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# NGLISH HISTORY
IN
NGLISH POETRY

C. H. FIRTH, M.A., LL.D.

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## FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION TO THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA

BY

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# INTRODUCTION

If we are to rear boys to be good citizens, it is needful to teach them the history of their own country, and not only the story of its remoter but that of its most recent past. It is not sufficient to acquaint them with the England of the Middle Ages or the England of the Stuarts: they must be interested in the England of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, so that they may come to understand the political society in which it will be their lot to live and act. To understand the present they must first learn to realise the difference between England as it is now and England as it was a hundred years ago; next, to know the causes which have made our England so different from that of George III; lastly, to trace the process by which the one has grown up out of the other.

Unhappily, in most English schools there is no serious attempt to teach nineteenth-century history. In some it is entirely neglected; in many 1815 or 1837 is fixed as the terminus beyond which neither teacher nor scholar need go. Some of the text-books are based on the same theory. The author of one very popular history of England

for schoolboys stops short before the first Reform Bill, in order not to relate that horrid catastrophe or any of the painful results which followed it. When school histories do go beyond these arbitrary limits, they usually become dry and frigid in proportion as they draw near to our own day. A modern novelist thus describes the historical knowledge possessed by his hero, a Staffordshire boy, on leaving a secondary school which professed to give a thoroughly sound education :—

"In the course of his school career he had several times approached the nineteenth century, but it seemed to him that, for administrative reasons, he was always being dragged back again to the Middle Ages. Once his form had got as far as the infancy of his own father, and concerning this period he had learnt that 'great dissatisfaction prevailed among the labouring classes, who were led to believe by mischievous demagogues,' &c. But the next term he was recoiling round Henry the Eighth, 'who was a skilful warrior and politician, but unfortunate in his domestic relations'; and so to Elizabeth, 'than whom few sovereigns have been so much belied, but her character comes out unscathed after the closest examination.' History, indeed, resolved itself into a series of more or less sanguinary events arbitrarily grouped under the names of persons, who had to be identified with the assistance of numbers. Neither of the development of national life, nor of the clash of nations, did he really know anything that was not inessential and anecdotic. He could not remember the

clauses of Magna Charta, but he knew eternally that it was signed at a place amusingly called Runnymede. And the one fact engraved on his memory about the battle of Waterloo was that it was fought on a Sunday.

"And as he had acquired absolutely nothing about political economy or about logic, and was therefore at the mercy of the first agreeable sophistry that might take his fancy by storm, his unfitness to commence the business of being a citizen almost reached perfection."[1]

This was in the seventies, but the criticism applies without much alteration to the school training of to-day in England. It is different abroad. In French and German schools boys are taught the history of the nineteenth century as carefully as that of any other period, just because it is part of the necessary training and equipment of an intelligent citizen. The official programme for French schools makes the history of France and of Europe from 1815 to 1900 the subject to be studied in the highest form, and the text-books are full, interesting, and scientifically accurate. In the highest form in German schools the subject is the history of Europe and Germany from 1648 to 1871, with a brief sketch of events subsequent to 1871.

What is the cause for this neglect of nineteenth-century history in English schools? Usually the objection made to teaching it is supported by two arguments. We are told that recent history is

[1] Arnold Bennett, "Clayhanger," p. 12.

too recent for the facts to be exactly ascertained —an argument which so far as there is anything in it has no bearing on the question of historical teaching in schools. All the facts that it is really important for a schoolboy or schoolgirl to know can be more exactly ascertained in the case of the last century than they can be with regard to any earlier time. The diplomatic and political secrets still hidden in official archives, or in the desks of statesmen, are the sort of facts which it is not necessary either for the teacher or his scholars to know. For them the essential things are those which were acted on the stage, not those that took place behind the scenes.

Another argument is that recent political history is too delicate and too dangerous a ground, that it rouses too much party feeling, and that it is not desirable that either the schoolboy or the schoolmaster should be a partisan. At most, this argument applies to the history of the last generation only, not to three-quarters of the nineteenth century. It may be a reason for stopping about 1880; it is not a reason for stopping in 1815 or 1837. But, as a matter of fact, a good schoolmaster who has some real understanding of history will know too much to believe that one party or the other was always right, and will see plainly that the balance of reasonableness was first on one side then on the other. A bad schoolmaster will be a partisan when he is teaching the history of the Reformation or the Rebellion, just as he

would be if he were set to teach the nineteenth century. The argument is an argument for educating the teachers, not for omitting something essential in the education of their pupils. And, supposing that the teacher is a partisan, it is far better that the facts should be taught with a certain amount of party colouring than that they should not be taught at all. Moreover, there are various ways by which the danger of partisanship may be diminished and its ill results limited. The foreign system of teaching European and national history side by side tends to correct narrowness of view. It widens the horizon of the scholar, and makes the causes and results of political events in particular countries more intelligible. For domestic politics the literature of the period fulfils a similar mission. It shows, far better than the summary of causes usually given in text-books, the feelings which inspired great movements and led to great events, and the effect which both produced on the minds of those who lived through them. To see what contemporaries thought about things makes the things themselves easier to understand. During the nineteenth century the passions and the ideals of both parties in the State found expression in literature which is an indispensable commentary on the facts and their best explanation. To the relevant part of this literature it is the historical teacher's business to introduce his class. Sometimes a pamphlet, or a letter, or an extract from a state paper will best explain an historical fact. (There are "source-books"

and collections of extracts from contemporary writers which seek to supply illustrative material of this kind.) Often a good representation of the circumstances of England at a particular moment, or of the feelings of Englishmen about particular events, may be found in a novel. But frequently the poetry of the time will be found the best helper. For the poets insist on the universal rather than the particular ; in their hands the incident becomes an illustration of a general law or tendency, and is stripped of its temporary adjuncts and local accessories. Moreover, in the briefer and more perfect rhythmical expression of emotion or ideas poetry has an advantage over prose : it leaves a deeper impression, and is easier to remember.

No prose writers, for instance, explain the English attitude towards the French Revolution and Napoleon so well as our poets do. The French Revolution was at first hailed in England with sympathy and approval rather than hostility. The taking of the Bastille seemed to typify the fall of arbitrary power and the beginning of constitutional government not only in France but in Europe. "How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world, and how much the best," wrote Fox to a friend. A sober commentator says that Fox, if he probably went beyond the popular sentiment of his countrymen, yet "coincided with its general direction." Indeed, Cowper, writing four years earlier in "The Task," had apostrophised the Bastille and its

"horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts," adding boldly:

> "There's not an English heart that would not leap
> To hear that ye were fallen at last; to know
> That even our enemies, so oft employed
> In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
> For he who values liberty confines
> His zeal for her predominance within
> No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
> Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man."[1]

These last words are the key to English sympathy with the Revolution, and to European sympathy with it. To younger poets the Revolution seemed the cause of man in general. It seemed the dawn of a new era in the history of the world.

> "Bliss was in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven,"

wrote Wordsworth, recalling the sensations of that moment. Hope and joy were on their side, and the whole earth wore the beauty of promise. The old order had given place to the new: the reign of custom and tradition was over, and the reign of reason beginning.

By the end of the century these visions had vanished, and the poets had changed sides. In 1792 the French monarchy was overthrown, and a European coalition against France took place. In 1793 England joined the coalition. But it was neither the outbreak of the war with France, nor even the atrocities of the Reign of Terror, which altered the

[1] "Task," v. 379-396.

opinions of the poets. They were disillusioned and alienated by the conduct of the republican government to weaker republics, by the destruction and partition of the Venetian republic in 1797, and by the attack and subjugation of the Swiss republic in 1798. In each case plunder had been the motive, and it was clear that the French republicans were no better than the despots who had plundered and partitioned Poland in 1795. In the "Prelude" Wordsworth traces the change which took place in his own views, but no one exhibits the process of transformation and shows its causes so well as Coleridge. In 1789 he had written a poem on the destruction of the Bastille, asking indignantly:

> "Shall France alone a despot spurn?
> Shall she alone, O Freedom, boast thy care?"[1]

Even when England had become involved in the war, he continued to rejoice at the successes of the French against the coalition.

> "I blessed the pæans of delivered France,
> And hung my head and wept at Britain's name."[2]

France, he dreamt, was to "compel the nations to be free" by the moral influence of her example, not by force. But now,

> "Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
> I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
> From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent."

Apostrophising the heroes who had died in defend-

[1] Political Works, ed. Dykes Campbell, p. 6.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 124; *cf.* p. 79.

ing Switzerland, he prayed them to forgive him for ever wishing well to the French ; and, turning from France, he cried :

> " Are these thy boasts, champion of humankind,
> To mix with kings in the low lust of sway . . .
> To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
> From freemen torn ; to tempt and to betray ? "

It is significant that the poem now entitled "France : an Ode" was originally called "The Recantation" when it appeared in the *Morning Post* for April 16, 1798.

Two of Wordsworth's sonnets refer to the same events and illustrate the same feeling. I mean that on the extinction of the Venetian republic and that headed "Thoughts of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland." In one it is the fall of the first and oldest of free states, "the eldest child of Liberty," for which he grieves, though Venice, indeed, was but the shade of what she had been both in freedom and greatness. In the other the thought that strikes him is that in Switzerland liberty was the offspring of the mountains, in England of the sea, and that as one had been overcome by the tyrant so might the other, and thus the voices of both be silenced.

This feeling of national danger grew ever stronger. The first coalition ended in 1797, and England was for the next two years left to fight alone. Coleridge's "Fears in Solitude" was written in April 1798, during the alarm of an invasion. The second coalition, formed in 1799, ended in similar failure and isolation. Worse still, the

league formed between Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia in 1800, known as the Second Armed Neutrality, threatened to weaken the maritime power of England, and to deprive her of the weapons by which she maintained her menaced independence. Englishmen were not disposed at such a crisis to surrender these weapons, and their unyielding temper found expression in the verse of Campbell. In his lines on Hohenlinden it is the picturesqueness and colour of war which he feels—the horsemen "by torch and trumpet first arrayed," the sulphurous canopy above their heads, and the white snow beneath their feet. "Ye Mariners of England" is inspired by a deeper feeling—by the present perils and past triumphs of his own people. It was written about March 1801, and originally it was headed "On the Prospect of a Russian War." When he called on English sailors to launch their glorious standard again to match another foe, he was thinking of the Emperor Paul and his allies. But the foe with whom the sailors first had to deal was Denmark, not Russia. Campbell, who was in North Germany when the quarrel began, passed through the Sound on his way back to England, and saw the floating batteries of the Danes, "like Leviathans afloat," waiting for the coming of the English fleet. Nelson's victory at Copenhagen in April 1801 broke up the league of neutrals, and Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic" is full of vivid, realistic touches, because he had seen with his own eyes the place where the battle was fought.

In March 1802, just eleven months after the battle of Copenhagen, the Treaty of Amiens was signed, but it was a mere truce, and in May 1803 the war began again. Once more England had to face the possibility of invasion, and to face it alone. Half-a-dozen sonnets written by Wordsworth in September 1802, and a few which he wrote in 1803 or later, illustrate better than anything else could do the feelings of thoughtful Englishmen. A French landing seemed so imminent and so easy that they could not but be deeply stirred.

"Was British freedom to perish?" asked Wordsworth; "the famous stream, which had flowed from dark antiquity, to perish at last in bogs and sands, and to be lost for ever?" "It is not to be thought of," he answered.

> "We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held."

Nor was it only English freedom that was at stake. England, said another sonnet, was "a bulwark for the cause of men," and, great though her faults might be, "Earth's best hopes" rested all on her. Yet the danger was very great. In another sonnet he describes how from a hollow in the cliffs of Dover he could see through the clear air the coast of France:—

> "The coast of France how near,
> Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood,
> I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood

Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is there,
What mightiness, for evil or for good!"

The salvation of a country, commented the poet, depended on the moral qualities of its people rather than on natural barriers to invasion. Only wisdom and virtue could make those barriers effective defences.

"Winds blow, and waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and power, and deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing. One decree
Spake law to them, and said that by the soul
Only, the nations shall be great and free."

At times, it is obvious, Wordsworth doubted whether Englishmen were virtuous and wise enough for the task laid upon them. It seemed a degenerate age. England was given up to selfishness and the pursuit of wealth. Plain living and high thinking were no more. "Monied worldlings" were full of dismay, though labouring men faced the prospect of invasion with cheerful courage. England needed men of the character of Milton and the Puritans to raise the spirit of the nation to the high and serious temper the times demanded. If her rulers were wise, upright, and valiant, she need not fear even though she stood alone.

Many Englishmen thought that they had such a ruler in the person of Pitt. Canning's verses on "The Pilot who Weathered the Storm," written in 1802, expressed the feelings of confidence and

hope with which Pitt's adherents regarded him when he was out of office, but likely to be called again to the helm of the State. The verses on Pitt's death which Scott inserted in the introduction to "Marmion" express the national regret for an irreparable loss. For a moment it had seemed as if Fox might replace his great rival and become the representative of the nation instead of a party leader. Tory though Scott was, he coupled Fox's name with Pitt's, and lamented both together. He held that though Fox had misemployed his great talents in the earlier part of his life, the last year of it had made amends. His courage in breaking off the negotiation with Napoleon in 1806 atoned for all. "Record that Fox a Briton died," and, when all the European Powers had been overthrown by Napoleon,

> "Stood for his country's glory fast,
> And nailed her colours to the mast."

Neither Fox nor Pitt realised Wordsworth's ideal of the statesman the time required. He admired Fox for his largeness of heart, but denied him the highest intellectual qualities. The lines which he wrote upon the death of Fox expressed sympathy with the feelings of others rather than personal sorrow. Many thousands were sad, because the man was dying who was their stay and their glory, but the poet felt merely that a power was passing from the earth, and accepted it as part of the order of Nature.

