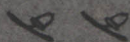





The
South African War.



SOME POETRY



PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND
AND THE UNITED STATES.



POEMS

*COLLECTED IN AMERICA,
ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN
WAR*

Joubert.

And what though Joubert fall? A nation's cause
Is not one man; 'tis in the hastening feet
Of swelling thousands, in the steady beat
Of hearts whose lofty purpose knows no pause;
In the resolve, high-fixed as Nature's laws,
That death or freedom is the choice for men.
And if we mourn the Transvaal's chief again,
Whose conduct won a grudging world's applause—
Recall how William died, the Silent prince,
And Maurice rose of scarcely less renown;
Navarre after Coligny. Did not Rome convince
With her stern courage, though her best were down
At Cannae? If the people do not wince,
Leaders will rise as fast as dangers frown.

Prayer in Camp.

We praise Thee for all thy mercies,
Our weal and our neighbor's harms,
And especially for the reverses
Befalling the British arms.
Thou hast set up pride in the pillory,
The heart of the spoiler faints,
While the best of modern artillery
Speaks for thy simple saints.

We acknowledge thy gracious Providence,
 In that we passed our guns
 As "agricultural implements"
 Through the port of those haughty ones;
 That their hands have ground our axes,
 Their oil has fed our lamp
 That their Uitlander taxes
 Have built the Transvaal camp.

Be praised for thy mighty bowlder,
 Which angel hands, 'tis plain,
 Rolled from the mountain shoulder
 On the mules of their battery train;
 For their spies that deemed us trifles,
 For their guides that played the dunce,
 For our trenches full of rifles
 Which their scouts found empty—once.

Chastise their greed and their vanity,
 Their trespass against our rights,
 An insult to all humanity—
 A term which means the whites;
 We, too, were not given to chaffer
 With Hottentots, Zulus and such,
 But it's one thing to slaughter the Kaffir,
 And another to rob the Dutch. Amen.

General Joubert.

To the heights by laurels shaded,
 Where the brave immortals dwell,
 With their wreaths that never faded,
 He hath gone who fought so well.

David—Joshua—behold him!
 Lead him to his high place now,
 With a kindred love enfold him,
 Place your kisses on his brow!

Chieftain of the lowly legions.
 Man of pray'r and man of toil,
 Led from calm and pastoral regions,
 Through the battle's fierce turmoil.

Up unto the dais golden,
 With the captains strong and pure,
 There beside Leonid olden,
 Roland, Bayard, L'Ouverture.

Washington and Warren near him,
Winkelried and William Tell,
And with holy words to cheer him
France's sanctified Pucelle.
Brave Bozarris, it is thy brother,
Cincinnatus, thy twin soul.
Each is like unto the other
In the stirring for the goal.
Every side, about, around them,
Famed or nameless from the fight
All, who when the war-god found them
Wore the azure badge of right,
Persian, Mede and Greek and Roman,
Hebrew, Saxon, Teuton, Celt,
Ev'ry true and fearless foeman
Who at Freedom's altar knelt,
Came they forth in crowds to greet him,
David leading all the rest.
Heroes eager-eyed to meet him
Toward the new-found comrade pressed.
Mother Earth hath claimed the story,
But the spirit of the song,
Sought the greater fields of glory,
Where it charmed the deathless throng.

There's no Nook on the Land, and no Isle on the Waters.

There's no nook on the land and no isle on the waters,
No spot so secluded where man can be free,
For the red of your flag, like the blood of your slaughters,
Has reached every shore that is washed by the sea.
To us this wild region, so somber and silent,
With its treeless dry plains, all forbidding and drear,
Seemed sweeter than home, and the roar of the lion
More tender than tyranny's voice to the ear.
So poor and so hidden this land of our Canaan,
We dreamed that the greedy imperial eye
Would never look lustfully over our Jordan,
, Or grudge us our pastures so scanty and dry.
But vain as the mirage, the desert's illusion,
So vain was our trek to this wilderness land,
For the gold hunter's vile omnipresent intrusion
We could not escape, nor the conqueror's hand.
There's no nook on the land and no isle on the ocean;
For the lover of freedom the earth hath not room.
Our dead on the veldt are more blest than the living,
For freedom is lost—'tis the day of her doom!

Paul Kruger.

Now, Christ thee save Paul Kruger!
Now, Christ thee save from harm!
And may the God of Joshua
Bear up thy strong right arm.

May He who fought the battles
Of all thy hero sires,
When Orange William kindled
The blaze of Freedom's fires;

May He whose stern war angel
The English pirate smote,
When Cromwell's bloody talons
Were crooked at Holland's throat;

May he who cast His aegis
O'er flooded dyke and dam,
When down 'mid roaring billows
Went France's oriflamme;

May he defend the children
Who kept the fathers' cause,
Who raised the ocean ramparts,
And bade the spoiler pause.

No guardian surges round them
Laugh now the foe to scorn,
But swelling thews and sinews
Of men to freedom sworn;

And breasts with Right thrice-plated,
And hands that love the sword,
And hearts that count most holy
The drops for Freedom poured;

And brains that guide in wisdom
The arms that strain to smite,
And Mind, o'er all victorious,
That leads the van in fight;

And o'er them, and about them,
The rapture of a world
That hails the snapping fetters,
The tyrant downward hurled.

Yea, o'er them and about them,
The prayers of every slave,
The hopes of every champion,
The blessings of the brave.

Lo! these shall be the bulwarks
No red-coat robber scales,
Till once again his banner
Before the Dutchman's trails!

Then bring the new-born infant,
The babe in glory sent,
From War's red font baptismal
His shining brow besprent;

And hold him well, Paul Kruger!
And shield him with thy life,
And for his sake be hallowed
The bloody sweat and strife!

And joy shall lash the pulses
Of freeman and of slave
To see the young Republic
Throned on a despot's grave.

Then Christ thee keep, Paul Kruger!
Then Christ keep thee from harm;
And may thy deathless story
Nerve many a patriot's arm.

And Christ thee keep, Paul Kruger,
And shrine thee in the skies;
No fairer spirit walketh
The fields of Paradise;

No brighter star hath heaven,
'Mid all the flaming band,
Than he who lives and labors,
And dies—for Fatherland.

They Drove the Burgher Northward.

They drove the burgher northward
From Cape and Natal's shores,
To where the bushman wanders,
To where the lion roars.
He found the land a desert,
He won it by his toil;
The men who till will keep it
Or die upon the soil.

Echo the strain from hill to plain,
Wherever the burghers stand;
Strong is the ward and stern the guard—
The guard of the burghers' land.

Joubert.

He waited still, with the way prepared
 For all that his great soul long had dared,
 Till the Lord of hosts himself declared
 The danger of thus delaying
 To save the land from a fatal blot;
 Then moving masses all fear forgot,
 The martyr blood of a Huguenot,
 Their myriad pulses swaying.

Onward they sweep with a storm cloud's might,
 Ready to fight as they only can fight
 Whose faith is firm and whose cause is right,
 Whose very death is glorious.
 As backward their peaceful life recedes,
 Looms up a future of valiant deeds;
 Through Him who fostered and stanchly leads,
 Can they fail to prove victorious?

What matters it that a haughty foe,
 Counting their cause but a clumsy show,
 Scornfully prates of the overthrow
 That briefly her might engages?
 If then the skill by their Joubert taught,
 With low-born piety, went for naught,
 Let England's dead in the war she sought
 Be proof to the connig ages.

Proud names and numbers ill suit her boast;
 Nameless the handful that dared her host;
 Gone now from the stress when needed most,
 The soul of that grand endeavor.
 But the potent will that well could sway
 The people he loved, passed not away;
 And whether they win or lose the day,
 Will live their lives forever.

Oh, thou Heart like unto our Heart.

O thou heart like unto our heart! O our brother over sea!
 We have caught the prophet's vision of the time that is to be!
 We have seen thy rugged courage that no might can make
 afraid,
 And we glory in thy glory, and we long to send thee aid.
 As our deathless, patriot fathers, with a strength beyond their
 own,
 Shook the haughty pirate empire, bringing terror to its throne,
 So, with God himself as ally, bring its arrogance to dust,
 Till it learn what honor meaneth, till it learneth to be just.

In the secret of the closet, we have called on God to hear;
He hath heard and he hath answered with an answer full of
fear.

He hath sent thee mighty powers, he hath lent thee deadly
aim,

He hath guarded with his angels when the enemy had slain.

And again we called unto Him as the tingling message came
Of thy victories, heaven granted, but amid the fearful flame,
As, with streaming eyes, we thanked Him that His mighty
arm was bare

To defend His faithful chosen, to give answer to their prayer.

God hath loved thy little nation with a deathless love and
deep;

Like a precious, priceless jewel, He its liberties will keep.
Lift thine eyes with glad thanksgiving, battle-black may bend
the sky,

Sing! the purple morning wakens! thy redemption draweth
nigh!

O thou heart like unto our heart! O our brother over sea!
We have caught the prophet's vision in the nation of the free.
Let the greedy empires know it, frozen pole to frozen pole,
We are with thee in thy struggle, O thou brother of our soul!

Leave us Alone ! Leave us Alone !

Leave us alone! Leave us alone!
You shall not rob us of our own;
We will be free! We will be free!
Our birthright shall our standard be.

Our fathers' sweat, our fathers' blood
Have soaked the ground on which they stood;
Our mothers' tears, our mothers' toil
Have hallowed this our Afric soil.

This is our land! This is our land!
Reclaimed by our fathers' hand;
Reclaimed once, we claim it now
As made a garden by our plough.

We ask: What has to us been left?
We will no longer be bereft!
For Fatherland and freedom dear,
We die, or live and vanquish here!

Joubert.

Joubert is dead! far off the whisper ran,
 "That man of rock, their mightiest, is laid low!
 War-slain but not in war!" and we who know
 How battle brings the noblest to the van,
 But makes the churl more churlish—we who scan
 His deeds who wrought our leaguered city woe,
 Must mourn, today, an honorable foe,
 A gallant soldier, knightly gentleman.

Albeit, from boyhood, in his Gallic blood
 Worked hate of Britain, with the restless lure
 And lust of empire and his land's increase,
 Worked more the hatred of that serpent brood
 Of state intrigue; a patriarchal Boer,
 He feared no fighting tho' he longed for peace.

England's Triumph!

Cheer! England, cheer! Thy day is here—
 A thousand braves have kissed the dust.
 How many more, of Celt and Boer,
 Must fall, to satisfy thy lust?
 Ten thousand fallen, more or less,
 Thou mayst not weigh against success.

Cheer! thou hast gained the field, where rained
 Hot ingots from thy throats of steel.
 Who covetest the eagle's nest,
 Consider'st not the eagle's weal;
 And thou, for glut of golden sand,
 Spreadest pall of death o'er Fatherland.

Cheer! Ten to one—right bravely done,
 O England, though 'twas dearly bought;
 Yet, to succeed was ample meed,
 No matter what the ruin wrought,
 'Tis sport, when threescore gentry may
 At last bring hounded fox to bay.

For empire, all, even honor, stake;
 Thy purpose let not mercy swerve;
 No precedent thou needst to break;—
 Where Right is not, thy Might will serve.
 The shamrock on thy regal breast,
 Just now makes Erin flattered guest.

Arlo Bates.

Christian War of Today.

There once was a pirate, greedy and bold,
Who ravaged for gain, and saved the spoil,
Till his coffers were bursting with bloodstained gold,
And millions of captives bore his toil.

Then fear took hold of him, and he cried:
"I have gathered enough; now war should cease!"
And he sent out messages, far and wide,
(To the strong ones only) to ask for peace.

"We are Christian brethren," thus he spake;
"Let us seal a contract never to fight,
Except against rebels who dare to break
The bonds we have made by the victor's right."

And the strong ones listened; and some applaud
The kindly offer and righteous word,
With never a dream of deceit or fraud;
They should spike the cannon and break the sword.

But others—their elders—listen, and smile
At the sudden convert's unctuous style.
They watched for the Peacemaker's change of way;
But his war-forges roared by night and by day.

Even now, while his godly messengers speak,
His guns are aflame on his enemies weak.
He has stolen the blade from the hand of his foe,
And he strikes the unarmed a merciless blow.

To the ends of the earth his oppression runs;
The rebels are blown from the mouths of his guns;
His war tax devours his subjects' food;
He taxes their evil and taxes their good.
He taxes their salt till he rots their blood;

He leaps on the friendless as on a prey;
And slinks, tail down, from the strong ones away.
The Pharisee's cant goes up for peace,
But the cries of his victims never cease.
The stifled voices of brave men rise
From a thousand cells; while his rascal spies
Are spending their blood-money fast and free.
And this is the Christian to oversee
A world of evil; A saint to preach!
A holy well-doer come to teach!
A prophet to tell us war should cease!
A pious example of Christian peace!

What are ye Doing, ye American People.

What are ye doing, ye American people,
 In the far-off islands of the sea,
 While your bells, sweet-pealing from tower and steeple
 Breathe the anthem of the free?

Spilling and pouring our blood, like water,
 Fighting like beasts, as in centuries gone;
 Spain has been humbled, and yet the slaughter
 And cruel slaying and strife goes on.

For ye hunt and butcher our poor brown brother;
 With bullets ye slaughter the great and small,
 While here, as there—maid, wife and mother,
 Are crying and praying alike, for all.

What are ye doing, ye hosts of Britain,
 In corries of one great continent,
 While in another your fever-smitten
 Perish in millions, famine-spent?

O, Liberty! thy torch uplifting!
 Shake it to all the maddened skies,
 And show the nations, to ruin drifting,
 How dear life is in heaven's eyes!

Ye Anglo-Saxons, in time take warning—
 If by the sword ye would not fall,
 Let Peace shine here, as shines the morning,
 A joy and a blessing to each and all.

From bay and bower and tower and steeple,
 Do you hear the Voice that startles me,
 Asking aloud why a rich, proud people
 Murder his bairns beyond the sea?

Cronje's Prison Fleet.

Warships now at anchor lying
 On Table Bay,
 "Search philosophy and see,
 Not in battle deed
 Won ye fame undying;
 Yet is such your meed
 Since the fated day,
 Your decks resounded with the hero-tread
 Of captive Cronje long a conqueror,
 And his brave captains in victorious war,
 For them the shrines of prisoned freedom ye became.

Ye transports that from England bore
Your thousands of the troops sent o'er,
To stifle liberty in overwhelming flood,
Men who knew not what they did,
Men who fought as they were bid.
Blinded with lies which right made wrong appear,
And struck at all they held at heart most dear;
(Peace to the dead.
Mistakes of many are washed out in blood,
On that battle ground
Where the world's problem is at test today.)

Transport ships, ye bear away,
Far from their native land,
The noblest freight of passengers e'er found,
Measuring their marches by a vessel's bound,
Bear proudly, safely, each your captive band,
For in this rests alone your fame.

When of your number one at anchor rides,
At foreign port in future days,
Men shall come thronging but to touch your sides;
Mothers shall there teach children valor's praise,
Saying, "This ship bore Cronje," or "This ship is one,
Of that prison fleet immuted whereon,
Were Cronje's followers, whom to overwhelm,
England her myriads levied from every clime,
And thousands with ten thousands overcame,
Then sent on ships far o'er the sea away;
Making of St. Helena's Isle a second time,
In all her world engirdling realm,
The only spot illustrious and sublime."

Kalmar Bernes.

Ho, Ancient Bully, Beaten to your Knees.

Ho, ancient bully, beaten to your knees,
Do you know her eyes that flame, her hands that smite?
Whose wrathful face and wide, smooth brows and white
And dented shield from countless fields like these
Gleamed fierce and fair among the rocks and trees
On Concord road? Who through the weary night
Burned, though beclouded, till from Yorktown's height
She crowned a people with their liberties?
Yea, fear her! This is she in whose sure scrolls
Is writ blood-red the record of your crime—
By what wrecked nations and what wretched souls,
What tears, what hates, what grovelling and grime
Your rising—and the very tide that rolls
To hurl you headlong on the sands of Time!

When Wars shall Cease.

When shall the cloud of battle rise
 From off the field of woe,
 Where, bringing death, the bullet flies,
 And shells shriek as they go—
 Where they whose strife at last is o'er
 Are lying pale and cold,
 While their freed spirits upward soar,
 And heaven's gates unfold?
 No more for them the stirring call
 Which summons all the brave;
 For native land they gave their all,
 Their country's fame to save;
 Their warfare o'er, their rest is won,
 In memory they live;
 And heaven shall, for duty done,
 A fitting guerdon give.
 But when shall war its emblems grim
 And shadow dark remove?
 And peace, with eyes by tears made dim,
 The tardy deed approve?
 And man own brotherhood with man,
 And nations strive no more
 To conquer others, if they can,
 And thus increase their store?
 Oh, not until all men shall own
 The vanity of dross;
 And that it is but Love alone
 That compensates for loss.
 And not till nations' thoughts shall be
 Each friendly for another;
 And every man his neighbor see
 As brother seeth brother.

Burgher Smit of the Transvaal.

I.

Burgher Smit of the Transvaal, alone on the kopje's crest—
 Beneath, in the mud, a pool of blood—a ragged hole in the
 breast—
 A groan and a chill—a fever chill—a prayer for a soldier's rest.

II.

Burgher Smit of the Transvaal, in the heat of the tropic sun,
 Had stood that day thro' the deadly fray to his rock and his
 belching gun
 With only a hope to guard the slope till the grim assault was
 done.

III.

And Burgher Smit of the Transvaal had worked his heart's
desire—
He had held his own on his rock-ribbed throne thro' the storm
of steel and fire—
He had proved his heart a worthy part of the heart of his trek-
king sire!

IV.

But Burgher Smit of the Transvaal felt a hand of ice at his
soul;
He saw, or he felt, his native veldt, with its ocean-dip and
roll—
He looked thro' the night and saw the light stream out from
his "landbouw" knoll.

V.

And there he saw his little ones—he heard their mother's
call—
As best she can, like her own good man, she works in the
cattle kraal—
But her heart is away, the long, long day, away o'er the moun-
tain wall!

VI.

But Burgher Smit of the Transvaal shall come no more to his
own;
He has gone the road that his fathers trode—he has trekked to
the last Unknown—
And the Father above, in justice and love, shall reap what
these hands have sown!

J. J. Rooney.

Alarum.

What! ho! ye sturdy sons of toil,
Shall aliens rule your native land?
Your country, its beloved soil,
Be governed by a foreign band?
Up! up! 'tis honor's voice that calls,
And Justice ready stands to aid;
O, free yourselves from tyrant's thralls;
The right will win, be not afraid!

Our trust in God shall be renewed,
For right is ours, and God is just;
The English, beaten and subdued,
Shall bow their haughty heads in dust.
Our masters they shall never be;
We bow to no rule but our own;
The land we fight for shall be free;
The land God gave us, ours alone!

Majuba Hill.

Dawn on Majuba Hill!
 Slow climbing through the mists of night,
 Four hundred British scale the height—
 Key to the mountain pass—and rest
 Commanders of its open crest.

Sunrise upon Majuba!
 Joubert sits writing in his tent,
 When morn reveals the foe's ascent;—
 And all seems lost—but iron will
 And lion heart shall conquer still.

God on Majuba Hill,
 Miracle works for liberty.
 Both sword and shield this day is He.
 When noon hath swung toward the west
 Her pendulum across the crest,

Upon Majuba Hill,
 Outlined against the sky full clear,
 The forms of sixty Boers appear.
 Their rifles flash, their followers press;
 And swift before resistless stress,

Clearing Majuba Hill,
 Forced headlong down the mountain side,
 (Happy those who with Colley died!)
 A remnant—the invaders ran—
 Nineteen more years hath freedom won!

Back up Majuba Hill,
 From their pursuit on farther plain,
 Recalled, they press 'mid ranks of slain;
 —God-panoplied, their loss alone,
 One killed, four wounded, prisoners none.

Sunset upon Majuba!
 Joubert sits writing in his tent,
 Of "energy with courage blent
 Beyond description in our men."
 Praise of brave foes moves next his pen.

"God on Majuba Hill,
 Exceeded gloriously each act
 Of hero-courage, martial tact;
 Protected, gave true victory—
 May this day henceforth hallowed be!"

N. Adce.

My Back is to the Wall.

My back is to the wall,
Lo! here I stand.
O Lord! whate'er befall,
I love this land!

The land that I have till'd,
This land is mine.
Would, Lord, that Thou hadst will'd.
This heart were thine!

Thy servant, Lord, of old
Smote down the men
Whose images of gold
They worshipped then!

Those images again
Are worshipped now,
Before strange gods strange men,
O Lord! here bow!

This land to us Thou gave,
In days of old;
They seek to make a grave
Or field of gold!

To us, O Lord! Thy hand
Put forth to save!
Give us, O Lord! this land,
Or give a grave!

Bobs, Up-to-date.

There's a little sad-faced man
Which is Bobs;
Runs as fast as e'er he can
Poor Bobs!
If a Boer nears his lair
'E don't wait to say no prayer,
But 'e hits the trail for fair,
Don't yer Bobs?
There was just a little spell,
Wran't there, Bobs?
When your head inclined to swell
Awful Bobs!
But you can't most always tell
When to give the victor's yell,
And you've failed to give 'em—well!
Hain't yer, Bobs?

False Prophets.

Not like the caged lion, in whose abandoned lair
 The royal jackals sported, standest thou.
 He raged and sulked by turn; in constant prayer
 Thou seekest heaven with unclouded brow.
 He brooded sullen over bygone days;
 Thou forward lookest with a prophet's gaze.

The battle anger never more shall cloud thy sight;
 Thou wreak'st no more thy righteous wrath, as when
 Thou held'st week-long at bay the Briton's might,
 Or herd'st the raider to his slaughter-pen.
 Far from thy vision passion's storm has rolled;
 Thou dost the coming years undimmed behold.

The things thou seest the lone and sick apostles saw
 In prison cell, and sang their praise and thanks;
 The things thou seest in ecstatic awe
 Beheld the Covenanter's falling ranks;
 Before the hunted Filipino's eyes
 The self-same scenes of vindication rise.

Ah, would that they who toil and sweat in yonder isle
 To weld thy shackles, would that they might see
 How with false hopes and selfish aims beguile
 The advocates of empire sophistry!
 Oh, for a modern Chatham to arise,
 And rend from slavery liberty's disguise!

Not the ambitious colonist whose imperial scheme
 Thy independence thwarted—not the lord
 Who floats in senile impotence the stream
 Of national frenzy—not the barking horde
 Of war-hounds loosened on the bloody trail,
 To change the course of justice shall avail.

For all things to one common center gravitate;
 And whoso alters the established course
 Of mass to matter or of state to state,
 Himself opposes to the causal force;
 And outraged Nature hastens to proclaim
 Her laws supreme o'er human might and fame.

Therefore, pray on, thou lonely exile, not as one
 Who moans the fate of unfulfilled desire,
 But like that prophet who, his errand done,
 Calmly awaited the chariot of fire.
 Fighter no more, thou art become a seer;
 Before thee Heaven's purpose openeth clear.

Before our shorter sight the tyrant's banners flaunt,
Upon our ears his hateful triumphs sound;
Thou, whom no show of martial power may daunt,
Thou look'st beyond this little century's bound;
And while we mourn for Freedom's home laid waste,
Thou watchest the God of retribution haste.

The Tigress of the Nations.

The tigress of the Nations
Has left her lair once more;
Her ships are loading rations,
Her troops are armed for war;
On human blood long drunken,
She scents a feeble prey;
And she has never shrunk
From gain, though she must slay.
To every clime she carries
Her blood-red flag of lust;
Woe to the foe that parries,
For honor's sake, her thrust!
In frozen lands and torrid
Where men defend their soil.
They read upon her forehead
The brand of shameful spoil.
O silent, stubborn freemen
Whom she can not enslave—
Breed of the old Dutch seamen
Who scourged her on the wave—
She hates you for the honor
That crowns your little state,
With murder's mask upon her,
She plots without your gate.
And she will come in power
To bend you to the yoke,
God help you in that hour
To meet the lightning stroke!
For love of all you cherish,
For honor, common weal,
Die, if you must, but perish
With blood upon your steel.
Aye, meet the great marauder,
Though red your life-blood runs,
And drive her from your border
Or die beside your guns.
She, with her victory sated,
Shall be, while Time endures,
For her oppressions hated;
And honor shall be yours!

Her Robes are of Purple and Scarlet.

Her robes are of purple and scarlet,
 And the kings have bent their knees
 To the gemmed and jewelled harlot
 Who sitteth on many seas.

They have drunk the abominations
 Of her golden cup of shame;
 She has drugged and debauched the nations
 With the mystery of her name.

Her merchants have gathered riches
 By the power of her wantonness,
 And her usurers are as leeches
 On the world's supreme distress.

She has scoured the seas as a spoiler;
 Her mart is a robber's den,
 With the wrested toll of the toiler,
 And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimson flag is flying,
 Where the East and the West are one;
 Her drums while the day is dying
 Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and the lowly
 And the just with an iron rod;
 She is drunk with the blood of the holy—
 She shall drink of the wrath of God!

Cronje in St. Helena.

An isle that symbols vain regret,
 Long rest by haunting dreams beset,
 Where seabird's cry and billow's fret
 Lend voice to isolation.

A fortress nature fain had kept,
 And in its brooding silence slept,
 Where human wrong had never crept
 With fearful desecration.

There fierce ambition died away,
 Through what long anguish who can say?
 Or if its sunset cold and gray
 Was flushed with dreams of slaughter.
 The fevered breath of homesick pain,
 The inborn pride so slow to wane
 Passed long ago, but left a stain
 Swept not by wind or water

On that lone isle, his gaze afar
With thoughts amid the thick of war,
Where trusted life-long comrades are,
By wave and rock-wall guarded,
Sits sullen Cronje, coarse and grim,
As captors fond of trappings trim,
Triumphantly have pictured him
Whose face no search rewarded.

No eye could pierce that alien mask,
No friend or foe had need to ask
If well performed his mighty task
That sought no meed of glory.
But never could that awful day,
When 'mid the wreck of deadly fray,
He stood like royal beast at bay,
Fade from his country's story.

Not that with fatal end in sight
He foiled the blow as best he might,
But that he fought for freedom's right
When only blood availed it.
Before him rose his native veldt
Where first in fervent prayer he knelt
For guidance of the zeal he felt,
When greed of might assailed it.

Yet there are those who deem it shame
That loyal Cronje's humble name
Should stand by his, whose olden fame
Rings through the world's arena.
Not till we try by truer test
Than surface thought has ever guessed,
May we decide which honored best
The prison of Saint Helena.

Bores and Boers.

In the morning, take a tub, Beastly bore.
Man comes in to give me rub, Beastly bore.
Have the Pall Mall read to me,
Take a chop or two and tea.
Then walk—slowly—to the club, Beastly bore.
Not a thing to do but sit, Beastly bore.
Try to think, but tire of it, Beastly bore.
Once a chawming girl went by—
But she nevah raised her eye!
Use of living? Not a bit! Beastly bore.
Took a laager yesterday, Beastly bore.
Gave it back though, right away, Beastly bore.
Climbed a hill called Spion Kop.
Didn't like the view on top.
War is h—l? Well I should say! Beastly Boers!

Cronje.

Heroic Cronje! No prison iron shall burn
 Its hated way into thy manful soul,
 A greater now than when thy rifles claimed
 From Britain's best loved sons their bloody toll.
 Not Magersfontein hills, but Paarde's Drift, shall live
 In burning lines on Fame's encarnined roll.

When War has sheathed her reeking sword again,
 And lisping sons by doddering sires are told
 Of deeds of valor done on many a field,
 Thy name shall make the weakling child grow bold;
 Make the aged back its burdens fling aside,
 Dim eyes flash fire as mote an epic old.

And we are proud to meet a foe so brave—
 Proud that our death lists tell the glorious tale
 That Boer may know and British men may know
 Their sons and our sons, dead, DO much avail,
 And those race bonds, riven by designing men,
 Shall, joined in peace, against the world prevail.

From Africa.*E. S. Martin.*

What's the word from Africa? Kruger strikes at last;
 Now he's where we've wanted him for ten years past.
 Watch us while we do him up. Progress rules today.
 Boers, get a move on you! Don't block the way!
 Rude men, gross men, men averse to soap.
 Bigots all, and ignorant; far too dull to cope
 Equally with Englishmen trained to modern skill.
 Now's our chance to show them how—aye, and so we will!

What's the news from Africa? Kimberley's shut in,
 And Mafeking and Ladysmith. Still we're sure to win!
 But dining at Pretoria this coming Christmas day
 Is not so likely as it seemed, with Toubert in the way.
 Rude men, gross men, obstinate as mules;
 Fighters with a most uncivil disregard of rules;
 Churlish farmers, ready though, when summons comes,
 to die,
 To prove their right to dwell in dirt, each freeman in his
 sty.

What's the news from Africa? Things are getting hot.
Methuen's crazy! Wauchope's killed! Gatacre's gone to pot!
They've captured regiments of hussars. At every rifle crack
A smokeless message speeds to drape a British home in black.
Help! help! help! there, and send it mighty quick!
Sort your generals, you at home, and let us have the pick!
Rush in more of everything! God help us if we lose!
We're up against as grim a crowd as ever stood in shoes.

Up rose Britain's might at that. Up rose Britain's hair.
Where are Bobs and Kitchener? Quick! They're wanted
there!

Off, you ornamental chaps! Now show what you're for!
Sixty thousand not enough? Send twice as many more!
Rude men, gross men! Heavens! how they shoot!
Gentle with our wounded, too; not so wholly brute
As not to be the masters of the game of war they play,
And play it in a singularly self-respectful way!

What's the news from Africa? All the world inquires.
Canada—her sons are there—stands listening at the wires.
Lo! Australia, anxious, too! and India just as much,
While British drums beat round the world defiance to the
Dutch.

Defiance to the laggard Dutch, too far behind the time
To understand the ever-modern estimate of crime,
Which deems it sin in Heaven's sight and folly before
man,
To question right of Might to grab whatsoever land it can.

What's the news from Africa? The tide begins to turn.
Brains at last make crushing numbers harvest what they earn.
Rhodes is out of Kimberley; Ladysmith's relieved.
So is London. Roberts did it. Chamberlain's reprieved.

Cronje's at St. Helena; Kruger's in the field—
Tough old boy—and still the cry is "Boers, never yield!"
Yield they must, though; odds too great; yield and pay
the bill.

So many pounds for so much blood that England had to
spill!

Boers? How about them now? Dirty? Rude? Uncouth?
More like models, nowadays, for hopeful British youth.
Teachers of their pedagogues. Training men to try
To prod the erring gently lest he smite them on the eye.
Softly with them, Britons now! Softly as may be!
You know them better than you did; you do, and so do we.
Men who fight as Boers fight—surely they are worth
Freedom, and a title clear to some poor roods of earth.

