tahn,
 "Vote for Winklewash,—an' Right!!"
 "Meetin' to be 'eld—TO-NIGHT!!!"
 Patriotic songs to 'and
 Rendered by—a German Band!
 Simple, ain't it?

Chairman makes 'is little speech,
 Pays a compliment to each!
 Bloke says "Gents, I beg to state,
 "I'm yer high deal candidate!
 "I am all you can desire."
 'Nother bloke shouts "You're a liar!!"
 Simple, ain't it?

Four Progressives—single seat!
 (Quite a youshal case to meet)
 Cuttin' one anuvver's froats!
 Sneakin' one anuvver's votes!!
 Quite unnoticed in the din,
 Bondsman comes,—*an' 'e gets in!*
 Simple, ain't it?

THE GREATER GOD.

(A churchwarden of S. Alban's Church, Kimberley, requested that a certain picture might be removed from the church, as he thought it was the means of keeping members of the congregation from attending divine service.—*Vide* "Cape Times," April 19th.)

Whom is this God that you worship ?

Whom is this God that you serve ?

Is He the God of your senses,

Is He the God of your nerve ?

Does He object to your pictures,

Does He protest at your state ?

Ruffle His brow at your splendours ?

Frown on your silver and plate ?

How does He want you to worship ?

Massed in a crowd or alone ?

Cassock, and hassock, and censer ?

Images wooden and stone ?

Dimly lit choir, with an altar ?

Vergers to show your place ?

Lord, is it thus that we worship,

Alto and tenor and bass ?

Plain meeting place,—newly varnished,

Texts round the pulpit and walls,

Grey-whiskered, stern-visaged pastor

Sermon in spasmodic drawls.

Hell and a lot of damnation,
 Sulphur and brimstone and sword
 Oceans of bliss for the bless'd ones,
 Is it thus that we worship, O Lord ?

With a drum, and a bonnet, and banner ?
 With a blare, and a blast, and a bang ?
 With personal tit-bits—uncalled for ?
 With a long-winded rabid harangue ?

Will it save us—the plate on the altar ?
 Will it save us—the text on the wall ?
 This picture they hung—will it damn them ?
 The band, does it help us at all ?

(O Shades of the Christians that Have Been,
 O men who were led by a Star !)
 Christians—and scared by a picture !
 (O souls of the Christians who are !)

Churchwarden, steward, and beadle,
 Each with his own little soul,
 Each in its own narrow channel,
 Bound for its own little goal !

Fuming and fawning and fishing,
 Striving for gain and reward :
 Absorbing the Great in the lesser,
 'Themselves do they worship, O Lord !

THE SONG OF THE ROODEDAM.

(FROM *Cape Register*.)

*O the 'opeless town
In the 'opeless land !
O the 'elpless moan
Of the 'elpless band !*

My name is J. B. Johnson (with the accent on the "jay")
I'm supposed to be a feller wot is fly !
I 'aven't any great desire to give myself away,
But I'm taken in, an' done for, in a most outrageous way,
An' I'm telling you the wherefore an' the why.

I 'ad read about the 'Ope Town (with the accent on the
" 'ope " !),
An' I thought I'd try my luck a drillin' rock,
So I took a spade an' bucket, an' an 'undred yards of
rope,
A bag, an' a revolver, an' a bar of mottled soap,
With some dynamite to finish up my stock.

I mobilised at 'Ope Town (with the accent on the
" mob " !)
Thought I'd soon be Johnson Multi-Millionaire !
But I found out to my sorrer, it was a put-up job,
An' the claim I'd paid a " pony " for it wasn't worth a
bob !

N ow wasn't *that* enough to make me swear ?

I blasted an' I blasted (with the accent on the "blast"!),
 But not a bloomin' stone did I be'old.
 An' my dream of Park Lane Mansions—it began to
 vanish fast,
 An' the vision of a peerage—well, it didn't sorter last!
 But I started realisin'—I was sold!

I discussed it with the others (with the accent on the
 "cuss"!),
 An' so I thought an' omeward course I'd steer.
 You may think that I am makin' quite unnecessary fuss
 But you cannot get from 'Ope Town on a penny omnibus,
 An' Cape Town ain't an "up the river" pier!