In a letter on the death of Fox, Wordsworth

summed up his opinion of Fox's rival. "Mr. Pitt is also gone, by tens of thousands looked upon in like manner as a great loss. For my own part, as you probably know, I have never been able to regard his political life with complacency. I believe him to have been as disinterested a man, and as true a lover of his country as it was possible for so ambitious a man to be. His first wish (though probably unknown to himself) was that his country should prosper under his administration, his next that it should prosper. Could the order of these wishes have been reversed, Mr. Pitt would have avoided many of the grievous mistakes into which I think he fell."[1]

The men of action of the time realised Wordsworth's ideal better than the statesmen. His "Character of the Happy Warrior" was suggested by Nelson's death, but he did not couple Nelson's name with it, because, though "many passages of these lines were suggested by what was excellent in his conduct," there were other things of which he could not think with satisfaction or approval. So he turned from the real to the ideal, and described what "every man in arms should wish to be." His conception was a generous spirit whose high aims were his inward light, whom the harsh necessities of his calling did not harden but only humanised and strengthened, who was faithful to his trust with singleness of heart.

"Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,

[1] Works, ed. Knight, x. 69.

From well to better, daily self-surpast;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause."

The high conception of duty and patriotism which was the keynote of Wordsworth's lines was common to many men of his age, both famous and unknown. Collingwood and Howe might have supplied some touches; Moore and Wellington others, and other soldiers as well as the sailors. Moore's death resembled that of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior." "You know that I have always wished to die this way," he said to a friend, and if, as the familiar lines say, there were some contemporaries who disparaged him, posterity has done justice both to his character and his achievement.

For while the fame of the great sailors was above party, the reputation of generals was debased or exalted, according to the judgment men made of the policy of those who sent them forth. Tory poets alone sang Wellington's praises. Scott's "Vision of Don Roderick" (1811), which celebrated Busaco, Albuera, and Barosa, began and ended with praise of Wellington. Croker wrote a poem on Talavera, of which Wellington said, "I did not know how a battle could be turned into anything so entertaining." Southey produced a poem called "The Poet's Pilgrimage

to Waterloo," of which no reader could make the same remark. Byron, on the other hand, while he devoted half a canto of "Childe Harold" to the Peninsular War and another half to Waterloo, made no allusion to Wellington in either, except a disparaging one. "His lofty Muse," complained Scott, "soared with all her brilliancy over the field of Waterloo without dropping even one leaf of laurel on the head of Wellington." It required thirty years of single-minded service to the State in time of peace to make Wellington's countrymen appreciate the mingled greatness and simplicity of his character and his unswerving devotion to duty. So the finest tribute of poetry to him was a posthumous one, when Tennyson in his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" drew the figure of a real man fit to stand beside Wordsworth's ideal warrior.

At the time of the great war the figure of Napoleon filled the imagination of his foes, and the wonder of his fall overshadowed the glory of his conqueror. Southey's ballad on Napoleon's march to Moscow exults over the defeat of the bugbear of English children as a child might exult. His "Carmen Triumphale" and his "Ode written during the Negotiations with Bonaparte in January 1814" are cries for vengeance on the scourge of mankind, and against making any terms with him.

> "Who counsels peace when vengeance like a flood
> Rolls on, no longer now to be repressed?"

This exultation at Napoleon's fall helps us to

measure the severity of the prolonged struggle, and the relief the English people felt when it ended.

"I remember," writes Harriet Martineau, who was a child at the time, "my father's bringing in the news of some of the Peninsular victories, and what his face was like when he told my mother of the increase of the income-tax to ten per cent., and again, of the removal of the income-tax. I remember the proclamation of peace in 1814, and our all going to see the illuminations; those abominable transparencies, among the rest, which represented Bonaparte (always in green coat, white breeches, and boots) as carried to hell by devils, pitchforked into the fiery lake by the same attendants, or haunted by the Duc d'Enghien." [1]

It was not till the memories of the struggle had grown faint that it was possible for Englishmen to judge Napoleon with any sort of impartiality. Campbell's "Napoleon and the British Sailor" is interesting as an attempt to bring out the more generous side of Napoleon's character, but it was not written till many years after the Emperor's death. So, too, some of the interest of Byron's poems about Napoleon lies in the poet's freedom from the natural prejudices of his countrymen. His "Ode to Napoleon" was written in 1814 on the news of the abdication at Fontainebleau, which seemed the end of the great drama. In the ode it is not the enemy

[1] Harriet Martineau, "Autobiography," i. 79.

of England but the wonder of the world Byron thinks of. Napoleon is to him a psychological problem more attractive in the moment of his fall than he was at the height of his fortunes, and the abdication is a surprising and hardly intelligible act of weakness. Yet though somewhat disillusioned as to the greatness of Napoleon's character, Byron in the "Age of Bronze" described Waterloo as a "bloody and most bootless" victory, "won half by blunder, half by treachery." In a poem written at the time, said to be translated from the French, he spoke of it as a blow to liberty.

> "We do not curse thee, Waterloo,
> Though freedom's blood thy plains bedew."

In "Childe Harold" he predicted that "reviving thraldom" would be one of its results. For like quite half the Whig party he had regarded the revival of the war with France as unnecessary, the proscription of the ruler whom France had chosen as a crime, and the league of Europe against that ruler as a conspiracy of despots against freedom. During the period of repression which followed 1815 he was never weary of scoffing at the Holy Alliance and its leaders: the "Holy Three," as he called the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. In the "Age of Bronze" he attacked with special vehemence the Emperor Alexander, "the imperial dandy" and liberal-minded autocrat,

> "With no objection to true liberty,
> Except that it would make the nations free."

Byron erected aversion to monarchy into a principle. "The king-times are fast finishing" he said in one of his letters, and in another declared that he had simplified his politics "into an utter detestation of all existing governments." But Byron was not moved simply by democratic enthusiasm; he represents better than any other poet English sympathy for the national movements which culminated in the revolution of 1820. The historic past appealed to him and inspired him. In "Childe Harold" he had expressed the feeling naturally roused by the contrast between the ancient glories of Italy and Greece and their present servitude to foreign masters. He reminded the Greeks there that their freedom must be won by their own exertions.

> "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
> Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?"

In another poem, "The Giaour," he urged them to rise against the Turks, and to remember that

> "Freedom's battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft is ever won."

This was eight or nine years before the Greeks rose in arms. In 1821, when the War of Independence was just beginning, he published his "Isles of Greece," and in 1824, four years before the treaty which secured Greek freedom, he died in its cause at Missolonghi.

Other national movements, too, attracted the sympathy of English poets. In January 1820 a revolu-

tion began in Spain, followed in July by a similar movement in Naples, each ending in the attainment of a short-lived constitution. Shelley hailed in his "Ode to Liberty" the birth of Spanish freedom, and in his "Ode to Naples" the awakening of Italy. In 1822 he published his "Hellas," which he termed "a dramatic poem upon the contest then raging in Greece—a sort of imitation of the 'Persæ' of Æschylus." Shelley saw the Italian movement suppressed by the arms of Austria—the "legions of the Anarchs of the North," whose coming he had foretold. But he died too soon to see the French intervention in Spain and the end of the Spanish constitution, or the destruction of the Turkish navy, which he had described by anticipation in "Hellas."

English sympathy with the constitutional and national movements on the Continent was not at first very strong or widespread. In the years which followed the close of the great war our people was intent on its own affairs. Political and economic questions of the first importance demanded settlement. The nation was overburdened with taxes. The National Debt was over eight hundred and sixty millions. Both in towns and in country there was widespread distress amongst the labouring classes. Finally, the questions of the emancipation of the Catholics and the reform of the system of parliamentary representation could not any longer be left unsettled. The Government was unable to remedy some of

these evils, and unwilling to remedy others; hence came universal discontent, sedition, and needlessly severe measures of repression. The social and economic conditions of those years can be excellently illustrated from the poets. Crabbe, for instance, in "The Village," published in 1783, "The Parish Register," in 1807, and "The Borough," published in 1810, described with minute fidelity to fact the life of the labourer and the fate of the pauper. His picture of "the house that holds the parish poor" is worth a whole treatise on the working of the old poor-law. In 1815 the position of the labouring classes was made still worse by the practical prohibition of the import of foreign corn, which supplied convincing proof of the selfishness of the governing classes, and added fresh fuel to the discontent of the people. Byron's denunciation of "the landed interest" in his "Age of Bronze" was not undeserved. During the war the price of corn had continually risen, and fresh land had been brought under tillage. After the peace the case was altered; corn fell and rents went down. Poor land which had been reclaimed went out of cultivation; rich land produced smaller profits; prosperous farmers became poor, and landlords found their income diminished. Byron sneered at the complaints of the country gentlemen about the badness of the times. Their whole object in life, he declared, was to keep up their rents.

> "The Peace has made one general malcontent
> Of these high-market patriots: war was rent."

The Corn Law of 1815 failed to stimulate agriculture, while it aggravated the sufferings of the poor. Distress and discontent became universal, and the cry for parliamentary reform grew stronger every year. In 1819 the Manchester Massacre, or "battle of Peterloo," took place, followed later in the year by the passing of the Six Acts. Peterloo inspired Shelley's "Masque of Anarchy" and his "Men of England." In the one he appealed to Englishmen to rise against their tyrants; in the other he denounced the ministers, and personified Castlereagh, Eldon, and Sidmouth as Murder, Fraud, and Hypocrisy. Shelley's fiery verses were not published till many years later, but they illustrate the temper roused by the refusal of reforms and the attempt to suppress political agitation. It seemed possible that discontent might ripen into revolution. There is a passage in the autobiography of Harriet Martineau which supplies a commentary on the political situation and on the verses of the poets:—

"I was more impressed still with the disappointment about the effects of the peace, at the end of the first year of it. The country was overrun with disbanded soldiers, and robbery and murder were frightfully frequent and desperate. The Workhouse Boards were under a pressure of pauperism which they could not have managed if the Guardians had been better informed than they were in those days; and one of my political panics (of which I underwent a constant succession) was that the country would become bank-

rupt through its poor-law. Another panic was about revolution—our idea of revolution being, of course, of guillotines in the streets and all that sort of thing. Those were Cobbett's grand days, and the days of Castlereagh and Sidmouth spy-systems and conspiracies. Our pastor was a great radical ; and he used to show us the caricatures of the day . . . in which Castlereagh was always flogging Irishmen, and Canning spouting forth, and the Regent insulting his wife, and the hungry, haggard multitude praying for vengeance on the Court and the Ministers ; and every Sunday night, after supper, when he and two or three other bachelor friends were with us, the talk was of the absolute certainty of a dire revolution." [1]

Satire, pictorial and literary, was the natural outcome of popular discontent, and the odium which the Government had incurred was shared by the monarchy. Even George the Third's misfortune could not protect him from the shafts of Byron. A year after that king's death, Southey published a dull poem in English hexameters called "A Vision of Judgment." It described the resurrection of George III and his judgment. Satan appeared against him, and called Wilkes and Junius as witnesses. The spirit of Washington, however, deposed so strongly in his favour, that George obtained admission to heaven, and was welcomed by a crowd of British monarchs and British worthies—William III and Richard I and Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare, Kirke White, John

[1] Harriet Martineau, "Autobiography," i. 80.

Wesley, Captain Cook, and the Duke of Marlborough.

> "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and ye everlasting portals,
> Be ye lift up! For lo, a glorified monarch approacheth,
> One who in righteousness reigned and religiously governed his people."

Byron parodied the "Vision of Judgment," and put in the mouth of Satan the Whig view of the late king. The accuser freely admitted George's private virtues: he was a constant consort and a decent sire. On the other hand,

> "He ever warred with freedom and the free:
> Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,
> So that they uttered the word 'liberty,'
> Found George the Third their first opponent."

Satan did not forget to mention George the Third's opposition to Catholic emancipation, or to point out that it was a consideration which should have special weight with St. Peter, who combined the functions of judge and doorkeeper. Byron's estimate of George III is a good deal nearer the truth than Southey's, and agrees precisely with that of Sir Samuel Romilly, who wrote in his Diary in 1809, after hearing a sermon very like Southey's poem, "I doubt whether the history of mankind can furnish an example of a good man seated on a throne, who, in the course of a long reign, has done less for the happiness of any portion of his subjects."[1]

George IV fared no better at Byron's hands than

[1] ii. 128, ed. 1842.

his father had done. Ever since the Regent's desertion of the Whigs in 1812 he had been the constant butt of the Whig satirists. Moore's parody of the letter in which he announced his intention of keeping the Perceval ministry in office was the first of a long series of poems and epistles, in which the person and the doings of the Prince were ridiculed. If the Regent had been true to his pledges, Catholic emancipation would have been carried about 1813 instead of being deferred till 1829. Hence there was something particularly revolting to a hater of shams in George the Fourth's effusive protestations of his love for Ireland and its people. This helps to explain the vehemence with which, in "The Irish Avatar," Byron assailed that king's visit to Ireland.

"He comes, the Messiah of royalty comes,
Like a goodly Leviathan rolled from the waves;
Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves.

Spread, spread, for Vitellius the royal repast,
Till the gluttonous despot be stuffed to the gorge,
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last,
The Fourth of the fools and oppressors called George."

Of the ministers of George IV two in particular attracted the hatred or affection of their contemporaries—Castlereagh and Canning. Byron attacked Castlereagh with a savagery which cannot be justified, both while that statesman was alive and after his death. It is explained by the fact that, while Liverpool was the nominal chief of the Tory ministry which held power from 1812

to 1827, Castlereagh was until 1822 its real head. "Put all these other men together in one scale and poor Castlereagh in the other—single he plainly weighed them down," wrote his adversary Brougham. The hostility of the ministry to political reforms at home and to national movements abroad was therefore attributed to Castlereagh. It is certain, however, that in his foreign policy Castlereagh was not the subservient accomplice of the Holy Alliance which contemporary opponents believed him to be. There was less difference between the policy of Castlereagh and that of Canning than people supposed. But while Castlereagh diplomatically protested against the schemes of the great continental powers, Canning did not hesitate to defy them openly, and to appeal to English public opinion against them. Canning's support of the constitutional party in Portugal by British troops, his sympathy with the cause of the Greek insurgents, and his recognition of the independence of the South American republics acquired him a popularity which no English minister had enjoyed since Pitt, and which was not limited to England. "Mourn not for him," wrote Praed, "but rather for those

> Whose rights his arm defended,
> Whose foes were his and freedom's foes
> Where'er their names were blended."