All we Have of Other Lands, all we Use or Know.

"All we have of other lands, all we use or know,
 These our fathers seized for us, oh, so long ago."
 The ancient rights of those same lands we trampled in the
 mire;
 Leave to die our fathers gave, wealth was their desire.

So they bought us foreign lands at a little cost,
 Just a million serfs or more is all we ever lost;
 "Over all things certain this is sure indeed,"
 Care we naught for trifles, we've plenty of the breed.

Plenty on the Scottish hills, more in Irish dales;
 Lots have we of British braves, quite a few in Wales;
 No dearth with us of men and ships, none of guns or gold;
 From all our little conquered lands we have wealth untold.

But now a sloven, sullen thing dares to beard our beast;
 This "Golden Hog" defies us and refuses to be fleeced;
 And we must show him once for all that his doom is sealed;
 We will change to "Mercy!" his cry of never yield.

"How so great their clamor, whatso'er their claim;"
 'Gainst our dum-dum bullets their arguments are tame;
 Our duty is to crush them and to demonstrate to all
 That we can pluck the bristles from the skin of sullen Paul.

We will fight him ten to one and crush his savage breed;
 Step by step we'll hound him out and leave him not a screed;
 And show him, though in years gone by we left him "uncon-
 trolled,"

That to the new land we can bring the evil of the old.

"All the right we promise is all the wrong we bring;"
 And we must take the "yellow ground" from the sullen thing;
 That we have done the same before "those we rule may read;"
 We but do our duty, though some will say 'tis greed.

"Though cruel in the shadow and crafty in the sun,"
 We must leave no stone unturned once we have begun;
 "But all is yet unproven, everything is hid;"
 Perhaps we may back down again, as once before we did.

Beware of the Bull.

Beware of the Bull, I warn ye, O little races,
 O rude, weak peoples, living close to God!
 He comes to tread in the mire your patient faces,
 With blood of your hearts to fertilize your sod.
 Beware of the Bull, and never let down the bars!
 Though wide are the pastures where he has right to feed.
 His belly is big and his mouth is mad with greed—
 The Bull of the bullying isle whose god is Mars

Beware of the Bull, O struggling peoples,
Whose love is the love of home and kind and kin,
Whose simple worship is not beneath proud steeples,
But under the skies, the temple groves within.
Beware of the Bull that mouths of a Christian aim,
And bellows his boast of towering wall and spire;
His breathings are hate, and his nostrils fierce with fire,
And his horns and his hoofs are sharp to mar and maim.

Beware of the Bull whose gourmand eyes are gloating
On the happy fields where humbler cattle graze.
Before him the crimson banner of lust is floating,
To madden his temper and tempt him on his ways
Of gluttonous greed, to gore and to trample down
The flowers of God in the gardens of the free,
His braggart bellow quaking the earth and the sea,
And cowing the new-found folk of jungle and town.

Beware of the Bull, the arrogant ancient terror,
Surviving a thousand years of theft and thrall;
A thousand years of ruin and wreck and error,
Offspring of murderous Cain, Iscariot, Saul!
Beware of the Bull with frenzied mouth that foams,
With brute-born anger and fiend-fierce avarice fed;
The Bull whose cloak is the blood-begotten red,
Whose mission is murder and hallowless loot of homes!

R. Love.

Begirt the Friendly Ocean.

Begirt the friendly ocean
She sits on her island throne,
In her blood-stained robes of empire
In her sullen might, alone.

And the silent nations watch her
In their hearts a deathless hate.
They whet their knives in the darkness
And forever in patience wait.

They dream of their murdered children,
Of millions that she has slain,
They have waited long for their vengeance,
And they shall not wait in vain.

For the day of her doom is dawning
And the hour of her might is past,
And the bitter portion she deals the weak
She must drain to the dregs at last.

Africa was Boer-Land Then.

When the Zulu impis rolled
 O'er the Transvaal's reddened veldt,
 Where, when Weeneen's tale was told,
 Silence—and the vultures—dwelt;
 Vultures standing on the ground
 In black circles, ringed around
 Many a blue-eyed baby girl—
 Every tiny flaxen curl
 Dabbled in her mother's blood—
 Africa was Boer-land then!

When the Zulu warriors beat
 Through the laager's wagon-walls,
 And the bitter black defeat
 Closed in slaughter that appalls;
 When the Dutchman's dearest dear
 Kissed the Zulu's shovel spear,
 And fierce Chaka's tiger raids
 Drank the blood of Christian maids—
 Africa was Boer-land then!

Now the Christian empire waits,
 Hungry, fierce and menacing,
 At the Dutchman's homestead gates,
 Where the Rand Strand Mining Ring
 Calls again the dogs of war.
 "We have trekked from shore to shore!
 Trekked till we can trek no more!
 Now at last we turn at bay
 Where the rand-strand slopes away;
 Visions of Majuba Hill,
 Whispering to our memories still:
 Africa was Boer-land then!

On the Tugela River.

A fighter into Natal bound
 Cried: "Boatman, do not tarry,
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now, who be ye inside this glen?"—
 'I pray you do not harm me,
 For I am Buller, and these men
 Are Queen Victoria's army!

"And fast before old Kruger's men
 Three times we've fled together,
 And should they find us here again,
 Our blood would stain the heather!"

“The Boers behind have little loss;
Oh, who will us deliver,
And help us safely here to cross
The dark Tugela river?”
Out spake a hardy English wight:
“I’ll go, my chief, I’m willing,
For if we linger here tonight,
The Boers will make a killing!”
And yet their terror grew apace;
The cannon made them shiver,
And fear was stamped on every face
Beside Tugela river.
“Oh, haste thee, haste thee!” Buller cries.
“Though England’s sun is setting,
Rather than face such enemies,
I’ll take a thorough wetting!”
Their boats have left the stormy land;
The skies are black before them;
On come the burghers—hairy band!—
With leaden balls to bore them.
“Go on! Go on!” cried Buller then.
“Although they maim and scar me,
I must attempt to save the men
Of Queen Victoria’s army!”
’Twas vain; the Boers on either side
Gave thanks to God, the Giver,
And drove the English, terrified,
Across the raging river!

The Little One.

Heaven help the Free State arms and keep them free!
Stand by the brave Transvaal artillery,
And let the battle’s red-tongued meteors say;
“The cause of Britain languisheth today!”
Steady the hand whose rifle aim is right —
Hand that caressed the Book but yesternight.
Is England Joshua to command the sun?
Almighty God, stand by the Little one!

“England must have supremacy!” they cry,
“Great Britain hold the paramountcy.” Why?
Now is the time, now the propitious hour,
To see her stand against an equal power!
Too long she treads the deck with bullying threats—
Her conquered foes all weak—not one forgets.
Now, by the psalm, by the Amen of the gun,
Almighty God, stand by the Little One!

Search England's ships—among her golden gains
 Drowned Honor tangles in the anchor chains!
 Ah! diamonds hold the wrecking fires of old;
 Black ruins smoulders in a cask of gold;
 On Rome's dead eyes the wine cast blushing flame;
 On gilded couch the Greek forgot his name;
 From terraced gardens winked old Babylon.
 Almighty God, stand by the Little One!

Is there a palmy shore, an Arctic pack,
 Not coveted by Britain's Union Jack?
 In every gorge and foothill, rand and camp,
 Unholy gold awaits the British stamp.
 Or from the blue earth leers a Kimberley,
 The fierce, white, devilish light of a diamond's eye.
 Oh, while the years their narrow sluices run,
 Almighty God, stand by the Little One!

Shame be to England for this awful thing,
 This foolish thing, unworthy of a king,
 This withering thing wherein no heaven lies!
 Gold is not God, possession, paradise.
 Today as lightnings pierce the Rand's blue mist,
 Heaven nerve the brave Transvaal artillerist,
 By each red flash Thy Holy will be done!
 Almighty God, stand by the Little One!

A. E. Mitchell.

Ten to One.

'Tis done. Let England rise in might
 And roar with riotous delight;
 For round the earth the tidings run:
 Great Britain has redeemed the past,
 For she has beat the Boers at last—
 With odds of only ten to one.

"God save the Queen!" oh, hear her sing!
 And hear the bells of St. Paul's ring!
 Joy thrills the heart of England's son.
 Let shouts, and cheers, and tumult rise;
 Let fireworks hit the startled skies—
 The odds were only ten to one.

Give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts,
 Who smiles upon His people's boasts—
 What England wills that shall be done.
 The imperial prestige, almost lost,
 Must be maintained at any cost—
 With British odds of ten to one.

The Boers your mandate have defied—
Too much for the imperial pride!
Where has the imperial conscience gone?
Go, bathe your iron in their blood;
Wade ankle-deep the crimson flood—
Use well your odds of ten to one.

Blot out the little Afric state,
And show that Britain still is Great;
Suffer no quarter; mercy, none.
Prove by example; seize the hour
O'er the Transvaal's reddened veldt,
When British odds are ten to one.

And shall those farmers die in vain?
Mark well, their death is freedom's gain—
For so the Fates their threads have spun;
With tears and fire shall men recall
The matchless glory of their fall—
When British odds were ten to one.

E. Marshall.

Oom Paul.

Keep your powder good and dry, Oom Paul;
Never close your weather eye, Oom Paul;
Have your rifle clean and bright;
Look to fore and after sight.
They are planning day and night—
You will need to watch them all,
Oom Paul, Oom Paul.
Oom Paul, Oom Paul.

Shoot to kill 'em when you shoot, Oom Paul;
They are coming for the loot, Oom Paul.
They'll be gathering you in,
Just as sure as sin is sin,
For they know you have the "tin"—
You must battle for it all
Oom Paul, Oom Paul.

Then get out your little gun, Oom Paul;
For you don't know how to run, Oom Paul.
Don't discuss about the right,
When a rattlesnake's in sight,
And his pizen head shows fight,
Don't you do a thing at all,
Not a thing to him at all.
Oom Paul, Oom Paul.

In Olden Times When the World was Young.

In olden times when the world was young
 And races and colors the same,
 It was contest and conquest as it is now,
 It matters not who was to blame.
 They had wars of invasion and rumors of wars,
 And gibbet, and thumb screw, and rack;
 The white man invaded the brown man's domain;
 The brown man butchered the black.

We had Pharisees then as we have them now,
 Who prayed and plundered and stole.
 The white man looted the brown man's home
 To save the brown man's soul.
 Conditions have changed but the white man's load
 Still burdens the brown man's back;
 In order to send him to Paradise
 The brown man slaughters the black.

The vampire of gain and the leopard of greed
 Are found where rich galleons come,
 Sent by Mammon and Dives who now civilize
 With Gatling, and Bibles, and rum.
 For ways and for means to hold up the browns
 The white man seems never to lack,
 While the brown man in turn with visage so stern
 Complacently holds down the black.

When time is no more and reckoning comes,
 With the record of races called back,
 Who shall be last and who shall be first
 The white man, or brown man, or black?
 What wailing there'll be at the roll-call of souls.
 In sight of the Infinite,
 If white should be brown and brown should be black,
 And black be immaculate white.

We've Fought With Many Men Across the Sea.

"We've fought with many men acrost the seas
 And some of 'em was beat and some was not,
 We can lick a naked savage with great ease
 'Cause 'e uses neither dum-dum balls nor shot.
 'E flings his assegai a 'undred yards
 With Martinis we can pot 'im at a mile,
 And when we 'ave a 'undred men to one
 We can do the bloomin' beggar hup in style"

So 'ere's to you naked savage, a defendin' hof your 'ome,
If your land is worth a farthin', you can bet we'll make you
 roam,
We will gobble hup your country, and slosh every man we
 find,
Then dig your bloomin' ashes hup and cast them to the wind.

The bloomin' bloody Boer is not the same;
 We learned the fact at Dundee and Glencoe;
We didn't understand the beggar's game;
 We're not really used to 'andlin' sich a foe—
Why, 'e'd Maxims, Mausers, siege guns and balloons,
 'H gobbled hup the British Hinfantree;
'E turned our greatest gen'ral's to poltroons,
 A fact that caused the world to shake with glee.

So drat you Afrikander at your 'ome in the Transvaal,
You're only 'ome-spun farmers, crouched behind a Kaffir
 kraal.
You can best us both at strategy and 'andlin' of your men,
But we'll just annihilate you, (with the cable and the pen.)

To Ladysmith.

O Ladysmith, O Ladysmith!
 Has Uncle Kruger's cowhide boot
Jumped on the lovely British myth
 That Dutchmen don't know how to shoot?

When Robert Toombs said, "Yankee boys
 In warlike sports have no discerning,"
A grim Confed. who heard their noise
 And felt their shots, said, "Wal, they're learning."

So Lady, gentle Ladysmith!
 (I love your sweet, romantic name.)
Pack up your traps and start forthwith,
 For bitter war is now the game.

Paul Kruger has no suitor's voice;
 And if he loves a single flower,
The scarlet-runner is his choice;
 The flying red-coat decks his bower.

So, Ladysmith, dear Ladysmith,
 Don't think that British valor's "in it,"
Those blooming Boers would knock the pith
 Out of a crowbar in a minute.

J. J. Roche.

The Masterly Retreat.

Though we haven't won a battle
 Since the present war began,
 Though the Boers have outclassed us
 Gun to gun and man to man;
 Still we have one consolation
 In this story of defeat,
 We can point with pride to Warren
 And his "masterly retreat."

Though the record of our armies
 Has been stained with many a stain
 By a lengthy list of blunders
 And defeats in this campaign,
 Still for us enough of glory
 Did we capture from "Slim Piet,"
 When we sneaked away with Warren
 On his "masterly retreat."

There is not a hill around us
 That we may not reach its top,
 And we showed our powers of climbing
 In ascending Spion Kop;
 But we didn't care to stay there,
 (Owing chiefly to the heat);
 And, enshrouded in the night, we
 Made a "masterly retreat."

Let the Boers win the battles—
 What are battles, anyway?
 What is that the proverb says of
 Him who fights and runs away?
 Let the Boers win the battles—
 We performed a braver feat
 When we skipped with General Warren
 On his "masterly retreat."

Heretofore it was the victor
 Who received the people's praise
 But we've changed that old proceeding
 In these stirring latter days;
 After this a soldier-hero
 In retiring must be fleet,
 And the boys will crown the one who
 Makes a "masterly retreat."

Let us blazon on the banners
Of the army of the queen,
This event, that all its glory,
By the nations may be seen.
Let its name and fame be toasted
Wheresoever Britons meet,
Let it shine through all the ages—
Warren's "masterly retreat!"

A Modern Thermopylae.

Come, gentles all! and shout your fill—
Hark what the cables say!
The flag that conquered Bunker Hill
Has won again today.

Once more a rabble rout of churls,
An ill-trained farmer horde,
Have met our knights and sons of earls
And pupils of the sword.

Aye, let the gallant tale be told,
In ballade that endures,
How fifty thousand Britons bold
Did whip four thousand Boers.

Majuba Hill is now forgot,
Forgot its petty shame,
That damned spot our heroes blot
In Paardebergan fame.

For then we fought as man to man—
Each Briton was alone—
But here we tried the safer plan
Of fighting ten to one.

The Lord who dotes on Englishmen
And shields their blood and bone,
Informed the thews of every ten
With all the strength of one.

Then, gentles all! Pour out your thanks,
In ballade that endures—
Say once we whipped a thousand Yanks,
And now four thousand Boers.

And mention, too, the Persian who
Did storm the bloody pass;
And smote another rabble crew,
Led by Leonidas.

(From Life)

Flag of England.

Souls of the dead made answer: There was slaughter to and
fro,
And we felt of the might of England in racking strife and woe,
Men born to human freedom, but slain before freedom came—
They dared to dream of freedom, as Christ once dreamed the
same.

Rifles sang loud: From Lucknow we drove dreaming Hin-
doos forth.
We chased the dark-skinned slave-men from the Ganges to
the north;
We killed in the Punjaub jungles—this was our work of God—
And the eyes of the dead looked upward away from the red-
dened sod.

The Afghans, also, saw it, in the light o'er Candahar,
As their homes were razed and rifled in the cause of righteous
war;
Where is the flag of England; 'tis there with the Afghan dead,
And with the murdered children that lie in a pool of red.

Battle of Dundee.

On the mountain's side the battle raged, there was no stop nor
stay;
Mackin captured Private Burke and Ensign Michael Shea.
Fitzgerald got Fitzpatrick, Brannigan found O'Rourke;
Finnigan took a man named Fay—and a couple of lads from
Cork.
Sudden they heard McManus shout, "Hands up, or I'll run you
through.
He thought he had a Yorkshire "Tyke"—'twas Corporal Don-
oghue!
McGarry took O'Leary, O'Brien got McNamee;
That's how the "English found the Dutch" at the Battle of
Dundee.

Then someone brought in Casey, O'Connor took O'Neill;
Riley captured Kavanagh, while trying to make a steal.
Hogan caught McFadden, Corrigan found McBride,
And Brennan made a handsome touch when Kelly tried to
slide.

Dacey took a lad named Walsh; Dooley got McGuirk;
Gilligan turned in Fahey's boy—for his father he used to work,
They marched to fight the English—but Irish were all they
could see—
That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of
Dundee.

Spillane then took O'Madigan; Shannahan took McGee,
While chasing Jerry Donovan, Clancy got shot in the knee,
He cursed the Queen's whole army; he cursed the English race.
Then found the man who fired the shot, 'twas a cousin—Martin
Grace.

Then McGinnis caught an A. O. H. who came from Limerick
town,
But Sullivan got an Orangeman from somewhere in County
Down.

Hennessey took O'Hara—Hennigan took McFee,
That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of
Dundee.

The sun was sinking slowly, the battle rolled along;
The man that Murphy "handed in" was a cousin of Maud
Gonne,

Then Flanagan dropped his rifle, shook hands with Bill Mc-
Guire,

For both had carried a piece of turf to light the schoolroom fire
Then Rafferty took in Flaherty; O'Connell got Major McGue;
O'Keefe got hold of Sergeant Joyce and a Belfast lad or two.
Some swore that "Old Man Kruger" had come down to see
the fun;

But the man they thought was "Uncle Paul" was a Galway
man named Dunn.

Though war may have worse horrors, 'twas a frightful sight
to see

The way the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of
Dundee.

Just when the sound of firing in the distance fainter grew,
Ryan caught McCloskey, and Orderly Donegan, too.
O'Toole he found McCarthy; O'Mahony got Malone,
Duffy got a pair of lads from Connaught, near Athlone,
Then Dinneen took O'Hagan; Phelan got Kehoe,
Dempsey captured Callahan, but Gallagher let him go.
You'd think the "Belfast Chicken" had tackled the "Dublin
Flea,"

The way the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of
Dundee.

The Powers began to intervene, the Waterford Powers I mean,
And took a lad named Keenan and a Captain named Mulqueen.
Then Brady captured Noonan; Maher got McIdoo;
McGovern got O'Hanlon and Colonel McLaughlin, too.
'Twas now the hour of sunset, the battle was nearly o'er,
When McCormick came in with Hoolan and Lieutenant Roger
Moore.

But 'twas a great day for Ireland, as you can easily see;
That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of
Dundee.

They marched them all to Krugerstown for supper and a bed.
 O'Halloran was the rear guard; the way McNulty led.
 When they got them to the race course the Boers were full of
 glee,

While Kruger never expected "so many English to see."
 They told him they were Irish; it puzzled the old man's head,
 For the Irish he'd seen were dressed in green, while these were
 togg'd in red.

But 'tis a pleasing story; on history's page you'll see
 That 'twas the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of
 Dundee.

Brother Jonathan to Brother Bull.

Dear John: Accept our sympathy, in this your hour of need,
 Your bravest sons have lost their lives to satisfy your greed;
 Your Lion, who in olden time was driven from our shore,
 Has made a sad mistake, dear John—in rubbing 'gainst the
 Boer.

You stole part of the Boers' land, the fairest and the best,
 And then went back to pick a fuss and gobble up the rest;
 We saw the Briton and the Boer where death had mowed them
 down,

One died for Home and Liberty, the other for the Crown.

But then we dare not chide you much, or scorn your basest
 hopes,

For we are at the same old game and learning all the ropes;
 We've found a word to fit such work, we really think it grand,
 In stealing of the Philippines we call it "to expand."

We drive the Filipinos out and shoot them day by day,
 We're teaching freedom to them in a smokeless powder way;
 We tell them that to struggle on, it really is in vain—
 We bought their land and home for cash, and paid the price to
 Spain.

We've lost some gallant soldier boys, a General of renown—
 The bullets from the hidden foe have brought our heroes
 down,

The largest force our soldiers find will vanish in a trice—
 We often wonder if that land is really worth the price,

But, John, the foemen you have met—are bravest o'er the
 flood—

And every foot of ground you gain, they'll drench it with your
 blood,

And though you rub your Lion's ears, to make him do his
 worst,

In trying to expand, dear John, be careful not to burst.

J. B. Dollard.

The Tugela.

Have you heard how Redvers Buller crossed the Tugela?

The Tugela—the Tugela,
He made the Bugler sound the little bugle a,
The Bugle-a, the Bugle-a.

Then he crossed with bag and baggage, tho' the banks were
awful steep,

Some Boers were a-bathing and the others were asleep;
But when they saw his British pluck, they all began to weep
By the Tugela—the Tugela.

Said Buller: "This is easy; who'd ha' thought they'd let us
pass

O'er the Tugela—the Tugela?
If they only trained their cannon they could mow us down like
grass,

By the Tugela—the Tugela.
But now that we are over let us take this Spion Kop;
We'll surely be in clover if we only get on top;
We'll plant the Iyddite naval guns and make the Boers hop
From the Tugela—the Tugela."

So they charged the Spion Kopje and the Boers ran away
From the Tugela—the Tugela,
And they cheered for Queen Victoria—for 'twas a glorious day
By the Tugela—the Tugela.

"It's up with Britain's standard and it's down with the Trans-
vaal;

Our motto, 'what we have we'll hold' was never known to fail.
Tomorrow evening, Ladysmith, we'll enter it by rail

From the Tugela—the Tugela."
There's something going to happen—there is silence grim as
death

By the Tugela—the Tugela;
Each hapless Tommy Atkins there can hear his brother's
breath

By the Tugela—the Tugela.
Now from the shaking mountain comes a horrid burst of
sound!

The awful screaming shrapnel shells make havoc all around!
A hundred moaning victims there lie bleeding on the ground
By the Tugela—the Tugela!

Then Buller thought again he'd cross the Tugela,
The Tugela—the Tugela.

He made the little Bugler sound the Bugle-a,
The Bugle-a—The Bugle-a.

He left a thousand wounded to the mercy of the foe,
Then sprinted thro' the water course—his progress wasn't
slow;

The cruel Boers with shot and shell, they kept him on the go,
From the Tugela—the Tugela.

Majuba!—Paardeberg!

God of Majuba day!
 For nineteen years from people free
 Prayers and thanksgiving rose to thee;
 Then insolent aggressors new,
 'Gainst thy protecting circle drew,

As on Majuba Hill,
 To shattered be in death and rout,
 Silenced in shame their battle shout,
 Each time they faced the heroes free,
 Fighting for home and liberty.

God of Majuba day!
 On Paardeberg thy morning broke;
 And one by one the nations woke
 To view the conquering foe ashamed;
 The vanquished by the world acclaimed.

Paardeberg! Paardeberg!
 Mute first the world, benumbed with pain,
 —Ten days' intrepid valor vain,—
 Then burst the cry, "Thermopylae!
 Free this brave people still shall be!"

Defense of Paardeberg!
 Freedom! ev'ngels swift proclaim,
 Through the thrilled earth thy glorious name!
 Joubert! "true victory" indeed,
 Not less than thine is Cronje's meed!

Majuba!—Paardeberg!
 God! art thou answering prayers? we know,
 On cross uplifted, bleeding so,
 Ever each great cause must be borne,
 E'er dawns its resurrection morn!

K. Berne.

While You're Wearily Awaiting.

While you're wearily awaiting for some tidings from the South,
 While the telegraphic cables all are idle,
 There is not the least necessity at all to shut your mouth.
 Or your truculent imagination bridle.
 You can prate about alliances or shake your fist at France,
 You can cringe before the German and the Yankee,
 And when Uncle Sam and Wilhelm on your prostrate carcass
 dance
 Why, take their kicks and humbly murmur, "Thankee!"

Our only Joseph tried that plan of filling in his time,
And slavered Sam and Wilhelm down at Leicester—
The Times and Post and Standard all cried out next day, "Sub-
lime!"

The Cockney Daily Mail yelled, "He's a bester!"
But soon across the ocean an indignant message came
Denoting feelings angry, not fraternal—
Then Joseph's friends recanted and in sorrow, blame and
shame,
Consigned him to far climates marked "Infernal."

And while the Yank protested, and the Teuton looked askance
At Joseph's humble craving for Alliance,
His stern threats were greeted in the sunny land of France
With shouts of quite contemptuous defiance;
In fact they're sadly saying now across in "Gay Paree"—
"What fools we were to flinch about Fashoda!
This impotent decrepitude could we last year foresee,
We'd beat John Bull from Bristol to Baroda!"

There's wailing wild and hopeless in full many an Irish home
By Lagan, Liffey, Lee and Suck, and Shannon,
For boys who took our shilling from their native hills to roam
And die for Cecil Rhodes' fore Kruger's cannon;
That is not how we take it in our fashionable clime—
We know how low and vulgar is emotion—
Our ladies leave the theaters in evening dress in time
To ask for news of slaughter o'er the ocean!

Thus while the solemn silence of the telegraphic wires
Denotes that Buller hasn't reached Pretoria,
And that the Absent-Minded Beggars' task more toil requires
Than munching of the chocolate of Victoria—
We of the ever glorious "Anglo-Saxon race" at home
Must sit and at our leisure sadly wonder
If e'er again the earth will ring with Kipling's latest "pome,"
Or any nation heed our stagey thunder.

In bitter truth we've fallen on a sad and gloomy day
The atmosphere, decidedly, is murky.
The "world-extended Empire" now bids fair to go the way
Of Persia, Macedonia and Turkey;
But even though the Boers licked our hundred thousand men—
Though France and Russia chased our ships and sunk
'em—
'Tis really quite consoling to reflect that even then
We'd still preserve our British brag and bunkum.

Cronje.

While Kruger's very self may wonder
 What Cronje's latitude and longi-
 tude are; serene 'mid lyddite's thunder
 Stands Cronje;
 Bold Cronji!

What though hard pressed beside the Modder,
 Where shells around him plough and plunge,
 He'll fight, though failing food and fodder,
 Will Cronje;
 Brave Cronj!

His chances of escape diminish,
 And little further hope hath he;
 But still he's fighting "to a finish"—
 Cronje;
 Cron-jee!

While friends and foes their arms are wielding,
 By scrubby veldt and bogland spongy,
 Uncaught, unreinforced, unyielding,
 Stands Cronje;
 Old Crunjy!

Though worn and torn by work and worry,
 His brawny Boers, half-fed, grow bony,
 To come to terms they cannot hurry
 Old Cronje;
 Slim Crony!

He hath but little in his larder,
 But scanty store of "toke" or "ponj-
 elo;" but still he fights the harder,
 Does Cronje;
 Old Cronj!

De Sumichrast Speaks.

"Search philosophy and see,
 Why the Boers should not be free—
 Honest, pious, sturdy, brave—
 What they have, they mean to save;
 All they rended from the soil
 By their unremitting toil,
 With the axe, the spade, the scythe,
 They refuse to give as tithe
 To their guardian angel race!
 Should such people have a place,
 Should such dreadful doctrine last,
 Unrebuked by Sumichrast,
 Academic Sumichrast?"

“England, freedom’s firmest friend,
Has great cause to apprehend,
That the Boers, if uncontrolled,
Might commence to dig for gold!
Should the noble nation shirk?
Nay, she strides forth to her work.
‘Come, ye people, be my slaves!
Bullets, Bullers, shells and graves,
These will save you all I trust,
From the sinful, golden lust!’”
Bluff, and bluster, brag, bombast,
Exude from de Sumichrast,
Mr. Charles de Sumichrast.

Donnez moi ze pipe to smoke,
Et le chapeau billicoque,
Rosbif, garçon! Hextra stout!
Booler gifs ze Boers a rout!
Petit Bobs de Kandahar,
(Zat is orright, n est ce pas?)
Think of all ve Anglais do,
Agincourt and Waterloo!
Hark hola, ze anise fox!
Vat you bet? Ze guinea talks,
Nail mes couleurs to ze mast!
Anglo-Saxon Sumichrast!
Professor de Sumichrast.

A. Doyle.

Oom Paul.

He is King of the outlanders,
Is Oom Paul;
He is King of the outlanders,
Thinks them all a flock of ganders,
’Mongst whom he perforce meanders,
Does Oom Paul.

He would cross swords with Great Britain,
Would Oom Paul;
He would cross swords with Great Britain—
Never ask if it was fittin’,
But would just keep on a hittin’,
Would Oom Paul.

He has whiskers on his brisket,
Has Oom Paul;
He has whiskers on his brisket,
They ain’t nothin’ but he’d risk it,
An’ he sure thing takes the biscuit,
That’s Oom Paul!

The Transvaal Boer.

With deep vexation and execration
 I can't help thinking of Chamberlain;
 Whose jingoism and Damphoolism
 Have caused my people the greatest pain.
 His cursed ambition has raised sedition
 Where peace and quiet had reigned before;
 I'm up against it, I'm right fornenst it,
 That whiskered terror, the Transvaal Boer.

There's Dr. Jameson, another blamed son,
 And Cecil Rhodes with his diamond dyes,
 Their would-be raiders and jingo paraders
 But helped to open Paul Kruger's eyes.
 Now dukes and earls, my nation's pearls,
 From dodging bullets their necks are sore;
 O, taint no nigger that pulls the trigger,
 But a real sharp shooter, the Transvaal Boer.

'Twas in November, if I remember,
 Sir Redvers Buller's bombastic bray,
 He'd sing a gloria in far Pretoria,
 There eat his dinner, on Christmas Day.
 'Tis almost summer, this boasting "bummer"
 Is far away from Paul Kruger's door,
 That Spion Copper gave Red a stopper
 Sir Bobs goes after the Transvaal Boer.

Our Queen so stately who, until lately,
 On Erin's borders would not be seen;
 At last sailed over, is now in clover,
 And Dublin Castle is trimmed with green.
 If Pat is willing to take the Shilling,
 We'll now be raising an Irish Corps;
 We'll need those flunkeys and other donkeys,
 Before we're through with the Transvaal Boer

E. Walsche.

Charge of Alfred Austin.