Roodedam, O Roodedam! (with the accent on the
 "dam"!),
 You're a failure, an' a bored an' salted liar!
 O I'm taken in an' done for, like a blessed bleating lamb!
 You're a mizzle, an' a fizzle, an' adulterated sham!
 An' I've 'ad as much of *you*, as I require!

UNDER WHICH FLAG ?

Under which flag ? Under which Queen ?
 Drop all this talk, this veiling cant,
 Drop "racial hate," and "party" spleen,
 And say out boldly what ye mean—
 Ye orators who rave and rant !

Blood of the men in battle slain,
 That reddened all Constantia's green,
 Ye died that British blood should reign ;
 Were all your suff'rings then, in vain !
 Under which flag ? Serving which Queen ?

O men who tilled the soil and died !
 Ye left your sons to sow and glean,
 Who spread *their* seed the country wide.
 We promised freedom. Have we lied ?
 Under which flag ? Serving which Queen ?

Turn from the issues of a—Bill !
 Turn from the issues, petty—mean ;
 Of party strife, O have your fill
 And face the issue greater still.
 Under which flag ? Serving which Queen ?

O ranters, leave your minor schemes,
 And tear away the lesser screen.
 For God's sake drop your party screams,
 And put aside your fads and themes.
 Under which flag ? Serving which Queen ?

O toiler ! Thou who digs and delves.
O statesman ! Subtle, sauve and keen ;
Take down this question from your shelves,
Forgetting for the time—yourselves !
Under which flag ? Under which Queen ?



THE PATRIOTIC COLONIST.

With a smile of satisfaction, and a consequential mien,
The Patriotic Colonist arose.

And gave a toast "The Soldiers and the Sailors of the
Queen

The Pride of Home : the terror of their Foes !"

And he spoke with force and vigour, of the deeds our
soldiers do,

And as he spoke his bosom swelled with pride.

As he quoted ev'ry battle,—Omdurman to Waterloo,
He boasted how *his* countrymen had died !

Then he buttoned up his dust-coat, and he lit a big
cigar

And he toddled off to catch the midnight train.

But on his way he made a call, into a fav'rite bar :
To get a wet to cool his heated brain.

Then the Patriotic Colonist drank up, and turned to go,—
When suddenly a change came o'er the scene

The door that hitherto was closed, was opened wide,—
and lo !

There stood a soldier and a red marine !

Then the P.C.'s heart was filled with wrath his bosom
choked with rage.

When he heard those red-coat ruffians call for,—beer !

And he sent a haughty message, by a many buttoned
page,

"Go tell those men, you don't serve soldiers here !"

Then the Patriotic Colonist went home, and went to bed.
And slept the sleep we credit to the Just.
And as he slept he dreamt a dream of heroes past and
 dead
That rose from out the age's mould'ring dust.

He saw Rorke's Drift : o'er Chitral's heights, he saw,
 our soldiers creep.

He seemed the field of Waterloo to scan,
And as he saw each gallant fight, he murmured in his
 sleep

‘ I thank Thee Lord, that *I'm* an Englishman ! ’



THE SQUIRE.

Sir John of the Isles,
 'E stood on 'is lands,
 An, looked round 'is large estates :
 The lands of waste, an' the lands of corn ;
 The rose-clad lands, an' the lands of thorn ;
 An' 'is many gun guarded gates.

Sir John of the Isles,
 'E sez to T.A.,
 'E sez to T.A., sez 'e,
 " O, you an' your chum, the sailor-man,
 " Must scour the country as far as you can,
 " For you are game-keepers to me."

Sir John of the Isles,
 'E sez to the swells,—
 The Downing-street frock-coated crew,—
 " You are stewards of mine, on Colonial land,
 " An' my tenants with seventeen guns an' a band,
 " Shall pay their respects unto you !"

Sez John of the Isles
 To one of the swells,
 " Near the lands where you're goin' to Be
 " Is the dusty estate of a crochety cuss,
 " 'Oo from time to time causes a great deal of fuss,
 " For 'e thinks 'e's better nor me."

Sez John of the Isles,

“The tenants ’e rules

“ Are a very peculiar lot.