The two great legislative reforms of George the Fourth's reign, namely, the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts in 1828 and the Emancipa-

tion of the Catholics in 1829, took place after Canning's death. Incidents in the history of the movement for the relief of Catholics may be copiously illustrated from the writings of Moore and Praed, but the squibs they poured forth in profusion are of such an ephemeral nature, and so full of personal and topical allusions, that they are of no lasting significance or general interest. Fortunately, there is more adequate expression in poetry of the feelings with which the Reform Bill of 1832 was regarded by both parties to the struggle. Ebenezer Elliott gave utterance to the passions and the hopes of the unenfranchised multitude. In the verses entitled "Reform" he denounced the Tories as the enemies of the human race, who knew no interest but their own, and, in its pursuit, turned every good thing God had made to a bane and a mockery. The verses entitled "A Battle Song" must not be regarded as merely figurative. It seems clear that Elliott, like many other ardent reformers, anticipated that an actual appeal to arms would be necessary before the victory of the people could be attained. On the other hand, the hymn sung by the political unions at their mass meetings breathed a firm reliance on the power of peaceful combination to secure the end in view.

> "God is our guide, no sword we draw,
> We kindle not war's battle-fires,
> By union, justice, reason, law,
> We claim the birthright of our sires."[1]

[1] See p. 116, and compare Martineau's "History of the Peace," ii. 465

Amongst Tennyson's early poems there are three which excellently express the misgivings with which men of moderate views regarded the triumph of democracy. Their author was not an opponent of the Reform Bill—he rang the bells of his father's church to celebrate its passing—but he had before his mind the disasters which might come from the struggle between the new forces and the old. He conceived constitutional freedom as the result of a gradual process —something which "slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent." It was the statesman's business, he held, to facilitate this process of slow and peaceful development by carrying, in due season, the law which incorporated the new element in the old fabric. In a poem entitled "The Statesman," written about 1834, but not published till much later, Tennyson drew the character of a conservative reformer, and the description applies very well to Sir Robert Peel.

> "Not he that breaks the dams, but he
> That through the channels of the state
> Convoys the people's wish is great,
> His name is pure, his fame is free:
>
> He cares, if ancient usage fade,
> To shape, to settle, to repair,
> With seasonable changes fair
> And innovation grade by grade.' [1]

The statesman, according to Tennyson, must carry out the wish of the people, but must distinguish

[1] "Memoir of Tennyson," pp. 93, 697.

between the people and "the herd," whom every sophister could mislead. He must be as indifferent to "the clap of hands" as to the baying of "the dogs of faction."

There was never more need for a statesman than during the period between the passing of the first Reform Bill and the Repeal of the Corn Laws. The social reforms which should have followed that great measure of political enfranchisement were slow in coming, and much more difficult to achieve than the political reforms which the Whigs succeeded in carrying. The economic and social evils of the time were of long standing and deeply rooted. Some things were achieved nevertheless. The Factory Acts of 1844 and 1847 were carried by the pressure of public opinion against the official leaders of Whigs and Tories. Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in August 1843, helped to create the feeling which made the restriction of child-labour possible. Hood's "Song of the Shirt," published in the Christmas Number of *Punch* for 1843, called attention to another form of suffering, which it has proved more difficult to remedy by legislation. Kingsley's ballad on the game laws and the housing of the country labourers, inserted in a novel published in 1848, furnishes another example of the zeal with which poets undertook to awaken the nation to the defects of the existing social system. The masses believed that the economic and social evils under which

they suffered were the fault of their rulers. Party government was blamed. "It seems to me the vainest jangling, this of the Peels and Russells," wrote Carlyle. Out of this feeling of dissatisfaction and disillusionment sprang the Chartist movement—an attempt to produce by fresh alterations in political machinery the general well-being which the Reform Bill had failed to secure.

The poets of the Chartist movement were Thomas Cooper and Ernest Jones, but half its leaders seem to have written verse.[1] The peculiar note of their poetry is the mixture of fierce denunciation of the abuses and oppressions of the time with a fervid conviction of rapid and certain triumph. Cooper sings:

'The time shall come when wrong shall end,
When peasant to peer no more shall bend,
When the lordly Few shall lose their sway,
And the Many no more their frown obey.
Toil, brothers, toil, till the work is done—
Till the struggle is o'er, and the Charter won!"

Or again;

"Truth is growing; hearts are glowing
With the flame of Liberty.
Light is breaking, thrones are quaking—
Hark, the trumpet of the free!"

After the collapse of the Chartist movement in 1848 there was less talk about the immediate triumph of democracy, but the persistent faith of

[1] There is a representative selection from their verses in "Songs of Freedom," edited by H. S. Salt (The Canterbury Poets).

its champions found fit utterance in the verses of Gerald Massey, a poet of higher flight and wider range than the rest.

> "High hopes, that burned like stars sublime,
> Go down i' the Heaven of Freedom,
> And true hearts perish in the time
> We bitterliest need 'em;
> But never sit we down and say
> There's nothing left but sorrow;
> We walk the wilderness to-day,
> The promised land to-morrow."

A similar optimism characterised other poets of the day. The agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, which went on at the same time as the Chartist movement, and triumphed in 1846, drew its strength from the middle classes. The poetry of the movement began and ended with Ebenezer Elliott. Bright and Cobden did not write verses, yet faith in the beneficent results of free trade on international relations, and in the civilising results of commerce generally, not only inspired those leaders and their followers, but became for the moment the creed of the majority of Englishmen. There is an echo of this in Tennyson's "Golden Year," which was written in 1846. One of the characters in it predicts that a time is coming

> "When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
> But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
> In many streams to fatten lower lands,
> And light shall spread, and man be liker man
> Thro' all the season of the golden year. . . .

Fly happy happy sails, and bear the Press;
Fly happy with the mission of the Cross;
Knit land to land, and blowing havenward
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,
Enrich the markets of the golden year."

The great Exhibition of 1851 was designed to be a demonstration in favour of peace and goodwill amongst nations, based on the ties of commerce. Similar motives inspired the Exhibition of 1862, and found expression in the ode written by Tennyson to be sung at its opening.

In it he bade wise statesmen to loosen the last remaining chains of commerce,

"And let the fair white-winged peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours;
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth and crown'd with all her flowers."

The optimists were mistaken, or at least their hopes were premature, as the events of the decade intervening between the two exhibitions must have shown them. The period which followed the triumph of free trade in England was a period of intermittent war in Europe. Counting from the French Revolution of 1848 to the Treaty of Berlin, there were in thirty years, exclusive of minor struggles, six European wars, namely, those of 1848, 1854, 1859, 1866, 1870, 1877. As if to prove that nations do not live by cheap bread alone, all these

were more or less racial conflicts, arising, in the main, from the aspirations of various races towards national unity or freedom from a foreign rule.

England took part in one only of these six wars —not that Englishmen had lost the sympathy with national and constitutional movements which had existed in the days of Byron and Canning. The progress of democracy in England had rather strengthened and deepened the interest which the struggles of other peoples for freedom aroused amongst us. The poets reflected this feeling. For instance, the gallant attempt of the Poles to recover their independence in 1830 called forth two poems from Campbell. In one he upbraided England, France, and Germany for their indifference to a cause that was the cause of justice and liberty, in another he reproached them with their folly in not resisting the threatening growth of Russia.[1] The sufferings of the Poles inspired Ebenezer Elliott to write "The Polish Fugitives" and "A Song in Exile." One of Tennyson's early sonnets was an impassioned exhortation to the Poles to overthrow their oppressors, and another on the same topic ended with the prayer that England may be forgiven for not preventing the partition of Poland.

> "Us, O Just and Good,
> Forgive, who smiled when she was torn in three;
> Us, who stand now, when we should aid the right—
> A matter to be wept with tears of blood!"

English sympathy went out in the same way in

[1] "Lines on Poland" and "The Power of Russia." Campbell, Poems, ed. Robertson, pp. 218, 223.

1848 to Kossuth and the Hungarians in their struggle against Austria, and when the Sultan refused to surrender the defeated leaders of the insurrection, Landor addressed an epistle in verse to "Meshid the Liberator." Landor, who lived in Italy, wrote also many poems in praise of the Italian patriots, or in celebration of incidents in their long conflict. The lines in which Clough commemorated the hopeless but heroic defence of Peschiera summed up the verdict of England on the failure of 1848–9, that it was better to have fought and lost than not to have dared and suffered.

An anthology[1] has been put together from the works of English friends of Italy, and includes poems by Gerald Massey, Sidney Dobell, and many more, but the two Brownings occupy the largest place in it.

> "Open my heart, and you will see
> Graved inside of it Italy,"

wrote Robert Browning, and Mrs. Browning might have said the same. The fervid enthusiasm with which the latter exulted over the deliverance of Lombardy in 1859 reflected, though in a somewhat exaggerated form, the general satisfaction with which that event was hailed in England. Lord John Russell, in his famous despatch of 27th October 1860, vindicated, on the principles of our own revolution of 1688, the right of

[1] "The Englishman in Italy." Being a collection of verses written by some of those who have loved Italy. Arranged by George Wollaston. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1909.

oppressed nations to throw off the yoke of their rulers, and gave the diplomatic support of England to the Tuscans and Sicilians. The poets could claim that they, too, had contributed to the emancipation of Italy by helping to create the feeling in its favour which they expressed. The policy of non-intervention had never commended itself to them. Rossetti's sonnet "On Refusal of Aid between Nations," written about 1849, is a denunciation of the narrow conception of international politics, which would prohibit interference to prevent injustice or oppression. Mrs. Browning, in her unreserved praise of Louis Napoleon and France for assisting Sardinia against Austria, suggested a new conception of national duty.

> "Happy are all free nations too strong to be dispossessed,
> But blessed are they among nations which dare to be strong for the rest."

The sympathy of England for the Italians and their cause is a curious contrast to her attitude at this time towards the Greeks and the Christian peoples subject to the Turks. At first sight the Crimean War seems a kind of anomaly. England, it might be said, had forgotten the traditions of Canning and Byron when it took the side of Turkey. But the old sympathy with the subject races of Eastern Europe was not really dead; it showed its strength once more in 1877 and 1878, when it prevented a second version of the Crimean War. In 1854, however, this sympathy

was checked by hostility to Russia. Since 1815 that Power had been the champion of despotism in Europe, and to the popular mind the Russian Emperor was the oppressor of the Poles and Hungarians, and his patronage of the Greeks and Servians seemed merely a cloak for ambition. The hero of Tennyson's "Maud" talked of a righteous war "to make an iron tyranny bend or cease," and prophesied that "God's just wrath shall be wreaked on a giant liar." In another passage the general reaction against the policy of peace and non-intervention found expression in lines which contemporaries regarded as aimed at Bright and Cobden:

> "Last week came one to the county town,
> To preach our poor little army down,
> And play the game of the despot kings,
> Though the state has done it and thrice as well:
> This broad-brimmed hawker of holy things,
> Whose ear is crammed with his cotton, and rings
> Even in dreams to the chink of his pence . . ."

Mr. Gladstone, in a review of "Maud," complained that it glorified "the war spirit" too much, to which Tennyson replied that it was a dramatic lyric, and that the sentiments of the hero must not be mistaken for those of the author. Tennyson, however, was warlike enough at the time. Besides writing "The Charge of the Light Brigade," of which he had a thousand copies separately printed for the soldiers in the Crimea, he began poems on Alma and Inkerman, which he never finished. Later still, in the Epilogue

to "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," which was published in 1882, he justified war in the abstract, on the ground that there were times, when man

> "Needs must fight
> To make true peace his own,
> He needs must combat might with might,
> Or Might would rule alone."

France had been England's ally in the Crimean War, but both before and after that event the two countries were more than once on the verge of a breach. On both sides of the Channel the great war had left memories that were not lightly forgotten and suspicions that were easily aroused. Englishmen applauded the revolution of 1830, but could not understand that of 1848. The Bourbons were so like the Stuarts, and Charles X so closely resembled our James II, that their ejection was intelligible enough; but to raise the House of Orleans to the throne, only to overthrow it again, argued instability in the character of the French people, and a purposeless lust for change. In England, wrote Tennyson, there was in the nation

> "Some sense of duty, something of a faith,
> Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,
> Some patient force to change them when we will,
> Some civic manhood firm against the crowd—
> But yonder, whiff! there comes a sudden heat,
> The gravest citizen seems to lose his head,
> The King is scared, the soldiers will not fight,
> The little boys begin to shoot and stab,

The kingdom topples over with a shriek
Like an old woman, and down rolls the world
In mock heroics."

When Louis Napoleon in December 1851 overthrew the newly founded republic, and established in its place an empire based on military force, the situation was altered. It was no laughing matter now. Englishmen could not but condemn the treacherous and violent destruction of a free constitution, nor could they see, without some apprehension, the erection of a military despotism so close to their shores. Lord Derby and two other peers rebuked the English newspapers for the vigour with which they denounced the *coup d'état*, and said it might cause a war with France. In the lines entitled "The Third of February 1852" Tennyson vindicated the press, and declared that England was the only free state left in Europe, and must, at any risk, speak out in defence of freedom.

In a second poem, "Hands all Round," he called on honest men all over the world to drink confusion to tyrants, and in a third exhorted his countrymen to learn the use of the rifle. The result of the danger of war was the reorganisation of the militia, raised by the Bill of 1852 to eighty thousand men, and the turning out of Lord John Russell's Government, because it did not propose a measure strong enough for the emergency. Even the alliance of France with England against Russia did not remove the suspicions with which the Government of Napoleon III was regarded.

He was too adventurous and too inscrutable to be trusted.

> "We have got such a faithful ally
> That only the Devil can tell what he means,"

wrote Tennyson, and in another poem asked,

> "How can a despot feel with the free?"

In 1859 there was another alarm of invasion, and in his "Riflemen Form!" Tennyson appealed to Englishmen to forget their disputes about constitutional changes and think of national defence.

> "Let your reforms for a moment go,
> Look to your butts and take good aims,
> Better a rotten borough or so
> Than a rotten fleet and a city in flames."

The volunteer movement was the outcome of this feeling of insecurity, but the conclusion of a commercial treaty with France in 1860 restored better relations between the two countries, and with the great Exhibition of 1862 the hopes of the reign of peace revived.