Waiting, with pen in hand,
 For triumph of England
 On South Africa's strand,
 Sat the laureate
 Forninst a writing pad—
 Desire frantic he had
 To make Englishmen glad
 With rhythmic tre-at.

Hark! 'tis the newsboys now
Blooming is the-ir row ;
"Hextry! Mateking sife!" Enow
 For the glad poet ;
Dashed he to pad his pen
Charged prosody rules then,
As he did before often,
 Or I'm a go-at.

Charged he with broken met-
res and with uneven feet,
Accent stress misplaced, great
 Punctuations ;
Fled prosody pell-mell,
Dactyl and spondee fell
While wrote Alfred like —well—
 Startling the nations.

Lo! he is at it yet,
Swats trochees—en effet
Slaught'ring—nor up he'll let—
 Tired of it are you?
When shall he out be played?
His pen cruel be stayed?
Oh! the wild poem he made—
 Wouldn't it jar you?

P. J. Tansey.

Sir Alfred Milner.

Oh, Joe and me, of thee,
Gods of humanity ;
 Of thee we sing.
Of land where Symons fell,
Fighting the Boers like—well,
To clinch the gold mine "sell."
 Let bullets bing.

Oh, country not yet free,
Thy children butchered see
 For Mammon's sake.
We love thy "veldt" and steeds,
Thy "kops" and "neks" and needs ;
Fret not thy offspring bleeds
 Gold thirst to slake.

Let battle roar increase,
And be there no surcease
 Of money's grip.
Oh, Cecil, Joe and Me.
Ply whip in sting and crack
On fainting laborer's back ;
 Ply well the whip.

Oom Paul.

Now's the time to take a brace—
 Oom Paul;
 Time to don your fighting face—
 Oom Paul;
 Get your gun down off the wall,
 Give it to 'em, grape and ball,
 For we're with you, one and all.
 Oom Paul.

Don't stop longer to confab,
 Oom Paul;
 It's another case of grab,
 That's all.
 Just remember that you're white,
 Recollect that right is might,
 And then hurry in and fight.
 Oom Paul.

The British Lion is hard to lick,
 Oom Paul;
 But don't forget we did the trick,
 Oom Paul;
 As to size, we were not so much—
 Just some colonists, Polish, Irish patriots and such,
 And don't you forget it, some Pennsylvania Dutch.
 Oom Paul.

Sound the Tocsin of the free,
 Oom Paul;
 Strike for home and liberty,
 Oom Paul;
 Get your gun down off the wall,
 Give it to 'em, grape and ball,
 For we're with you, one and all.
 Oom Paul.

J. A. Kieferle.

We're Coming Mr. Chamberlain.

From the distant northern borders,
 From the mountains of the West,
 From the farms and from the cities,
 From the wide veldt's silent breast,
 To guard a freeman's heritage,
 To guard a nation's wrong—
 We're coming, Mr. Chamberlain,
 Full fifty thousand strong.

They are swarming down upon us
In their purse-born might and pride,
On the land their tramp is sounding,
On the sea their troop-ships ride;
But to guard our Afric Fatherland,
To right our nation's wrong—
We're ready, Mr. Chamberlain,
Full fifty thousand strong.

You may search the slums of London,
You may buy her sordid knaves,
You may send your Irish helots
And your kilted Scottish slaves;
But to meet them as we've met them,
And to right our nation's wrong,
We're standing, Mr. Chamberlain,
Full fifty thousand strong.

Yours has been the tyrant's sceptre,
Yours shall be the tyrant's fate,
You have earned the scorn of ages
And a nation's deadly hate;
And to wreak that nation's vengeance,
And to right that nation's wrong—
We're ready, Mr. Chamberlain,
Full fifty thousand strong.

We are filling for your captains now
The cup that Colley drained,
To your troops we pledge the greeting
That the men of Gloucester gained.
When to fight a freeman's battle
And avenge a freeman's wrong,
We meet them, Mr. Chamberlain,
Full fifty thousand strong.

J. F. Caplise.

O What is the News From Dekel's Drift.

O what is the news from Dekel's drift,
Or the news from Slingsfontein?
Is Honey Nest kloof still on the lift,
Or Koodoosberg in line?
Is Majesndie or Jacobsdal
Still held by the Brits or Boers?
Has Potgieter's been captured yet
By the men of wiles and lures?
Has Buller quite recovered from
That day at Spion kop—
O tell me! Are the British
Or the Dutchmen still on top?

In 1881 on Famed Majuba Hill.

In eighteen eighty-one on famed Majuba Hill
The Boers and British met with shot and steel to kill,
To battle to the death till many a man should fall
And drench the crest with blood to win or lose it all.

The English held the height with bayonet and gun
And swore whate'er befell not one of them would run;
Brave Colley was their chief, with Frazer as his aid,
And officers stood straight as if on dress parade.

The Boers were at the foot, a little farmer band,
But half the force above, bold Joubert in command.
Who called a hope forlorn to scale the bristling crags
Crowned by the fearless foe with waving battle flags.

"Come up, come up," they cried, "come up, you beggars all,
Before our rifle shots you every one shall fall!"
But only cheers were heard from dauntless Boers below,
With Joubert at their head, who longed to meet the foe.

Two hundred gallant men go struggling up the steep;
Among the broken rocks on hands and knees they creep,
While bullets rain in showers upon their scattered line
And o'er them lightning-like the British bayonets shine.

They fought the charging troops with rifles' fatal lead
And forced them off the ridge with Colley at their head;
The British tried to stem the onset all in vain,
The volley of the Boers bestrewed the hill with slain.

Like sheaves fell England's ranks before the reapers brave,
No soldiery could stand, no general could save;
They drove them from the ledge upon the jagged base
As hunters drive the game before them in the chase.

And England lost at once her whole devoted band,
Whose officers were killed in battle, sword in hand;
A few determined Boers by love or country blest
Brought down the British flag, laid low its boldest, best.

No triumph more complete wherever battle roars
Than on that signal day for Joubert and his Boers;
No greater victory seen than that upon the kop
When soldiers fell by scores and farmers won the top.

No history depicts a more heroic sight
Than on Majuba Hill amid that raging fight;
Those daring deeds of war a glorious harvest yield
To sons of patriot soil, the farmers of the field.

Thunder of Hoofs and a Bugle's Cry.

Ah, little thought they—eight mortal men—
To stay that onward, surging tide—
Only, for one brief moment's space,
To turn its rage aside.

To turn its rage while their comrades slipt
(Through fate of numbers, tho' not of will),
Back to the laager, stanch and grim,
Where Joubert held the hill.

A mighty crash from the charging troop—
For the burgher eight a sheet of flame—
And, where they stood, but one was left—
Sole hostage unto Fame!

Yet now you know—yea, all men know
That—live or die—the great Veldt breeds,
As did the Switzer crags of old,
Old Freedom's Winkelrieds;

Undaunted sons who scoff at fate,
Rough children of the Afric rand—
Yet firm as are the eternal hills
For God and native land!

Thunder of hoofs and a bugle's cry,
And down thro' the veldt came the British horse—
Down with a rush on the burgher ranks
With a whirlwind's sudden force.

Maxim and shrapnel had done their work—
Only the charge was needed now—
Only the Light Horse sweep and dash
To clear the kopje's brow.

Shouting of men and neighing of steeds,
Beating of hoofs like an angry sea,
And on, in one long wave of red,
Came England's cavalry!

An instant yet and the knoll is theirs—
An instant yet and the little band
Will be swept and whirl'd by the red simoom
Like a breath of desert sand.

When, sudden, stepped from the shelter rocks
Eight burghers—eight in their hero might—
And there they stood, as a single man,
To meet the awful fight.

Down came the thundering mass of horse—
But see! where the eight are standing there,
Eight rifles gleam, eight rifles flash
Red death upon the air!

To Mr. Kipling.

Oh, Kipling, Mister Kipling,
 Wherever can you be.
 Don't yer know the boys is fightin'
 Down in Southern Africy?
 Yer "cook's son, duke's son,"
 Son of a hundred guns,
 Is a waitin' fer sum verses
 Fer some Boer destroying ones.

Yer brother there the "laryat,"
 Is gittin' uv the lead,
 Just a-pourin' out the strophes
 From the best part uv his head;
 They started war a-goin'
 Jest tew see what Alf. could do,
 Kinder 'sensive, but they wouldn't mind,
 Ef you would spout a few.

Can't yer tell us all about the time
 When Buller's men and horse,
 They "came to a river
 And they couldn't get across."
 'Bout Gatacre, an' French, an' White,
 Give us sum stirrin' verses;
 Or mayhap ye have made a vow
 'Gin rhymin' on reverses.

Can't ye write a "retrogressional,"
 Or anything at all.
 Jes' describe us the sensation
 Uv kickin' 'gin a wall;
 Who knows but what ye kin pen out
 The best ye hev done yet;
 We thought we just remind ye,
 Don't yer know, "lest ye forget."

Pass the Hat.

Pass th' hat fer Thomas Atkins
 'Till th' brim begins ter tear;
 Buy 'im polish fer 'is top boots;
 Send 'im tonic fer 'is hair.
 Give 'im bandages an' physic;
 Git 'im feelin' good an' well,
 Then send 'im somethin' extry
 Fer to raise a little hell.

Pass th' hat fer Thomas Atkins ;
Fill 'is pockets ; stuff 'is gut ;
He's a trifle absent-minded,
An' he's somethin' of a mut,
Yet he drops 'is H's lovely,
An' 'is condescendin' way
Is so blarsted bloomin' Henglish
That it simply takes tn' day.

Pass th' hat fer Thomas Atkins ;
Write your biggest checks fer 'im—
If your daughter wants to paddle
In th' Prince o' Wales' swim,
Your eldest single daughter
With Punch an' Judy face
An' th' settled lady's figure
An' th' washerwoman's grace.

Pass th' hat fer Thomas Atkins ;
Git 'is wife a Sunday gown ;
Buy 'im places in th' country ;
Build 'im houses in th' town ;
Send 'is young uns toys an' candies ;
Give 'im everything you've got ;
But damn th' U. S. army !
Leave us fight an' die an' rot.

M. P. Kirby.

Spion Kop.

Said the British: "Here's a kopje,
Let us charge and never stopje
Till we bayonet and mopje
All the Boers off the earth."
So they made their rifle popje
At the Boers on the kopje,
And they rushed up to the topje,
Venting shouts of savage mirth.

When, alas, they reached the topje
Of this lofty, rocky kopje,
The Boers had the dropje
From the front and left and right ;
So the Britons made a flopje,
With a skipje and a hopje,
And they quit that stony kopje,
In a somewhat hasty flight.

A. Lee.

Sadje, Sadje Fate.

This is the tale of Peter Gunn,
 Who read and talked of "kopje;"
 Also of Cronje and the Boers,
 Until he could not stopje.

He tacked a "je" to every word,
 Or nearly every oneje,
 Until his friends and family
 Wished war had ne'er begunje.

At evening he was not content
 To sit at home and talkje,
 But he would ask his wife if she
 "Would like to take a walkje."

He hired a man to scoon the snow
 Which lay upon his lawnje,
 And paralyzed his little boy
 By saying: "Come here, Johnje."

He bristled o'er with news of war,
 Said: "Buller flew the coopje,"
 And backed it up by stating that
 "Old White is in the soupje!"

He said he did not like to see
 Street beggars "shoot the snipeje,"
 And so no more he'd smoke cigars,
 But "puff, instead, the pipje."

Anti-expansionists he scared,
 For when they spoke he hissedje,
 And yelled, when he was ordered out:
 "I'm an expansionistje!"

At breakfast he would grieve his wife
 By asking for some "toastje,"
 Or saying: "Let us have for lunch
 The remnant of that roastje."

He asked a friend if she would sing
 "In words of tuneful soundje,
 The ballad 'When You Have No Coin
 You Needn't Come Aroundje!'"

And thus he went from bad to worse,
 Until, what do you thinkje?
 He tried to drown Great Britain's woes,
 Likewise his own, in drinkje!

And now they have him in a place,
Locked in a padded cellje,
Where every dav that awful "je"
With all his words he'll yellje.

Take heed, take heed—this simple tale
Should warn you every oneje—
Lest you should tempt the fate that met
Our poor friend, Peter Gunnje.

J. Wink.

Cronje.

Let Kipling blow his bugle,
And Austin tune his lay
To tell a wondering awe-struck world
How "blood and innards" was unfurled,
And Britain's glorious might was hurled
Against old Piet Cronje!

Another star has risen
In the constellation vast,
An. Balaklava and the Nile,
Trafalgar and Omduhrman vile,
And Waterloo and Erin's Isle
Are rubber-necked at last!

For Bobs and bloody Kitchener,
With fifty thousand men,
With Maxim guns and soft-nosed shells,
And lurid Lyddite with its smells,
And other stuff for making hells,
Have captured Cronje's den.

For ten long days old Cronje
Had heid the troops at bay,
But British guns and British sand
Are good in any foreign land
For downing any farmers' band
Ten times as small as they!

And when the war is over,
And all the troops return,
The queen will ask our Bobs to dine
And fill him up with Albert's wine,
And make him by her right divine
Lord Kandahar and Bloemfontein,
And give him cash to burn!

Ladysmith in the Moated Grange.

The felt is gray with the smoke of cannon,
 The bursting shrapnel is dropping thick;
 With aim unerring come the bullets whirring,
 Those Boer marksmen know well the trick.
 Gloomy the hour in Britain's story,
 Lone the town as the still, cold grave,
 All sick of sallies and fruitless rallies;
 Poor Lady Smith's hugging close her cave.
 She only said: "My life is dreary,"
 "He cometh not," she said;
 She said "this siege is growing weary,
 I would that I were dead."
 "Oh, far away on a hostile race course
 My brave defenders are playing ball,
 My best bereft me—but the Cockneys left me
 Who'll save their skins but will let me fall.
 Ah, woe is me that I lost my Glosters,
 My Irish, too, that would save this shame,
 Fierce General Joubert, he left me too bare
 And trained them all for a football game."
 And then she said: "My life is dreary,"
 "He cometh not," she said;
 "The Boer shooters will soon be looters,
 I would that I were dead."
 The beer is out and the bread is mouldy,
 We're eating biltong that sells by yard;
 The ancient biscuit I fear to risk it,
 I daren't tackle a thing so hard.
 Down through the larder drop things much harder,
 When grape and shell hurtle through the night;
 Poor Colonel Doty they singed his goatee,
 And blew the coat-tail off General White.
 Then White he said: "That came quite near
 me,"
 "I'll mend it not," he said;
 I'll never mend it till the siege is ended,
 And all the Boers dead."
 Sir George crept out in the early morning,
 A twelve-foot telescope in his hand;
 "Long Tom" was sneezing in a way not pleasing,
 But quite undaunted George took his stand.
 He looked far off on the Road to Durban;
 Said he "the divle a man's in sight,
 We're dished and hashed up—old Buller is smashed up,
 Naught now is left me but the Flag of White."
 Quoth George: "This Buller he makes me
 weary."
 "He cometh not," he said;
 Said he (he's Irish) me boys I fear me
 The Boers have killed him dead."

Tom and Piet.

Tom—
“Our Queen wears a glorious crown, and gorgeous robes of
state.”

Piet—
“Oom Paul wears a shocking bad hat, and garments of ancient
date.”

Tom—
“Our Queen has a golden sceptre. On her Empire the sun
never sets.”

Piet—
“Oom Paul has a pipe for a symbol. He rules whatever he
gets.”

Tom—
“Our Queen has hosts of foot and horse, in khaki. and red and
blue.”

Piet—
“Oom Paul has an army of farming men, in miscellaneous
hue.”

When Tom sticks Piet with his bay'net or Piet plugs Tom
with a ball,

Tommy hurrahs for his Queen, and Pieter cheers loud for Oom
Paul.

Piet helps Tom when he's wounded, prays o'er his grave when
he's dead.

When Piet is down Tom lends a hand, and joins when his serv-
ice is read.

No rage or hate 'twixt Piet and Tom. The moment the battle
is done.

But sorrowing kin, on either side, mourn father and brother
and son.

Fighting for Empire, or Fatherland, neither guilty of wrong,
Poor Tom and Piet for slaughter meet. “How long, O Lord,
how long!”

Tom—
“Our Queen cannot be blamed for this. She always hated
war.”

Piet—
“Oom Paul kept peace as long as he could. He never thirsted
for gore.”

Tom and Piet—
“Who brought us here in battle array,
Who forced us to mangle and slay?
We wonder and fight. Let historians tell
Who should get billets on Judgment Day
For quarters in deepest hell!”

G. Crouch.

The Boer Stood on the Rocky Veldt.

The Boers stood on the rocky veldt
And calmly swept the kopje.
"I never," said the Briton, "feldt
Such firing. Hey, there! Stopje!"
"Oh, no," the wily Boer replied,
"You have attacked my trek,
And sought to steal my gold beside;
What did you, then, expek?"

Irish Fusiliers.

Have you heard the woeful tidings
Of the Irish Fusiliers,
Of those soldiers, brave and handy,
Davy, Andy, Jock and Sandy?
O, they're captured one and all
And their old Dutch Uncle, Paul,
With Joubert and the others,
Was the cause of their downfall;
So their sisters, wives and mothers
Are in tears.

And the war that seemed so easy,
Full of pleasures light and breezy.
O, they curse the way 'tis going,
And their grief is overflowing
For the Irish Fusiliers.
Let our tears and our fears
Be freely shed, for captured or fled
Are the Irish Fusiliers.

Oom Paul, that whiskered tyrant,
Fooled our gallant Fusiliers;
He enticed 'em through the bushes
And the bogs o'ergrown with rushes,
And himself upon the hill
Keeping very dark and still
With Cronje and the others;
And then he had his will,
So the sisters, wives and mothers
Are in tears.

And our gallant lads, forsaken,
In the ditches they had taken,
Found the Dutchmen all around them,
And in ropes the traitors bound them;
And they gave the Fusiliers
Only jeers that brought tears
To the weeping eyes of our gallant boys,
The Irish Fusiliers.

Oh, the cruel-hearted Boer
 That betrayed the Fusiliers
 Coming from a friendly nation,
 Bringing love and civilization,
 Powder, lyddite, guns and lead!
 Ah! they took our boys instead;
 They don't want our gifts, the Dutchmen!
 They want freedom, it is said.
 Old Oom Paul, he thinks too much, men;
 And the jeers,
 And the yells with which he greets us,
 Shows it's the Old Boy that meets us;
 Though his head is hard and level,
 Yet his heart's the very devil,
 And he's seized the Fusiliers,
 With mad jeers and wild cheers,
 The very Old Boy has flown through the sky
 With the Irish Fusiliers!

D. Donahue.

That Notorious Ruffian, Viljoen.

Now "that notorious ruffian,"
 With a span of spanking mares,
 Which erstwhile used to cleave the veldt
 With blade of peaceful shares,
 Comes dashing down the donga,
 Where the Maxim-Vickers lay
 Abandoned to th' advancing foe
 And soon to be their prey.
 To earth he leaps and cuts it loose,
 While lies the old team slain.
 Inspans the new one quickly,
 Unheeding shrapnel rain.
 For, as they mark his object,
 Each British gunner turns
 His sight upon "that ruffian"
 Who life and safety spurns.

Loud shriek the flying missiles;
 The air with flame's alight;
 The earth is black with lyddite smoke,
 Or with the dust clouds white.
 But surely God is with him
 As he gallops back and forth
 And scathless treads, mid bursting shells,
 His pathless journey north.
 Safely behind a kopje
 He swings; 'long with that gun,
 Ere night, eleven of the foe's
 Have joined the lonely one.

And yet, though 'twas "a splendid feat
Of arms" the hero wrought,
He's a "notorious ruffian"
That he for Freedom fought.
But long such titles have been held
The patriot's brevet proud;
They graced the traitor Washington;
They hallowed Emmet's shroud;
The rebel Arab who struck
For Egypt's fellaheen;
The felon Boyle O'Reilly
"For the wearing of the green."
'Twere better far be Viljoen,
Though "ruffian" Churchill call,
Than bear the bribe-stained title
Of Lord of Blenheim Hall.

Irish Brigade.

The Irish Brigade on the broad veldt is fighting,
Led by McBride and the brave Captain Blake,
With the army of Kruger, their forces uniting
To hurl back the tyrant from the kopje and brake,
Hear that fierce battle yell, that Saxon remembers well
Its echoes resounding o'er mountain and kraal,
Give them a Fontenoy, now boys to win or die—
Death to the foes of the land of Oom Paul.

Though twenty to one are the foeman in number,
The great God of freedom will come to our aid,
He sees our just cause for His eye never slumbers,
His help He will give to the Irish Brigade.
Fight for God's freedom, now, unto His will we bow
Remembering in Heaven, His eye watches all;
Justice will yet prevail, soon we will proudly hail
Freedom again for the land of Oom Paul.

We will fight to the last with untiring devotion,
With Steyn and Paul Kruger and brave volunteers
To down the British hirelings who came o'er the ocean
With slavery and chains for the bold mountaineers.
When battling with robber horde think of the Yellow Ford,
Where the flower of the army of England did fall;
Think of the great O'Neil, give them your Irish steel—
God, Home and Freedom for the land of Oom Paul.

Though Cronje is exiled and Joubert departed,
We still have brave heroes to lead in the van;
The faith of our leader will keep us stout-hearted,
And even the maiden will fight as the man.
Remember the Treaty Stone, think of the blood and bone
Of Ireland, that nurtured the soil of the Gaul;
Forget not Cremona's Gate, nor Sarsfield the true and great—
Change now for freedom and the rights of Oom Paul.

Though "Nero" of England declares to the world
 That Erin her freedom will never receive,
 The flag of our country will yet be unfurled,
 By the force of our arms our land we'll relieve.
 Celts, hear the cannon roar, echoes resounding o'er
 The plains of the Transvaal against British thrall;
 Fight though your veins run dry, proud is your lot to die,
 Battling for freedom in the land of Oom Paul.

Cecil Rhodes.

We are marching to relieve you,
 Cecil Rhodes;
 Honour will not let us leave you,
 Cecil Rhodes.
 Twelve thousand men in khaki—
 Gunners, horse and foot—but, hark ye,
 Do you know the price we're paying,
 Cecil Rhodes, Cecil Rhodes?
 All the lives and all the treasure,
 Cecil Rhodes?
 Do you hear the rifles calling,
 Cecil Rhodes?
 Brave and honest men are falling,
 Cecil Rhodes.
 Bursting shell and shrapnel flying,
 Strew the earth with dead and dying,
 Do you think that you are worth it,
 Cecil Rhodes, Cecil Rhodes?
 Is their blood upon your conscience,
 Cecil Rhodes?
 We have broken their defences,
 Cecil Rhodes.
 We have swept them from the trenches,
 Cecil Rhodes.
 But at fearful cost we bought them;
 Breast to bayonet we fought them;
 They are fighting for their country,
 Cecil Rhodes, Cecil Rhodes.
 They've a dreadful right to curse you,
 Cecil Rhodes.
 There are many graves a-making,
 Cecil Rhodes.
 There'll be smitten hearts a-breaking,
 Cecil Rhodes.
 There'll be bitter, hopeless sorrow
 In full many a home tomorrow,
 When they read the news in England,
 Cecil Rhodes, Cecil Rhodes,
 And the lists of killed and wounded,
 Cecil Rhodes.

Dutch Burghers of Old.

The tramp of a steed, the clank of a spur—
La Grange is here!
The burghers, their wives and little ones
Are thronging near.
A shot from his pistol—they answer the call
With bated breath;
To the soul a message of endless life,
To the body death.
The faces turned upward, the faces La Grange
Looked down upon!
A sight to make the demons howl
The angels dumb.
A remnant of rack and screw and sword
And pitying flame,
That had summoned souls to meet the Lord,
And in His name!
The brave strong faces flash with light—
They know full well
They are standing clear in God's own sight,
On brink of hell.
Though the hate of nations hedge them in,
They will not yield;
For God is eternal, and he will win
At last the field.
So through the years, the woful years
That dripped with blood,
When fiendish spite poured on their land
Its scorching flood.
They smiled and sang 'mid rack and flame,
These burghers bold,
At wolves that drove them swiftly up
To God's safe fold.
Some fled, and took to lands afar,
The patient skill,
The kindly heart, the reverent soul,
The steadfast will.
That lift a people to the heights.
Elizabeth
Gave life to such—to whom her sons
Are dealing death.
Alas! this England doth forget!
She should recall
That God's great mills, though grinding slow,
Grind sure and small;
With sleepless eye and tireless hand
He grindeth all.

The Prince of the Masquerade.

I.

The Devil was dying of ennui;
 So he sauntered forth from his den,
 And he came by the Springs of Mundane Things,
 And gazed on the Sons of Men.

II.

And he sighed at the Century's ending,
 For he saw the world at peace;
 Then he cried, "Alack! have I lost my knack?
 These piping times must cease."

III.

So he filched a Moralist's mantle,
 And went on in his jaunty course,
 In his raiment fine, with the air benign
 Of a Civilizing Force.

IV.

First he whispered a word to the Statesman:
 "Quick, out with thy idle knife!
 Else the People, thy trust, will in harness rust;
 Go, preach them the Strenuous Life!"

V.

Of a people that lived in quiet,
 The Devil demurely spoke:
 "Go, Benevolent Man, to that Primitive Clan,
 And Assimilate those folk."

VI.

And the Statesman sprang, at the summons,
 And donned his warrior's coat;
 Cried the Devil, "Hurrah!" as each man he saw
 With his hand at his neighbor's throat.

VII.

And straightway the Prophets of Progress
 Joined piously in the din;
 And the Devil cried, "See! These My Ministers be,
 And this is My Chamberlain!"

VIII.

He slyly spake to the Rulers:
 "Is your ancient valor cold?"
 And the seas grew black where the Warship's track
 Made straight for the shores of gold;

IX.

Till the world was filled with mourning,
 As they called for more and more;
 And men held their breath as the pallid Death
 Rode proud in the van of War!

X.

Which so vastly amused the Devil,
That the tears ran down his face,
And he wagged his tail, as Men cried "Hail!
Make way for the Dominant Race!"

XI.

The Devil slipped into the Pulpit:
"Tis the spread of the Cross!" he hissed;
And the Priest with a nod asked the blessing of God
On the March of the Sanctified Fist.

XII.

With the voice of the People's Teachers,
The Devil disguised himself;
"Hurrah!" it rang as the bullets sang,
"For Destiny, Duty and Pelf!"

XIII.

He laughed as the Backward Nations
Dropt into the Conqueror's maw;
And he chuckled long at the Poet's song
Of "The Spread of Christ's Word and Law."

XIV.

And he shook his sides as he watched them,
Nor once did his soft laugh cease,
As the Dominant Race ran its ghastly pace
In the Name of the Prince of Peace.

XV.

So the Devil went back to his study;
Quoth he, with a wink and a nod:
"Sure, the true way still to do My Will
"Is to call it the Work of God!"

McCready Sykes.

Oh, Give us Space, my Father.

Oh, give us space, my Father,
That gave it once before!
The network lines of bondage
Are drawn from shore to shore.

No fish may own the water;
No bird may own the air;
But men have seized the heritage
Of man, and left him—where?

Then give us fins, my Father;
Or give us wings to fly!
Else—while the few may own the earth—
The many can but die!

Predestined.

We are the chosen people,
Great Jacob's latest seed—
Eternally appointed
To rule the Gentile breed.
The God of Battles makes us
His most especial care,
And bids us crush the Heathen,
And all their plunder share.
We go to church on Sunday—
At least sometimes we do—
We vote the very ticket
Our party tells us to;
We seldom use bad language,
We have the social pull,
And take things all together,
We're most respectable.
We know the Anglo-Saxon
Is foreordained to thrive,
And doubt if other races
Should longer be alive.
Jehovah is our leader,
And bids his saints advance
To take the horded Heathen
For their inheritance.
Wherever lands are flowing
With honey and with milk—
Wherever gold is glowing,
Or cotton, corn or silk,
We yearn to preach the gospel
To every mother's son,
And when the cusses spurn it,
We preach it with a gun.
Let hoary heads in Congress
Deplore the lusty strife!
Arm-chairs for all the dotards!
We want "the strenuous life."
In vain their parlor precepts
The Golden Rule unfold;
We're on a different basis—
And that's the Rule of Gold.
The world is to the White Man
By right Divine assigned;
When Destiny is calling
We are not color-blind.
The Black and Brown and Yellow
Have served some end, no doubt,
But all this "Man and Brother"
Is certainly played out.

The milk-and-water preachers
Had best their prattle cease;
We've little use at present
For any "Prince of Peace."
An up-to-date Messiah
Is what we want to see;
The Gospels are back numbers;
This isn't Galilee.
Yet our assimilation
Is most benevolent,
And we absorb the alien
With kindest of intent;
But "Free and Equal" problems
We really can't discuss,
And when we say "benevolent,"
Of course we mean to **us**.
We are the chosen people—
The long-elected seed—
We're on the track of Glory
And grow in grace and greed.
In vain the Peace Commission
Would check our spreading girth;
We want no New Jerusalem;
We only want the earth.

E. A. Church.

The Fallen Pride of England.

Oh, fallen Pride of England!
Why will you stoop so low?
Why will you fight against the right,
Against so brave a foe?
Oh, sullied Pride of England!
Go, bow your head in shame!
And well you may, for sadder day
Ne'er marked your path of Fame.
Oh, selfish Pride of England;
Which knows no law but Gain;
Who's noblest sons have manned your guns,
And for that Law been slain.
Oh, foolish Pride of England!
When will you understand
Why brave men die beneath the sky
Of their bless'd Fatherland?
Oh, cursed Pride of England!
Cease your unholy strife;
And leave the Boer to live once more
His simple, peaceful life.

F. Brand.

The Dutchman.

From an American Point of View.

His prow was pointed towards the Southern stars ;
 He ploughed a furrow half-way round the world.
 The winds of many zones tugged at his spars,
 And beat his deck before his sails were furled.
 On, on and on—three thousand leagues of sea,
 Untried, unknown, he traversed to be free.

Stolid and stern, unsightly and uncouth,
 No scented darling he for courtly game ;
 But in that slow speech there was steadfast truth,
 And dauntless courage in that stubborn frame.
 On Afric's farthest cape he made his home,
 And thanked the good God he could cease to roam.

The Kings played chess, as Kings are wont to play,
 Each move an end to some fair land's repose.
 On Afric's fields, three thousand leagues away,
 One tyrant's flag came down, another rose.
 The Dutchman saw with gratitude profound.
 He hailed a saviour—a worse tyrant found.