“ ’ Is bailif’s are ’Ollanders, chock full of guile,

“ ’ An they run the estate in a Guy-foxy style,

“ Which is Dynamite, Treason and Plot ! ”

Sez John of the Isles,

“ Don’t mind ’is remarks

“ For the land which is ’is,—it was mine ;

“ But ’e took it to Law in a court rather grim,

“ An’ a kopje-’id jury decided for ’im !

“ An’ awarded the land as a fine.”

Sir John of the Isles,

’E sez to the swell,

“ You’re a gentleman, breedin’ an birth,

“ An’ in case of a row, without losin’ your ’ead,

“ You may take my game-keepers, an mark ’is land
red !

“ On the survey map of the Earth ! ”



THE SEA-NATION.

We rose, a people of the sea,
 Nursed by the wind, and rocked by wave.
 Our hard, rock-founded history,
 Was born from stories of our brave.
 And northern ice-blasts steeled our frames
 When war was but the best of games.

We saw a Roman Empire fall,
 And fell ; but falling, learned to rise.
 We heard the voice of Progress call,
 And in our folly we were wise :
 When Briton, Saxon, Norman, Dane,
 Bequeathed their progeny the main.

And conquered joined with conqueror ;
 And Norman fire, with Saxon zeal
 Combined ; we swept the world before
 The twanging bow, and clanging steel.
 Tyrants unurm'ring bore our yoke,
 And braggarts thought before they spoke.

Then Iron Might took Right to wife ;
 And lo ! our liberty was born !
 We revelled in the newer life
 When King was mated by a pawn.
 Men lived between, of mighty worth ;
 From Monfort's death to Cromwell's birth.

We bore the arrogance of kings,
 But bravèd death in fear of God.
 We rose from great, to greater things.
 The weak grew potent at our nod.
 And nations watchèd the scales of Fate,
 To see where England threw her weight !

We took our seed to other climes,
 And from it sprang by divers seas,
 An Oak—that grew among the Limes !
 An Oak—among the Blue-gum trees !
 The Cactus left the land because
 The Acorn brought its ordered laws.

And like a giant, bearing stings
 Of gnats, who joy to see him wince,
 We stand—the envy of the kings
 Despised by every petty prince !
 Who know, that while enduring yet,
 We bear—but we do not forget.

We lived, and live ! The world shall see
 An inextinguishable flame.
 The nations fade ; but we shall be !
 When Gaul and Teuton are a name !
 For us the seven seas in one :
 For land-locked hordes—oblivion !

THE SONG OF THE BOUNDER.

My father left his English home
 On board a Union liner,
 With vague ideas that o'er the foam
 He'd be a kind of miner,
 And though he thought that he'd go forth
 To regions wild and merry,
 He never got much further north
 Than Maitland Cemetery !

Though there are northern woods to hew
 And northern towns to founder,
 I much prefer the Avenue,
 Since I've become—'twixt I and you,
 A first-class Cape Town bounder.

At home we always "grubbed" at one,
 On mutton hash and sauces,
 But now we dine with setting sun
 On six or seven courses :
 Upon my genealogy
 I lecture to the boarders,
 And tell them that my ancestry
 Were Norman Duke Marauders !

(If mother only heard me fix
 These yarns, they would astound her,
 For every day from six to six
 My father used to carry bricks
 To help support this bounder.)

In first-class carriages I sit
 (A third *was* more the figure)
 But thirds out here would only fit
 A soldier—or a nigger ;
 And though I was but Board School bred,
 To advertise my knowledge
 I always wear upon my head
 The colours of the College.

I wear pincez-nez upon my nose,
 Though sight was never sounder,
 But when the wild south-easter blows,
 I find I cannot manage those,
 I'm but a mortal bounder !

THE GIDDY LITTLE MICROBE.

A Tragedy.

Once on a time a giddy little microbe came to
earth,
On a tour of inspection, brief and cursory.
An open Woodstock sewer was the place that gave
him birth,
And a pint of Tokai water was his nursery.

He was weaned on Typhoid Fever, and on Influenza
too,
And in a German bakehouse, very rapidly he grew,
Then out into the wide world, upon his mission
flew
This merry little, giddy little microbe !