So far as Europe was concerned, these hopes were not justified: the Seven Weeks' War, the Franco-German War, and the Russo-Turkish War proved that. But for England there now began a period of more than thirty years in which there was no great struggle to distract the nation from domestic affairs, though there were little wars in Asia and Africa, and moments when a conflict with some European Power or other seemed probable. Those who had predicted the triumph of

democracy proved true prophets. One constitutional change followed another. The Ballot Act of 1872 realised one of the six points set forth in the "People's Charter," which had been the popular programme in 1838, while manhood suffrage and equal electoral districts have been since practically attained. Most of the Chartist leaders lived to see the Reform Bill of 1867, which added rather more than a million voters to the electorate, and some saw the Reform Bill of 1884, which increased the electorate from three millions to five. Judged by their numerical results, both these measures were more important than the Bill of 1832, which increased the electorate by less than half a million. But they did not mark the end of an era as that measure had done, and they did not stir the passions of the nation as deeply. Accordingly they left less mark on the literature of the time. In its poets they roused fears rather than hopes. Coventry Patmore, incidentally referring to the Bill of 1867, wrote, "In this year the upper and middle classes were disfranchised by Mr. Disraeli's Government, and the final destruction of the liberties of England by the Act of 1884 rendered inevitable." In verse he described 1867 as

> "The year of the great crime,
> When the false English nobles and their Jew,
> By God demented, slew
> The trust they stood twice pledged to keep from wrong."

Another poet, Tennyson, voted for the Reform Bill of 1884, but with much hesitation. It seemed dangerous to him, because it marked the beginning

of great social changes, but from the dangers which he foresaw he believed that "English common-sense" would save us, "if our statesmen be not idiotic." But he feared "the lawless crowd," the "party cry," invented to lead the people astray, and the demagogues:

> "Men loud against all forms of power,
> Unfurnished brows, tempestuous tongues
> Expecting all things in an hour,
> Brass mouths and iron lungs."

The verses on "Freedom" which Tennyson wrote in 1884 form a sequel to the political verses he wrote in 1834.

Younger men had none of these fears. Swinburne's republican enthusiasm, however, is of less significance in English politics than the socialist lyrics of William Morris. "O ye rich men hear and tremble," said Morris in his "March of the Workers," and talked of a "world new-builded" after a battle and a storm that were to bring deliverance to the toilers.

There has been no Armageddon yet, and the world has not been materially altered by the extension of the franchise. But the old theory of the functions of the State has been definitely superseded by a wider conception of its powers and duties, and legislation of all kinds in the interest of the working classes has followed. Education, for instance, instead of being left to sectarian bodies assisted by subsidies, has been directly undertaken by the State—primary education in 1870, secondary still more recently.

Unhappily, these measures came too late: they followed instead of preceding the extension of the franchise. "Deliver not the tasks of might to weakness," wrote Tennyson about the time of the first Reform Bill, but this is just what our statesmen did when they gave political power to the masses without any serious effort to fit them for its use.

In no nation under the sun was education more needed, for in none had fate imposed larger responsibilities on the individual citizen. When the great war with France began, England had few colonies, and those sparsely inhabited, and she had only the first beginnings of empire in India. Before the close of the next century our island had become the nucleus of a number of free states and the ruler of a hundred alien races. The two processes by which our dominions in Asia and Africa were acquired, and our colonies built up into states, went on simultaneously with the development of democracy in England. Statisticians have tried to estimate the magnitude of these processes in figures. It is calculated, for instance, that the area of the British Empire was one and a half million square miles in 1800, four and a half million square miles in 1850, and over eleven million square miles in 1900. Another calculation is that its population was twenty millions in 1800, a hundred and sixty millions in 1850, and three hundred and ninety millions in 1900. A third computes the white population of our colonies at less than one million when the

century began, and about eleven millions when it ended. Figures, however, are a very imperfect method of estimating facts, and it is better to try and trace the impression which the facts produced on the minds of men.

Some poets were attracted by the stirring incidents which marked the rise of our Eastern Empire. In "The Red Thread of Honour" and "The Private of the Buffs" Sir Francis Doyle exalted the fortitude of the British soldier, and in "The Wreck of the 'Birkenhead'" his discipline and devotion to duty. It was by these qualities, not by greater material resources, he said, that our dominion had been won and must be maintained.

> "Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed,
> Vain those all-shattering guns,
> Unless proud England keep untamed
> The strong heart of her sons."

A strong heart in a foe appealed to Doyle as much as in men of his own race, and in "Mehrab Khan" he celebrated the chivalrous spirit and high courage of the conquered. Another poet, Sir Alfred Lyall, showed what British rule, with its substitution of peace for anarchy, meant to the natives of India. In his "Old Pindaree" he pictured a fighting man's regrets for the days when the strongest sword was master, and traders and tillers of the soil were its natural prey. Judging from literature, the existence of our dominion in India hardly entered into the thoughts of the English people in general until the Mutiny of 1857, and the direct assumption of government

by the English Crown in 1859, obliged them to realise the fact. A line in "Locksley Hall" and a stanza in the "Ode on the Duke of Wellington" are the only references to India in Tennyson's earlier poems. Browning, wrapped up in Italy, had only a casual allusion for "Vishnuland." Much that happened during the Mutiny, the feelings it inspired, and nearly all the contemporary verse it evoked are things best forgotten. The event in 1857 which one would most willingly remember was the defence of Lucknow, commemorated by Tennyson in 1879. In "Akbar's Dream," written twelve years later, Tennyson found in the rule of the greatest of the Moguls a parallel for the universal toleration established by the English Government in India:

> "Through all the vast dominion which a sword,
> That only conquers men to conquer peace,
> Has won us."

At that time Tennyson was much interested in speculations about the contact of Eastern and Western thought, and the results which it might have for both civilisations. One phase of Eastern thought he endeavoured to interpret in the poem mentioned. Other phases were made familiar to English readers by FitzGerald in his "Omar Khayyám," of which the first version appeared in 1859, and by Edwin Arnold in his "Light of Asia," published in 1870.

Side by side with the acquisition of an empire in India proceeded the foundation of colonies beyond the seas, and the building up of new states

under the British flag. The movement which populated these colonies began in the latter part of the eighteenth century. About the beginning of the reign of George III many thousand emigrants left Northern Ireland for America. In "The Traveller," which was published in 1764, Goldsmith described the Irish peasants:

> "Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
> To traverse climes beyond the western main."[1]

In "The Deserted Village," published six years later, he pictured their embarkation:

> "Good Heaven! what sorrows dimmed that parting day
> That called them from their native walks away;
> When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
> Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their last,
> And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
> For seats like these beyond the western main;
> And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
> Returned and wept, and still returned to weep . . .
> Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
> That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
> Downward they move, a melancholy band,
> Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand."[2]

About the same time began an emigration from the Highlands of Scotland, which attained greater dimensions and lasted longer. In "The Emigrant," written about 1773, Henry Erskine depicted in verse the feelings of an old Highlander, driven "by hard oppression" to leave his native hills to his chieftain's sheep and seek a strange land. A similar feeling inspired "The Highland Exile's

[1] "Traveller," lines 409–410.
[2] "Deserted Village," lines 363–370; 399–403.

Lament," written in Upper Canada about fifty years later by John Galt. During the nineteenth century this exodus from our islands attained greater dimensions. Between 1815 and 1906 seventeen millions of emigrants left them, of whom about a million and a half were Scots, five or six millions Irish, and the rest mostly of English birth.[1]

In England the chief cause of emigration was the depression of trade which followed the conclusion of the great war. In 1828 Campbell wrote some lines on the departure of emigrants for New South Wales, beginning:

> "On England's shore I saw a pensive band,
> With sails unfurled for earth's remotest strand,
> Like children parting from a mother, shed
> Tears for the land that could not yield them bread."

He bade them forget their sorrow in the prospect of a better future for their children. Hope, rather than regret for the old home, is the dominant note in the poetry of the English emigration. Charles Mackay's songs are full of it.

> "Here we had toil, and little to reward it,
> But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
> And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
> And endless meadows ripe with golden grain."

The land for which Mackay's emigrants sail is an indefinite country, but it is always a land of promise.

[1] These figures are not strictly accurate, since they include foreigners sailing from English ports, but they convey some idea of the extent of the movement. They are from Gonnard's *L'Emigration Européenne au XIX^e siècle*, p. 36.

"The long-sought happy soil
Where plenty spreads the board of toil . . .
The land where, if we ploughmen will,
We may possess the field we till."

Of these emigrants from our islands, it is calculated that some eleven millions went to the United States, and that rather less than six millions settled in British possessions. Campbell, though the stream of emigration was comparatively small in his day, and though he died before responsible government was fully established in the colonies, instinctively recognised what the results of the settlement would be. In some verses written about 1840, which he called "The Song of the Colonists departing for New Zealand," he represented them not merely as seeking to better themselves, but as conscious that they had a political mission. "We go," he made them declare, "to found a state," which is "one day like England's self to shine." In another poem he foretold the establishment in Australia of societies more democratic than their mother country:

"States with laws from Gothic bondage burst,
And creeds by chartered priesthoods unaccurst."

Other poets seem at first scarcely to have perceived the process which was taking place, or to have appreciated its true magnitude. In the fifties, and even later, politicians grumbled about the cost of defending and administering the colonies. "Millstones round our neck," a statesman called them in 1852. It was thought that we were overburdened already by domestic problems

and responsibilities. Matthew Arnold about 1860 pictured England by a depressing simile:

> "The weary Titan with deaf
> Ears and labour-dimmed eyes . . .
> Staggering on to her goal;
> Bearing, on shoulders immense,
> Atlantean, the load,
> Well-nigh not to be borne,
> Of the too vast orb of her fate . . ."[1]

During the next twenty years the position completely changed. People ceased to speak of the colonies as a burden: the conviction that they were a source of strength became general; those who had looked forward to seeing them independent of the mother country, and rejoiced in the prospect, changed their minds, or were silenced. In the Epilogue to "The Idylls of the King" Tennyson rebuked those who said Canada was too costly, and bade the Canadians "loose the bond and go."

> "Is this (he wrote) the tone of Empire? here the faith
> That makes us rulers? This, indeed her voice
> And meaning, whom the roar of Hougoumont
> Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven? . . .
> The voice of Britain or some sinking land,
> Some third-rate isle half lost among her seas?"

Again, in 1886, in the ode written for the opening of the Colonial Exhibition, he gave utterance to the feeling of the moment with his wonted felicity:

> "Sharers of our glorious past,
> Brothers, must we part at last?

[1] "Heine's Grave." Poems, ed. 1869, ii. 206.

Shall we not through good and ill
Cleave to one another still?

Britain's myriad voices call,
'Sons be welded, each and all,
Into one imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul.'"

Probably Tennyson would have figured England as a strong man rejoicing to run his race rather than a wearied giant. At all events, he did not fear the burden of empire for his country, though he sometimes feared that his countrymen might shrink from bearing it. He wrote of England as an island that knew not her own greatness.

"If she knows
And dreads it, we are fallen."

Our greatness might come to an end

"Through craven fear of being great."

Tennyson, however, did not exaggerate the strength of the British Empire. He perceived that there were elements of weakness in its imposing fabric. One danger permanently threatened a country that was no longer as self-sufficing as it had been when the century began. If in any crisis our fleet proved too weak to guard the seas, what would become of

"Our island myriads fed from alien lands?"

Dangers of another kind threatened from within —the sway of agitators over the unreasoning

crowd, the selfishness of the classes, or the ignorance of the masses:

> "That which knows, but careful for itself,
> And that which knows not, ruling that which knows,
> To its own harm."[1]

Sometimes his survey of England's future was clouded by doubts of the kind, yet he believed that the national character would save us in the end. "I have trust," he wrote, "in the reason of the English people, who have an inborn respect for law when they have time to reason; I believe in 'our crown'd republic's crowning common sense.'"[2]

One danger which Tennyson does not mention in his poetry, though he often referred to it in his conversation, was the movement for the repeal of the Union with Ireland. Throughout the nineteenth century the discontent of the Irish people and its results were a permanent source of weakness to the empire, as they are still. The Irish national movement took different political shapes at different times; its aim was sometimes complete independence, and at other times self-government in domestic affairs. It was mixed up with demands for the redress of various religious and economic grievances, now mostly redressed, but it represented an ideal which reforms failed to satisfy. Every phase of the movement found expression in literature. Moore claimed that by the memories

[1] See "To the Queen," "Freedom," "The Fleet," &c. Works, ed. 1898, pp. 474, 575, 577.
[2] Life, ed. 1899, p. 702.

and traditions he embodied in his "Irish Melodies" he was its beginner.

"Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song."

In songs, such as "The harp that once" and "Let Erin remember," he recalled the glories of a visionary past; in "When he who adores thee" and "She is far from the land" he shed the glamour of romance over the memories of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet. Even when he was writing a fantastic story like "Lalla Rookh" he contrived to clothe the aspirations of Irish patriotism in Oriental garb, and dexterously converted the episode of the Fire-worshippers into a political parable.

When the emancipation of the Catholics was achieved, O'Connell began the agitation for the repeal of the Union. Lytton, in his "Saint Stephen's," has left a description of one of the mass-meetings by which the great orator stirred the heart of the Irish people, and strove to convince the English Government of the necessity of yielding to their demand. The repeal movement was strengthened by the rise of a national literature. The writers of the Young Ireland party included in their ranks true poets, such as Mangan, Davis, and Ferguson, besides many whose verses were of political rather than of literary value. Inspired by a definite purpose instead of by a vague sentiment, they set out to teach the Irish people self-reliance

and self-confidence, in order to fit it for independence. They commemorated not only legendary heroes of the times before the English Conquest, but all the historical champions of national rights, from Hugh O'Neill, Owen Roe, and Sarsfield to the Irish Brigade and the men of Ninety-eight. So they developed the historic consciousness of the Irish nation, and strove to give it faith in its future in place of regret for its past.

The progress of the national movement was interrupted by the great famine of 1846–7, but it was not thereby stopped. Its later development links the history of the first half of the nineteenth century to the politics of to-day.