Vain the long search o'er many sounding seas.
 Still on the heights doth Freedom love to dwell,
 To shake her tresses in the mountain breeze,
 And hear the tales the upland forests tell.
 Far to the North, where snowy summits rise,
 The Boer, outmastered, turned his longing eyes.

Before him lay long miles of arid plain ;
 Around him valleys full of plenty smiled.
 He yoked his oxen to the lumbering wain,
 The jambok spoke in menace shrill and wild.
 Each mighty beast, submissive, bent his neck,
 And the Boer started on his long, long trek.

Came days of aching toil. Night after night
 He faced death, eye to eye, and stared him down.
 With naked fist he met the lion in fight,
 And sent him scurrying to his jungles brown.
 The savage blacks who came to spoil and slay,
 Reeled back before the laager's stern array.

Oh, Freedom, dear, if ever man there was,
 In all the ages, earned thy favouring smile,
 This patient man has earned it. In his cause
 Pleads all the world today. Yea, even that Isle
 That hisses hate of him, thrills, too, with strong,
 Deep notes of protest against England's wrong.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold! The cry filled all the air,
And wrought like magic on the hearts of men.
The restless souls in every land who dare
Shake dice with Fate, felt the blood leap again.
They came in squads, in troops, in rushing stream,
Their motto ever this: "Follow the gleam!"

But most were men of that proud race who hold
The Triple Isle as trident of the sea.
What! Was this Boer to rule a realm of gold?
His slow hand time the march of Destiny?
So came the clash, and on Majuba Hill
That slow hand proved its swift, unerring skill.

The old Colossus spanned the Rhodian Bay;
A continent the new one would bestride,
From Cape to Cairo drive his iron way,
And a new empire for his Queen provide.
An earthquake laid the old Colossus low,
The new one laughs amid the earthquake's throes.

The lust for gold and lust for empire found
That the bold Dutchman dared their way to block.
They joined their force to sweep him from the ground;
Move, said the Sea; I will not, said the Rock.
For twenty years the Sea has shouted, Go!
For twenty years the Rock has answered, No!

Now breaks the tempest! now the lightnings leap!
And Boer and Briton join in final strife,
And we, afar, bewildered sit, and keep
Hushing the thoughts that cut us like a knife.
Are we not Britons, too, in speech and blood?
Can we curse them and bless the alien brood?

Britons, but not such Britons we, for, lo!
These men who goad the patient Boer today
Are heirs of those who struck th' insensate blow
At Lexington and Concord. Tories they,
Whose hands have smitten Freedom's form, alas!
In all her strifes with privilege and class.

Not these our kindred! No, we spurn the claim.
But rather those whose voices have been bold,
For love of England, to avert this shame
And break the spell hypnotic cast by gold.
Oh! for one hour of Gladstone's voice to plead
The cause of God against the claims of greed.

Army Mule.

I solemnly protest
Against the base, unworthy lie
Hurl'd at my fair fame
By Tommy Atkins:
I've served with great distinction
In the armies of my Uncle Sam;
Also have I served John Bull
And others of less note;
And never yet have I been called a coward.
'Tis true, I have as many faults as
Man himself;
And enemies I've made;
But, for that very reason,
I believe I'm loved.
What evil days have
Fallen upon me!
Shall I be made to drag disgrace
As well as ammunition trains?
Shall I be made a scapegoat?
I say I am no goat;
Nor anything but a mule,
Who knows more strategy
In a minute
Than any gold-laced general in the world
Knows in a week.
I admit that sometimes
Appearances are against me,
But when they are
The reason may be found
Deep-rooted in my subtlety,
Some call it plain mulishness;
But that is mere calumny
And now that no dark stain
May rest upon my 'sectucheon,
Let me explain my action in the Transvaal;
My habitat is where
The Eagle screams "Liberty!"
And when I get a chance
To aid in pushing liberty along
I use my best endeavors to that end.
I did not want to go and fight the Boers,
I made objection with my four hoofs
And all the mulishness
That in me is,
To going on the ship bound for S. A.,
But I was dragged and pushed aboard,
And landed, too,
Though I raised hob

The whole voyage through.
My sympathies are with the Boers,
I'll not give all my reasons for this attitude;
But when I got a chance
I helped them all I could
And made old John Bull dance,
So there you are,
I act according to my lights,
And I don't think
I am such a damphool
As I look.

B. M. Tate.

We are here in the Bed of the River.

We are here in the bed of the river,
Where you've brought us at last to bay—
We stare in the eyes of your naval guns,
And "we fight to the death" today.

We've turned and twisted and doubled,
We've crossed and recrossed our track;
And thrice we've watched the gray dawn come up,
And twice the black night come back.

There are women here in the trenches
Who are carrying babies unborn—
They stand by us, shoulder to shoulder,
And—die—with the self-same scorn.

We thought to bury our comrades,
But your English have sent us your "No"—
You've "run the hare to his covert,"
And you'll "brain him now with a blow."

We farmers who fight for freedom,
We dare you to do your worst;
We face your Empire army—
Make good your English boast!

You've taunted us and lied to us,
You've traded on your fame,
You've cheated us, you've bartered us,
You've smirched our very name.

Now—blow us into atoms
And carnage our land for gain—
But, by the God above us!
Whose honor have you slain?

We are here in the bed of the river
Where you've brought us at last to bay,
But our eyes look straight at your naval guns,
For "we fight to the death" today.

Embattled Farmers.

In Seventy-five, Columbia's fateful year,
 The "Embattled Farmers" stood at Concord's bridge,
 And firing there "the shot heard round the world,"
 Bravely opposed the oppressors ranks of red,
 And fanned to flame the fires of liberty
 O'er all the land

For years with noble sacrifice the strife progressed,
 Till after cost and suffering measureless
 That plain but noble band of patriots brave,
 Forced back the tyrant's hirelings to the sea,
 And gave to us fair freedom's heritage.

Again Embattled Farmers, daring to be free,
 Bravely oppose the self-same armed ranks,
 But now 'neath Southern Afric skies.
 Thrice have they trekked to freedom's wilderness,
 And now with same old legend, "Liberty or death,"
 Proclaim to all, that their next trek
 Shall be to "undiscovered country."

From whose bourne no trekker ere returns,
 And death stalks victimless o'er veldt and kopje wild,
 Ere liberty so dearly bought as theirs
 Shall from them wrested be.
 And every heart throughout Columbia's land
 That holds a drop of patriot father's blood,
 Unpoisoned by the fatal germs of greed or calumny,
 Beats daily benediction on their righteous cause.

Not that our love for England, honest, is the less
 But freedom more, freedom for all.
 For Anglo-Saxon, and for Saxon, too,
 Freedom of thought and creed.
 Not for salvation hurled from cannon's mouth,
 But rather "Blessed creed" from Galilean mount.

Had England's cause been just, our blood with her's might
 flow,

For common weal, but not for common woe;
 Not for the few whose greed of gold or power
 Sends brave men over seas in khaki shrouds,
 To nurture Afric's soil, or freedom wound,
 And scatters broadcast over their own land
 The fruitful seeds of broken hearts and homes.

Not all the sounding words of England's bard
 Can change one fact on histories' open page.
 Nor gold-paid calumnies can aught avail
 To make foul wrong a right, or us deceive.

Plain and unpolished men, the Burghers brave may be,
So were our sires, and such the Master's friends.
So are the many who with toil produce all wealth,
Provide the revenues and bear the brunt of war;
And suffraged or hereditary power,
Now aiding wealth's combine between the nations
Should pause, ere Commoners of all the lands,
Wakening in their potential might hurl them aside,
That freedom(sacred issue) may for all prevail.

Shall we who from the Antile's Gem the oppressor drove
Now aid and comfort give oppressing power?
Not so, the sword unsheathed 'gainst freedom, is 'gainst us,
And every people struggling to be free
Have now and ever had Coulmbia's sympathy;
And so we pray, God bless the Embattled Farmers,
Now as then.

Know Ye This Valiant People Bold.

Know ye this valiant people bold,
Oppressed by foreign might?
They gave their life-blood and their gold
For freedom and for right.
Burghers, our country's banner waving,
We will concede no more,
But tyrant force heroic braving,
Turn warriors as before.

A people free, a people free, free as in days of yore!

Know ye this land, so little known,
And yet so beauteous made?
Here nature has each blessing strewn,
And all her charms displayed.
Transvaalers, now our war cry sounding,
We'll make a desperate stand;
Let us, humanity astounding,
Defend our own dear land.

Our own fair land, our own fair land, our own beloved land.

Know ye this young Republic small?
Outnumbered though it be,
It has resisted British thrall,
And was acknowledged free.
Transvaalers, nobly have ye striven
'Gainst wrong and insults great.
By God alone the power is given
Our land to vindicate.

Praise be to God, praise be to God, for our Republic-State!

Thy Banner, my Beloved Land.

Thy banner, my beloved land,
 Again is floating free.
 Woe to the desecrating hand
 That would reconquer thee.
 Now spread thy colors to the sun,
 Thou Transvaal banner bright.
 From gloomy night and storm-clouds dun
 Dawns freedom's longed-for light.

 In darkest hours thy colors glowed,
 Our Transvaal banner true.
 For thee the patriot's life-blood flowed,
 Thou art baptized anew.
 We followed thee to do or die,
 The victory is ours ;
 Now wave triumphantly on high,
 To warn invading powers.

 We craved our independence long,
 And still from arms forbore ;
 But England added wrong to wrong
 And menaced us full sore.
 At length our patience had an end,
 No longer would we yield,
 And our Republic to defend
 We rose and took the field.

 God helped us, and we burst the chain
 That England sought to bind.
 Our fatherland is free again.
 Our flag floats on the wind.
 If sadly thinned our patriot ranks,
 We've crushed the invader's might.
 To God alone let us give thanks,
 Who has upheld the right.

The Carrier Pigeon of Ladysmith.

A carrier dove from the cage they bring,
 The keenest of vision and fleetest of wing.

 Of love and peace once the avatar,
 Now held for the grim, sad service of war.

 They write a message of hope and cheer
 Tho' the vengeful shells are bursting near.

 Beneath her wing it is bound with care,
 And they set her free with a silent prayer.

She stands at gaze for a moment's space,
And warily poises with airy grace.

Then, lightly leaping, a gleam of white
Goes flashing upward in pulsing flight.

Up, up, to the freedom of God's blue sky,
In widening circles she mounts on high,

Till, far beneath her, she gazes down
On Natal's green veldts and the kopjes brown.

The boom of cannon and shriek of shell
Of the grisly tumult of war still tell.

Still flame the hill-tops with fitful red,
And the slopes and summit are strewn with dead.

But a scene more joyous, in vision bright,
Allures the dove in her strenuous flight.

There's a cote in Durban, beside the sea,
Where home and her own dear nestlings be.

And tho' an empire may rock below,
On the lurid tides that ebb and flow,

She sees beyond to the peaceful nest,
And the heart is singing within her breast.

I, too, o'er the green veldt sweep along,
On the pinions of fancy, swift and strong.

I see the flashes and battle gleams,
The stiffening forms and thin red streams;

And I, too, looking beyond the strife,
See a fairer vision of peaceful life—

One great republic that stretches free
From cape to desert, from sea to sea;

Where crown and scepter shall find to rule,
And freedom brightens o'er church and school;

Where class and privilege fade from sight,
And the Right of Man is the sovereign right;

One more broad continent consecrate
As the world rolls on in a century new.

God speed the vision and bring it true,
To the people's rule in a mighty state.

Botha, De Wet and Delarey.

Botha, De Wet and Delarey—
 The little nation's hope now rests on these.
 Encompassed by devouring flame, she sees
 No outlet to the blue of Freedom's day.
 She sees the cynic world upon its way
 Stare at her anguish with untroubled eye;
 She sees about their homes her burghers die.
 Her strength is spent, her face with toil is gray.
 Yet these brave sons strike on and will not know.
 Despair or doubt, or odds of ten to one.
 Circling like hawks about a clumsy foe,
 Falling like lightning stroke, and then are gone.
 Constant to death, their honest fame shall glow
 As bright as if their zeal the cause had won.

Boer and Briton.

Lo! In these forlornest limits, back to rock,
 A hunted thing, and followed far for prey,
 Saddest offspring of the Silent One's great stock;
 He, shorn of hope, turns sullenly at bay.
 All the suns and seas have changed not, all the years
 Have not made tame
 Iron of that ancient blood that found no fears
 In Alva's name.
 Here as by the Northland meadows stands the race
 Sternly grappled with the stronger foeman, face to face.
 Here is never dike to open, and no wave
 To beat oppression down with friendly flood;
 Hither comes no Sidney, gallant heart and brave,
 With purest sword that shed a tyrant's blood;
 Sons of her that in the world's great midnight shed
 The earliest light,
 Now by all that world forgotten and deserted
 She once made bright;
 Sons of those that fell by Leyden, sword in hand—
 These shall well remember how to die for native land.
 She that heard not, cared not, when arose the cry
 From lips made bloody by the Turkish heel;
 She that with turned head and drawn-back skirts went by
 When Crete from out her wound would pluck the steel;
 She that smugly psalmed the sweets of peace to others,
 And force abhorred—
 This is she that now upon her weakest brothers
 Sends fire and sword.
 Ere her siren song had ceased or her words grown cold,
 Warring for some acres and a little paltry gold.

She that might have crowned the century's closing hour,
Aglow like morning with the signs of peace;
She that might have cleansed her sumless sins of power
And blown the trump that bids all wars to cease--
She the flag has stained a deeper crimson, red
With blood before;
She has called a newer curse upon her head,
Curse-bowed of yore;
She, still true to shame's traditions, here has made
Once again the roar of cannon "for the sake of trade!"
"Progress" she would call it when the bullet sings
Across the barren furrow's trampled track;
"Progress" march of torch and axe and flame that flings
For light abroad the Old World's shadow back;
"Progress" when the farmer Wrath goes forth and sows
His direst seed,
When about her throat the weaker nation knows
The hands of greed;
Shall we call it "progress" when this bitter root
Bears of fierce undying hatred all its fatal fruit?
Blazon victories on these pigmies, you have need;
Sing songs of triumph, make the utmost air
Echo with the praise of this your gallant deed,
Where thousands bearded twenty in their lair.
Shouting streets are not the future, loud acclaim
Will not avail
When its sure, relentless finger points to shame
This wretched tale;
All your songs will turn not back the hands that write
This the crime that makes fair Poland's murder all but white.

Holland, a Glorious History is Thine.

Holland, a glorious history is thine!
Thy sons, throughout the years, are still the same;
On thy mud-islands Rome could barely tame,
Though Caesar and though Drusus led the line;
Or in Rome's quarrel, where thy warriors shine,
Bucklering the giantess' expiring power,—
The Frank fell back before thee in his hour
Of pride, as wintry storm against the pine.
Yet greatest wast thou when a slender band
Of burghers 'gainst the mighty Spaniard stood,
And through eight decades strove on sea and land,
Till his great empire sank in shame and blood.
Take heed then, England, lest the spectral hand
Of Fate be luring thee across the flood.

Come Let us Light the Torch.

Come, let us light the torch anew,
 The old-time torch, in triple flame,
 And keep it flaming, fierce and true,
 On Freedom's height, in Freedom's name,
 Forgive us, Washington, that we
 Forgot a time, and turned an ear
 To England's clink of gold, to hear
 Her siren song of flattery.
 Forgive us Franklin, Warren, Hale;
 We half believed her; now we know
 Her friendship; flattery but show,
 Her shot where bullets fail!
 What mean yon hundred thousand swords,
 The thousand cannons' angry roar
 Armed hosts in helmets, hordes on hordes,
 Hurl'd o'er the peaceful, free-born Boer?
 They mean that England dares to say
 Set back the clock; that might is right—
 As when the wolf's whelp howled her day,
 Then slunk back, whining, into night.
 They mean she mocks the right of man;
 They mean that she is mouthing yet,
 "Now let him get who dares to get,
 And let him keep who can."
 What means this sea-girt citadel,
 With guns that shake Pacific's shores?
 This new Gibraltar, shot and shell
 In pyramids piled at our doors?
 Shot and shell, and guns that sweep
 Our inland seas, Alaska's bay?
 What! needs she these great guns to keep
 The peace in peaceful Canada?
 We hear kind words, most cunning fair,
 Yet see that fortress rise and rise!
 Are kindly words but cunning lies?
 What means that fortress there?
 Her plundered millions starving die,
 The while she wades blood to the knee!
 Her love of Jesus is a lie,
 A Judas kiss—Gethsemane!
 She wears a cloak but to decoy;
 This land she hates, hates as she fears;
 This land she twice strove to destroy—
 Twice drenched in blended blood and tears.
 Keep her arm's length, a great gun's length!
 Her creed is but the creed of gain,
 Low lust of gain, on land or main;
 Her god, the god of strength!

The crouching, cat-like lion lifts
A paw to show the claws are sheathed;
"Beware the sleek Greek bearing gifts
Of honey, with white roses wreathed."
One paw for peace, one merged in gore;
One reached to beg alliance, one
To crush fair Freedom and the Boer,
Or coward lies or lyddite gun!
Are we but babes? Shall we receive
One outstretched paw, one reeking thus?
Who but a child can but believe
They build to next strike Us?
Brave lads of Lexington, brave men
Of Concord farms, who fired the gun
Heard round the world, heard now as then;
Brave Boer-land or brave Lexington,
We pledge ye we will not forget;
We pledge ye, this new hundred-year,
That yon merged paw, all reeking wet
With Freedom's blood, shall not rule here,
Nor rest here, reach here, while we live!
Ye gave us Freedom; what can we
Give less to Freedom than to give
And consecrate this century?

In Victory Defeat.

Fighting twenty to one on the sun-baked brackish veldt,
Struggling for hearth and kin, for freedom, for right, for
life,
Crossing swords with one who fights with the lust of gain,
They stand in the last red ditch and wage an unequal
strife.
But the sound of their barking guns has reached around the
world,
Causing the throng to stop, to wonder and then to sigh,
At the thought of a nation that for revenge, for gold, for land,
Should send her sons to war that they for her greed
should die.
From now till the end of time the death of the stain will stay,
And befoul the Union Jack, and the British heart will beat
Slow with a throb of pain—a pain that will never cease,
The pain of victory won, but in victory, defeat.
The Boer will tell his son as they trek o'er the waving plain,
A tale of the war he fought, of the comrades who marched
and died,
And the lad will ponder awhile, as the slow yoked oxen move,
If victory is victory, when the price is a nation's pride.

God and the Right.

Across the deep, from the ends of earth,
 Comes the cry of Almighty God!
 Of him that hung with fire and cloud
 O'er the path that Israel trod!
 And poor and thin is the cannon's roar
 'Mid Jehovah's thundrous call to war!

What though the king be small and weak,
 And weak and small his land,
 If the reins of his battle-steeds are held
 In the grip of an unseen hand!
 If at the bar of his standard swings
 The gonfalon of the King of Kings!

You may beat him back to his northern kraal,
 But beware the solemn day
 When he turns to die, and you find, too late,
 You have driven God to bay!
 That your claims are valueless and vain,
 And He of the Heavens is suzerain!

Midlothian's voice, deep-toned and true,
 That spoke for peace before;
 For peace, with honor, in defeat,
 Now speaks for peace once more
 With holier fire, and deeper tone,
 From beside the great, white Judgment Throne!

Who died for the freedom of Brabant
 Shall die for freedom still,
 At Laing's Nek, or red Ingago,
 Or fierce Majuba Hill!
 Has earth not seen—in dread alarm—
 The Judge of Earth make bare his arm!

Still live "the Beggars" that stood for right
 'Gainst the men of greed and power!
 The brood that William the Silent led
 Through the Lowland's blackest hour;
 That fought five days for a victory
 In the dauntless ships of the Zuyder Zee!

The sturdy "Beggars" that rode the waves
 Of a universal doom,
 And, sailing bloody seas, emerged
 Triumphant from their gloom!
 That made the Dutch republic's star
 Shine with the glory of brave Alkmaar!

And they shall live, through flood or flame,
Or woe, or women's tears,
Till they reach, in some new century,
The first of the Thousand Years!
Then, Lord of Hosts! bid tumult cease,
And bless their land, and give them peace!

To Oom Paul.

Fight on for homeland's sacred liberty,
Thou advocate of Transvaal's ancient right!
Fear not the swords of Britain's cavalry,
For God will yet reward thy loyalty.
Be brave! Let naught thy future vision blight.
Tho' e'en the world should turn her back on thee,
Still God who guides the nation's destiny
Will spread his arms o'er thy defenseless head,
That thou shalt not be numbered with the dead.

Thou art the sturdy David of thy race,
Filled with the might of Him who rules supreme.
When thou wilt meet Goliath face to face
With slow but steady step and soldier grace,
The earth will shout for joy and seraphim
Will chant a song of noble victory.
And men will say: "Henceforth the true and free
Can raise their voice to God in gratitude,
Who loves the pure and always hates the rude."

Thou hast the sympathy of all who care
For joy and peace and Freedom's sacred right.
All o'er the earth to God ascends the prayer
That in His gracious mercy He may spare
Thy noble race from slav'ry's dreadful night.
With such a host of friends thou canst not fear
Tho' all around thy camp the sky is drear.
Ah! soon the night will end and from afar
Will smile on thee the lovely morning star.

Fight on! Heed not the cannon's deaf'ning roar.
We know that truth and right are on thy side.
Fight on tho' bullets o'er thy head may soar,
For right must win in this unrighteous war.
Thy name will thro' all coming time abide
In loyal hearts who love to see the brave
Fight manly for their rights which heaven gave
To all. God wants nor slaves nor kings, but true
And loyal men who e'er the right pursue.

Freedom's Footprints.

'Round the wide earth the annals tell
 Of sacred spots on land and sea,
 Where dauntless heroes bled and fell
 That freeborn folk might still be free.

Of Marathon, whose storied plain
 Beheld the fleeing foreign host;
 Of Bannockburn, where once again,
 The Scot destroyed proud Edward's boast.

The foot of Freedom fitly rests
 Where long her children loved her sway—
 The hooded mountains' ice-clad crests
 That rise above the Urnersee.

There the great Rutli oath was sworn—
 The hope of centuries to be;
 And there, in spite of tyrants' scorn,
 The freeborn Switzer still is free.

The smoke of battle rolls away
 Above the mossy Manse's ridge,
 And pilgrims many, to this day,
 Rehearse the tale of Concord Bridge.

Brave heroes! They, in that dark hour,
 Their feeble weapons boldly hurled
 Against that mighty, ruthless power,
 Whose morning drum beat girt the world.

Not theirs to wait the onset fierce,
 Who made defence at Bennington;
 They would the advancing column pierce,
 When Freedom's genius led them on.

From where Walloomsac's wooded height
 Frowns o'er the rippling river still,
 Thence Freedom's genius took its flight,
 And rested on Majuba hill.

Are they less brave who, for their homes
 And right to live, beyond the Vaal,
 March forth to meet, ere yet he comes,
 The foe who drove them from Natal?

When, for the sake of selfish ends,
 A Christian nation stoops to sin,
 Their kindred folk, who would be friends,
 Blush for the shame of Saxon kin.

Since greed of gold and lust of power
Bid tyrants strike, because they can,
Bring back, O Lord, but for one hour,
The conscience of the Grand Old Man.

That they whose fathers nursed our own,
Beside the swelling Zuyder Zee,
May dwell, beyond the Vaal, alone,
And freeborn folk may still be free.

H. A. Harmne.

God in Far Heaven With a Frown.

God in far heaven with a frown
In anger turns His face,
While ruthless England tramples down
One more unhappy race.
The selfish world stands by to see,
Nor lifts a helping hand,
Watching incarnate tyranny
Triumph in one more land.

Lo! England prays in minsters high
For mercy, justice, peace;
While 'neath th' whole circle of the sky
Her warfares never cease.
The blood of hapless Zulus slain
Reeks from the stolen sod;
And butchered Maoris, killed for gain,
Carry the prayer to God.

Though brave men seek the wilderness,
The last hope of the free,
Insatiate on their trek no less
Tracks greedy tyranny.
Dead faces set in deathless ire
Witness to manhood's worth,
Where England writes in blood and fire
Her title to the earth.

For lust of gold is England's creed;
Her gospel that of fight.
Her honor eaten out by greed,
She knows no right but might.
How long, O God of justice named,
How long shall these things be?
Till England's brutal pride is tamed
No weak land may be free!

In the Presence of God Almighty.

In the presence of God Almighty,
 Who searcheth the hearts of men,
 From our homes by the Transvaal desert
 We have journeyed to meet again.
 Free burghers to ask His mercy,
 And trust in His boundless grace,
 And bond ourselves and our children
 Before His awful face.
 We join in a sacred compact,
 By solemn oaths made sure,
 While the rule of the tyrant hireling
 In our borders shall endure.
 When our fathers to exile journeyed
 From the shores of the southern sea,
 From the victors' hateful presence
 They fled to the desert free.
 Forty long years of sorrow,
 Warfare and famine and fears,
 Have passed since, like Israel's wanderings,
 Began their long journey in tears.
 Thrice with labor and peril they builded
 A state in the wilderness,
 Thrice hath the treacherous foemen
 Invaded, deceived and oppressed.
 Like robbers in midnight darkness,
 They have made our land a prey;
 They have lowered our humble banner,
 And taken our laws away.
 Such outrage we may not suffer,
 Such bondage we cannot brook;
 From the power and fear of the tyrant
 To Almighty God we look.
 In freedom and peace our children
 Shall hold the land of their sires;
 By our fathers' wrongs we swear it,
 By their graves and our homestead fires.
 Therefore, as true men and brothers,
 We give each other the hand,
 Solemnly sworn to be faithful,
 Banded together we stand.
 E'en to the death pang together
 We strive till our land is free;
 So truly help us, Almighty,
 For our trust is only in Thee.
 Deathless as fame and freedom,
 Grand as their rifles' ring,
 Shall live the tale of their meeting,
 And their oath by the wondering.

Alliance! And For What?

Alliance! And with whom? For what?
Comes there the skin-clad Vandal down
From Danube's wilds with vengeance hot?
Comes Turk with torch to sack the town
And wake the world with battle shot?
Come wild beasts loosened from the lair?
No, no! Right fair blue Danube sweeps.
No, no! The Turk, the wild beast sleeps.
No, no! There's something more than this—
Or Judas kiss? Or serpents hiss?
There's mischief in the air!

Alliance! And with whom? For what?
Did we not bear an hundred years
Of England's hate, hot battle shot,
Blent, ever blent, with scorn and jeers?
And we survived it, did we not?
We bore her hate, let's try to bear
Her love; but watch her and beware!
Beware the Greek with gifts and fair
Kind promises and courtly praise.
Beware the serpent's subtle ways—
There's mischief in the air!

Alliance! And for what? With whom?
She burned our Freedom's Fane. She spat
Vile venom on the sacred tomb
Of Washington; the while she sat
High throned, fat fed, and safe at home
And bade slaves hound and burn and slay,
Just as in Africa today;
Just as she would, will when she dare
Send sword and torch and once again
Raze to the dust our Freedom's Fane—
There's mischief in the air!

Alliance! Twice with sword and flame;
Alliance! Thrice with craft and fraud;
And now she comes in Freedom's name.
In Freedom's name? The name of God!
Go to—the Boers. For shame, for shame!
With wedge of gold you split us twain
Then launched your bloodhounds on the main;
But now, my Lords, so soft, so fair—
How long would this a-lie-ance last?
Just long enough to tie us fast—
Then music in the air!

Liberty.

Thrice-glorious liberty—
 Thou mak'st the nations free—
 To thee we sing.

Where'er thy martyr dies
 'Neath Afric's sunny skies,
 Once more, arise! arise!
 Thy succor bring.

Thy twin republics bless;
 O, solace their distress!
 Be thou their stay,
 Where, o'er the shining sands,
 With outstretched, bloody hands
 Assassin England stands
 Above her prey.

Keep Kruger's hero band;
 Keep all his chosen land
 Along the Vaal;
 Walk by the widow's side,
 Be thou the orphan's guide;
 May they in faith abide—
 O, keep them all!

Watch thou with Joubert's soul,
 Nor doubt the final goal;
 Ring loud the knell
 Of tyranny and wrong;
 Make Farmer Botha strong,
 And sing thy joyful song
 In Cronje's cell!

W. A. Croffert.

When Over the Sea our Fathers Fled.

When over the sea our fathers fled
 From pillory, chain and block,
 And fainting Liberty reared her head
 By the side of Plymouth Rock,
 Or ever they followed the pillar of fire
 That shone o'er the western wave,
 The Hollander to the Pilgrim sire
 A shelter and refuge gave.
 Side by side under Freedom's sway,
 In brotherly love they grew.
 Side by side till the parting day
 When the Mayflower's ensign flew.
 Then the exile paused, and the ship delayed,
 As they knelt by the waiting tide,
 And Holland burgher and Pilgrim prayed
 Piously side by side.

O'er Lexington gleamed the signal flame,
And the Puritan life blood ran;
The Dutch patroon to the summons came
On the trail of the minute-man.
And oft in the battle's furnace heat,
Ere the weary struggle was done,
The angel of Liberty fused and beat
Their suffering souls in one.
Side by side by the fateful marge
Of Bemis' Height they stood,
Side by side in the midnight charge
O'er Delaware's wintry flood.
Through siege and famine, 'neath shot and shell,
The enemy's trump their guide,
They rallied and starved, they fought and fell,
Perishing side by side.

Shall the children of those who harbored our sires
Go begging away from our door?
Shall the brothers of those who kindled our fires
In vain for our aid implore?
Oh, better far that the cannon call,
As they called over Boston bay,
Than the nation blind her eyes to the fall
Of the friends of an early day!
Side by side under equal laws,
With banner of warfare furled,
Side by side let us plead their cause
Before the bar of the world.
Let us summon the Boer from his hate to cease,
And the Briton to quell his pride,
Till burgher and colonist dwell in peace,
Laboring side by side.

Miserere!

How sleep the brave, who sing to rest
Slain in their country's cause unblest!
Sear Autumn with wan fingers cold
Strews fading verdure o'er their mould;
While Conscience from the bloody sod
Appeals from tyranny to God.

But let no man impute to them
The blame that must that cause condemn;
Honor shall guard their hallowed clay,
And wash with tears all stains away;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell in dust and ashes there,

Miserere!

T. M. Roberts.

When the Queen was Young.

When the Queen was young, her gauntlet she flung
 In the teeth of her foremost crime;
 And the look on her face was orient grace
 For a troublous world and time;
 And the glooms were dispelled, and the monsters felled—
 When the Queen was young, and her battle was flung
 On the brood of crime.

When the Queen was young her laureates sung
 Of brotherhood, freedom and right;
 And her prelates prayed, and her counselors made
 For the cause that was worthy of might.
 And, in war and peace, God gave increase
 When the Queen was young and her bugles sung
 Of the glory of right.