This merry little microbe, lived a life of lordly
ease,
In spite of anti-microbe appliances.
He went where fancy led him, without saying " If
you please,"
Tho' scientists made use of all their sciences.

They tried the latest methods, to get rid of him*but still.
He cunningly evaded, all the microbe slayers' skill.
The best of anti-septics, failed to ever catch and kill,
This merry little, cheery little microbe.

This foolish little microbe fell in love,—as microbes do
With a fair and haughty femine bacteria!
And tho' he hinted to her, that he had suffice for two!
His wooing and his sueing seemed to weary her!

One morning whilst at breakfast in a paper he espied,
Another germ had gained the hand, that he had been
denied
He took some strong carbolic, and he straightway went
and died!
Unfortunate, misguided little microbe!



THE NUMBER ONE.*

The number one, 'e's on the bridge,
 There's goin' to be a row,
 The Gold Coast is upon our port,
 An' 'ull down, on our bow,
 Makin' for 'ome for all she's worth—
 A slaver's bloomin' dhow !

The number one is on the bridge,
 The buntin' tosser's† aft ;
 An' down below, in the 'eat an' glow,
 The men are at their graft.
 They've peeled their shirts, to get the steam,
 To over-'aul that craft.

The number one is in command,
 The skipper's sick below,
 A touch o' fever from the coast,
 'As made the old man so ;
 But 'e's passed the word to the engineer,
 "For Gawd's sake make 'er go !"

* The First Lieutenant.

† Signaller.

The "gen'ral quarters" sounded orf,
 The bugler's made a call,
 (A call that means the "red" marines,
 With fifty rounds of ball,
 Are goin' to git a medal an' clasp,
 Or an ensign, for a pall !)

The number one is on the bridge,
 The sun is low an' red !
 An' shot an' shell, like fiends of 'Ell,
 Are shrieking' round 'is 'ead,
 An' three marines are crippled,
 An' their sergeant-major's dead !

The number one is on the bridge,
 The dhow's a battered sight ;
 'Er rascal chief, 'as come to grief ;
 'E's fought 'is final fight,
 But the number one lies on the bridge,
 An' 'is face is ghastly white.

A smile is on 'is bloodless lips,
 'Is sword 'angs from 'is wrist,
 And a lock of 'air of a maiden fair,
 Is clasped in 'is bloodstained fist,
 But 'e'll meet 'er at the great roll-call,
 When they muster by "open list" !

BRITANNIA TO HER FIRST BORN.

I am no maiden, highly strung,
To faint, when bloody death is nigh.
I have not lived, by might of tongue
Nor by vain boastings, wind-wide flung !
But on fame's endless ladder, I
Have fought my way, from rung to rung !

I am no fretful, whim'ring miss ;
I am a woman, learned of years.
And once I felt your baby kiss :
Your bliss for me, had greater bliss !
Your youthful sorrows, had my tears.
O son o' mine, remember this !

Your foes were mine, in those dear days :
Your friends were kind, and kin to me.
We parted—so, we will not raise
The long dead years. We went our ways,
I, brooding by the cold grey sea ;
You, pride-flushed, with your new-won bays !

The years have passed ; it does but seem
As yester-eve, you left my side.

I journey'd with you, dream on dream—
I heard your great war eagle's scream !
And on sweet Progress, your fair bride,
I saw the sun of Fortune's beam !

I mourned your follies, word, and deed ;
I watched your rising, when you rose,
By sober prayer ; by Cross and Bead.
Until you found that greater Creed,
That in the broader channel flows,
The lowly truths, that higher lead !

You are my son, and born of me.
My laws of Right, are Laws to you
Whose hands were stained in blood, to be
The hands that set the slave-man free !
And now, again, you dare and do,—
For Justice, and Humanity !

The days to be, are big with Fate !
Go fight your battle, Son o' mine.
And State to Shire, and Shire to State,
Its better self shall dedicate !
So, let the wily foe combine,
Whilst, hand-locked, heart-locked, we can wait !

A TOMMY'S WELCOME.

TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

O, good mornin', Mister Kiplin'! You are welcome to
our shores :

To the land of millionaires and potted meat :

To the country of the "fontains" (we 'ave got no
"bads" or "pores"),

To the place where di'monds lay about the street

At your feet ;

To the 'unting ground of raiders indiscreet.

I suppose you know this station, for you sort of keep
in touch

With a Tommy wheresoever 'e may go ;

An' you know our "bat's" a shandy, made of 'Ottentot
an' Dutch,

It's a language which is 'ideous an' low,

Don't you know

That it's "Wacht-een-beitje" 'stead of " 'Arf a mo' ? "

We should like to come an' meet you, but we can't
without a pass ;

Even then we'd 'ardly like to make a fuss ;

For out 'ere, they've got a notion that a Tommy isn't
class ;

'E's a sort of brainless animal, or wuss !

Vicious cuss !

No, they don't expect intelligence from us

You 'ave met us in the tropics, you 'ave met us in the
snows ;

But mostly in the Punjab an' the 'Ills.

You 'ave seen us in Mauritius, where the naughty
cyclone blows,

You 'ave met us underneath a sun that kills,
An' we grills !

An' I ask you, do we fill the bloomin' bills ?

Since the time when Tommy's uniform was musketoon
an' wig,

There 'as always been a bloke wot 'ad a way,
Of writin' of the Glory an' forgettin' the fatig'

'Oo saw 'im in 'is tunic day by day,

Smart an' gay,

An' forgot about the smallness of his pay !

But you're *our* partic'lar author, you're our patron an'
our friend,

You're the poet of the cuss-word an' the swear,

You're the poet of the people, where the red-mapped
lands extend.

You're the poet of the jungle an' the lair,

An' compare,

To the ever-speaking voice of everywhere !

There are poets wot can please you with their primrose-
vi'let lays,

There are poets wot can drive a man to drink ;

But it takes a " pukka " poet, in a Patriotic Craze,

To make a chortlin' nation squirm an' shrink,

Gasp an' blink ;

An' 'eedless, thoughtless people stop an' think !

Yes, the 'and wot banged the banjo an made Tommy
 comic songs,

'Oo wrote of Empires, "Lion's 'Ead to Line,"

'Oo found an 'idden poem in McAndrew's Injin' gongs,
 Was the checkin' 'and wot gave the warnin' sign,

In a line ;

That gave the people soda after wine.

L'ENVOL.

So Mulvaney in P. M. Burg, and the Ortheris in King,
 And the Learoyd who is stationed by the Gate,
 The broken-banker-ranker and his humble comrades,
 bring

A tribute to the man who made them great :

Yes, they wait

To welcome out their poet-laureate.



GINGER JAMES.



A spell I 'ad to wait
 Outside the barrick gate,
 For Ginger James was passin' out as I was passin' in ;
 'E was only a recruit,
 But I give 'im the salute,
 For I'll never git another chance of givin' it agin !

'E'd little brains, I'll swear,
 Beneath 'is ginger 'air,
 'Is personal attractions, well, they wasn't very large ;
 'E was fust in ev'ry mill,
 An' a foul-mouthed cur, but still
 We'll forgive 'im all 'is drawbacks—'e 'as taken 'is
 discharge.

'E once got fourteen days,
 For drunken, idle ways,
 An' the Colonel said the nasty things that colonels
 sometimes say ;
 'E called him to 'is face
 The regiment's disgrace—
 But the Colonel took 'is 'at off when 'e passed 'im by
 to-day.

For days 'e used to dwell
 Inside a guard-room cell,
 Where they put the darbies on 'im for a 'owlin' savage
 brute ;
 But as by the guard 'e went
 They gave 'im the present,
 The little bugler sounded off the "General Salute."

The band turned out to play
 Poor Ginger James away ;
 'Is Captain an' 'is Company came down to see 'im off ;
 An' thirteen file an' rank,
 With three rounds each of blank ;
 An' 'e rode down on a carriage, like a bloomin' city
 toff !

'E doesn't want to pass,
 'E's journeying first-class ;
 'Is trav'ling rug's a Union Jack, which isn't bad at all ;
 The tune the drummers play
 It ain't so very gay,
 But a rather slow selection, from a piece that's known
 as "Saul."