Here the difficulty of teaching nineteenth-century history becomes evident, but history cannot be truly and intelligently taught if live questions are of set purpose avoided. Treated with caution controversial questions must be, but it should not be difficult to treat them with fairness. It is best for the teacher to present them as open questions, setting forth plainly the aims of both parties in the struggle and stating their arguments, but not delivering *ex cathedra* judgments for the one or the other. His business is not to dictate opinions to his pupils, but to train them to understand facts, so that they may form intelligent opinions for themselves.

And since facts require for their perfect apprehension an effort of the imagination as well as an effort of the intellect, the poetry of an age

helps to interpret its history. The teacher contributes his part to the solution of vexed political problems when he shows the way in which they should be approached, and the manner in which they should be handled. He can create in future citizens the temper which makes constitutional government a success by teaching them to see both sides of a question.

C. H. FIRTH.

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# ENGLISH HISTORY IN ENGLISH POETRY

## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

### AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS COMMENCEMENT

*From* "The Prelude," Book XI

O PLEASANT exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
Upon our side, us who were strong in love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!—Oh! times,
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,
When most intent on making of herself
A prime Enchantress—to assist the work
Which then was going forward in her name!
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,
The beauty wore of promise, that which sets
(As at some moment might not be unfelt

Among the bowers of Paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown.
What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of ? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
The playfellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength
Their ministers—who in lordly wise had stirred
Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found there
As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it;—they too, who, of gentle mood,
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,
And in the region of their peaceful selves;—
Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty
Did both find, helpers to their heart's desire,
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish;
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

# FRANCE: AN ODE

1797

I

YE Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal can control!
Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth,
and sea,

Stamped her strong foot and said she would
be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The Monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain joined the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves,
Had swol'n the patriot emotion,
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and
groves;
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delayed and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;
But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud
scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!
Ye storms, that round the dawning east as-
sembled,
The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light!"

And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright;
When France her front deep-scarr'd and gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;
When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproached my fears that would not flee,
"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their own."

IV

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From Bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent—
I hear thy groans upon her bloodstained streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherished
One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!
To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
Where Peace her jealous home had built:

A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear:
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils,
Are these thy boasts, Champion of humankind?
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

V

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee),
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves.
And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,

Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
(1772–1834).

## THE FALL OF POLAND

*From* "The Pleasures of Hope," Part I

WARSAW'S last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh! Heaven, he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and, on the rampart-heights, arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low, murm'ring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:—
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career!—
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murm'ring far below;—
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay—
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Oh! Righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast,

Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!—
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn.

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven;
Prone to the dust oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844).

## ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee;
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.

She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe:
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,

Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

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

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844).

## HOHENLINDEN

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

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

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

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844).

## THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

1801

I

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

II

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:

It was ten of April morn by the chime;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

III

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV

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

V

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—

So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

VI

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII

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

VIII

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou :

Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844).

## THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM

IF hushed the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
The sky if no longer dark tempests deform,
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
No—here's to the pilot that weathered the storm!

At the footstool of Power let Flattery fawn;
Let Faction her idols extol to the skies;
To Virtue in humble retirement withdrawn,
Unblamed may the accents of gratitude rise!

And shall not *his* memory to Britain be dear,
Whose example with envy all nations behold?
A statesman unbiassed by interest or fear,
By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold!

Who, when terror and doubt through the universe reigned,
While rapine and treason their standards unfurled,

The hearts and the hopes of his country maintained,
And one kingdom preserved 'midst the wreck of the world!

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,
While the beams of the sun in full majesty shine;
When he sinks into twilight with fondness we gaze,
And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

So, Pitt, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall;
*Now* justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore;
Admired in thy zenith, but loved in thy fall.

O! take then—for dangers by wisdom repelled,
For evil by courage and constancy braved—
O! take, for a throne by thy counsels upheld,
The thanks of a people thy firmness has saved!

And O! if again the rude whirlwind should rise,
The dawnings of peace should fresh darkness deform,
The regrets of the good and the fears of the wise
Shall turn to the pilot that weathered the storm.

GEORGE CANNING (1770–1827).

## THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

TWO Voices are there ; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains ; each a mighty Voice :
In both from age to age, thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen Music, Liberty !
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

# II. THE PEACE OF AMIENS

## CALAIS, AUGUST 1802

IS it a reed that's shaken by the wind,
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?
Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree,
Men known, and men unknown, sick, lame, and
blind,
Post forward all, like creatures of one kind,
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee
In France, before the new-born Majesty.
'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,
A seemly reverence may be paid to power;
But that's a loyal virtue, never sown
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower:
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,
What hardship had it been to wait an hour?
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
O miserable Chieftain! where and when

Wilt thou find patience! Yet die not: do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## SEPTEMBER, 1802, NEAR DOVER

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm, and air was clear,
The coast of France,—the coast of France how near!
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## ENGLAND! THE TIME IS COME

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou shouldst
wean
Thy heart from its emasculating food;
The truth should now be better understood;
Old things have been unsettled; we have seen
Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been
But for thy trespasses; and, at this day,
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
Aught good were destined, thou would'st step
between.
England! all nations in this charge agree:
But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,
Far—far more abject, is thine Enemy:
Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight
Of thy offences be a heavy weight:
Oh grief that Earth's best hopes rest all with Thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF

IT is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands

Should perish ; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old :
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## SONNET

### IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY

AN INVASION BEING EXPECTED, OCTOBER 1803

SIX thousand veterans practised in war's game,
Tried men, at Killicranky were arrayed
Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
Shepherds and herdsmen.—Like a whirlwind came
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame ;
And Garry, thundering down his mountain-road
Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load
Of the dead bodies.—'Twas a day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
O for a single hour of that Dundee,
Who on that day the word of onset gave !
Like conquest would the Men of England see ;
And her Foes find a like inglorious grave.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## OCTOBER 1803

THESE times strike monied worldlings with
dismay:
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair:
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,
Then unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stinted or untilled are given,
Sound, healthy, children of the God of heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath:
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital,—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

# III. THE WAR, 1803–1815

## WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1802

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom! We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## LONDON 1802

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR

I LOVE contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story!

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanc'd to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
  Of birds to Britain half-way over
With envy ; they could reach the white,
  Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
  Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
  To England nearer.

At last, when care had banish'd sleep,
  He saw one morning—dreaming—doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
  Come shoreward floating ;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
  The live-long day laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
  By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
  Description wretched : such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
  Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
  It would have made the boldest shudder—
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeel'd,
  No sail, no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
  His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
And thus equipped he would have passed
  The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger;
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:—

"Rash man, that wouldst yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But—absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"You've both my favour fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844).

## CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every Man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn:
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

—'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows :
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must
fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
Whose powers shed round him in the common
strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :

—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is he
Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-
west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into
Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Tra-
falgar lay;
In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gib-
raltar grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me: how
can I help England?"—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812–1889).

## NOVEMBER 1806

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land

Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## LINES ON THE DEATHS OF PITT, FOX, AND NELSON

*From* The Introduction to "Marmion," Canto I

TO mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But oh! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise;
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasped the victor steel?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O Pitt, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart!
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave
Who victor died on Gadite wave;

To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given.
Where'er his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launched that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar ;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise ;
Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave
For Britain's sins, an early grave !
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself ;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strained at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,
The pride, he would not crush, restrained,
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm, to aid the freeman's laws.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand ;

By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright ;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne.
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill !

Oh think, how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claimed his prey,
With Palinure's unaltered mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held.
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way !
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallow'd day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, PITT, lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh ;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.

For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employed, and wanted most ;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below :
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppressed,
And sacred be the last long rest.
*Here*, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung ;
*Here*, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
"All peace on earth, good will to men ;"
If ever from an English heart,
O, *here* let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record, that FOX a Briton died !
When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave,
Was bartered by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,
The sullied olive-branch returned,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colours to the mast !

Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honour'd grave,
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
How high they soar'd above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and FOX alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tombed beneath the stone,
Where—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon FOX'S grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er PITT'S the mournful requiem sound,
And FOX'S shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,—
"Here let their discord with them die,

Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb ;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen ? "

Rest, ardent Spirits ! till the cries
Of dying Nature bid you rise ;
Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
The leaden silence of your hearse ;
Then, O, how impotent and vain
This grateful tributary strain !
Though not unmarked from northern clime,
Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme :
His Gothic harp has o'er you rung ;
The Bard you deigned to praise, your deathless
names has sung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771–1832).

## LINES

COMPOSED AT GRASMERE, DURING A WALK ONE EVENING, AFTER A STORMY DAY, THE AUTHOR HAVING JUST READ IN A NEWSPAPER THAT THE DISSOLUTION OF MR. FOX WAS HOURLY EXPECTED

1806

LOUD is the Vale ! the Voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone ;
A mighty unison of streams !
Of all her Voices, One !

Loud is the Vale; this inland depth
In peace is roaring like the sea;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
Importunate and heavy load!
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;
But when the great and good depart
What is it more than this—

That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## TO THOMAS CLARKSON

ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE, MARCH 1807

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to climb:
How toilsome—nay, how dire it was, by Thee
Is known—by none, perhaps, so feelingly;
But Thou, who starting in thy fervent prime,
Didst first lead forth this enterprise sublime,
Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,
First roused thee. O true yoke-fellow of Time,
Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
Is won, and by all nations shall be worn!
The blood-stained writing is for ever torn,
And thou henceforth wilt have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm Friend of humankind!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## WILBERFORCE

*From* "St. Stephen's," Part II

MARK next the man whom genius form'd to share
Pitt's lofty toils, and to his reign be heir;
With will as resolute, with heart as brave,
Temper more bland, and tongue more gently grave,

Tuned to a music as divinely sweet
As is the voice of Mercy : thus complete
In all the gifts that charm, instruct, and guide,
Apart from place lived Wilberforce, and died.
Wherefore ? He served a cause for which the hour
Was yet unripe. *Fore*-knowledge is *not* power.
Rare are such souls ; least rare in England. They
Form the vast viaducts of Truth ; their way
Sweeps high o'er trodden thoroughfares ; they knit
Hill-top with hill-top ; Hopes delay'd commit
To them the conduct of each patient cause
By which advance the races. Them, applause
Spurs not, nor scorn deters ; their faith concedes
No pliant compromise with courtlier creeds,
They cannot sit in councils that ignore
Or palter with their mission ; all their lore
Illumes one end for which strives all their will ;
Before their age they march invincible.
Oft in their lives by prosperous worldlings styled
Enthusiasts witless, or fanatics wild,
Each hour they live, their sober, serious strength
Works through Opinion its slow change ; at length
Yesterday's vain dream is to-day's clear fact
Fed from unnumbered rills, the cataract
Splits the obstructive rock, and bursts to-day,
And rainbows form their colours from its spray.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON
(1805–1873).

## THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him :
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

CHARLES WOLFE (1791-1823).

## TALAVERA

*From* "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto I

AWAKE ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar:
In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done:
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;

The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies ;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory !
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honoured fools!
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay !
Vain Sophistry ! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what ?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway ?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone ?

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
(1788–1824).

## 1811

HERE pause : the poet claims at least this praise,
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
In the worst moment of these evil days ;

From hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven lays,
For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.
Never may from our souls one truth depart—
That an accursed thing it is to gaze
On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye ;
Nor—touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt
For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
And justice labours in extremity—
Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

## ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

"Expende Annibalem :—quot libras in duce summo
Invenies ?"—JUVENAL, *Sat.* x.

"The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians, and by the Provincials of Gaul ; his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated ; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity. * * By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an Exile, till ——."—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 220.

I

'TIS done—but yesterday a King !
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing :
So abject—yet alive !
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive ?

Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II

Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind
  Who bow'd so low the knee ?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
  Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
  To those that worshipp'd thee ;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness !

III

Thanks for that lesson.—It will teach
  To after-warriors more,
Than high Philosophy can preach,
  And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
  That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV

The triumph and the vanity,
  The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of Victory,
  To thee the breath of life ;

The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
  Wherewith renown was rife—
All quell'd!—Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

V

The Desolator desolate!
  The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
  A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
  Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI

He who of old would rend the oak,
  Dream'd not of the rebound:
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
  Alone—how look'd he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
  And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII

The Roman, when his burning heart
  Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
  In savage grandeur, home—

He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
  Yet left him such a doom !
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

VIII

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
  Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
  An empire for a cell ;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
  His dotage trifled well ;
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
  The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
  To which thy weakness clung ;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
  To see thine own unstrung ;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean ;

X

And Earth has spilt her blood for him,
  Who thus can hoard his own !
And monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
  And thank'd him for a throne !

Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown,
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

XII

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride:
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?

Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,—
'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

XIV

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferr'd his byword to thy brow.

XV

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one—"The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely-forth—
So long obey'd—so little worth!

XVI

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!

Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

XVII

There was a day—there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign
Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name,
And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

XVIII

But thou forsooth must be a king,
And don the purple vest,
As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
The star, the string, the crest?
Vain froward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatched away?

XIX

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?

Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
(1788–1824).

## WATERLOO

*From* "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto III

STOP!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
How in an hour the power which gave annuls
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
Ambition's life and labours all were vain;
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit,
And foam in fetters, but is Earth more free?
Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
What! shall reviving Thraldom again be
The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before
ye praise!

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
Of roused-up millions: all that most endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a
rising knell!

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfin'd ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated : who would guess

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud thr ng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard!

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;

But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
(1788–1824).

# IV. ENGLAND, 1815–1820

## THE LANDED INTEREST

*From* "The Age of Bronze," Section XIV

ALAS, the country! how shall tongue or pen
Bewail her now *un*country gentlemen?
The last to bid the cry of warfare cease,
The first to make a malady of peace.
For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?
But corn, like every mortal thing, must fall,
Kings, conquerors, and markets most of all.
And must ye fall with every ear of grain;
Why would you trouble Buonaparté's reign?
He was your great Triptolemus: his vices
Destroy'd but realms, and still maintain'd your prices;
He amplified to every lord's content
The grand agrarian alchymy, high *rent*.
Why did the tyrant stumble on the Tartars,
And lower wheat to such desponding quarters!
Why did you chain him on yon isle so lone?
The man was worth much more upon his throne.
True, blood and treasure boundlessly were spilt,
But what of that? the Gaul may bear the guilt;
But bread was high, the farmer paid his way,
And acres told upon the appointed day.