But the century rolled, and the Queen was old
 And only her heart was young;
 And her wise men died; and her poets lied,
 And an upstart pack gave tongue
 To a lickerish creed; and few gave heed,
 In the rapture of gold, to the Queen and her old,
 Old heart—still young.

So her thousands went forth from the south and the north
 To spoil a handful of men
 Whose home was their own and whose succor the throne
 Of the God of battles, who then
 Was sudden to strike—was never the like
 Had befallen the north when her righteous went forth
 And the Queen was young!

C. W. Gayley.

Is Justice Dead?

Is Justice dead?
 Has now the sacred flame of liberty
 Ceased to burn high in human hearts? Is the world
 So craven grown that nations stand aghast
 And see the mighty crush the weak, nor dare
 To lift a voice or raise an arm to save,
 Lest thus the peace of nations menaced be?
 Must then the law of prize-rings rule the world?
 Shall world's conventions—frailest ropes of sand,
 To balk the greed of empire and the lust
 For gold—shall these the arm of Justice bind
 And chain the soul of freedom and the cause
 Of human rights? Must fires of Liberty
 Be quenched, that Peace, forsooth, alone may reign—
 That Peace which fiercely frowning stands
 Not with the olive branch in hand—but panoplied
 In steel, 'mid bristling ranks and batteries,
 And deadly armament of war?

God of the nations! whose all sovereign heart
Holds dear thy subjects throughout all thy lands—
Stretch forth thine arm a prostrate state to raise!
Arm thou with strength invincible her sons,
Hardy and brave—give power the invading hordes
To smite, and backward turn the battle's tide
Unequal. Quicken thou humanity's heart,
With deeper sense of wrong, that neither kings
Nor presidents shall dare to mock the great,
The universal, conscience, stung to rage
By sight of sacred human rights so foully struck,
And trampled 'neath the iron heel of might.

Oh! England, shame, for shame!
Where is thy boasted strength that thou must need
To summon all thy legions forth, from out
An empire upon which the sun ne'er sets!
To crush a puny foe like this—a foe
So small and weak, indeed, that, if
In numbers taled, a single city of
Thine island realm o'er counts them full a score
Shouldst glory in a deed like this? So might
A giant boast to crush a feeble ant,
Or throw his pond'rous weight upon a mite.
For ruthless conquest thou the battle gage
Didst cast, but, driven last to wage the fight
A nation's pride to save, thou hast earned alike
The whole world's scorn. And e'en though victory
Shall be upon thy pennons borne at last,
Thy future sons shall read with burning shame
The written page whereon appears a blot
So foul that all thy fame fore'er it stains!

Why is Columbia Silent?

Why is Columbia silent, though the hordes
Of hungry British overrun the veldt—
Columbia, whose free heart was wont to melt
At every tale that history records
Of down-trod people and oppressive lords;—
Whose sympathy sad Kosciusko felt;
While Bolivar and Kossuth, Greek and Kelt,
Found her voice mightier than ten thousand swords,
Why is she deaf to cries for help today,
Such as had rent her very soul in twain
In happier times? See how she turns away
From Kruger, pleading for her aid in vain!
—Alas, no longer first of freedom's lands,
She turns away to hide her bloody hands!

Prayer for Peace.

"Peace hath her victories as well as war,"
 So sing the Bards that rise on every shore;
 Yet in this closing Nineteenth Century hour,
 The nations learned and wise, thirsting for power,
 Go madly on to crush a feeble race
 Panting for freedom—men who, face to face,
 Resolve for God and country—as their patriot sires,
 Who proudly stood around the old camp fires.
 "Peace hath her victories as well as war,"
 So said the learned men on Holland's shore
 So few short months ago, and yet
 How soon—how very soon a nation can forget—
 When pride and vanity and worldly pelf
 Come in to steal away a nation's better self—
 That only justice, truth and right prevail,
 When God above doth lift oppression's veil.
 "Peace hath her victories as well as war,"
 Mankind declares, as oft in times before;
 Yet when a struggling race doth firmly stand,
 Pleading for kin and country—pleading for native land,
 Great statesmen (?), God forgive—yet men around us say
 "Statesmen"—who lead a loving people in each fray,
 Forget that peace hath victories as well as war,
 And bid their followers madly reach for more.
 "Peace hath her victories as well as war,"
 How long, O Lord! shall mighty ones ignore
 This admonition—and all powerful stand,
 Ready to crush each weak and feeble band?
 How long shall "Rule Britannia" be the cry
 Of brothers o'er the sea, and Yankee bullets fly?
 How long shall shadows rest on freedom's name,
 When'er a feeble race doth liberty proclaim?

Now Close Your Proud Battalions.

Now close your proud battalions
 And lock your ranks like steel;
 Surge down the swarth commandos
 With shock to make you reel.
 As sullen clouds of tempest,
 Irregular, untamed,
 Fringed round with hidden thunder,
 'Gainst you their wrath is aimed.
 Athwart the Afric prairies
 Low burns a crimson sun;
 Huge shadows follow direful
 The columns stern and dun.

Red fire is in their faces,
Fierce flame is in each soul;
Bar now the dread commandos
That ever southward roll.
Untrammelled and elusive,
Unseen, yet sorely felt,
Ride on the Lion Hunters,
The Rulers of the Velt.
Ho! These no Zulu Impis,
Blind crowding on your track!
Well-served their sighted cannon,
Death's call the rifle crack.
Ho! These no Dervish spearmen,
Shot down like flocking sheep,
But swerveless, trained sharpshooters
To make your women weep.
In greed and wanton boasting
Ye sowed the furrows red;
Go reap the awful harvest,
Thrice purchased with your dead.
To feed the War Fiend's fury
Your blood and treasure tossed—
Roll back the swarth commandos
And mourn to count the cost.

Truth's Army.

He who would war for Truth must bide his time;
He shall not hear his name sung loud in rhyme,
And what he striveth for he shall not see
Till other generations reach their prime.
Truth's hosts are not a conquering army borne
Along with lifting note of fife and horn;
They go to meet what warriors blanch to face,
The poisoned arrows of a deadly scorn.
And yet they sow what generations reap;
The swords that fall from hands of nerveless sleep
Become the steel in other hands to win
Truth's kingdoms on the land and on the deep.
And they who fight the war of truth shall find
When all the things of earth are left behind
Their crown of victory—they who fight not men,
But Error, with the weapons of the Mind.
For 'tis God's army—and His great shield bends
Above them—like a mighty sun extends
His watchful smile above the host who bear
His royal purposes to deathless ends!

J. D. Miller.

A British Victory.

We are swinging down the Mersey with a martial host on
board,

And our souls are fairly longing for the fray;
(Lyddite shells are poisoned weapons; gunwale deep with
them we're stored;

We must teach those simple burghers how we slay!)

We are but a single unit of that empire whose bright sun
Never sets upon the realm of endless day.

(We outnumber our opponents by a gallant three to one;
We must teach those holy Dutchmen how to pray!)

Father Kruger, Father Kruger, it is time to say your prayers,
Else the God in whom you trust is very clay,

(Have you seen the rising market of our noble Kaffir shares?
We must teach those stupid yokels who's to pay!)

Scat! you little Dutch republics. When the British lion roars,
It is wisdom's part to scatter from his way.

(We are egging on the niggers to attack those plaguery Boers;
We must teach the peasant farmers that's our way!)

God of wealth! That stolid Kruger smokes his pipe upon his
stoop?

Says our boasting is but senseless asses' bray?
(Watch us hit him! We will land him and his God right in the
soup!

We must teach the Boers the blessings of our sway!)

D. A. McCarty.

Briton and Boer.

Alas for the Boer and Briton! Alas for the Briton and Boer!
Let us pray to the God of Peace. Let us curse the God of War.
Let us pray for the time when strife shall cease,
And all nations worship the God of Peace and curse the God of
War.

There are desolate homes on the veldt. There are desolate
homes afar.

Dead are the dead. Maimed the maimed. Doomed other mar-
tyrs are.

From English dales and Scotland's glens; from Irish cots and
hills of Wales

Come sighs and sobs and funeral wails.

And sigh and sob and tear for tear,

The Transvaal mourners weep their dear.

As they are driven together in battle, ordered to do or die,
T. Atkins doesn't know what it's about,
Fighting farmers wonder, why?
So the good Queen weeps in her castle; weeps for Briton and
Boer,
And mothers and widows and children weep and curse the God
of War.

Who shall be damned for the slaughter? Some chief of political ring?
Some ruler, stubborn and cratty? or some ice-hearted diamond king?
But idle now to question whose the blame may be,
If the case were left to the God of Peace, he would surely damn
all three.

Now, blessed be those who make Peace. Ever cursed be those
who make War;
No matter who speaks for the Briton, no matter who sides with
the Boer.

G. Crouch.

Trek, Trek, Trek.

Trek, trek, trek!—'neath the cross of the southern sky,
From the Cape by the southern sea, where the ships of the
world go by;
Where the flat-topped mountains rise and the Kaffir howls for
rain;
Sons of our fathers, say! Is the long, long trek in vain?

Trek, trek, trek!—by barren kopje and kloof,
The withered veldt for a bed, the brazen cloud for a roof;
In travail of birth and death, dearth, fulness, joy and pain—
Sons of our fathers, say! Still must we trek in vain?

Trek, trek, trek!—while the heart and hand grow old;
Ever the Uitlander follows, filled with the lust of gold.
Over the Drakenbergs, across the Orange and Vaal;
Sons of our fathers, say! Is trekking all in all?

Trek, trek, trek!—Weary the memory;
Yet by the ghosts of Majuba Hill, free burghers all are we;
Round drift and kloof our laager draw. What gleams o'er all
afar?
Sons of our fathers, lo! 'tis the twin republic's star!

Trek, trek, trek!—though the wild karroo is scarred
With our rotting hearths and kraals, from us and freedom
barred;
But by old Oom Pretorius! by our mighty men of yore!
Sons of our fathers, lo! We yield and trek no more!

Right Nobly Gave Voortrekkers Brave.

Right nobly gave voortrekkers brave
 Their blood, their lives, their all;
 For Freedom's right, in death despite,
 They fought at duty's call.
 Ho, burghers! High our banner waveth,
 The standard of the free.
 No foreign yoke our land enslaveth,
 Here reigneth liberty.
 'Tis Heaven's command
 Here we should stand
 And aye defend the volk and land.

What realm so fair, so richly fraught
 With treasure ever new,
 Where nature hath her wonders wrought,
 And freely spread to view!
 Ho, burghers old! Be up and singing,
 God save the volk and land,
 This, burghers new, your anthem ringing,
 O'er veldt, o'er hill, o'er strand.
 And burghers all,
 Stand ye or fall
 For hearths and homes at country's call.

With wisdom, Lord, our rulers guide,
 And these Thy people bless;
 May we with nations all abide
 In peace and righteousness.
 To Thee, whose mighty arm hath shielded
 Thy volk in bygone days,
 To Thee alone be humbly yielded
 All glory, honor, praise.
 God guard our land,
 Our own dear land,
 Our children's home, their Fatherland.

The Boer's Prayer.

I.

God of the helpless! Lo, we seek
 At Thy dread throne a just redress;
 Lord, succor us, for we are weak,
 And strong the foemen who oppress!

II.

In Afric wilds our fathers sought
 The freedom that their sons enjoy;
 In tropic jungles slowly wrought
 The homes the tyrant would destroy.

III.

For since his longing, lusting eyes
Have caught the glitter of our soil
His mission is to civilize
And, civilizing, to despoil.

IV.

Lord, when our helpless cities burn,
Our rivers red with carnage run,
Let not the mocking heart discern
Thy hand behind the heavier gun!

V.

Heed not, O Lord, the promise glib,
The blunt petition of the strong;
O Thou who smote Sennacherib,
Be potent still to smite the wrong!

VI.

Behold, their far-famed navies come
Near and more near with every breeze.
Lord, suffer not our martyrdom,
The ships are theirs—but Thine the seas!
Hear us, and as in days of old,
Lord, smite the worshippers of gold!

Campaigning With De Wet.

“The Boers are trekking northward,
The bitter war is o’er,
The singing, ringing Mauser
Will shock our ears no more.
We’ve scattered the commandos,
And closed them in a net.”
Alas! alas! they’re counting
Without the brave De Wet.

Away by Horning’s Spruit,
He’s bagged a troop and train;
He marched his men to Lindley,
Then doubled back again.
Old Rundle’s in a bundle,
And Roberts must “regret,”
Since Scotland’s callow kilties
Ran up against De Wet.

“De Wet is now at Kroonstad,”
“De Wet is at Vaalkrantz,”
“He’s strong intrenched at Roodval
And stopping our advance.”
The British generals blunder,
The British public sweat,
Two hundred thousand “Tommies”
Bamboozled by De Wet.

The Royal Scottish borderers
 Were cornered by him last,
 The Inniskillings want their beers
 More frequent since he passed;
 Upon the poor Canadians
 He's made the deãdest set,
 Their blooming commissariat
 Was gobbled by De Wet.

The Lord that hateth tyrannies,
 Will nerve the Boer's arm,
 The Lord that raised the Maccabees,
 Will save the cause from harm.
 What say ye, "cooks and marquises?"
 The fun's not over yet,
 Come up and hear the Mauser's roar
 "Free concert by De Wet."

Who Are the Brave.

Who are the brave? Not they who vainly dare
 Danger for danger's sake; not they who fare
 For wild adventures to strange fields afar,
 Nor they, who for the brutal lust of war,
 Conquer and kill and force to suppliant knees
 The weak and the unfortunate—oh, these
 Are not the brave!

Who are the brave? Not they who fiercely fight
 For the vain glory of superior might,
 Nor they who risk the peril and the pain
 Of battle for unholy greed of gain,
 Nor who with sanctimonious pretext say
 That in God's name they pillage, burn and slay—
 No, not the brave.

But they who, standing on their native sod,
 Turn with mute lips their eyes and hearts to God
 And pray for courage for their country's sake
 And for their women's honor; and who take
 Trembling and sad their arms, and for the right,
 Against unequal numbers dare the fight—
 These are the brave!

O God of Hosts! who in the darkest hour,
 Bringst the true heart hope and lendest power—
 Friend of the weakest! who on many a field,
 Hast given comfort and hast been a shield
 To the unfortunate—oh, draw thou nigh
 Unto the battle, and with victory
 Bless thou the brave!

The Car of Juggernaut.

O men of labor and men of thought,
Look out for the car of Juggernaut!
Strewing the earth with its myriads—dead.
 All for the nation's glory.
The eagle is soaring—the banners must wave;
Then pile them into an unknown grave;
 Out in the Philippines.

O men of labor and men of thought,
Hark to the roll of the Juggernaut!
Welcome it, Christian, with uplifted hands!
Pour out your blood on the burning sands,
 It's all for Britain's glory.
And the Boer must bow when the lion raves;
So pile them into their unknown graves—
 Over in Africa.

O men of labor and men of thought,
Kings ride in the car of the Juggernaut;
Throwing your children under its wheels,
Grinding the free-born under their heels,
 For king's and emperor's glory.
Columbia and England clasp hands o'er the waves,
For a burial permit to fill up the graves—
 In the Transvaal and Philippines.

O men of labor and men of thought,
A god of gold moves the Juggernaut.
Kings ride with him to plunder the world,
The pirate's black banner is o'er them unfurled,
 For power, riches and glory.
Who cares for the millions of paupers and slaves,
Who cares for the desolate, unknown graves
 In the Transvaal and Philippines?

O men of labor and men of thought,
Hurl gods and kings from the Juggernaut.
Break it in pieces—burn it with fire,
Tread it deep under in ashes and mire.
 To God above be the glory.
Look out, look out, and welcome the hour,
When this god of gold shall no longer have power
 In the Transvaal and Philippines.

Here's to the Transvaal Farmers.

We have heard in measures of glory, tingling with martial life,
Of the British soldiers' bravery in the fierce South African
strife,

Of Roberts' masterful generalship; the relief of Mafeking,
Of the glorious charges that were made, where the steel-tipped
bullets sing.

But here's to Oom Paul Kruger and his few thousand men,
Who held the British army at bay, outnumbered one by ten,
Who defended their homes, not counting the odds that against
them were arrayed,
Returning like the Yankees of '76, "Defeated but not dis-
mayed."

We honor the noble heroes that fell at Thermopylae,
Who gave their lives, their fortunes, their all, that their coun-
try might be free,
And we honor the men whose warm blood flowed on the side
of Bunker Hill,
Whose lives were given for freedom; whose country is free-
dom's still.

Then three cheers! for the Transvaal farmers! who in face of
sure defeat,
Supreme in the consciousness of right, dared the power of
Britain meet;
Though they may lose the struggle, and their country's liberty
fall,
Their names shall be found on history's page 'mid the proud-
est of them all.

Though they sink in guerrilla warfare, never to rise again,
And their nation's name and boundaries shall be forgotten by
men,
Their memory shall be honored, as patriots brave and free,
Who were willing to pay the heroes' price of "Life for lib-
erty!"

Trekking.

Song of the Boer Woman.

I.

Trekking! trekking! trekking! will never the trek be done?
Will never the rest, will never the home be won, and forever
won?

Are we only as beasts of the jungle afoot for the fleeing prey—
With a lair in the bush at midnight—on the veldt, a trackless
way?

Ever the word is "onward"—ever our white train goes
Deeper and deeper northward beyond the grasp of our foes—
Deeper and deeper northward our fathers went before—
But the door of the veldt is closed—is closed!—where can we
trek to more?

II.

Trekking! trekking! trekking! think you we love not our
home?
Think you my father prized not the farm of the yellow loam?
And mother—I see her weeping beside my brother tall,
Turning and gazing northward beyond the mountain wall.
The cattle—they seem to be standing dumb in a brute despair,
With a longing look at the pastures—they feel the trek in the
air!
Even old Yok seems broken—he turns from the tempting
bone—
I see him there in the corner, manlike, brooding alone!

III.

Trekking! trekking! trekking! through the Zululand we go,
The midnight tiger stalking us, and ever the savage foe—
Before—the savage foe to meet, the “redcoat” foe behind—
What have we done to be blown about like a leaf upon the
wind?
Ah, over the Vaal we shall find our peace—over the rushing
Vaal—
The Lord has led us to rest at last—blindly we follow His call;
The land He promised is ours to keep—is ours forever to
keep—
Piet, what noise is that in the kraal—think you a wolf at the
keep?

IV.

Trekking! trekking! trekking! we have trekked till our tall
strong men
Have sworn an oath by our fathers' God, we shall never trek
again!
The doors of the northward veldt are closed—the doors of our
heart are strong—
They shall ope their lock to a brother's knock—but not to the
threat of wrong!
There is the gun your father bore when he climbed Majuba's
hill—
'Tis yours, Piet, to bear it now with your father's faith and
will—
For the land is ours—the land is ours—if ever a land was
won—
You go at the dawn, you say, my son? Yes—go at the dawn,
my son!

Boer Battle Hymn.

Our strength is in our God of hosts,
 Our times are in His hand,
 The wrath of man that idly boasts—
 We fear not, in the Rand.

From farming dale, from soil and loam,
 We're coming, God of might!
 The ramparts of our mountain home
 To shield; Guard thou the right!

Let Albion's painted men of lath
 Loud vaunt their short-lived power;
 Shall they escape God's day of wrath,
 God's swift, consuming hour?

Remember how, in Alpine glen,
 The proud Burgundian host
 He shattered, when the mountain men
 Held God their simple boast.

Remember how, by Naseby's fords,
 The vaunting Cavalier
 He made as stubble to the swords
 Of them that knew God's fear.

Remember, too, at Laing's Nek,
 How, fierce, with downward thrust,
 He drove the mammon seekers back
 And rolled them in the dust.

No pomp of wealth, no might of gold
 Can overthrow our God;
 We are the chosen of His fold,
 His instrument, His rod.

His hand shall speed each missile hurled,
 His eye doth mark our burgher world,
 His arm shall guard the **right**!
 Unerring, in its flight,

Old Dutch Clock.

Go set the time for states and kings,
 When Freedom strikes the hour!
 Athwart the clock of empire swings
 Her pendulum of power,
 And sways the throbbing battle-wings
 That brood o'er town and tower!
 Against the proud, imperial throne
 The Afrikaner guards his own,
 When Freedom strikes the hour!

Above the realm of sordid might
The clock of Freedom stands,
And points the noon of truth and right,
With glad, unerring hands!
It struck the dawn for England's night,
From the old-time Netherlands!
Hearken, ye tyrant lords of gold,
Timed for the People, as of old,
The clock of Freedom stands!

The Old Dutch pendulum is slow,
But swingeth right and strong!
As warring ages come and go,
It tolls the knell of wrong;
And waiting Freedom's voice to know,
It chimes her holy song!
O'er bleeding veldt and crowned dykes,
The Old Dutch Clock for Freedom strikes,
And tolls the knell of wrong!

Oh, clock of power in London town,
New-timed for every zone,
Though wrong may woo a righteous crown,
And wed a glorious throne,
Weighted with wrong, the clock runs down,
And the key is God's alone!
O clock of power! beat fast or slow,
Strike wrong or right, but surely know,
The key is God's alone!

Rev. E. S. Davis.

False Prophets.

There never yet were wanting men of speech,
Persuasive and mellifluous, to give aid
To tyrants when, abandoned and betrayed,
Freedom for pity did the world beseech.

The press, the pulpits, and the marts of trade,
As the insidious tide pervades the beach.
Then smooth and affluent phrases overreach
A feeble faith and conscience, and pervade

But when the music and the glamour cease
Returning reason dissipates the spell,
And captive senses find a quick release.

Silenced the siren song of "All is well!"
The fancied picture of a reign of peace,
Fading reveals the warring strife of hell.

W. S. Garrison.

At Last We Have Pretoria.

“At last we have Pretoria,”
 They sing with maudlin glee,
 “Long reign our great Victoria
 O'er lands that once were free.”

But they forget the lessons
 Of ninety years ago,
 When Washington they captured,
 When England was our foe.

Our capitol the vandals burned,
 Our president drove off,
 Our overtures of peace they spurned,
 And answered with a scoff.

* * * *

Then General Wool took Queenstown,
 And Scott won Lundy's Lane;
 While Mills held Lake Ontario,
 McDonough swept Champlain.

And then on every ocean
 Our ships demolished theirs,
 And everywhere our Eagle
 The British Lion tears.

A year of bloody war ensued,
 Disaster and defeat,
 Until by vengeance still pursued,
 They homeward called their fleet,

Renounced their claim to rule the seas
 Wherever we're concerned,
 And signed an ignominious peace,
 And war with US adjourned!

* * * *

Long live republics everywhere,
 In every land and clime!
 Though thrones may vanish into air,
 The change will be sublime.

God speed the time when through the world
 All wars shall wholly cease,
 And every land shall see unfurled
 The pure white flag of peace!

His will be done in all the earth
 As it is done in heaven!
 And angels see to men again
 The joys of Eden given.

Go Fight Your Fight With Tagal and With Boer.

Go fight your fight with Tagal and with Boer,
Cheer in the lust of strength and brutal pride;
Beat down the lamb to fatten up the fox,
Shout victory o'er the prostrate shape of truth.

Take cross and pike and gold and sophistry,
To pray and prod and purchase, wheedle, wile;
Stamp out the roses in a waste of weeds,
Shout while the trembling voice of truth is hushed.

Shatter with iron heel the poet's dream,
The prophet's protest, and the ages' hope,
Of brotherhood and light and love on earth—
Of peace and plenty and a perfect race.

Tear down the fabric of ten thousand years,
The world's best wisdom woven in its woe;
Lift ruthless hands to rend the fairy fane
That holds the heart hopes of humanity.

Let loose greed, envy, lust and avarice,
The myriad-throated dragon of desire;
Let might rule, riot, batten on the meek,
The tyranny of man o'er man seem right.

Forget the Lord Christ smiled, forgave and died;
Frowned down every appeal to brutish strength;
Bade man put up the sword, lest by the sword
He perish; prayed evil might be paid by good.

Forget He turned cheek to the coward blow,
Cried "Pardon!" yes, seven and seventy times! "Judge
not;
Do not condemn; give coat as well as cloak;
Resist not evil, wrong's not made right by wrong."

Forget each drop of blood burns in the race,
Cries for atonement while the last man lives;
That murder for the state is murder still,
The gilded not less guilty though more great.

Forget, and flay and flame; in din grow deaf
To piteous cries without, and voice within;
Conquer, triumph and when the world is won,
Turn terrifying toward the demon in your heart.

Know Ye the Children of the Veldt.

Know ye the children of the veldt,
 Oppressed, heroic still?
 Full grand they smite for God and right
 And scorn the tyrant's will.
 Rise, burghers, fling your banners out,
 And joyous shall we be;
 Triumphant shall we sing and shout,
 Our people shall be free.
 Our people free
 For aye shall be—
 Our people shall be free.

Know ye the land our fathers sought,
 That rugged land sublime,
 Where lavish nature marvels wrought,
 With gems at dawn of Time?
 Transvaalers, let our chorus rise
 In triumph where we stand;
 Let joyous cannon tell the skies
 Here is our Fatherland.
 Our glorious land,
 Beloved land—
 'Tis here our Fatherland.

Know ye the new-born Afric state,
 Babe-nation of the world,
 This very hour 'gainst despot power
 Hath bold defiance hurled?
 Then, burghers, strike. Almighty God
 Directs our battle's van.
 How here the tyrant bit the clod,
 Will tell the future man.
 Praise God whose might
 Will shield the right—
 He leads our battle's van.

Boston to the Boers.

The sword of Gideon, sword of God,
 Be with ye, Boers! Brave men of Peace,
 Ye hewed the path, ye brake the sod,
 Ye fed white flocks of fat increase
 Where Saxon foot had never trod.
 Where Saxon foot unto this day
 Had measured not, had never known,
 Had ye not bravely led the way,
 And made such happy homes your own.

I think God's house must be such home.
The priestess mothers' choristers,
Who spin and weave, nor care to roam
Beyond this white God's house of hers,
But spinning, sing, and spin again.
I think such silent shepherd men
Most like that few the prophet sings—
Most like that few stout Abram drew
Triumphant o'er the slaughtered kings.

Defend God's house! Let fall the crook.
Draw forth the ploughshare from the sod,
And trust, as in the Holy Book,
The Sword of Gideon and of God.
God and the right! Enough to fight
A million regiments of wrong.
Defend! Nor count what comes of it.
God's battle bides not with the strong;
Her pride must fall. Lo, it is writ.

Her hold, her grace, now stanch she fares,
Fame's wine cup pressing her proud lips—
Her chequerboard of battle squares,
Rimmed round by steel-built battleships!
And yet, meanwhile, ten thousand miles
She seeks ye out. Well, welcome her!
Give her such welcome with such will
As Boston gave in battle's whir,
That red, dread day at Bunker Hill.

Hark to the Great World Battle.

Hark to the great world battle!
Thunder of guns afar!
Long roll and musketry rattle!
Dread din of glorious war.
War of the way, the truth and the light,
And the love that shall win with victorious right!
Lonely art thou in the outpost,
A picket on guard in the van?
Watch thou the enemy's dread host!
Fire thou the shot like a man,
Born for the way, the truth and the light,
And the love that shall win with victorious right!
Boers of the dark land, we hail you!
Humble old Britain once more!
Black Filipinos, we bless you!
Loud let the freedom guns roar!
Roar as of yore, for the truth and the light,
And the love that shall win with victorious right!

What though ye fall in the onset?
 Thousands shall spring to your side!
 Heroes shall greet you at sunset,
 Brothers and saviors that died—
 Died for the way, the truth and the light,
 And the love that shall win with victorious right!

Fear not the death in the thunder!
 Heed not the rage of the foe!
 Charge with the squadron, and yonder,
 Lie with the noblest, low!—
 Dead for the way, the truth and the light,
 And the love that shall win with victorious right!

Once on the Hill That Towered Above a City.

Once on the hill that towered above a city
 I stood, and while the winds of heaven did blow
 Against my cheek, looked down in scorn and pity
 On the poor, plodding sordid crowd below.

These are the sons of Shakespeare's England splendid,
 Where that great queen three centuries ago,
 By Sidney, generous warrior-bard, attended,
 In regal pride and grandeur graced the throne.

But, ah! the strife, the restless, mad endeavor,
 The greed in these late years for gold and sway,
 Have stamped their seal on England's race forever.
 And liberty is but a name today.

Poor Ireland's unforgotten, piteous story
 Is not the last that history can relate
 Of Britain's crimes for gain and shameful glory—
 Of base injustice to a weaker state.

Once more her armies, massed in martial order,
 For power and spoils of conquest press today
 Their cannon lines against the Transvaal border,
 Where loyal, patriot ranks contest the way.

Here might prevails; and sacred rights, invaded,
 Must yield betimes to fortune's evil star;
 These lion-hearts still wage their strife unaided,
 And cannot long beat back the tide of war.

But when the little state at length shall waver,
 May some strong arm stretch out across the seas,
 And from the oppressor's grasp to freedom save her—
 God spare a land of heroes such as these!

Courage, O Little People.

Courage, O little peoples! Courage! Lift up your head;
Put the palsy of fear from off your souls; come forth from the
caves of dread!

For God hath strengthened the unhelped arm, with the power
of His own right hand;
He stands our shield on every field, the fence of the little land!

O'erarched by the skies of Heaven—ringed 'round by the fires
of hell,

The radiant death of our rifles' breath guards the little country
well.

Brain and hand and time have made strange arms for our foes
to wield;

But that new-found power we take this hour to make the de-
fenders' shield!

Courage, O land of cliff and fjord! Courage, O Nippon's isle!
Courage, lone Ethiop sentinel at the fountains of the Nile!
Children of William and Maurice, sons of the Beggars of Zuy-
der Zee,

We fight once more the fight that keeps the little peoples free!

Look, thou, O bear with the outstretched claw, and thou lion
of earth-wide leap;

Cast up the count of gain and loss ere ye hold the weakling
cheap!

Send of your bravest and hardiest, not two, but ten to one!
See that your throne-rooms tremble not ere the pigmy's fight
be done!

Then, courage, O isles and mountains and plains where the
little peoples dwell;

Gird up your loins, make bare your arms, cast off your terror's
spell!

We die in the smoke of the flaming veldt, that, borne on our
cannon's roar,

The little peoples may hear and heed this message of the Boer!

Great Britain in 1900.

While all the world cries shame, with her vast horde
She drives this handful to their lone last stand,

And for the cross uplifts her bloody sword,
Whose baleful shadow darkens all the land.

What cares she for these patriot braves laid low,
For all this legacy of blood and tears,

This tide of curses on her heaped and rolled,
If from fruitage of the scornful years

Her great hand plucks her prize—a bit of gold?

While all the world cries shame, her fingers close
 Around the throat whence once our fathers flung
 Her lethal clutch, and all the Orient rose,
 Grew bright with hope the morning stars had sung.
 What is to her, still first of Freedom's foes,
 Man's world-wide cause? She has no faith to keep,
 No trust to guard, no hope to spread with light;
 But round all seas her blood-red pennons sweep,
 Fast followed by her trade-marts' chill and blight.

While all the world cries shame, she rears this brow,
 Crossed and recrossed with old years' sordid scars
 More livid from this later branding now
 Than all the soils of all her shameful wars.
 What cares she for these patriot brave laid low,
 Or scorching of the hue contempt and wrath
 That burn about her, black with blood and stain?
 Her swift feet bear her down the well-worn path,
 With greedy eyes far-fixed upon her gain.

And all the world cries shame. But far away
 Sounds even through her bestial joy in blood
 The thunder and the glory of the day,
 That drop for drop, for all this needless flood
 Of tears that drenches earth shall have its pay;
 Shall crush each vestige of her savage creed
 And ease mankind that wearies of her name,
 Her dripping hands and cruel mouth of greed,
 And sodden soul insatiate of shame.

Three Easy Steps Down Hill.

"We're jingoes." How they love the flag!
 And here's a jingo song:
 "That flag is right in any fight;
 Our country, right or wrong."

"We're partisans. They're lower still,
 And here's the party song:
 "When at the polls, you have no souls;
 Our party, right or wrong."

"We're boodlers." Down another step,
 And here's the boodler's song:
 "We take no bluff; we want the stuff;
 Our pockets, right or wrong."

J. J. Dooling.

Barbarian.

“Barbarian”—is this the name
With which men stamp the Boers with shame?
So said proud Babylon of old
Of Cyrus and his followers bold;
Yet Babylon before them fell,
Today her crumbling ruins tell
That manliness is more than gold.

When Persian kingdom was debased,
Because, like Babylon, they chased
The phantom gold as highest good;
Then Alexander like a flood
His Macedonian legions poured,
As spoilers of this costly hoard;
For whom the name “barbarian” stood.

But when barbarians no more
They conquest, sought by cruel war,
The Latin race—barbarian then,
But strong with might of manly men—
Swept them away as worthless chaff,
And men did at their ruin laugh;
The old, old story told again.

And, when in turn that nation sought
Gold for the luxury it brought,
And Rome as queen all men could see,
Arrayed in royal majesty,
Barbarians again God sought,
Who Freedom’s battle bravely fought,
And Rome, world’s mistress ceased to be.

These Saxons rule the world today,
And when of the Boers, their foe, they say
“Barbarians,” then must we trace,
In taunt like this, a dying race—
That spoiled by gold and luxury,
As rulers soon shall cease to be;
The hardy Boers to take their place?

America well may this ask,
Who has, with England, had the task
Of ruling men with Freedom’s sway;
If she that task aside shall lay,
To gain control, at home, abroad,
By conquest not of right, but sword;
For then she, too, has had her day.

America and the Transvaal.

“Withdraw your troops from Boston
 And pave the way for peace,”
 Was what the British statesman cried
 In tones that never cease
 To warn the nations that are great,
 And would be greater still,
 Who send their armored ships afar
 To conquer and to kill.

But “unpatriotic ignorance”
 Refused to hear his words,
 And pruning hooks were turned to spears,
 And plowshares turned to swords.
 Then Bunker Hill was piled with slain;
 And Burgoyne’s army caught
 On Saratoga’s hemmed-in plain,
 Where patriot farmers fought;
 And seven years of war ensued—
 Disaster and defeat;
 Till Yorktown’s final victory
 Gave us Cornwallis’ fleet.

And now old England wishes
 With all her heart and soul
 She had not sent her transports
 The Transvaal to control.
 For Bunker Hill repeats itself
 On Stormberg’s bloody heights,
 Where once again the farmer’s gun
 The British cannon fights.

Withdraw your troops from Luzon!
 The voice of wisdom cries;
 Withdraw your troops from Luzon!
 Is echoed from the skies.

Withdraw your troops from Luzon!
 And thus prepare for peace,
 And end this grand delusion
 That wars can never cease.

Withdraw your troops from Luzon!
 And hasten thus the day
 When only over freemen
 Our starry flag shall stay.

Withdraw your troops from Luzon
 And her fair sister isles,
 And if you go to war again,
 Don’t go ten thousand miles.

War Song of the Boer.

The hardy Boer now singeth,
As to his feet he springeth,
A song that's full of ragged, jagged rumble, rant and roar.
He loads his trusty rifle
And chants this chunky trifle—

This wondrous, cumbrous melody—the war song of the
Boer:

“Waai hoog nou in ons heider lug
Traansvaalse vriejheidsviag.
Ons vijande is weggeviug;
Nou blink'n blijer dag.”

It looks like barb-wire fencing,
With broken-glass commencing;
It tangles, jangles, mangles—then it wrangles on once
more.

It cannot be unravelled,
Once from his throat it's travelled—
This triple-twisted, double-fisted war song of the Boer;

“Waai hoog nou in ons heider lug
Traansvaalse vriejheidsviag.
Ons vijande is weggeviug;
Nou blink'n blijer dag.”

It helps us to determine
What our own General Sherman
Meant when he said that war was like a place that has a
floor

That's paved with good intention—
But not polite to mention—
This awe-inspiring, rapid-firing war song of the Boer:

“Waai hoog nou in ons heider lug
Traansvaalse vriejheidsviag.
Ons vijande is weggeviug;
Nou blink'n blijer dag.”

No matter how you read it,
You certainly will heed it,
For backward, forward, upside down, it brings up
thoughts of gore.

If it's meant to be jolly,
It must have slipped its trolley—
This shrapnel-worded, pistol-girded war song of the Boer:

“Waai hoog nou in ons heider lug
Traansvaalse vriejheidsviag.
Ons vijande is weggeviug;
Nou blink'n blijer dag.”

South Africa to England.**South Africa to England:**

Give me peace that's no disgrace,
 To save my land and save my face.

England to South Africa:

I'll give no peace! I'll give no pleasure
 Until thou givest up thy treasure.
 For the gold within thy sod
 Is my idol and my god.
 When land and gold becometh mine
 Then I'll take of thee and thine.

The Mines are There.

"The mines are there, the dynamite's at hand,"
 Thus England sneers. "No Boer can e'er withstand
 Such sweet revenge. Johannesburg's a wreck
 Before their gray commanders northward trek."

More subtle a revenge the burghers sow—
 How little gold brought England's pride so low!
 They leave the rest untouched, new pangs to impart
 To that raw, hideous cancer at her heart.

To General Christian De Wet.

At the sixth annual banquet of the Holland Society of Chicago, held in the Grand Pacific Hotel, April 16, 1901, the following toast was given by Prof. Henry E. Dosker, of Hope College, Holland, Michigan.

Let Dundee's field its story tell,
And Nickolsnek's disaster.
Colenso, with its knell,
Or Stormberg, where the breath of Hell
Gatacre's legions did smell,
Or Modder, where the Scottish fell,
Methuen found his master
Before old Cronje's citadel.

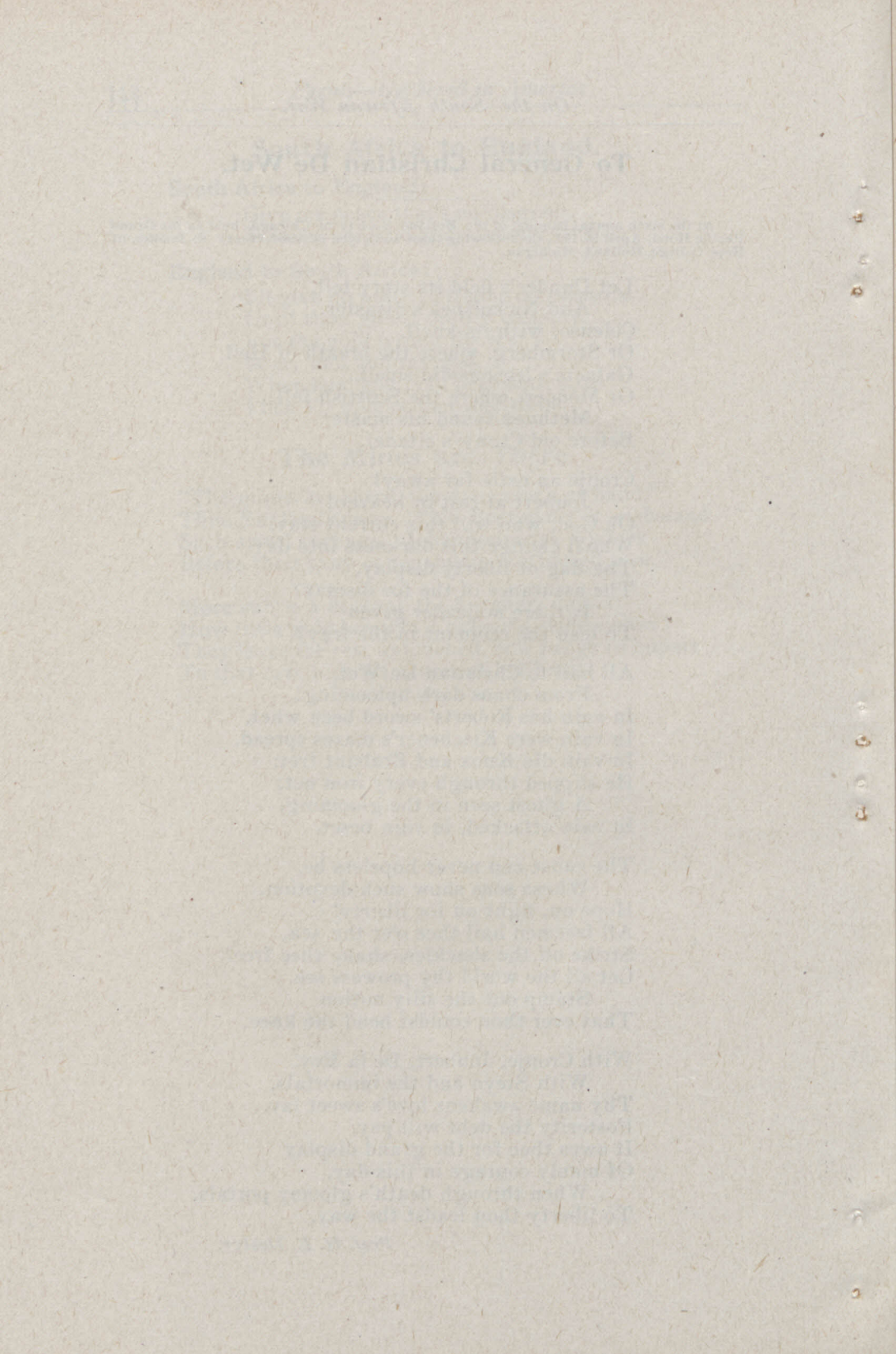
Cronje an exile far away!
Joubert at rest in heaven!
Oh God, who will this current stay,
Who'll change this darkness into day,
The flag of liberty display,
The assurance of the foe dismay?
Is there no leader given
To lead the remnant in the fray?

All hail to Christian De Wet,
From chaos dark uplooming!
In vain has Roberts' sword been whet,
In vain were Kitchener's mazes spread,
In vain did Knox and Brabant fret;
He slipped through every iron net;
A ghost seen in the glooming,
In vain attacked, in vain beset.

The cause can never hopeless be,
Whose sons show such devotion.
Hope on, fight on for liberty!
All freemen hail thee o'er the sea.
Strike off the shackles, shake thee free!
Let all the world thy prowess see.
Stamp out the silly notion
That ever thou couldst bend the knee.

With Cronje, Joubert, De la Rey,
With Steyn and the immortals,
Thy name awakens love's sweet lay,
Posterity the debt will pay,
It owes thee for the grand display
Of manly courage in this day,
When through death's gloomy portals,
To liberty thou leadst the way.

Prof. H. E. Dosker.



POEMS

Collected in England

ON THE

South African War

Sing a Song of Sixpence.

THE NEW ISSUE.

Sing a Song of Sixpence, a pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a Pie!

All we have of freedom—all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us long and long ago.

When the Pie was opened the birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish to set before the King?

Howso' great their clamor, whatsoe'er their claim,
Suffer not the old King under any name!

The King was in his counting house counting out his
money,
The Queen was in her parlor eating bread and honey!

Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn—
It is written what shall fall, if the King return

The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes,
There came along a blackbird and snipt off her nose!

Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
Laying on a new land evil of the old.

Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain.
There came along another bird and stuck it on again!

Are these verses cryptic? Is their meaning hid?
Give it up, dear brothers—as the old King did!

Here is naught at venture, random, nor untrue—
Swings the wheel full circle, bakes the Pie anew.

Word by word, just fancy! one pound one per line,
For this nonsense offered at St. Jingo's shrine.

Twenty other couplets in the "Times" you'll read,
But we won't reprint them; for you know the breed!

Quite bereft of meaning, born to be forgot,
Stewards of the Judgement, suffer not such rot!

Briton 1900.*By E. A. DeJong-Johns.*

If thy power were broken on land and sea,
 Britain thou wouldst be both great and free!
 Free from bloodshed and free from pride,
 Felling thy angels side by side;
 Free from cruelty, free, too, from blame,
 Free from treason that clings to thy name.

If thy power were broken on land and sea,
 Thou mightst gain a crown in eternity,
 Set with diamonds whose lustre shines
 Brighter than any from Kimberley's mines,
 Wrought in gold that forever endures,
 Not hunted and dug under the Boers.

If thy power were broken on land and sea,
 Thou wouldst rise to thy level among the free,
 Thou precious island bound by the main
 Wouldst give thy people to God again.
 Bury thy bullets! Scatter thy knaves!
 Let Peace, not "Britannia rule the waves!"

If thy power were broken on sea and land,
 Thou wouldst grasp the spirit of God's command,
 Thou wouldst hear the living Christ again
 Raising His voice that called in vain,
 Thou wouldst touch the quick of God's Holy will,
 Who said to His people: "Thou shalt not kill."

WESTRAAN.

Christ or Mars?

Can these be temples of the Christ,
 From whence the war-cries come,
 The call to arms, the roar for blood,
 And cheer of battle drum?

Are these His ministers of peace,
 That bless the lyddite shell,
 That sanctify the shrapnel shower,
 And prompt the vengeful yell?

Not from Capernaum's gracious hill
 Do they descend to bless,
 But from the hill that "burned with fire"
 In crimsoned wilderness.

Not to the Messenger of Love
Have these red priests gone back;
Away from Gospel ways they stray
On Joshua's bloody track.

They dare not preach from word of Christ,
No text of His they say;
They do not speak of "Father-God."
But to "Jehovah" pray.

Go, traitors, in your pagan rage
Blessing imperial wars,
From your commissions blot "Christ" out,
And write in purple, "Mars!"

Renounce the Evangel of Goodwill,
And hide the Cross away;
Erect the cannon steeple-high,
And flaunt the sign to slay!

Invoke the savage gods again
For modern murderous tryst,
And let a horror-stricken Heaven
Keep safe your outcast Christ!

SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS, May 23, 1900.

England, Dost Thou Forget?

By Maarten Maartens.

Greatest of nations! Chosen strength of God!
Imperial servant of Divine commands!
Within the tranquil hollows of thy hands
Repose the sphered seas; the changeful lands
Are thine, and tracts of empire yet untrod!

The sword is thine; its splendor flares abroad,
Thou whom the mighty warrior-dead acclaim,
Wilt thou intrust its unpolluted fame
To smooth-faced pirates whose unspoken aim
Is filthy lucre gained by fouler fraud?

This people, small in number, great in love
Of all thou lovest, sternly set apart
In self-centered freedom, as thou art,
Puritans, pure as thou, in home and heart,
Owning no master but your Lord above.

Ere these appeal to Him, our hope is yet
In thee, for thou, awakening, will hear
This think of gold; thy righteous heart will fear
Unrighteous ruin, slowly drawing near.

England, dost thou forget?—dost thou forget?

THE STAR, January 19, 1900.

Confessional.

Lord God, whom we besought so late,
 Thou wouldst not suffer us forget
 Thy Name and our weak human state—
 Have patience, Lord, a little yet.

Today no pomp of empire fills
 The wintry land; amazed and awed
 We watch Thy slowly grinding Mills
 Mete out to us our just reward.

Today, by foemen sore beset,
 Dismayed we draw our destined Lot.
 We prayed to Thee "Lest we forget,"
 And, even as we prayed, forgot.

With foolish, rash, vain-glorious words
 And sorry self-sufficiency
 We boasted, girding on our swords,
 As those who lay their armor by.

Wherefore the curse upon us lies
 Of warriors all unready found,
 Of braggarts blinded to despise
 Their foe before the trumpets sound.

Humbly we call upon Thy Name,
 Ere sounds once more the grim assault,
 We do confess, O Lord, with shame
 Our fault, our very grievous fault.

Give back our fathers' stern disdain
 Of idle brag and empty boast,
 So shall we stand erect again,
 And face unmoved the hostile host.

From the WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

H. H. F.

The Briton to the Boer.

By H. S. Salt.

Come, Boer, prepare thee for thy fate;
 The hour of Britain's vengeance rises;
 But first our grievous wrongs I'll state.
 (A curious lot, all sorts and sizes.)

We seek no gold fields, seek no land
 By territorial raid or rape.
 (We merely grab the power to stand
 Supreme from Cairo to the Cape.)

But no true Briton can endure
 Your Dutch disloyalty and slander.
 ('Tis safe to bully him, I'm sure;
 He's but an unarmed Afrikander.)

For we're your Suzerain—that's flat.
What? No such term in the agreement?
(The crafty rogue, to pounce on that!
All Gladstone's fault—too plain what he meant.
Our honour's pledged, obstructive Boer.
Free rights to Outlanders to bring.
(What of our own? Oh, well, you know—er—
Our franchise is a different thing!)
Poor natives, too, we fain would shield,
Whom Dutchmen handle far from nicely.
(Is it for them we take the field?
Well, no, it isn't that precisely.)
Then you've nursed some old grudge, 'tis clear;
You've spurned our proffered frank good will.
(Have at him now! The moment's near
For wiping out Majuba Hill.)
What! Armed! Ah, traitor double-dyed!
We thought your sole concern was farming.
(Who ever dreamed, when "War" we cried,
That he would arm as we are arming?)
You don't fight fair! Why, you've begun
Invading us, quite out of season,
Before we'd mustered three to one.
(Was e'er unearthed such deep-laid treason?)
Help, kinsmen, help from over sea!
Help us this murderous foe to sit on!
Soon he'll go under, one to three.
Then, hey! The bravery of the Briton!)

From the *LABOUR LEADER*, January 19, 1900.

Criminal Silence.

By David Farquharson.

Their word is "Mum!" With bated breath they speak
Of fatal blunders in diplomacy;
Rivers of blood may flow, War's stench reek,
But they will keep the dumb conspiracy.
"Close up your ranks, be patriots," say they.
Brothers! We cannot shirk the darkling shame
Which this vile war upon our name has cast;
We'll reap no lasting honor from this game
Of death; nor 'scape doom brewing in the blast!
Must we be dumb when War has lit a flame
Which naught but human blood avails to quench?
While hate is plying weapons of swift death?
While countless wives and mothers hold their breath
And wait the tidings of the War Fiend's wrench?

THE STAR, January 26, 1900.

The New Issue.*Guthlac Strong.**(As it might strike Mr. Rudyard Kipling, if he were a Boer.)*

All we have of freedom—all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us, long and long ago.

Ancient Right as precious as the breath we draw,
Leave to live by no man's leave underneath the Law.

As Israel fled from Pharaoh, so they fled from you,
With their wives and children, through the wild karroo.

After many perils, from a savage foe
They wrenched a little kingdom, long and long ago.

Till our fathers settled, after bloody years,
A place to dwell in safety, free from ancient fears.

So they bought us freedom—not at little cost—
Wherefore must we watch it well, lest our gain be lost.

Over all things certain, this is sure indeed,
Suffer not the Lion, for we know the breed!

Give no ear to cowards, bidding us endure,
Whining, "He is stronger far," crying, "Time shall cure."

(Time himself is witness, where the gold is found,
The Lion strikes his teeth and claws deep into the ground.)

Shall we yield to bullies, masking war with peace,
Though with each concession their demands increase!

They that beg us barter, trust his generous mood,
Pledge the land we hold in trust, pawn our brother's blood.

Howso great their clamour, whatso'er their claim,
Suffer not the Lion under any name!

Here is naught unproven, here is naught to learn,
It is written what shall fall if he now return.

He shall take our country, and our service claim,
Set his soldiers round us, all in Freedom's name.

He shall break his pledges if they cross his word,
He shall rule above the Law calling on the Lord.

Hate and all division; feud that never dies,
Speculators swindling, carrion breeding flies.

Scum of all his cities, hirelings of his pay,
They shall be our masters, we shall be their prey.

We shall drink dishonour, we shall eat abuse,
For the Land we fought for, for the Tongue we use.

We shall take our station, dirt beneath his feet,
While his hired journals jeer us in the street.

Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond our borders shall his teaching run.

Ruthless, faithless, selfish, canting uncontrolled,
Laying waste a continent for the sake of gold.

Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain,
All our fathers died to loose he shall bind again.

Here is naught at venture, random, nor untrue,
Swings the wheel full circle, brims the cup anew.

Here is naught unproven, here is nothing hid;
Step for step, and word for word—so the Lion did!

Step for step, and word by word; who is weak must bleed.
Suffer not the Lion—for we know the breed.

All the right they promise, all the wrong they bring;
Stewards of the Judgment, suffer not this thing!

THE MORNING LEADER.

THE TRANSVAAL COMMITTEE.
St. Ermin's Mansions, Westminster, S. W.

The Old Issue.

A Boer Version.

“All we have of freedom—all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us, long and long ago.”

* * * * *

All we have of freedom which was bought of yore,
From the brave Republic on the northern shore.

Sturdy democratic rule of manly folk
Won in deadly conflict from the Spanish yoke.

Freedom from despotic chains of priest and King—
These our fathers gave us—unto these we cling.

So we prize our freedom—won at nameless cost—
Wherefore must we watch the Kings, lest our gain be lost.

Over all things certain, this is sure, indeed,
Suffer not an Empress, for we know the breed!

Give no heed to Statesmen, masking war with peace,
When their guns are ready, their despatches cease;

Men that feign to barter, while they fence us round
With a wall of soldiers on the border ground.

Give no ear to aliens bidding us endure
Gilded chains of Empire—crying, "Time shall cure!"

Howso dread their menace—whatso'er their claim—
Suffer not a Monarch under Empire's name!"

Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn—
It is written what shall tide if a Saul return.

He shall mark our goings, question whence we came,
Set his guards about us, all in Empire's name.

He shall take his tribute, bear it o'er the wave,
Gild his home in England with the gold we gave.

He shall change our Landrost, Raad and folk-lore rule,
Speak in tongues of Empire, taught in Rhodes' school.

He shall note our whispers, when we breathe a sigh
For the dear Republic of the days gone bye.

Hate and all division—if he strike us low—
Shall for years unnumber'd follow on the blow.

Dutch and English races on South Afric's soil,
Each from other henceforth shall in wrath recoil.

We shall drink dishonour—we shall eat abuse—
For the land we planted, for the tongue we use.

We shall take our station, we shall find our seat
'Midst the cringing crowd that kiss Imperial feet.

Faults we have, and own them, yet in chase of gold,
Others run before us, shameless, uncontrolled.

Have they not their Hooleys? Is their Joseph pure?
Are his hands so white, then? Is his honour sure?

Long-forgotten Kingship, dwarfing freedom's strain—
All our fathers died to loose shall we bind again?

When they murmur "franchise," Mammon's voice is heard
Gold, and not the suffrage is th' intended word!

Had we been less favour'd with the buried store,
Had Rhodesia only been enriched with more.

Had we been a Nation, strong in men and wealth,
Would those British statesmen sigh about our health?

Step by step and word by word, who is ruled may read;
Suffer not an Empress—for we know the breed!

All the right they promise Saul once pledged of old—
Stand for God and Freedom! Stem the raid for gold!

BRADFORD OBSERVER, 5 October, 1899.

Another British A B C.

A's the Applause which Announces the strife;
B the Brave Burgher now battling for life.
C is the Cause by Joe C. Created;
D is the Drink Durham's Dean Deprecated.
E, Each one's Eagerness, Ev'nings to read.
F, Frightful Fibs on which Factionists Feed.
G is the Greedily-Grabbing for Gold;
H, the Hard, Heathenish Hearts which they Hold.
I, the Injustice Imposed by the War.
J, Jingo Joey who Jeered at the Boer.
K, Khaki, Kimberley, Kopje and Kruger.
L, Ladysmith, Light'n'd by Lyddite shells, huge—ugh!
M Means the Mangled reMains of a Man.
N Notes his Name in the papers we scan.
O is the Office of War (may it cease!)
P, the Poor People now Praying for Peace.
Q, the Quick-firing guns on the Quiet.
R's for Rhodes, for Roberts and for Rows and for Riot.
S Stands for "Spion-Kop," "Slaughter," "Surrender."
T, The Tears, Torturing friends True and Tender.
U, the Uitlanders UnUsed to abUse;
V are the Votes which were made the excuse.
W, for War, most Wicked and Wrong.
'Xtensive taXation eXpected e'er long!
Y are the Yelps which the Younger folk Yell.
Z is the Zealot (Zounds!) blinded by Zeal!

C. S. M.

The Bard of Butchery.

[Mr. Kipling's new title, because of his London Times Letter on "The Sin of Witchcraft"]

To Kipling, this ; there are who much
 Admire, they say, his rare and rich craft,
 Yet marveled at the double Dutch
 That so obscured "The Sin of Witchcraft ;"
 Who, having studiously toiled—
 Opus inutile, infandum !—
 Through all its paragraphs, were foiled,
 And failed, they feared, to understand 'em.

Some hints there were of men who spoke
 In words that were, I trust, not meant ill ;
 Of men whose notions of a joke
 Were rather practical than gentle ;
 Of fly-by-nights, sand colic, heat,
 Of pianos smashed as with a pestle ;
 Of rooms where playful cyclones meet,
 As cyclones will, to romp and wrestle.

Of loyalty that doesn't pay,
 Pay, pay—it has a money basis ;
 Of women who, I grieve to say,
 Flung caps, an act that leaves its traces.
 Of some one who infects the earth,
 And some one's antidote to his bane ;
 Of Edmonton, Vancouver, Perth,
 Quebec and Halifax and Brisbane.

Of some one's head whose hoary hair
 Will not, 'tis hoped, avail to save it ;
 Of men at home who must not spare,
 But take and read an affidavit
 Of little tags of journalese,
 And stray allusions to the Bible,
 And rumors floating on the breeze,
 All mixed in one fantastic libel.

Besides, he knew in Mafeking,
 He threw in dysa, heath, plumbago,
 And stuffed with many a wondrous thing
 His bi-columnar Times farrago—
 Until a plain man, bored to death,
 The while the solid task he strives at,
 Gives up his reading, gasps for breath,
 And asks in vain what Kipling drives at.

I rather think I can explain—
I'll clear up Kipling's latest mud yard.
I haven't studied quite in vain
The idiosyncrasies of Rudyard;
Benignant spectacles on nose,
He's sailed 6,000 miles of water
To howl in dull, confusing prose
For judgment, vengeance, blood and slaughter.

Let "rebels" hang from every tree—
Thus best you may exalt your free land,
By lending ear to mercy's plea
You may perhaps offend New Zealand.
Our colonies with anger burst—
'Tis Kipling's meaning, so I take it—
They have a most consuming thirst
For vengeance and 'tis ours to slake it.

Strange, is it not, so mild a man
Should want more blood when war is finished?
Should do the little best he can
Lest slaughter be perchance diminished,
Should seem debased beyond excuse
That statesman, cursed with wilful blindness,
Who bans the bullet and the noose,
And strives to do his work by kindness?

No! let the dogs of vengeance go!
Divide by blood two angry nations,
Make every Dutchman still your foe
Through all the coming generations,
And let the bard—you know his needs—
In prose that stalks or verse that ambles
Tell all the listening world your deeds,
A proud Tyrtæus of the shambles!

PUNCH, April 28, 1900.

On Being Styled "Pro-Boer."

Friend, call me what you will; no jot care I—
I that shall stand for England till I die.
England! The England that rejoiced to see
Hellas unbound, Italy one and free;
The England that had tears for Poland's doom
And in her heart for all the world made room;
The England from whose side I have not swerved;
The immortal England whom I too have served,
Accounting her all living lands above,
In justice and in mercy and in love.

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, June 2, 1900.

WM. WATSON.

A Man.*By Stephen Phillips.*

O, for a living man to lead,
That will not babble when we bleed;
O for the silent doer of the deed!

One that is happy in his height;
And one that, in a nation's night,
Hath solitary certitude of light!

Sire, not with battle ill-begun
We charge you, not with fields unwon,
Nor headlong deaths against the darkened guns.

But with a lightness worse than dread;
That you but laughed, who should have led,
And tripped like dancers amid all our dead.

You for no failure we impeach,
Nor for those bodies in the breach,
But for a deeper shallowness of speech.

When every cheek was hot with shame,
When we demanded words of flame,
O ye were busy but to shift the blame!

No man of us but clenched his hand,
No brow but burned as with a brand,
You! you alone were slow to understand!

O for a living man to lead!
That will not babble when we bleed;
O for the silent doer of the deed!

A Voice From the Ranks.

Respectfully dedicated to Members of Parliament and others who sit in high places.

I ain't no Rudyard Kiplin', I'm no bloomin' Cecil Rhodes;
I'm just as rough a Tommy as you'd find;
But I ain't without my feelings, and sometimes they explodes,
When I thinks of them as I may leave behind.
They say I'm absent-minded. Well, may be that is true,
But I've managed for the wife and kids some'ow;
I ain't asked yer fer charity, nor whined when things was blue;
An' my gizzard sort er glutches at it now.

Fer we wants no bloomin' charity, we thanks yer just the same,
Let Parliament the bloomin' needful vote;
We are simple, but we're 'onest, an' we've got a sense of
shame;
There are gentlemen beneath the khaki coat.

You've 'inted as our morals ain't the kind as leads ter 'eaven,
An' we've got no blessed right to kids or wives;
But 'tain't morals as is wanted when the enemy's in front,
But stout nerves an' steady 'ands an'—well, our lives.
An' there ain't no dooks or hearls in my crush, so far's I know,
Tho' the sergeant says as 'ow 'e druv' 'is traps.
But to take poor folks' subscriptions is a playin' it too low,
For the famerlies 'er 'ristocratic chaps.