But where is now the goodly audit ale?
The purse-proud tenant, never known to fail?
The farm which never yet was left on hand?
The marsh reclaim'd to most improving land?
The impatient hope of the expiring lease?
The doubling rental? What an evil's peace!
In vain the prize excites the ploughman's skill,
In vain the Commons pass their patriot bill;
The *landed interest*—(you may understand
The phrase much better leaving out the *land*)—
The land self-interest groans from shore to shore,
For fear that plenty should attain the poor.
Up, up again, ye rents! exalt your notes,
Or else the ministry will lose their votes,
And patriotism, so delicately nice,
Her loaves will lower to the market price;
For ah! "the loaves and fishes," once so high,
Are gone—their oven closed, their ocean dry,
And nought remains of all the millions spent,
Expecting to grow moderate and content.
They who are not so, *had* their turn—and turn
About still flows from Fortune's equal urn;
Now let their virtue be its own reward,
And share the blessings which themselves prepared.
See these inglorious Cincinnati swarm,
Farmers of war, dictators of the farm;
*Their* ploughshare was the sword in hireling hands,
*Their* fields manured by gore of other lands;
Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
Their brethren out to battle—why? for rent!
Year after year they voted cent. per cent.,

Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—why? for rent!
They roar'd, they dined, they drank, they swore they meant
To die for England—why then live?—for rent!
The peace has made one general malcontent
Of these high-market patriots; war was rent!
Their love of country, millions all misspent,
How reconcile? by reconciling rent!
And will they not repay the treasures lent?
No: down with everything, and up with rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion—rent, rent, rent!

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
(1788–1824).

## THE LABOURER AND THE POORHOUSE

*From* "The Village," Book I

YE gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go, look within, and ask if peace be there;
If peace be his—that drooping weary sire,
Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire;
Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand!

Nor yet can Time itself obtain for these
Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease.
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
Can with no cares except his own engage;
Who propp'd on that rude staff, looks up to see
The bare arms broken from the withering tree,
On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftiest bough,
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.

He once was chief in all the rustic trade;
His steady hand the straightest furrow made;
Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again and sighs:
For now he journeys to his grave in pain;
The rich disdain him; nay, the poor disdain:
Alternate masters now their slave command,
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand,
And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.

Oft may you see him, when he tends the sheep,
His winter-charge, beneath the hillock weep;
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks and bury them in snow,
When, roused by rage and muttering in the morn,
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn:—

"Why do I live, when I desire to be
At once from life and life's long labour free?
Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,
Nipp'd by the frost, and shivering in the wind;

There it abides till younger buds come on,
As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone ;
Then, from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust.
"These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,
Are others' gain, but killing care to me ;
To me the children of my youth are lords,
Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words :
Wants of their own demand their care ; and who
Feels his own want and succours others too ?
O lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
None need my help, and none relieve my woe ;
Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
And men forget the wretch they would not aid."
Thus groan the old, till, by disease oppress'd,
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.
Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door ;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day ;—
There children dwell who know no parents' care ;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there !
Heartbroken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed ;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears ;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they !
The moping idiot and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,

Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mix'd with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man;
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;

No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

GEORGE CRABBE (1754–1832).

## SONG TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND

MEN of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed,—but let no tyrant reap ;
Find wealth,—let no impostor heap ;
Weave robes,—let not the idle wear ;
Forge arms,—in your defence to bear.

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells ;
In halls ye deck another dwells.
Why shake the chains ye wrought ? Ye see
The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

With plough, and spade, and hoe, and loom,
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
England be your sepulchre !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
(1792–1822).

## THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

*From* "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto IV

HARK ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long, low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief

Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
O thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE; for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made:
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes; in the dust
The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions! How we did entrust

Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherd's eyes;—'twas but a meteor beam'd.

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps well:
The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

These might have been her destiny; but no,
Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe;
But now a bride and mother—and now *there!*
How many ties did that stern moment tear!
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is linked the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and oppress
The land which loved thee so, that none could love thee best.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
(1788–1824).

## BYRON'S CHARACTER OF GEORGE III

*From* "The Vision of Judgment"

IN the first year of freedom's second dawn
Died George the Third; although no tyrant, one
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
Left him nor mental nor external sun:
A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone!
He died—but left his subjects still behind,
One half as mad—and t'other no less blind.

. . . . . .

He came to his sceptre young; he leaves it old;
Look to the state in which he found his realm,
And left it; and his annals too behold,
How to a minion first he gave the helm;
How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but glance
Thine eye along America and France.

'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last
(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool
So let him be consumed. From out the past
Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd
Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsar's school,
Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign
More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the slain.

He ever warr'd with freedom and the free:
Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,
So that they utter'd the word "Liberty!"
Found George the Third their first opponent.
Whose
History was ever stain'd as his will be
With national and individual woes?
I grant his household abstinence; I grant
His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want;

I know he was a constant consort; own
He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
All this is much, and most upon a throne;
As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.
I grant him all the kindest can accord;
And this was well for him, but not for those
Millions who found him what oppression chose.

The New World shook him off; the Old yet groans
Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones
To all his vices, without what begot
Compassion for him—his tame virtues; drones
Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot
A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake
Upon the thrones of earth; but let them quake!

## THE HIGHLAND EXILE'S LAMENT

LISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores—
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars :

CHORUS.

Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas ;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream ;
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred in the time long vanish'd
Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep—
No seer foretold the children would be banished,
That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter!
O then for clansman true and stern claymore.
The hearts that would have given their blood like water
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar:

Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

# V. ITALY AND GREECE

## VENICE

*From* "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto IV

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison on each hand :
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand ;
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles !

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers :
And such she was ; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear :

Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the Dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

. . . . . .

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd dower.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt;
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt

From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while and downward go,
Like lauwine loosen'd from the mountain's belt:
Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not *bridled?*—Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!
Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,
Even in Destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
Her very byword sprung from victory,
The "Planter of the Lion," which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
Though making many slaves, herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite:
Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;

Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthrals,
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,
Her voice their only ransom from afar:
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
Albion! to thee: the Ocean Queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

I loved her from my boyhood: she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;

And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
(1788–1824).

## GREECE

*From* "The Giaour"

CLIME of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,—
Oh servile offspring of the free,
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,

And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusky darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
(1788–1824).

## THE ISLES OF GREECE

*From* "Don Juan," Canto III

THE Isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

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

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

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

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

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

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah, no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords:
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battle to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's wine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal?

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

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

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

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore:
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

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

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swan-like, let me sing and die!
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
(1788–1824).

## "ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR"

MISSOLONGHI, *January* 22, 1824

'TIS time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle ;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see !
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake ! (not Greece—she *is* awake ! )
Awake, my spirit ! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home !

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood !—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If Thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
(1788–1824).

## ODE TO LIBERTY

1820

"Yet, Freedom, yet thy banner, torn but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind."
BYRON.

I

A GLORIOUS people vibrated again
The lightning of the nations: Liberty
From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,
Scattering contagious fire into the sky,
Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,
And, in the rapid plumes of song,
Clothed itself, sublime and strong,
(As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,)
Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey;

Till from its station in the Heaven of fame
The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray
Of the remotest sphere of living flame
Which paves the void was from behind it flung,
As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came
A voice out of the deep: I will record the same.

II

"The Sun and the serenest Moon sprang forth:
The burning stars of the abyss were hurled
Into the depths of Heaven. The daedal earth,
That island in the ocean of the world,
Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air:
But this divinest universe
Was yet a chaos and a curse,
For thou wert not: but, power from worst producing worse,
The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,
And of the birds, and of the watery forms,
And there was war among them, and despair
Within them, raging without truce or terms:
The bosom of their violated nurse
Groaned, for beasts warred on beasts, and worms on worms,
And men on men; each heart was as a hell of storms.

III

"Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied
His generations under the pavilion
Of the Sun's throne: palace and pyramid,
Temple and prison, to many a swarming million

Were, as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.
This human living multitude
Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,
For thou wert not; but o'er the populous solitude,
Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves,
Hung Tyranny; beneath, sate deified
The sister-pest, congregator of slaves;
Into the shadow of her pinions wide
Anarchs and priests, who feed on gold and blood,
Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,
Drove the astonished herds of men from every side.

IV

The nodding promontories, and blue isles,
And cloud-like mountains, and dividuous waves
Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles
Of favouring Heaven; from their enchanted caves
Prophetic echoes flung dim melody.
On the unapprehensive wild
The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
Grew savage yet, to human use unreconciled;
And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
Of Parian stone; and yet a speechless child,
Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Aegean main

V

"Athens arose: a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry: the ocean-floors
Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it:
Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zonèd winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings with sun-fire garlanded,—
A divine work! Athens, diviner yet,
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamonds set;
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
Peopled, with forms that mock the eternal dead
In marble immortality, that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

VI

"Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
Immovably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it cannot pass away!
The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
With an earth-awakening blast
Through the caverns of the past:
Religion veils her eyes; Oppression shrinks aghast:
A wingèd sound of joy, and love, and wonder,
Which soars where Expectation never flew,
Rending the veil of space and time asunder!
One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and
dew;

One Sun illumines Heaven; one Spirit vast
With life and love makes chaos ever new,
As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

VII

"Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmaean Maenad,
She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest
From that Elysian food was yet unweanèd;
And many a deed of terrible uprightness
By thy sweet love was sanctified;
And in thy smile, and by thy side,
Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.
But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,
And gold profaned thy Capitolian throne,
Thou didst desert, with spirit-wingèd lightness,
The senate of the tyrants: they sunk prone
Slaves of one tyrant: Palatinus sighed
Faint echoes of Ionian song; that tone
Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

VIII

"From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,
Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,
Or utmost islet inaccessible,
Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,
Teaching the woods and waves, and desert rocks,
And every Naiad's ice-cold urn,
To talk in echoes sad and stern
Of that sublimest love which man had dared unlearn?

For neither didst thou watch the wizard flocks
Of the Scald's dreams, nor haunt the Druid's sleep.
What if the tears rained through thy scattered locks
Were quickly dried? for thou didst groan, not weep,
When from its sea of death, to kill and burn,
The Galilean serpent forth did creep,
And made thy world an undistinguishable heap.

IX

"A thousand years the Earth cried, 'Where art thou?'
And then the shadow of thy coming fell
On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow:
And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
Arose in sacred Italy,
Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea
Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty:
That multitudinous anarchy did sweep
And burst around their walls, like idle foam,
Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep
Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb
Dissonant arms; and Art, which cannot die,
With divine wand traced on our earthly home
Fit imagery to pave Heaven's everlasting dome.

X

"Thou huntress swifter than the Moon! thou terror
Of the world's wolves! thou bearer of the quiver,
Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-wingèd Error,
As light may pierce the clouds when they dissever
In the calm regions of the orient day!
Luther caught thy wakening glance;
Like lightning, from his leaden lance
Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance
In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay;
And England's prophets hailed thee as their queen,
In songs whose music cannot pass away,
Though it must flow for ever: not unseen
Before the spirit-sighted countenance
Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene
Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

XI

"The eager hours and unreluctant years
As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,
Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,
Darkening each other with their multitude,
And cried aloud, 'Liberty!' Indignation
Answered Pity from her cave;
Death grew pale within the grave,
And Desolation howled to the destroyer, Save!
When like Heaven's Sun girt by the exhalation
Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,
Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation

Like shadows: as if day had cloven the skies
At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,
Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,
Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

XII

"Thou Heaven of earth! what spells could pall thee then
In ominous eclipse? a thousand years
Bred from the slime of deep Oppression's den,
Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,
Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away;
How like Bacchanals of blood
Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood
Destruction's sceptred slaves, and Folly's mitred brood!
When one, like them, but mightier far than they,
The Anarch of thine own bewildered powers,
Rose: armies mingled in obscure array,
Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred bowers
Of serene Heaven. He, by the past pursued,
Rests with those dead, but unforgotten hours,
Whose ghosts scare victor Kings in their ancestral towers.

XIII

"England yet sleeps: was she not called of old?
Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder
Vesuvius wakens Ætna, and the cold
Snow-crags by its reply are cloven in sunder;

O'er the lit waves every Æolian isle
From Pithecusa to Pelorus
Howls and leaps, and glares in chorus.
They cry, 'Be dim; ye lamp of Heaven suspended o'er us!'
Her chains are threads of gold, she need but smile
And they dissolve; but Spain's were links of steel,
Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.
Twins of a single destiny! appeal
To the eternal years enthroned before us
In the dim West; impress as from a seal,
All ye have thought and done! Time cannot dare conceal.

XIV

"Tomb of Arminius! render up thy dead
Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,
His soul may stream over the tyrant's head;
Thy victory shall be his epitaph,
Wild Bacchanal of truth's mysterious wine,
King-deluded Germany,
His dead spirit lives in thee.
Why do we fear or hope? thou art already free!
And thou, lost Paradise of this divine
And glorious world! thou flowery wilderness!
Thou island of eternity! thou shrine
Where Desolation, clothed with loveliness,
Worships the thing thou wert! O Italy,
Gather thy blood into thy heart; repress
The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces.

XV

"Oh, that the free would stamp the impious name
Of KING into the dust! or write it there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
Were as a serpent's path, which the light air
Erases, and the flat sands close behind!
Ye the oracle have heard:
Lift the victory-flashing sword,
And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian word,
Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
The axes and the rods which awe mankind;
The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm
Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and abhorred;
Disdain not thou, at thine appointed term,
To set thine armèd heel on this reluctant worm.

XVI

"Oh, that the wise from their bright minds would kindle
Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,
That the pale name of PRIEST might shrink and dwindle
Into the hell from which it first was hurled,
A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure;
Till human thoughts might kneel alone,
Each before the judgement-throne
Of its own aweless soul, or of the Power unknown!
Oh, that the words which make the thoughts obscure

From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering dew
From a white lake blot Heaven's blue portraiture,
Were stripped of their thin masks and various hue
And frowns and smiles and splendours not their own,
Till in the nakedness of false and true
They stand before their Lord, each to receive its due!