So we wants no bloomin' charity, but claim it man to man,
Wot our young 'uns an' their mothers needn't spurn;
Fer our country is a rich 'un, we 'ave given all we can,
Let the country give them something in return.

We've a-seen the small girl's shillin', we've a-seen the widow's
mite,
An' we know the mite ter many meant a meal,
But wot we ain't a seein', an' I'd like ter get it right,
Is wot's due from 'em as betters by the deal.
You gents as sits on cushioned seats in Parliament and such,
You could spare an extra tuppence on the tax;
That the widdler 'as a bob a day—it ain't a bit too much—
An' the kids a tanner each is all I ax.

So we want no bloomin' patronage or slappin' on the back,
Since we try ter do our duty under fire.
Your duty is a clear one, reckernize the bloomin' fack,
That the labourer is worthy of his hire.
On the way to relieve Ladysmith. D. D.

WAR AGAINST WAR, February 16, 1900.

General Colley.

Yes, mourn the soul, of high and pure intent,
Humane as valiant, in disastrous fight
Laid low on far Majuba's bloody height!
Yet not his death alone must we lament,
But more such spirit on evil mission sent,
To back our broken faith with armed might,
And the unanswered plea of wounded right
Strike dumb by warfare's brute arbitrament.

And while these deeds are done in England's name,
Religion unregarded keeps her cell;
The tuneful notes that wail the dead we hear;
Where are the sacred thunders that should swell
To shame such foul oppression and proclaim
Eternal justice in the nation's ear?

Dr. Jameson's Arrival.

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
 Cheer the Doctor when he comes!
 What, although he had bad luck,
 Cheer him for his splendid "pluck!"
 Like the vulture on his prey,
 Swooped the Doctor that fine day,
 When he met the Boers' stern host,
 Waitin', steadfast, at their post.
 Like a hero on he went
 To earn his master's cent. per cent;
 On he went for Mammon's hold,
 To save the women—and the gold!
 "Grab" his object, "Grab" his aim,
 As he played his desperate game.
 This is what our London likes—
 A kind of glorified Bill Sikes.
 Cheer him, cheer him, "in the flood,"
 Cheer for glory, then, and blood!
 Who for law and order cares
 When a cracksman boldly dares?
 Right is but an idle dream,
 Justice but a dotard's theme.
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums
 The darling filibuster comes!

TRUTH, March 5, 1896.

The Devil Unlimited.

By Robert Buchanan.

I.

The Devil's will is the Devil's still wherever the Devil be,
 He used to delight in the thick of the fight, whether on land
 or sea;
 'Twas difficult then for mortal men to know what side he took,
 When the wrath of the Lord from heaven was pour'd, and
 thrones and empires shook;
 But for many a day the Devil's way was ever mighty and
 grand—
 'Mid the sabre's flash and the cannon's crash he bravely took
 his stand;
 Such perilous work he has learned to shirk, and quiet at home
 sits he,
 Having turn'd himself, for the love of pelf, to a Charter'd Com-
 panie!

II.

“Ho! better far than the work of war, the storm and the stress
of strife,
'Tis to sit at home while white men roam!” he crieth to Sin,
his wife;
“Tho’ the fiends, my sons, make Maxim guns, they’re Christian
now to the core,
And they love the range of the Stock Exchange far better
than the battle roar!
They are spared in truth, much strife uncouth and trouble by
field and flood,
Since the work of Hell is done so well by creatures of flesh and
blood;
And I think on the whole,” says the grim old Soul, “’tis better
for you and me
That I’ve turn’d myself, ere laid on the shelf, to a Charter’d
Companie!

III.

“The thin red line was doubtless fine, as it waver’d across the
plain,
While the thick fire ran from the black Redan and broke it
again and again,
But the hearts of men throb’d bravely then, and their souls
could do and dare—
’Mid the bloodiest fight in my despite, the Lord made Heroes
there!
The flag of England waved on high as the thin red line crept on
And I often found as it waver’d by, my occupation gone.
Over a warrior’s soul I had small control in these old days,”
said he;
“But I’ve turn’d myself, ere laid on the shelf, to a Charter’d
Companie!

IV.

“Of Church and of State let others prate—let martyr’d thou-
sands moan—
I’m responsible, I beg to state, to my shareholders alone!
The flag of freedom may rot and fall, both Church and State
may end,
Whatever may fall, I’m the lord of all, if I pay a dividend.
And O, my dears, it is very clear that the thing is working
well—
When they hunt the black men down like deer, we devils re-
joice in Hell;
'Tis loot, loot, loot, as they stab and shoot, out yonder across
the sea.
Now I’ve turn’d myself, like a gamesome elf, to a Charter’d
Companie!

V.

“Just study, my dear, the record here of the mighty deeds
 we’ve done;
 The hundreds en masse mow’d down like grass, to our English
 loss of one!
 Then loot, loot, loot, as we stab and shoot, ’mid the shrieks of
 the naked foe—
 When Murder and Greed on the fallen feed, up, up, my stocks
 must go!
 And the best of the lark you’ll be pleased to mark is the
 counter-jumper’s cry,
 As he clutches his shares and shrieks his prayers to the Jingo-
 god on high!
 With Bible and gun the game is won, at home and over the sea,
 Now I’ve turn’d myself in the reign of the Guelph, to a Char-
 ter’d Companie!”

VI.

The Devil’s will is the Devil’s still, though wrought in a Chris-
 tian land—
 He chuckles low and he laughs his fill, with the latest news in
 hand;
 Nor God nor man can defeat his plan, so long as the markets
 thrive—
 Tho’ our flag be stain’d, and our creed profaned, he keepeth
 the game alive!
 “The flag of England may rot and fall, both Church and State
 may end,
 I laugh aloud, I am lord of all, if I pay a dividend!
 Right gladly I dwell where I make my Hell, in the jobber’s
 hearts,” saith he,
 “Now I’ve turn’d myself, for the love of pelf, to a Charter’d
 Companie!”

DAILY CHRONICLE, November 7, 1893.

The Jingo Parson’s Creed.

“I would rather a man earned his living by fighting than by betting * * And I say it sternly and deliberately. I would rather a man slay his neighbor than cheat him.”—*CANON TUCKER, Recently at South Yarra, Melbourne.*

Now that war is in the air, e’en the parson in his lair
 Is seized with wild desirings for the sight of spurting
 blood.
 And he pitches it so strong to his sanctimonious throng
 That they almost hear in fancy bodies falling with a thud.
 Let me see my neighbor’s blood
 Spouting out in crimson flood;
 Oh, don’t ever stoop to rob him,
 Hire a thug to come and “job” him—
 Nip your baser inclinations in the bud.

Be upon them with the sword—'tis the mandate of the Lord—
And expose your neighbor's vitals to the healthful atmosphere;

Do not misapply your skill to the doct'ring of his bill,
But just cleave him through the skull with a gash from ear to ear.

Don't put water in his milk,
Nor mix cotton with his silk,
But just bash him like a Christian-brother dear.

Do not ever play at cricket—sinner, shun the wicked wicket!
For to cut a bound'ry "fourer" is the shortest cut to Hell.

And you're safer spilling gore than in whacking up a score,
For the "pro" is of the devil, and shall with the devil dwell.
Let us deify the smiter,
For the Lord God loves a fighter,
And the Gospel is suspended while we thrash each other well.

But it seems to me this Tucker, in his logic comes a "mucker,"
Let us take the point ad hominum, and put it to him straight—

Would he rather that his neighbor should exploit him with a sabre,

Than purloin his Sunday surplice or put buttons in the plate?

Would he sooner "stop a bullet,"
Or be slashed across the gullet,

Than that Smith should soil his conscience with a button in the plate?

But this Spartan parson's creed has been built to suit the need
Of our ultimate intentions with regard to Uncle Paul.

Yes! before we'd stoop to cheat him, we would cut him up and eat him!

And we wouldn't steal his gold-mines whatever might befall.

But when there is no Boer,
He can't want 'em any more—

So we get them square and honest after all.

SYDNEY BULLETIN, Melbourne, December 29, 1900.

R. S.

"Dr. Jim."

What shall we do with Dr. Jim,
Why nothing, for the "Times"
Has adequately punished him,
By printing Alfred's rhymes.

From THE WORLD.

Downing Street to Pretoria.

[Not intended for publication.]

Dear President, I'm grieved to see
The statement that you're wroth with me,
Because I did my best to catch
My public with that last despatch,
And let them read it through and through
Before it could have got to you.

Ah! dear Oom Paul, you surely know—
You must ere this—your faithful Joe.
Believe me, I would not offend
So true and tried a trusted friend;
But don't you see an eager nation
Was eager for a new sensation.

For Pushfulness is aye my plan,
I fill the stage when'er I can.
To you—let it be understood—
I'd never dream of being rude.
No harm's intended, and no hurt is meant—
Its just my method of advertisement!

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, February 15, 1896.

To the Absent Minded Public.

The Review of the Week, of March 3, published a parody of "The Absent-Minded Beggar", of which the following are the best stanzas.

When you've finished shrieking vapour, when you've bawled
your British best,
When you've shouted and you've boasted till you've
bu'st—
When you've worshiped your own image till your God is but
a jest,
And have laid the soul of Jesus in the dust;
When you've risen up tremendous, and have spread yourself
indeed,
And have over-run the Universe assigned you—
Why then, perhaps, you'll rest a bit, and give a moment's heed
To a tale of Little Things you've left behind you.
Bull's son, Fool's son, son of the Power of Place,
Son of the Glorified Stockbroker, all on the shout today!
Your Mister Kipling has told you plain, you're the only
"Bloody" race—
But what would a good man think of you? Say, say, say!

"Whom Rhodes deceives is well deceived," the story will be told—

And faith you've been colossally deceived.
For they've run a little factory of falsehoods and of Gold,
And whatever lie they've fashioned you've believed.
And they've bought your good old newspapers and started
others, too,

Till the whole Press groans and labours to remind you
That you must not think against your bond to Jobber and to
Jew—

So you've left your English liberty behind you!
Fool's son, Tool's son, dupe of the Bullionaire,
Blinded, trapped and hustled along—shout upon the way!
Each of you doing Somebody's work and marching, God knows
where—

But what does the Quiet Man think of you? Say, say, say!

And they took a Statesman with them on a certain little Plan,
But it failed, and he disowned them in a thrice;
And he wishes now he hadn't, for the trouble then began—
For they hate him, and they hold him in a vice!
But he hopes he yet may soothe them, and his effort to redeem
The pledges in their keeping has consigned you
To a bitter war of races and a kind of angry dream—
Where you've left your English common-sense behind
you!

Rook's son, Crook's son, son of a shady set,
Son of a rotten business house—every dog his day!
Leave them to settle their own accounts, but why should you
forget

The honour your Fathers handed down? Say, say, say!

You're very mad, my masters, but such madness is a sin;
You've blundered, but such blunders are a crime;
You're vulgar—Oh, so vulgar!—but the pit that you are in
Was forbidden from the origin of time.
Then lift yourselves from out it, and improve you for your
lives;

And before the Day of Judgment comes to find you,
Pray learn at least to leave unsmirched your foemen's hapless
wives,

And so leave a less unpleasant smell behind you.
Brute's son, Loot's son, soul of a Scullionaire,
Dupe and Braggart and Bully and Tool—hadn't you bet-
ter pray?

Pray for the grace of silence, and a stillness on the air,
And a little while to think of yourselves? Say, say, say!

After Rudyard Kipling by W. MacDonald.

Cronje's Last Stand.

With due apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

"You have made a gallant defence, Sir."—*Lord Roberts to Commandant Cronje.*

There's a little keen-eyed man,
 Name of Cron;
 Find his equal, if you can—
 Boer Cron.
 Twenty years he's been our foe,
 But Lord Roberts made him go—
 Not before he'd made a show—
 Plucky Cron!

Every Briton worships pluck,
 S'w'elp me, Cron;
 And we think ourselves in luck,
 Nabbing Cron.
 "Lion of Africa" they say,
 He is called—the other day
 So he proved himself; for aye,
 Lion Cron.

Alan Watson made a stand,
 Boer Cron.
 Well, your own was quite as grand,
 Little Cron.
 For you both faced fearful odds,
 Scorning Fortune's spiteful prods;
 You are England's, he is God's—
 Well done, Cron!

By J. Hartley Knight.

The Bold Buccaneer.

By the late Grant Allen,

'Twas a bold buccaneer, and he strode the street
 In a smooth silk hat and a long frock coat;
 And close to his club he chanced to meet
 A brimming bard, with a tremulous throat,
 Clad round his limbs, as a bard should be,
 In the garb of the aristocracy.

The singer, he seized the warrior's hand;
 His pulse beat high, that grasp to feel.
 "And you come," he cried, "from a distant land,
 That rings with the clang of your clashing steel!
 Nay, tell me your doughty deeds," said he,
 "To enshrine in immortal poesy!"

"Today, as of old, will our champions take
Their lives in their hands, where the battle is keen;
You fought and bled, like Raleigh or Drake,
For old England's fame, to serve your Queen."

"Well, not exactly that," said he.
"We fought for a Limited Company."

The bard he winced, but his soul was high;
For to break the letter is not to sin.
He thought to himself of Nelson's eye,
And of Hawkins, who disobeyed to win.
"There were maidens and babes to save," said he.
"When you dashed on your raid, beyond the sea!"

The bold buccaneer, he eyed him hard,
With a delicate quiver about the lid.
He saw in his soul that the well-dressed bard
Mistook the note of your modern Cid.
"Twas our stocks and shares, you know," said he.
"That stood in particular jeopardy."

The poet, he heaved a quiet sigh.
"Yet still, 'twas a glorious cause," he cried,
"For your country's sake you strove to die."
The bold buccaneer, he stepped aside.
"You don't understand finance," said he;
"Twas the glorious cause of £. s. d."

MORNING LEADER, February 16, 1900.

England.

Written in 1832.

Tyre of the West, and glorying in the name;
More than in Faith's pure fame!
Oh, trust not crafty fort nor rock renown'd
Earn'd upon hostile ground;
Wielding trade's master-keys, at thy proud will
To lock or loose its waters, England! trust not still.
Dread thine own power! Since haughty Babel's prime.
High towers have been man's crime.
Since her hoar age, when the huge moat lay bare,
Strongholds have been man's snare.
Thy nest is in the crags; ah! refuge frail!
Mad counsel in its hour, or traitors, will prevail.
He who scann'd Sodom for His righteous men
Still spares thee for thy ten;
But, should rash tongues the Bride of Heaven defy,
He will not pass thee by;
For, as earth's kings welcome their spotless guest,
So gives He them by turn, to suffer or be blest.

By John Henry Newman.

Paul Kruger.*Edward Sidney Tyler.*

Deep, mournful eyes that seek the ground
 The devious path to trace;
 The giant form of Lincoln, crowned
 By Cromwell's grosser face;
 Coarse, rustic garb, of uncouth cut,
 That masks each mighty limb;
 Its shapeless folds the ready butt
 Of Europe's jesters trim.

So much the crowd can see; the rest
 Asks critics clearer-eyed;
 So rough a scabbard leaves unguessed
 How keen the blade inside;
 The trenchant will, the subtle brain
 So strangely doomed to wage,
 With Destiny's still climbing main,
 The hopeless war of Age.

His kindred are a rugged brood
 That nurse a dying fire;
 The sons of Calvin's bitter mood,
 And sterner than their sire.
 By faith through trackless deserts steered,
 Lost miles of lonely sand,
 Far from the intruding world they feared,
 They found their Promised Land.

By such grim guardians tutored well,
 His Spartan childhood grew;
 The wind-trail of the fleet gazelle,
 The lion's path he knew;
 The camp surprised at dawn, the rush
 Of feet, the crackling smoke,
 When on the sleeping laager's hush
 The sudden Kaffir broke.

Nay, once, 'tis said, when Vaal in flood
 Had barred the hunter's way,
 And 'mid its swollen current stood
 A wounded buck at bay,
 While some before the brute drew back,
 And some before the wave,
 Striding that torrent's foaming track,
 The mercy-stroke he gave.

A stream more rapid and more wide
His strength has stemmed since then—
Called from the plodding team to guide
The starker wills of men—
Chance-prenticed to so new a trade,
Unlettered and unschooled,
The clod-bred clownish peasant made,
No less, a realm, and ruled.

Yet, though that realm he still sustains,
Against an empire's might,
And with untiring skill maintains
The so unequal fight.
He buys his victories all too dear,
Whose foes have Time for friend;
Each fatal triumph brings more near
The inevitable end.

Haply the hoarse-voiced guns must close
The long debate at last,
Ere the young Future can compose
Its quarrel with the Past;
Nathless, our England, unashamed,
May greet a foeman true
Of her own stubborn metal framed,
For she is iron, too.

From the SPECTATOR.

Where is the Flag of England?

Henry Labouchere.

And the winds of the world made answer,
North, south, and east, and west,
"Wherever there's wealth to covet,
Or land that can be possessed;
Wherever are savage races,
To cozen, coerce and scare,
Ye shall find the vaunted ensign;
For the English flag is there!

"Ay, it waves o'er the blazing hovels,
Whence African victims fly,
To be shot by explosive bullets,
Or to wretchedly starve and die!
And where the beachcomber harries
Isles of the Southern sea,
At the peak of his hellish vessel
'Tis the English flag flies free.

“The Maori full oft hath cursed it,
 With his bitterest dying breath;
 And the Arab has hissed his hatred
 As he spits at its folds in death.
 The hapless fellah has feared it
 On Tel-el-Kebir’s parched plain,
 And the Zulu’s blood has stained it
 With a deep, indelible stain.

“It has floated o’er scenes of pillage,
 It has flaunted o’er deeds of shame;
 It has waved o’er the fell marauder
 As he ravished with sword and flame.
 It has looked upon ruthless slaughter,
 At massacres dire and grim;
 It has heard the shrieks of the victims
 Drown even the Jingo hymn.

“Where is the flag of England?
 Seek the land where the natives rot;
 Where decay and assured extinction
 Must soon be the people’s lot.
 Go, search for the once glad islands,
 Where disease and death are rife,
 And the greed of a callous commerce
 Now battens on human life!

“Where is the flag of England?
 Go sail where rich galleons come,
 With shoddy and ‘loaded’ cottons,
 And beer and Bibles and rum;
 Go, too, where brute force has triumphed,
 And hypocrisy makes its lair,
 And your question will find its answer,
 For the flag of England is there!”

From TRUTH, March 8.

Kipling Unlimited.

NEW ISSUE.

Sing a song of Kipling with a Rudyard twang,
 So that periods jingle, let the sense go hang.

Sing about the “Old King” whom we must not trust,
 Nothing of the New Ring, fired with lucre’s lust.

Use your knack of rhyming so that all the clamor
 Seems pure patriotic. Pshaw! ’tis naught but glamour.

Bosh, to think of Briton’s spoiling for a fight;
 Bosh, of death or glory in the cause of Beit.

Mark in Eskstein, Wernher and the German-sheeny gang,
What is there of England? Not from it they sprang.

Trump up lying messages, spread the false report;
Any rot of this sort does for the untaught.

As it did aforetime, paving bogus raid,
Flashed the wire the danger of the child and maid.

Never one in danger, when the truth was told,
Cowardly invention in the raid of gold.

In the doughty doctor's host prating war's alarms,
All it did of fighting, laying down its arms!

Sing of pinchbeck heroes, eager for the fray,
Till the rifles rang out, eager then to stay.

Sing Colosses Money-Bags, man of false renown,
King of Money Grabbers with a tinsel Crown.

Sing of all the humbug, sing of all the flam,
Seven or five years' franchise? No one cares a damn.

Naughty word of Kipling's, is it me allowed;
Or does that doughty poet claim the total crowd?

Englishmen as ever, when the cause is good,
Value blood nor treasure, stand where they have stood.

In the van hard fighting, cometh weal or woe,
Glorying naught but justice not o'er beaten foe.

Distant be the fatal day, and cursed be the hour;
When our English blood is risked for lucre's brutal power.

STAR, 30 September, 1899.

W. F. H.

Nature's Aid.

When lofty Spain came towering up the seas
This little stubborn land to daunt and quell,
The winds of Heaven were our auxiliaries,
And smote her that she fell.

Ah! not today is nature on our side;
The mountains and the rivers are our foe;
And nature with the heart of man allied
Is hard to overthrow.

Wm. Watson.

A Hymn for This Time of War.*May Kendall.*

Lord, ours the earthly might,
 On this dark battlefield,
 Yet is it in Thy hand to smite,
 And in Thy hand to shield.
 Do with us as Thou wilt,
 Give loss or victory;
 But give us back our sense of guilt,
 Our upward look to Thee!

Lord, if our foemen sinned,
 Thou dost their wages keep;
 Alas! we too have sown the wind,
 And must the whirlwind reap!
 We too have overthrown
 The weak, the slave oppressed;
 We, too, the tyrant's heart of stone
 Have borne within our breast.

No home laid desolate
 But Thou dost weigh the sin.
 No heart consumed with fiery hate
 But Thou dost read therein.
 The soul's unuttered word,
 It thunders in Thine ear.
 When Thou dost come to judgment, Lord,
 Ah, who then shall appear?

The oppressor and the oppressed,
 They are Thy children still;
 The victor and the vanquished rest
 Upon Thine awful will.
 Judge Thou the clashing host,
 Give loss or victory,
 But bring to naught each human boast,
 And stay all hearts on Thee!

WAR AGAINST WAR, 9 March, 1900.

To England.*Ouida.*

Oh! chain up your Kipling roarer,
 And let your good dogs go free!
 Unchain the brave brutes of your kennels,
 And muzzle the pestilent "We."
 Who in newspaper offices kindle
 And fan the hell-fires of hate,
 And grin to see wither and dwindle
 Men's desire for peace in the State!

Oh! loosen the shepherd's good collie,
And loosen the cottager's friend,
But chain up the lunatic Jingo,
And silence the rant without end.
Of the drunken Imperialists screaming
Their hymn to the gold broker's god,
And sending the young troops of Britain
To lie stiff and stark on the sod,
And sand of the far-away veldt!
Oh, chain up your Birmingham trimmer.
Your pert, irrepressible Joe,
Who sets on the Cauldron to simmer,
The devil's own Cauldron of Woe,
Of blood and of war, brew'd by witches.
Oh, loosen the poor playful puppies,
And loosen the poor nursing bitches!
But chain up your Kipling roarer,
And muzzle your swaggering Joe,
And chain up your mad press prophets,
Your gamblers cocksure "in the know,"
Your hypocrites yelling and clapping,
With their iron, and fire, and cant,
Their Bibles, and bullets exposive,
Their music hall conquering rant!
Go! loosen the dogs lov'd by Homer,
Dear to Tennyson, Byron and Scott.
Go! loosen the little child's playmate,
The consoler of Poverty's lot!
But chain up the men who conspire
To lead a great nation astray;
And chain up the "patriots" yelling
To make stocks go up in a day.
For there's no plague so rapid and deadly
As the virus of racial hate,
No fever so monstrous and mortal
As the rabies of greed in a State,
No crime like the inoculation
Of a lust without justice or ruth,
Into the veins of a nation,
And into the blood of its youth!
Go! loosen the dogs to their gallop
At will o'er the meadows and moor,
But chain up the breeders of hatred
And muzzle the foes of the poor,
Who esteem that the poor should perish,
Far away in a desolate land,
That the rich may grow fatter and strengthen
The power of the grasping hand!

Jameson's Ride.

A New Version by our Special Laureate.

Wrong, is it wrong? Well p'raps so,
 But I'm singing boys all the same;
 For I've studied the Transvaal map so
 That I know every blessed name.
 The Queen, she may try to stop me,
 But Chamberlain he be blowed!
 For never a soul shall cop me,
 When Pegasus I've bestrode.

Let Wordsworth and Tennyson worry
 Their heads about points of style;
 I'm a poet who writes in a hurry
 And measures his song by the mile.
 When a bard gets the bays on a Monday
 He must start that week on the track,
 For if he defer for one day
 He may possibly not get the rack.

There are men in the burg of Johannis,
 And they stand by the drinking-bar;
 The multitude armed to a man is,
 And it talks very big of war.
 There are twenty thousand Outlanders,
 With rifles and Maxims, too,
 And they swear as we swore in Flanders—
 So what can a brave man do?

We heard their pitiful wailings,
 And we banged our steeds with our belts,
 For we thought of the helpless tailings,
 Alone on the boundless veldts.
 We walloped our panting hosses,
 And we boxed their ears with our hats,
 As we thought of the cyanide process,
 And the unprotected vats.

When we spoke of the yield for December,
 It gave every man the hump,
 And we wept like babes to remember
 The ore that lay on the dump.
 Then we met the Boers, (who are bad men),
 And they knocked us out in the fight,
 For the heroes in town they were sad men,
 And their bark was worse than their Beit.

I am not sweet or melodious,
When writing this sort of rot,
But it strikes me as very odious,
The way they were left to be shot,
And I think, on sober reflection,
When the Last Trump sounds its notes,
That the sheep will be our selection,
And the miners will go with the goats.

FINANCIAL TIMES, 15 January, 1896.

Progressional.

Dedicated to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Gods of the Jingos—brass and gold.
Lords of the world by "right divine,"
Under whose baneful sway we hold
Dominion over "mine and thine."
Such Lords as these have made us rotten;
Alas! Alas! We have forgotten.

The Nigger or the Chinese die,
The Gladstones and the Pitts depart,
But "Bigger Englanders" shall rise
To teach the world the raiders' art.
Such lords as these have made us rotten;
Alas! Alas! We have forgotten.

We've got the gold, the ships, the men,
And are the masters of tomorrow;
And so mankind shall see again
The days of Sodom and Gomorrah.
These are the lords which make us rotten;
Alas! Alas! We have forgotten.

Drunken with lust of power and pelf,
We hold nor man nor God in awe,
But care for naught but only self,
And cent per cent's our only law.
These are our lords and they are rotten;
Alas! Alas! We have forgotten.

Our valiant hearts now put our trust
In Maxim guns and Metford rifles,
To knock the Niggers into dust,
And such like unconsidered trifles.
These are our Gods and they are rotten;
Alas! Alas! We have forgotten.

The Wicked Six.

(Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Bryn Roberts, Mr. Lloyd George, Dr. Clark, Mr. Philip Stanhope, and Sir William Wedderburn voted against the Supplies, etc. for the Transvaal War, whereupon *The Times* says: "There is no Parliamentary language forcible enough to express the feelings with which we regard this conduct. It is only to be regretted that there are no Constitutional means of compelling them to take the opinion of their constituencies," etc.)

There are six wicked members—a heart-breaking lot—
 Who think it is wrong that the Boers should be shot.
 Was there e'er such a party of sense so bereft?
 They won't vote for murder, they won't vote for theft;
 They won't vote for money for "waving the flag;
 They won't vote for bluster and "buncombe" and brag;
 They won't vote for perjury, slander and lying;
 They won't vote for justice and mercy-defying;
 They won't vote for all that is sickening and gory;
 They won't vote for gunpowder, "prestige" and glory;
 They won't vote vast treasures for schemers to job;
 They won't vote to flatter a bloodthirsty mob;
 They won't vote to slaughter brave men far away,
 Who fight for the country which bore them today;
 They won't send our own gallant soldiers to die
 In a villainous war thrice-accursed from on High;
 They won't—never mind what time-servers may tell—
 They won't vote supplies for the service of Hell.
 Such members as these our poor country endures.
 They're scoundrels, they're traitors, they're wretches, they're
 Boers!
 Come down on the lot "like a hundred of bricks,"
 And crush out forever the reprobate six!

November 24th, 1899.

Morituri te Salutant.

Morituri te salutant! Turn your thumb, O mighty Britain,
 For the mob is losing patience, and is howling for the fray,
 And the mercenary grumbles at his leash, with war-lust smitten—
 Hear the Jewish jackal howling as he scents the easy prey!
 See! another foolish people who would fain be left to loiter
 'Mong the by-ways of tradition, careless of revengeful fate,
 Standing in the road of commerce, of the syndicate exploiter,
 Till the Juggernaut of Progress shall have crushed them
 with its weight.
 Break them, Britain! that the jobber may continue in his
 gamble;
 That the Stock Exchange may profit, scourge them with
 the iron rod!
 Head your solemn ultimatum with a sanctified preamble.
 And beneath your declaration forge the signature of God!

In the name of Light and Freedom—bah! the modern convict-collar
That you forced upon the vanquished presses harder than
the old.
Oh, the slavery of Mammon! Oh, the serfdom of the Dollar!
Oh, the grinding, racking torture of that shameless Moloch, Gold!

Morituri te salutant! But methinks they see, O Britain!
In your sweated children's faces, through the thunder of
your guns,
With the second-sight of death, a gruesome Mene-Tekel written,
And they fall in the assurance of a reckoning—for your
sons!

SYDNEY BULLETIN, January 19, 1900.

Our New National Hymn.

We are marching on to glory with the Bible in our hands,
We are carrying the Gospel to the lost in foreign lands;
We are marching on to glory, we are going forth to save,
With the zeal of ancient pirate, with the prayer of modern
knave;
We are robbing Christian churches in our missionary zeal,
And we carry Christ's own message in our shells and bloody
steel;
By the light of burning roof-trees they may read the Word of
Life;
In the mangled forms of children they may see the Christian
strife;
We are healing with the gatling, we are blessing with the
sword—
For the honor of the nation and the glory of the Lord.

Then march on, Christian soldiers! with sword and torch in
hand,
And carry free salvation to each benighted land!
Go, preach God's love and justice with steel and shot and shell;
Go, preach a future Heaven and prove a present hell!
Baptize with blood and fire, with every gun's hot breath
Teach them to love the Father, and make them free in death;
Proclaim the newest Gospel—the cannon giveth peace,
Christ rides upon the warship his army to increase.
So, bless them with the rifle and heal them with the sword—
For the honor of the nation and the glory of the Lord.

After the Battle.*By H. D. Rawnsley.*

It was out in the rain and the wind and the groans
 I tended the wounded, foe and friend;
 I thought with myself that the very stones
 Of the grim veldt-side,
 If they could, would have cried,
 "Doctor! don't touch them; let death make an end!"

And presently, propped by a boulder gray,
 A gray and grizzled old Boer I saw;
 His whole right hand had been blown away;
 But, quiet and calm,
 He was reading a Psalm
 From a blood-stained book of the ancient Law.

"Make haste and help me," the old Psalm ran,
 "Deliver me! haste to help me, Lord!
 Let those who seek my hurt to a man
 Be put to shame,
 That so Thy name
 Be great upon all who trust Thy word."

"Poor am I, Lord; Thou knowest how poor;
 This hand shall never hold sickle again.
 Lord, succor me!" groaned the gray-beard Boer;
 "Tarry not! come
 To take me home!
 Lord, haste Thee, and help me out of this pain!"

And there, as he prayed in the rain and the wind,
 To the gray old Boer from the Orange Free State—
 The man who had fought for cattle and kind
 With his sons, and sons'
 Sons less than their guns,
 To free his land from the men of their hate—

There came at his call to the God of the Psalm
 The Helper of helpless after the fray,
 And his face grew pale with a wonderful calm,
 And the Psalm-book dropped,
 And the blood-jet stopped,
 And the pain and the sorrow had passed away.

From the LONDON DAILY NEWS.

[After one of the late battles in Natal, an old Boer was found badly wounded, propped up among some rough boulders upon a kopje side; his rifle was laid idly by him, and the old man appeared to be waiting for death, and was quietly reading his Bible.]

The Hunting of the Boer.

Joe Jingo, Jun.

Ho! sportsman, come ye forth from the South and from the
North,
From the happy homes of England to the Battle of the
Breeze,
For the trooper's on the tide and tomorrow we will ride
To the hunting of the Boer in the land beyond the seas.

Oh! 'twill be rattling fun to see the beggars run,
When the guns begin to speak, and dum-dum bullets pelt;
And the bursting Lyddite shell and the growling Maxims tell
We're a-hunting of the Boer on the uplands and the veldt.

We stood their lip too long, and now we're going strong
To settle up the score of that damned Majuba Hill,
When they licked us through the folly of that poor unlucky
Coolley—
So now we go a-hunting, to kill, and kill, and kill.

Oom Paul in vain will pray for mercy in that day
When the storm of vengeance bursts upon the bloody
Boer;
We shall smash them in the field; if they fly and do not yield
We shall hunt them down with bloodhounds on their
spoor.

We are strong and they are weak; we shall teach them to be
meek,
When we shoot them down with dum-dums that torture
when they slay;
And if everything goes, well, we shall chivvy them to hell,
Before these canting Boers have time to beg or pray!

And the niggers they will come at the beating of our drum,
The Swazis and Basutos and the rest;
They will rape and burn and slay, and we shall not say them
nay,
For the hunting of the Boer they are the very best.

So three times three for Joe, who slips us on our foe,
To the devil with John Morley, and all the friends of peace,
Howe'er the Boers may squeal, we'll bleed them white as veal,
Ere the hunting of the Boer shall ever, ever cease.

STAR, 30 September, 1899.

The Year Without a Christmas.

Richard Le Gallienne Turns a Rhyme on the Transvaal War.

This is the year that has no Christmas day,
 Even the little children must be told
 That something sad is happening far away—
 Or, if you needs must play,
 As children must,
 Play softly, children, underneath your breath!
 For over our hearts hangs low the shadow of death,
 Those hearts to you mysteriously old,
 Grim grown-up hearts that ponder night and day
 On the straight lists of broken-hearted dead,
 Black narrow lists no tears can wash away,
 Reading in which one cries out here and here
 And falls into a dream upon a name.
 Be happy softly, children, for a woe
 Is on us, a great woe for little fame—
 Ah! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,
 And leave the holly for another year,
 Its berries are too red.

And lovers, like to children, will not you
 Cease for a little from your kissing mirth,
 Thinking of other lovers that must go
 Kissed back with fire into the bosom of earth—
 Ah! in the old woods leave the mistletoe!
 Be happy softly, lovers, for you too
 Shall be as sad as they another year,
 And then for you the holly be berries of blood,
 And mistletoe strange berries of bitter tears.

Ah! lovers, leave you your beattitude,
 Give your sad eyes and ears
 To the far griefs of neighbor and of friend,
 To the great loves that find a little end,
 Long loves that in a sudden puff of fire
 With a wild thought expire.

And you, ye merchants, you that eat and cheat,
 Gold-seeking hucksters in a noble land,
 Think when you lift the wine up in your hand
 Of a fierce vintage, tragically red,
 Red wine of the hearts of English soldiers dead,
 Who ran to a wild death with laughing feet
 That we may sleep and drink and eat and cheat!

Ah! you brave few that fight for all the rest,
And die with smiling faces strangely blest,
Because you die for England—O to do
Something again for you!
In this great deed to have some little part;
To send so great a message from the heart
Of England that one man shall be as ten,
Hearing how England loves her Englishmen.
Ah! think you that a single gun is fired
We do not hear in England! Ah, we hear,
And mothers go with proud unhappy eyes
That say: It is for England that he dies!
England that does the cruel work of God,
And gives her well-beloved to save the world;
For this is death like to a woman desired,
For this the wine-press trod.

And, England, when forgot this passing woe,
Because of all your captain's strength on strength,
Think, too, when the sure end has come at length,
Victory for England—for God means it so—
Be strong in kindness for the little dead,
The stubborn tribe that could not understand,
But, child-like, fought the purposes of Time;
England, so strong to slay, be strong to spare,
England, have courage even to forgive,
Give back the little nation leave to live,
To shear its sheep and grow its lazy corn—
Children there are that must be whipped to grow,
And some small children must be whipped with fire.
And in churches, praying this Christmas morn,
Pray as you never prayed that this may be
The little war that brought the great world peace;
Undazzled with its glorious infamy,
O pray with all your hearts that war may cease,
And who knows but that God may hear the prayer!
So it may come about next Christmas day
That we shall hear the happy children play
Gladly aloud unmindful of the dead,
And watch the lovers go
To the old woods to find the mistletoe.
But this year, children, if you needs must play,
Play very softly, underneath your breath;
Be happy softly, lovers, for great Death
Makes England holy with sorrow this Christmas day;
Yes! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,
And leave the holly for another year—
Its berries are too red.

Our Willidge.

Owd Snooks, wot druv the carrier's cart,
 'E browt the news from Sat'dy's mart,
 In a London piper as 'eld the list
 Of kilt an' wounded, lorst an' miss'd;
 So Joey, the ploughmin, 'is tears they run,
 F'r 'e's seed the last of a gallant son.
 ('Ard times, this winter.)

Widdy Meguire, in 'er worn plaid shawl,
 'Oo scrubs for the Barnet's wife at the 'all,
 S'ys she, "Is Willum all sife an' sound?"
 We mumbles the answer, in dooty bound,
 "Y'r brother were caught by a splintered shell"—
 She stud like a statoo, then, f'intin', fell.
 ('Ard times, this winter.)

We 'ung festoons along the way
 Wot time they marched to face the fray;
 We cheered 'em orf, an' sed to each,
 "Now, let not words, but conduck preach,
 An' show yew forth, o' the willidge yew own,
 The sperrit of Little Muttonbone!"
 ('Ard times, this winter.)

There's Simon, the shepherd, that good owd soul,
 'E'll hev to apply for a parish dole;
 'Is bov were the pride of our midland dale,
 But 'e died with the rest, i' the Transyvale.
 They'd death with 'onour, by Glencoe steep,
 But alas for the owd 'uns, left to ween!
 ('Ard times, this winter.)

From the WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

W. H. H.

Kruger's Bible.

(At a Mafeking demonstration in a country place a figure of Kruger was burned in effigy. One of the inhabitants, delightedly describing the scene, said: "We burned old Kruger, and his Bible too.")

Oh! bravo, British Patriot!
 Your words were sound and true,
 We have beaten wicked Kruger,
 And we've burned his Bible too.

He was a canting hypocrite
 Who read his Bible through,
 But we've kicked him and we've licked him,
 And burned his Bible too.

God save and bless this noble land!
Whatever we may do,
All foes we'll stubbornly withstand,
And burn their Bibles too!

Down, down with every Christian thought
Which once we loved and knew!
Kill every foreigner we hate
And burn his Bible too!

The Bible's meant for puny babes
And the "Little England" crew;
We've done with thoughts of right or wrong,
And burned the Bible too.

The Ten Commandments! how they blaze,
'Mid Jingo's' wild hurroo,
Who joy to see those ancient frauds
Now burning through and through!

Then History's pen some day shall write
What now we say and do,
How we with pride fought, stole and lied
And burned our Bibles too!

Greeting to a Women's Peace Meeting.

William Watson.

I greet you and am with you, friends of Peace,
Of equity, of freedom. 'Tis an hour
Inhospitable to reason's tempering word,
Yet, being brave, being women, you will speak
The thought that must be spoken without fear,
The voice of chivalry grows faint, the note
Of patriotism is well-nigh overborne.
For what is patriotism but noble care
For our own country's honour in men's eyes
And zeal for the just glory of her arms?
Keep then that zeal, that noble care alive.
Keep then from altogether perishing
The light of the authentic patriot flame.
And in this day when England half forgets
That Empires die not starved but surfeited,
Warn her that though she whelm a kindred race,
A valiant people, stubborn-built as we,
Yet shall they gnaw hereafter at our heel,
Secretly unsubdued, though beaten down;
Too near ourselves to be in spirit overcome,
But on fierce memories fed, and evermore
Upborne in heart by the saluting world.

The Tale of Magersfontein.

Tell you the tale of the battle?
 Well, there isn't so much to tell;
 Nine hundred went to the slaughter,
 And nigh on four hundred fell.

Barbed wire and the Mauser rifles,
 Thirst, and a burning sun,
 Knocked us down by the hundreds,
 Ere the long day was done.

At midnight they came round to wake us,
 Forming us up in the dark;
 Officers whispered their orders,
 Never a light or a spark.

Onward we went till the morning
 Dawned in the east grey and drear,
 While in the front of us looming
 The kopjes' bold sky line shows clear

Then, ere we knew what had happened,
 Two shots on our left ringing out,
 To the Boers in their trenches give signal,
 And rifle balls answered our shout.

Someone yelled, "Charge!" and we started,
 Rose, and rushed up in their fire,
 Meaning to give them the bayonet,
 But were checked by barbed cruel wire.

"Over the wire men, or through it"—
 "Drive the charge home to the hilt"—
 Vain were the struggles and climbing,
 Barbs sticking deep in the kilt.

Strong grows the light of the morning,
 Hotter the lead on us fell;
 Down on face and seek cover;
 Nothing could live in that hell.

All the day long in position
 We watched our own shells burst,
 Lying with dead men and wounded,
 Lips swollen blue-black with thirst.

Do they know all in Great Britain—
 Do they know our sufferings yet?
 Tommy has learnt to his sorrow;
 It will take a long time to forget.

The Wandering Pro-Boer.

A Ballad of the future.

I saw a white-haired traveller,
Full groggy at the knee,
And if he had a tooth it was
Invisible to me.

He shuffled on with fevered crawl,
And mumbled as he went;
His eye was bright, as though the wight
On some great thing was bent.

“Now, whither speed you sir?” I said,
He plucked me by the breech.
“O, have you time, good sir?” he piped,
“To hear a little speech?”

“Long years ago I thought it out,
When Boer and Briton met;
But woe is me that it should be,
I have not made it yet.

“I used to lie abed and con
Each phrase, each sentence o’er,
And when by heart I’d got the part,
Gadzooks, I loved it more.

“But when I went to make that speech.
With flags men came in wrath,
And sang their wicked Jingo songs
And drove poor Cronwright forth.

“With bursting heart from town to town
I wandered, and to each
I offered on my hands and knees
To make that single speech.

“On hands and knees I humbly went,
To plead the cause of Peace,
In vain, in vain! I ever left
Escorted by police.

“And so the world has never heard
The mighty speech I planned—
O, sir, if you could spare an hour!
He wrung my yielding hand.

* * * *

I waited while he mouthed his speech,
Wild, wild the words and rash;
And at the end my aged friend
Had crumbled into ash.

War News in London.

I read the war news through and through,
 With all-absorbed attention,
 And little has escaped my view
 That you, I think can mention.
 And yet I'm sorry to confess
 My mind it fairly rattles
 And sends to pieces (more or less)
 To separate the battles.

I read of brilliant feats of arms,
 And unexampled daring,
 Of ghastly struggles over "farms,"
 And slaughter grim and scaring;
 Of "kopjes" won through "zones of fire,"
 And victory effected;
 And later on there comes a wire—
 "A battle is expected!"

Today I read "The Boers we rout!
 Exterminate and sack them,"
 Tomorrow "We are moving out,
 Determined to attack them."
 Last week our soldiers fought a fight
 (A singularly game one),
 And ev'ry day (by wire each night)
 They seem to fight the same one.

Today I read, "The rebel Dutch
 Are put to flight and slaughter"—
 Of white-flag treachery and such—
 And "cutting through like water."
 Such doings fairly blanch the cheek,
 Unequaled, p'raps, in my day—
 But—was this battle fought last week?
 Or is it due next Friday?

—FUN.

A Graveside Memory at Ladysmith.*H. D. Rawnsley.*

Tenderly down the hill we bore them,
 Riddled with bullets, shattered with shell;
 Never a cry was lifted o'er them,
 Never a tear above them fell.

Friendly came the Boers beside them,
 Muttered, "Poor fellows, so worn and thin!"
 Helped us to hollow the trench to hide them,
 Helped us to carefully lay them in.

Hornily-handed, rough of faces,
All their battle-wrath passed away ;
It seemed the hearts of the Sundered races
Were one in love of the dead that day.
Solemnly, then, we read the verses,
"Ashes to ashes! Dust to dust!"
We gave our mates to the last of nurses—
The pitiful earth in whose Peace we trust.
Kindly up there stepped a foeman,
Stepped to the grave and prayed a prayer,
Never a son of a British woman
But felt the breath of the Lord was there.
Faithfully, humbly, did he pray it—
Prayed to the Father of foe and friend
To look from Heaven at last and stay it—
Make of this terrible war an end.
Plaintively then uprose their chorus—
A hymn to the God of the warless years ;
The tender heart of a girl came o'er us ;
We sobbed and turned from the grave in tears.
WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

The Suzerain.

What is a Suzerain, does any one know?
I doubt if it even is clear to "Joe."
A Jingo you're able most times to spot,
By his style and the lunatic air that he's got ;
But a suzerain of Boers, why what can it be?
It has never been seen on land or sea.
It has never been sighted by mortal crowds ;
It floats in the air ; it rides on the clouds.
And the multitudes say with a frightened air :
"It can't be seen, but its somewhere there."
And "Joe" declares, for his suzerain right,
He's ready to die and he's ready to fight.
And Jesse Collins declares the same ;
And Powell Williams, athirst for fame.
"A suzerain of Boers we'll have, we will ;
To get him no matter how many we kill.
For a suzerain, indeed, is a sacred thing,
Above an Emperor, Pope or King.
Beside him all those may be put on the shelf,
He's even greater than "Joe" himself.
Then summon your forces, and call your men,
We'll fight for the suzerain again and again.
Oh! glory indeed the great cause ensures ;
What can equal a fight for the suzerain of Boers?
And when thousands we've seen in the great cause fall,
We'll seek out if it has any meaning at all!

Good-Bye, Chaps.

By a Reserve Man.

Well, good-bye chaps, we've got ter go, yer 'umble Jack, an'
 Bill,
 To settle Mister Kruger, an' avenge Majuber 'Ill;
 A chap don't know, in times like these, 'ow long farewell 'e bids
 (It may be 'tis the long 'un) to his missus an' the kids.

Don't go an' fancy were afraid becos they've started war,
 'Cos me an' Jack an' Bill 'as orl been through it times before;
 But 'ear yer kids a takin' on, it some'ow tries yer nerves,
 Although ye've done yer "active" an' belong to the reserves.

It seems a little funny, but I daresay its orl right
 That you should do the shoutin', but us chaps 'as got ter fight,
 Suppose you stood (you chaps wot shout) a charnce er gettin'
 shot,
 You'd tork o' war in whispers, but yer wouldn't shout a lot.

They "ammered Kruger" on 'Change one day lawst week, I
 hear;
 But 'ammerin' is easy, when yet not so very near!
 It's when we're on the premises, an' in 'is Mausers' range,
 We 'ave to do our 'ammerin'—an' not on the Exchange.

I ain't a politician, so I've got ter go an' fight,
 An' don't care tuppence who is wrong, nor who is in the right;
 But me an' Jack an' Bill 'll do our level best, yer'll find,
 An' you can git the glory, by your fightin'—in yer mind.

Well, so long, chaps, God save the Queen, our country's on
 the kill,
 An' means ter git the Transvaal an' avenge Majuber 'Ill;
 But if you stood (you chaps wot shout) a charnce er gittin'
 shot,
 You'd tork o' war in whispers, an' yer wouldn't shout a lot.

THE STAR, 30 October, 1899.

F. F.

John Bull Out of Sorts.

Freely Translated by Deborah Webb, from "Kladdersdatch" of January 14.

We can perceive John Bull at present
 Is not particularly pleasant;
 The reason we suppose to be
 That sadly out of sorts is he.
 'Tis true he had a visit lately
 That soothed and gratified him greatly
 But neighbours, taking them all round,
 Have far from flattering been found.

Liar, robber, hypocrite and caitiff,
Are terms not quite appreciative,
Yet oft of late he's branded so
By people ignorant and low,
Incapable of understanding
A soul so lofty and commanding.
'Tis no new privilege he craves,
To grab the land and rule the waves.

If you would have him act politely,
You must be sure to treat him rightly.
Remember that to him was given
Great sensibility by Heaven;
Take him at his own estimation,
Desist from envious defamation;
Give him his due, and you will find
John Bull more civilly inclined.

WAR AGAINST WAR, 30 March, 1900.

Stop the War!

Do not think I air a fad,
When I hold that war is bad!
Since I very plainly see
How it is affecting me.
Sonnets once oft welcomed by
Editor's approving eye;
Rondeay, quatrain, villanelle,
These, alas! no longer sell.
All my verses are returned,
And my genius is spurned;
Khaki-ng cares have now opprest,
(Please excuse the feeble jest!)
Shall I craven-like withdraw?
Never. Better stop the war!

Literature, alack! is dead;
Tommy's "line" alone is "red,"
Eyes may "roll," but no one heeds,
Rolling drums fulfill all needs.
Poets' genius must fail,
Gentlemen of "rank" prevail.
Phyllis now must hide her face,
Private Willis reigns in place.
But I take another view,
Mr. Hocking, I'm with you.
(Though, of course, I do not claim
That our motives are the same.)
Each of us disaster saw;
Both of us would "Stop the War."

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

Baal or Christ ?

At the altar of the Prince of Life,
A prelate blessed the sordid strife,
Seared with war's coals his lips record
A blistering message from his Lord.

"Peter swing forth thy sword and slay
All wilful sheep that wayward stray ;
With cannon's mouth in battle's name
Great Britain's paramountcy claim.

"Let kindle their benighted sky
Ten thousand roof-trees blazing high ;
The savor mounting to My throne
In smoldering smoke shall sweet be blown.

"My holy table garnish first
With human flesh ; and for its thirst,
Mingle the wine with streaming blood,
And orphans' tears and sorrow's flood.

"Kill! for the coming of My day—
Its faith must languish shall you stay ;
Kill! for the hopes for which I died ;
Thrust! as they thrust who pierced my side!

"To those who shall survive recount
My milder message on the Mount,
For broken hearts will best retain
Your sowings of its holy grain."

Thus spake the prophet. At his word
Their loins the gathering nations gird
With carnage, curse and scream of shell,
To cleanse God's earth with fires of hell.

June 19, 1900.

C. M. S.

Lest We Forget.

"After Kipling."

Souls of our fathers! Brave of old
To unmask wrong in evil times,
Whose wholesome faith we claim to hold
On British shores, in foreign climes,
May your example guide us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

The warlike clamours sink and die,
The transports and troops depart,
Sleep shuts at last the tearful eye
And dreams beguile the stricken heart,
But war's dark cloud hangs o'er us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

Far sent our armies melt away,
On veldt and kopje gleams the fire,
The stalwart youth of yesterday
Lies cold and gory in the mire.
Presumption's fruit before us set,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

The lying tales of hideous wrongs,
The lust of power, the greed of gold,
Rude menace of unruly tongues,
The swagger of the vainly bold,
Have brought the ills unmeasured yet
We are not likely to forget.

If mad with lust of pride and power
Our rulers forced a causeless fight,
Light-hearted brought the fateful hour,
And plunged the Empire into night,
To make them pay the heavy debt—
Shall we forget? Shall we forget?

ROCHDALE OBSERVER, 9 February, 1900.

Fighting for Cecil Rhodes.

An Australian paper's farewell to its war contingent.

Just a word or two at parting,
Though too late to give you pause,
You are flushed with thoughts of starting
'Midst a tumult of applause;
You are off to fight for England
(Vide patriotic odes.)
Or, in other words, your mission
Is to shoot for Cecil Rhodes.

You will think when we are cheering
With our British "Hip, hip, hip!"
That there's joy in volunteering
For a summer picnic trip;
But when cannon answers cannon,
And the giddy bomb explodes,
There is little fun in falling
On behalf of Cecil Rhodes.

Don't get drunk on British glory
When the stronger force prevails;
Pay no heed to cackling Tory
Re the Queen and Prince of Wales;
And speak fairly of the Dutchmen,
Who must trek to bright abodes,
Where they'll not be bossed by England,
Nor encounter Cecil Rhodes.

INDEX.

AMERICAN POEMS.

Alarum	<i>F. K. Giffard</i>	17
All we Have of Other Lands, all we Use or Know		26
Africa was Boer-Land Then		28
Army Mule.....	<i>B. M. Tate</i>	68
Alliance and for What.....	<i>J. Miller</i>	83
Army of the Christian Queen, The		84
At Last we have Pretoria.....		102
America and the Transvaal.....	<i>E. H. Crosby</i>	110
Beware of the Bull	<i>R. Love</i>	26
Begirt the Friendly Ocean.....		27
Burgher Smit of the Transvaal	<i>J. J. Rooney</i>	16
Bobs, Up-to-Date	<i>J. F. Cablise</i>	19
Bores and Boers		23
Battle of Dundee.....		36
Boer Stood on the on the Rocky Veldt, The.....		57
Botha, De Wet and Delarey.....		74
Boer and Briton	<i>C. E. Russell</i>	75
British Victory, A	<i>D. A. McCarthy</i>	92
Briton and Boer.....	<i>G. Crouch</i>	92
Boer's Prayer, The.....	<i>H. J. Morris</i>	94
Barbarian.....	<i>A. Hurlburt</i>	109
Boston to the Boers.....	<i>J. Miller</i>	104
Boer Battle Hymn.....	<i>W. Trumbull</i>	100
Brother Johathan to Brother Bull.	<i>J. B. Dollard</i>	38
Courage, O Little People.....	<i>J. H.</i>	107
Car of Juggernaut.....		97
Campaigning with De Wet		95
Come, let us Light the Torch		76
Carrier Pigeon of Ladysmith, The.....	<i>E. J. Wheeler</i>	72
Cecil Rhodes	<i>B. Chadwell</i>	60
Costly School, A.....	<i>J. J. Roche</i>	56
Cronje		53
Cronje		42
Cronje		24
Cronje in St. Helena	<i>H. A. Warren</i>	22
Cronje's Prison Fleet.....	<i>Kalmar Berne</i>	14
Charge of Alfred Austin	<i>P. J. Tansey</i>	44
Christian War of Today.....	<i>G. Horton</i>	13
De Sumichrast Speaks.....	<i>A. Doyle</i>	42
Dutch Burghers of Old.....	<i>G. A. Brown</i>	61
Dutchman, The	<i>E. J. Wheeler</i>	66
England's Triumph.....	<i>Arlo Bates</i>	12
Embattled Farmers.....		70
False Prophets.....	<i>W. L. Garrison</i>	101
False Prophets		20
Freedom's Footprints.....	<i>H. A. Harman</i>	80
Fallen Pride of England, The	<i>F Brand</i>	65
Flag of England.....		36
From Africa	<i>E. S. Martin</i>	24
Great Britian in 1900.....	<i>C. E. Russell</i>	107
God in Far Heaven with a Frown.....		81
God and the Right.....	<i>A. W. Bomberger</i>	78
General Joubert		6
Go Fight Your Fight with Tagal and with Boer.....		103
General Christian De Wet, To.....	<i>Prof. Henry E. Dosker</i>	113
Hark to the Great World Battle.....		104
Here's to the Transvaal Farmers	<i>E. A. Talbot</i>	98
Holland, a Glorious History is Thine		75

Her Robes are of Purple and Scarlet.....	22
Ho, Ancient Bully, Beaten to your Knees.....	15
Is Justice Dead?	88
In the Presence of God Almighty.....	82
In Victory Defeat.....	77
In Olden Times when the World was Young.....	33
In 1881 on Famed Majuba Hill.....	48
Irish Fusiliers.....	<i>D. Donahoe</i> 56
Irish Brigade.....	<i>E. Walshe</i> 59
Joubert.....	5
Joubert.....	10
Joubert.....	12
Know ye the Children of the Veldt.....	104
Know ye this Valiant People Bold.....	71
Liberty.....	<i>W. A. Croffert</i> 86
Ladysmith in the Moated Grange.....	<i>J. Dollard</i> 54
Ladysmith, To.....	<i>J. J. Roche</i> 33
Little One, The.....	<i>A. E. Mitchell</i> 29
Leave us Alone!.....	11
Mines are There, The.....	112
Miserere.....	<i>T. M. Roberts</i> 87
Modern Thermopylae, The.....	<i>W. S. Walsh</i> 85
Mr. Kipling, To.....	50
Majuba!—Paardeberg!.....	<i>K. Berne</i> 40
Masterly Retreat, The.....	34
Modern Thermopylae, A.....	35
Majuba Hill.....	<i>D. Adee</i> 18
My Back is to the Wall.....	19
Now Close your Proud Battalions.....	90
Notorious Ruffian, Viljoen.....	<i>Jara</i> 58
Old Dutch Clock.....	<i>Rev. L. E. Davis</i> 101
Once on the Hill that Towered above a City.....	106
Oom Paul, To.....	79
Oh, Give us Space, my Father.....	63
O What is the News from Dekel's Drift.....	47
Oom Paul.....	<i>J. A. Kieferle</i> 46
Oom Paul.....	43
Oom Paul.....	31
Oh, thou Heart like unto our Heart.....	10
Prayer for Peace.....	90
Prince of the Masquerade, The.....	<i>McCready Sykes</i> 62
Predestined.....	<i>E. A. Church</i> 64
Pass the Hat.....	<i>M. P. Kirby</i> 50
Paul Kruger.....	8
Prayer in Camp.....	<i>J. Lincoln</i> 5
Right Nobly gave Voortrekkers Brave.....	94
South Africa to England.....	112
Sadje, Sadje Fate.....	<i>J. Wink</i> 52
Spion Kop.....	<i>A Lee</i> 51
Sir Alfred Milner.....	45
Trekking.....	<i>J. J. Rooney</i> 98
Three Easy Steps Down Hill.....	<i>J. J. Dooling</i> 108
Truth's Army.....	<i>J. D. Miller</i> 91
Trek, Trek, Trek.....	93
Thunder of Hoofs and a Bugle's Cry.....	49
Tom and Piet.....	<i>G. Crouch</i> 55
Transvaal Boer, The.....	<i>E. Walshe</i> 44
Tugela, The.....	39
The Tigress of the Nations.....	21
Tugela River, On the.....	28
Ten to One.....	<i>E. Marshall</i> 30
Thy Banner, my Beloved Land.....	72
There's no Nook on the Land, and no Isle on the Waters.....	7
They Drove the Burgher Northward.....	9

What are ye Doing, ye American People?.....	14
When Wars shall Cease.	<i>F. L. Burdeck</i> 16
We've Fought with many Men Across the Sea	32
While You're Wearily Awaiting	40
We're Coming Mr. Chamberlain.....	<i>J. F. Caplise</i> 46
We are here in the Bed of the River	69
When Over the Sea our Fathers Fled	86
When the Queen was Young.....	<i>C. M. Gayley</i> 88
Why is Columbia Silent?	89
Who are the Brave?	<i>C. M. Wallace</i> 96
War Song of the Boer.....	<i>J. Wink</i> 111

ENGLISH POEMS.

After the Battle.....	<i>H. D. Rawnsley</i> 146
Absent Minded Public, To the.....	<i>W. Macdonald</i> 132
Another British A B C	<i>C. S. M.</i> 123
Baal or Christ.....	<i>C. M. S.</i> 158
Bold Buccaneer, The.....	<i>Grant Allen</i> 134
Bard of Butchery, The.....	124
Briton to the Boer, The.....	<i>H. S. Salt</i> 118
Briton 1900.....	<i>E. A. DeJong-Johns</i> 116
Cronje's Last Stand.....	<i>J. Hartley Knight</i> 134
Confessional.....	<i>H. H. F.</i> 118
Criminal Silence.....	<i>David Farquharson</i> 119
Christ or Mars?.....	116
Dr. Jim.....	131
Downing Street to Pretoria.....	132
Devil Unlimited, The	<i>Robert Buchanan</i> 128
Dr. Jameson's Arrival	128
England, To	<i>Ouida</i> 140
England.....	<i>John Henry Newman</i> 135
England, dost thou Forget?.....	<i>Maarten Maartens</i> 117
Fighting for Cecil Rhodes	159
Good-By Chaps.	<i>F. F.</i> 156
Graveside Memory at Ladysmith, A.....	<i>H. D. Rawnsley</i> 154
Greeting to a Women's Peace Meeting.....	<i>Wm. Watson</i> 151
General Colley.....	127
Hunting of the Boer, The	<i>Joe Jingo, Jun</i> 147
Hymn for this Time of War, A.....	<i>May Kendall</i> 140
Jingo Parson's Creed, The	130
Jameson's Ride.....	142
John Bull out of Sorts	156
Kruger's Bible.....	150
Kipling Unlimited.....	138
Lest we Forget	158
Morituri te Salutant.....	144
Man, A	<i>Stephen Phillips</i> 126
New National Hymn, Our.....	145
Nature's Aid.....	<i>Wm. Watson</i> 139
New Issue, The	<i>Guthlac Strong</i> 120
Our Willidge.....	150
Old Issue, The	121
On being Styled "Pro-Boer".....	<i>Wm. Watson</i> 125
Progressional	143
Paul Kruger.....	<i>Edward Sidney Tyler</i> 136
Suzerain.....	155
Stop the War	157
Sing a Song of Sixpence.....	115
Tale of Magersfontein, The.....	152
Voice from the Ranks, A.....	<i>D. D.</i> 126
Year without a Christmas, The.....	<i>R. La Galienne</i> 148
Where is the Flag of England?.....	<i>Henry Labouchere</i> 137
Wicked Six, The.....	144
Wandering Pro-Boer, The.....	153
War News in London.....	154