XVII

"He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever
Can be between the cradle and the grave
Crowned him the King of Life. Oh, vain endeavour!
If on his own high will, a willing slave,
He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.
What if earth can clothe and feed
Amplest millions at their need,
And power in thought be as the tree within the seed?
Or what if Art, an ardent intercessor,
Driving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,
Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,
And cries: 'Give me, thy child, dominion
Over all height and depth'? if Life can breed
New wants, and wealth from those who toil and groan,
Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousandfold for one!

XVIII

"Come Thou, but lead out of the inmost cave
Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star
Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,
Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car
Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame;
Comes she not, and come ye not,
Rulers of eternal thought,
To judge, with solemn truth, life's ill-apportioned lot?
Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame
Of what has been, the Hope of what will be?
O Liberty! if such could be thy name
Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee:
If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought
By blood or tears, have not the wise and free
Wept tears, and blood like tears?"—The solemn harmony

XIX

Paused, and the Spirit of that mighty singing
To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn;
Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging
Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,
Sinks headlong through the aërial golden light
On the heavy-sounding plain,
When the bolt has pierced its brain;
As summer clouds dissolve, unburthened of their rain;

As a far taper fades with fading night,
As a brief insect dies with dying day,—
My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
Drooped; o'er it closed the echoes far away
Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,
As waves which lately paved his watery way
Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
(1792–1822).

## CHORUS

*From* "Hellas"

THE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize,
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.

A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued.
Not gold, nor blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
(1792–1822).

## CASTLEREAGH

*From* "St. Stephen's," Part III

BEHIND this light group, scholarlike, yet gay,
Stands thy pale shade, mysterious CASTLEREAGH!
Note that harmonious tragic mask of face,
Rigid in marble stillness; not a trace
In that close lip, so bland, and yet so cold—
In that smooth brow, so narrow, yet so bold,
Of fancy, passion, or the play of mind;
But Fate has pass'd there, and has left behind
The imperial look of one who rules mankind.
They much, in truth, misjudge him, who explain
His graceless language by a witless brain.
So firm his purpose, so resolv'd his will,
It almost seem'd a craft to speak so ill—
As if, like Cromwell, flashing towards his end
Through cloudy verbiage none could comprehend.
Subtle and keen as some old Florentine,
And as relentless in disguised design,
But courteous with his Erin's native ease,
And strengthening sway by culturing arts that please;
Stately in quiet high-bred self-esteem,
Fair as the Lovelace of a lady's dream,
Fearless in look, in thought, in word, and deed—
These gifts may fail to profit States! Agreed;
But when men have them, States they always lead.
And much in him, as Time shall melt away
The mists which dim all names too near our day,

Shall stand forth large ; far ends in Pitt's deep thought,
By him, if rudely, were securely wrought ;
And though, train'd early in too harsh a school,
He guess'd not how the needful bonds of rule
Become the safer when the cautious hand,
As grows a people, let its swathes expand,
He served, confirm'd, enlarged his country's sway ;
Ireland forgives him not—Three Kingdoms may.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON
(1805–1873).

## THE DEATH OF CANNING

AUGUST 1827

AY, mourn to-day ! but mourn for those
Whose rights his arm defended ;
Whose foes were his and Freedom's foes
Where'er the names were blended ;

For the serf, whose rest from toil and pain
His mercy might have spoken ;
For the slave, whose cold and galling chain
His vengeance might have broken ;

For Helle's stream, where the Pasha's flag
Still waves o'er the sacred water ;
For Erin's huts, where the Orange rag
Is still the sign of slaughter.

Ay, mourn to-day! but not for him;
His name is writ in story,
Ere a single cloud could make more dim
The noon-day of its glory.

Victor in boyhood's early game
And youth's career of gladness,
Victor in manhood's lists of fame
O'er envy, hate and madness,

What could he hope in other years,
If the longest life had crowned him,
But thus to die, with a nation's tears
And a world's applause around him?

The laurel wreath upon his brow
Might have looked less green to-morrow;
But the leaves will bloom for ever now,
They are newly twined by sorrow.

The sighs that are whispered o'er his clay
May weary Heaven's Recorder;
But none are glad, save the Turk's Serai
And a few of Lord Grey's "Order!"

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED
(1802–1839).

# VI. POLITICAL AND SOCIAL REFORMS

## REFORM

TOO long endured, a power and will,
That would be nought, or first in ill,
Had wasted wealth, and palsied skill,
And fed on toil-worn poverty.

They called the poor a rope of sand ;
And lo ! no rich man's voice or hand
Was raised, throughout the suffering land,
Against their long iniquity.

They taught the self-robbed sons of pride
To turn from toil and want aside,
And coin their hearts, guilt-petrified,
To buy a smile from infamy.

The philtered lion yawned in vain,
While o'er his eyes, and o'er his mane,
They hung a picklock, mask, and chain—
True emblems of his dignity.

They murdered Hope, they fettered Trade ;
The clouds to blood, the sun to shade,
And every good that God had made
They turned to bane and mockery.

Love, plant of Heaven, and sent to show
One bliss divine to earth below,
Changed by their frown, bore crime and woe,
And breathed, for fragrance, pestilence.

With Freedom's plume, and Honour's gem,
They decked Abaddon's diadem,
And called on hell to shout for them,
The holiest name of holiness.

They knew no interest but their own;
They shook the State, they shook the Throne,
They shook the world; and God alone
Seemed safe in His omnipotence.

Did then His thunder rend the skies,
To bid the dead in soul arise?—
The dreadful glare of sullen eyes
Alone warned cruel tyranny!

A murmur from a trampled worm,
A whisper in the cloudless storm—
Yet these, even these, announced Reform;
And Famine's scowl was prophecy.

Nor then remorse, nor tardy shame,
Nor love of praise, nor dread of blame,
But tongues of fire, and words of flame
Roused Mammon from his apathy.

At length, a MAN to Mercia spoke!
From smitten hearts the lightning broke;
The slow invincible awoke;
And England's frown was victory!

O years of crime! The great and true—
The nobly wise—are still the few,
Who bid Truth grow where Falsehood grew,
And plant it for eternity!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT (1781–1849).

## BATTLE SONG

*From* "Corn-Law Rhymes"

DAY, like our souls, is fiercely dark,
What then? 'Tis day!
We sleep no more; the cock crows—hark!
To arms! away!
They come! they come! the knell is rung
Of us or them;
Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
Of gold and gem.
What collared hound of lawless sway
To famine dear—
What pensioned slave of Attila,
Leads in the rear?
Come they from Scythian wilds afar,
Our blood to spill?
Wear they the livery of the Czar?
They do his will.

Nor tasselled silk, nor epaulette,
Nor plume, nor torse—
No splendour gilds, all sternly met,
Our foot and horse.
But, dark and still, we inly glow,
Condensed in ire!
Strike, tawdry slaves, and ye shall know
Our gloom is fire.
In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
Insults the land;
Wrongs, vengeance, and *the cause* are ours,
And God's right hand!
Madmen! they trample into snakes
The wormy clod!
Like fire, beneath their feet awakes
The sword of God!
Behind, before, above, below,
They rouse the brave;
Where'er they go, they make a foe,
Or find a grave.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT (1781–1849).

## UNION HYMN

LO! we answer! see, we come
Quick at Freedom's holy call.
We come, we come, we come, we come,
To do the glorious work of all;
And hark! we raise from sea to sea
The sacred watchword, Liberty!

God is our guide! from field, from wave,
From plough, from anvil, and from loom
We come, our country's rights to save
And speak a tyrant faction's doom.
And hark! we raise from sea to sea
The sacred watchword, Liberty!

God is our guide! no swords we draw,
We kindle not war's battle-fires;
By union, justice, reason, law,
We claim the birthright of our sires.
We raise the watchword, Liberty—
We will, we will, we will be free!

ANONYMOUS.

## LORD JOHN RUSSELL

*From* "The New Timon"

NEXT cool, and all unconscious of reproach,
Comes the calm "Johnny who upset the coach."
How form'd to lead, if not too proud to please,—
His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze.
Like or dislike, he does not care a jot;
He wants your vote, but your affection not;
Yet human hearts need sun, as well as oats,
So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes.—
And while his doctrines ripen day by day,
His frost-nipp'd party pines itself away;—
From the starved wretch its own loved child we steal—
And "Free Trade" chirrups on the lap of Peel!

But see our statesman when the steam is on,
And languid Johnny glows to glorious John!
When Hampden's thought, by Falkland's muses
dress'd,
Lights the pale cheek, and swells the generous
breast;
When the pent heat expands the quickening soul,—
And foremost in the race the wheels of genius roll!

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON
(1805–1873).

## THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM

WHEN wilt Thou save the people?
Oh, God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they!
Let them not pass, like weeds, away!
Their heritage a sunless day!
God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No!" say Thy mountains; "No!" Thy skies;
"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard, instead of sighs."
God save the people!

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God! save the people! Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thy angels fair:
Save them from bondage, and despair!
God save the people!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT (1781–1849).

## SONG

*From* "Corn-Law Rhymes"

TUNE—"*The Land o' the Leal*"

WHERE the poor cease to pay,
Go, lov'd one, and rest!
Thou art wearing away
To the land of the blest.
Our father is gone
Where the wronged are forgiven,
And that dearest one,
Thy husband, in heaven.

No toil in despair,
No tyrant, no slave,
No bread-tax is there,
With a maw like the grave.
But the poacher, thy pride
Whelmed in ocean afar;
And his brother, who died
Land-butchered in war;

And their mother, who sank
  Broken-hearted to rest ;
And the baby, that drank
  Till it froze on her breast ;
With tears, and with smiles,
  Are waiting for thee,
In the beautiful isles
  Where the wronged are the free.

Go, loved one, and rest
  Where the poor cease to pay !
To the land of the blest
  Thou art wearing away ;
But the son of thy pain
  Will yet stay with me,
And poor little Jane
  Look sadly like thee.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT (1781–1849).

## SONG

TUNE—"*Robin Adair*"

CHILD, is thy father dead ?
  Father is gone !
Why did they tax his bread ?
  God's will be done !
Mother has sold her bed ;
Better to die than wed !
Where shall she lay her head ?
  Home we have none !

Father clammed thrice a week—
God's will be done!
Long for work did he seek,
Work he found none.
Tears on his hollow cheek
Told what no tongue could speak:
Why did his master break?
God's will be done!

Doctor said air was best—
Food we had none;
Father, with panting breast,
Groaned to be gone:
Now he is with the blest—
Mother says death is best!
We have no place of rest—
Yes, ye have one!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT (1781–1849).

## THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

I

DO ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

II

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?—
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago—
The old tree is leafless in the forest—
The old year is ending in the frost—
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—
The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland?

III

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy—
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,—
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old."

IV

"True," say the young children, "it may happen
That we die before our time.
Little Alice died last year—her grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
Was no room for any work in the close clay:
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!—
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes,—
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud by the kirk-chime!
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

V

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have!
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty—
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!

But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

VI

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark, underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

VII

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling;
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall;
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And, all day, the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

VIII

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth;
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

IX

Now, tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray;
So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word!
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

X

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember;
And at midnight's hour of harm,—
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words except 'Our Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand which is strong.
'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
'Come and rest with Me, My child.'

XI

"But no!" say the children, weeping faster,
"He is speechless as a stone;
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!" say the children,—"Up in Heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving—
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving—
And the children doubt of each.

XII

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun:
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm—
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,—
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:
Let them weep! let them weep!

XIII

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in their places,
With eyes turned on Deity;—
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
(1806–1861).

## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
"Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's Oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh, men with Sisters dear!
Oh, men with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear its terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seam,
  Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
  As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
  In the dull December light.
And work—work—work,
  When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
  The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
  And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
  Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
  And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
  To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
  And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
  A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
  But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
  But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
  Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch, stitch, stitch!
  In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—
  She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD (1798–1845).

## A ROUGH RHYME ON A ROUGH MATTER

THE merry brown hares came leaping
  Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
  Under the moonlight still.

Leaping late and early,
  Till under their bite and their tread
The swedes, and the wheat, and the barley,
  Lay cankered, and trampled, and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing
  On the side of the white chalk-bank,
Where under the gloomy fir-woods
  One spot in the ley throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,
  Where rabbit or hare never ran;
For its black sour haulm covered over
  The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,
  And the hares, and her husband's blood,
And the voice of her indignation
  Rose up to the throne of God.

"I am long past wailing and whining—
  I have wept too much in my life:
I've had twenty years of pining
  As an English labourer's wife.

"A labourer in Christian England,
  Where they cant of a Saviour's name,
And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's
  For a few more brace of game.

"There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire;
  There's blood on your pointer's feet;
There's blood on the game you sell, squire,
  And there's blood on the game you eat.

"You have sold the labouring man, squire,
  Body and soul to shame,
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,
  And to pay for the feed of your game.

"You made him a poacher yourself, squire,
When you'd give neither work nor meat:
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden
At our starving children's feet;

"When packed in one reeking chamber
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay;
While the rain pattered in on the rotting bride-bed,
And the walls let in the day.

"When we lay in the burning fever
On the mud of the cold clay floor,
Till you parted us all for three months, squire,
At the cursed workhouse door.

"We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders?
What self-respect could we keep,
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep?

. . . . . .

"Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking
With handfuls of coal and rice,
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting
A little below cost price?

"You may tire of the gaol and the workhouse,
And take to allotments and schools,
But you've run up a debt that will never
Be paid us by penny-club rules.

"In the season of shame and sadness,
In the dark and dreary day,
When scrofula, gout, and madness
Are eating your race away;

"When to kennels and liveried varlets
You have cast your daughter's bread;
And worn out with liquor and harlots,
Your heir at your feet lies dead;

"When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed rector,
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave,
You will find in your God the protector
Of the freeman you fancied your slave."

She looked at the tuft of clover,
And wept till her heart grew light;
And at last, when her passion was over,
Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping
Over the uplands still,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
On the side of the white chalk hill.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819–1875).

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

HIGH hopes that burned like stars sublime
Go down in the Heaven of Freedom,
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em;

But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the Wilderness To-day,
The Promised Land To-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now;
Few are the flowers blooming;
Yet life is in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's Spring is coming;
And Freedom's tide creeps up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good Bark, aground To-day,
Shall float again To-morrow!

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the Tide heaves onward;
We climb, like corals, grave by grave,
That pave a pathway sunward;
We are driven back, for our next fray
A newer strength to borrow,
And where the Vanguard camps To-day
The Rear shall rest To-morrow!

Through all the long, dark night of years
The People's cry ascendeth,
And Earth is wet with blood and tears,
But our meek sufferance endeth.
The Few shall not for ever sway,
The Many moil in sorrow;
The Powers of Hell are strong To-day;
Our Kingdom come To-morrow!

Though hearts brood o'er the Past, our eyes
With smiling Futures glisten
For lo! Our day bursts up the skies,
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world is rolling Freedom's way,
And ripening with her sorrow;
Take heart—who bear the Cross To-day
Shall wear the Crown To-morrow.

Oh, Youth! flame-earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal;
To many a heaven of Desire
Our yearning opes a portal.
And though Age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
Youth sows the golden grain To-day,
The Harvest comes To-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O Chivalry of Labour!
Triumph and Toil are Twins, though they
Be singly born in Sorrow;
And 'tis the Martyrdom To-day
Brings Victory To-morrow.

GERALD MASSEY (1828–1907).

## "YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE"

YOU ask me why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas?

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fullness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute;

Tho' Power should make from land to land
The name of Britain trebly great—
Tho' every channel of the State
Should almost choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see, before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892).

## OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men revealed
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892).

## LOVE THOU THY LAND, WITH LOVE FAR-BROUGHT

LOVE thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years:
Cut Prejudice against the grain:
But gentle words are always gain:
Regard the weakness of thy peers:

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise:
It grows to guerdon after-days:
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch;

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
Not mastered by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm:
And in its season bring the law;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
To ingroove itself with that which flies,
And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act;
For all the past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-developed strength awaits
Completion in a painful school;
Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapour, hard to mark;
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly joined,
Is bodied forth the second whole.
Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of Discord race the rising wind;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head ;
To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till Time shall close,
That Principles are rained in blood ;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace ;

Not less tho' dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if Knowledge bring the sword,
That Knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes :
And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke :

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892).

## THE GOLDEN YEAR

WELL, you shall have that song which Leonard wrote:
It was last summer on a tour in Wales:
Old James was with me: we that day had been
Up Snowdon; and I wished for Leonard there,
And found him in Llanberis: then we crost
Between the lakes, and clambered half way up
The counter side; and that same song of his
He told me; for I bantered him, and swore
They said he lived shut up within himself,
A tongue-tied Poet in the feverous days,
That, setting the *how much* before the *how*,
Cry like the daughters of the horse-leech, "give,
Cram us with all," but count not me the herd!
To which "They call me what they will," he said:
"But I was born too late: the fair new forms,
That float about the threshold of an age,
Like truths of Science waiting to be caught—
Catch me who can, and make the catcher crowned—
Are taken by the forelock. Let it be.
But if you care indeed to listen, hear
These measured words, my work of yestermorn.

"We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;
The dark Earth follows, wheeled in her ellipse;
And human things returning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

"Ah, tho' the times, when some new thought can bud,
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore,
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

"When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
But smit with freër light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man
Thro' all the seasons of the golden year.

"Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy days
Roll onward, leading up the golden year.

"Fly, happy happy sails and bear the Press;
Fly happy with the mission of the Cross;
Knit land to land, and blowing havenward
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,
Enrich the markets of the golden year.

"But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,

And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year?"
Thus far he flowed, and ended; whereupon
"Ah, folly!" in mimic cadence answered James—
"Ah, folly! for it lies so far away,
Not in our time, nor in our children's time
'Tis like the second world to us that live;
'Twere all as one to fix our hopes on Heaven
As on this vision of the golden year."
With that he struck his staff against the rocks
And broke it,—James,—you know him,—old, but full
Of force and choler, and firm upon his feet,
And like an oaken stock in winter woods,
O'erflourished with the hoary clematis:
Then added, all in heat:
"What stuff is this!
Old writers pushed the happy season back,—
The more fools they,—we forward: dreamers bot
You most, that in an age, when every hour
Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death,
Live on, God love us, as if the seedsman, rapt
Upon the teeming harvest, should not dip
His hand into the bag: but well I know
That unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors.
He spoke; and, high above, I heard them blast
The steep slate-quarry, and the great echo flap
And buffet round the hills from bluff to bluff.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892).

# VII. IRELAND, 1798–1848

## THE EXILE OF ERIN

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of *Erin go bragh.*

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of *Erin go bragh!*

Erin my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!

O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?
Never again, shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure;
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! *Erin go bragh!*
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—
*Erin mavournin! Erin go bragh!*

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844).

## WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE

WHEN he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
O say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?

Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For heav'n can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine:—
In my last humble prayer to the spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live,
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852).

## SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852).

## WE MUST NOT FAIL

WE must not fail, we must not fail,
However fraud or force assail;
By honour, pride and policy,
By Heaven itself!—we must be free.

Time had already thinned our chain,
Time would have dulled our sense of pain;
By service long, and suppliance vile,
We might have won our owner's smile.

We spurned the thought, our prison burst,
And dared the despot to the worst;
Renewed the strife of centuries,
And flung our banner to the breeze.

We called the ends of earth to view
The gallant deeds we swore to do:
They knew us wronged, they knew us brave,
And, all we asked, they freely gave.

We took the starving peasants' mite
To aid in winning back his right,
We took the priceless trust of youth ;
Their freedom must redeem our truth.

We promised loud, and boasted high,
"To break our country's chains, or die ;"
And should we quail, that country's name
Will be the synonym of shame.

Earth is not deep enough to hide
The coward slave who shrinks aside ;
Hell is not hot enough to scathe
The ruffian wretch who breaks his faith.

But—calm, my soul !—we promised true
Her destined work our land shall do ;
Thought, courage, patience will prevail !
We shall not fail—we shall not fail !

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS (1814–1845).

## LAMENT FOR THOMAS DAVIS

SEPTEMBER 16, 1845

I WALKED through Ballinderry in the spring-time
When the bud was on the tree ;
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
The sowers striding free,
Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty
On the quick seed-clasping soil,

"Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred
hearts of Erin,
Thomas Davis, is thy toil!"

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer
And saw the salmon leap;
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep,
Thro' the spray and thro' the prone heaps striving
onwards
To the calm clear streams above,
"So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom,
Thomas Davis,
In thy brightness of strength and love!"

I stood on Derrybawn in the autumn,
And I heard the eagle call
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation
That filled the wide mountain hall,
O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyry;
And I said, as he screamed and soared,
"So callest thou, thou wrathful-soaring Thomas
Davis,
For a nation's rights restored!"

And, alas! to think but now, and thou art lying,
Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee;
And I, no mother near, on my own sick-bed,
That face on earth shall never see;
I may lie and try to feel that I am not dreaming,
I may lie and try to say, "Thy will be done"—
But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin
For the loss of her noble son!

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed-time,
In the fresh track of danger's plough!
Who will walk the weary, toilsome, perilous furrow
Girt with freedom's seed-sheets now?
Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge
The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,
Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful planting
Against the Resurrection morn?

Young salmon of the flood-time of freedom
That swells round Erin's shore,
Thou wilt leap against their loud oppressive torrent
Of bigotry and hate no more:
Drawn downward by their prone material instinct,
Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—
Thou hast leaped, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their raging,
Where troubled waters never come!

But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyry,
That thy wrathful cry is still;
And that the songs alone of peaceful mourners
Are heard to-day on Erin's hill;
Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us
(God avert that horrid day, I pray!)
That ere our hands be stained with slaughter fratricidal
Thy warm heart should be cold in clay.

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
That He will not suffer those right hands,
Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock,
To draw opposing brands.
Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal
Would lie cold and silent then;
And songless long once more, should often-widowed Erin
Mourn the loss of her brave young men.

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise,
'Tis on you my hopes are set,
In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,
To make Erin a nation yet,
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
In union, or in severance, free and strong,
And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis
Let the greater praise belong.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON (1810–1886).

## O'CONNELL

*From* "St. Stephen's," Part III

PEACE to his memory! grant him rash and vain,
'Twas the heart's blood that rose to clog the brain;
No trading demagogue, in him we scan
That pith of nations, the bold natural man,
Whose will may vibrate as the pulses throb,
Now scare a monarch, now defy a mob;

Dauntless alike to prop the State or shock,
To fire the Capitol, or leap the Rock.
But not to Erin's coarser chief deny,
Large if his faults, Time's large apology ;
Child of a land that ne'er had known repose,
Our rights and blessings, Ireland's wrongs and woes ;
Hate, at St. Omer's into caution drill'd,
In Dublin law-courts subtilised and skill'd ;
Hate in the man, whatever else appear
Fickle or false, was steadfast and sincere.
But with that hate a nobler passion dwelt—
To hate the Saxon was to love the Celt.
Had that fierce railer sprung from English sires,
His creed a Protestant's, his birth a squire's,
No blander Pollio whom our Bar affords,
Had graced the woolsack and cajoled "my Lords."
Pass by his faults, his art be here allow'd,
Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd ;
Hear him in senates, second-rate at best,
Clear in a statement, happy in a jest ;
Sought he to shine, then certain to displease ;
Tawdry yet coarse-grain'd, tinsel upon frieze ;
His Titan strength must touch what gave it birth ;
Hear him to mobs, and on his mother earth !

Once to my sight the giant thus was given,
Wall'd by wide air, and roof'd by boundless heaven ;
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave flow'd into space away.
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
Even to the centre of the hosts around ;

And as I thought rose the sonorous swell,
As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell,
Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide,
It glided, easy as a bird may glide ;
To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
It play'd with each wild passion as it went;
Now stirr'd the uproar, now the murmur still'd,
And sobs or laughter answer'd as it will'd.

Then did I know what spells of infinite choice
To rouse or lull, has the sweet human voice ;
Then did I seem to seize the sudden clue
To the grand troublous Life Antique—to view
Under the rock-stand of Demosthenes,
Mutable Athens heave her noisy seas.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON
(1805–1873).

## THE FAMINE YEAR

WEARY men, what reap ye?—Golden corn for the stranger.
What sow ye?—Human corses that wait for the avenger.
Fainting forms, hunger-stricken, what see ye in the offing?—
Stately ships to bear our food away, amid the stranger's scoffing.
There's a proud array of soldiers—what do they round your door?
They guard our master's granaries from the thin hands of the poor.

Pale mothers, wherefore weeping ? Would to God
that we were dead—
Our children swoon before us, and we cannot give
them bread.

Little children, tears are strange upon your infant
faces,
God meant you but to smile within your mother's
soft embraces.
O, we know not what is smiling, and we know not
what is dying ;
But we're hungry, very hungry, and we cannot
stop our crying,
And some of us grow cold and white—we know
not what it means ;
But, as they lie beside us we tremble in our dreams.
There's a gaunt crowd on the highway—are you
come to pray to man,
With hollow eyes that cannot weep, and for words
your faces wan ?

No ; the blood is dead within our veins—we care
not now for life ;
Let us die hid in the ditches, far from children
and from wife ;
We cannot stay and listen to their raving famished
cries—
Bread ! Bread ! Bread ! and none to still their
agonies.
We left our infants playing with their dead
mother's hand :
We left our maidens maddened by the fever's
scorching brand :

Better, maiden, thou wert strangled in thy own
dark-twisted tresses—
Better, infant, thou wert smothered in thy mother's
first caresses.

We are fainting in our misery, but God will hear
our groan ;
Yet, if fellow-men desert us, will He hearken from
His throne ?
Accursed are we in our land, yet toil we still and
toil ;
But the stranger reaps our harvest—the alien
owns our soil.
O Christ ! how have we sinned, that on our native
plains
We perish homeless, naked, starved, with branded
brow like Cain's ?
Dying, dying wearily, with a torture sure and slow,
Dying as a dog would die by the wayside as we go.

One by one they're falling round us, their pale
faces to the sky ;
We've no strength left to dig them graves—there
let them lie.
The wild bird, if he's stricken, is mourned by the
others,
But we—we die in Christian land,—we die among
our brothers,
In a land which God has given us, like a wild
beast in his cave,
Without a tear, a prayer, a shroud, a coffin or a
grave.

Ha! but think ye the contortions on each livid
face ye see,
Will not be read on Judgment-day by eyes of
Deity?
We are wretches, famished, scorned, human tools
to build your pride,
But God will yet take vengeance for the souls for
whom Christ died.
Now in your hour of pleasure—bask ye in the
world's caress;
But our whitening bones against ye will rise as
witnesses,
From the cabins and the ditches in their charred,
uncoffined masses,
For the Angel of the Trumpet will know them as
he passes.
A ghastly spectral army, before the great God will
stand,
And arraign ye as our murderers, the spoilers of
our land!

LADY WILDE (1826–1896).

# VIII. NATIONAL MOVEMENTS

## POLAND

HOW long, O God, shall men be ridden down,
And trampled under by the last and least
Of men? The heart of Poland hath not ceased
To quiver, tho' her sacred blood doth drown
The fields, and out of every smouldering town
Cries to Thee, lest brute Power be increased,
Till that o'ergrown Barbarian in the East
Transgress his ample bound to some new crown:—
Cries to Thee, "Lord, how long shall these things be?
How long this icy-hearted Muscovite
Oppress the region?" Us, O Just and Good,
Forgive, who smiled when she was torn in three;
Us, who stand now, when we should aid the right—
A matter to be wept with tears of blood!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892).

## PESCHIERA

WHAT voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
"'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."

The tricolor—a trampled rag
Lies, dirt and dust ; the lines I track
By sentry boxes yellow-black,
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand
Upon the grass of your redoubts ;
The eagle with his black wings flouts
The breath and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,
O men of Brescia, on the day
Of loss past hope, I heard you say
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You say, " Since so it is,—good bye
Sweet life, high hope ; but whatsoe'er
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare
To tell, ' The Lombard feared to die ! ' "

You said (there shall be answer fit),
" And if our children must obey,
They must ; but thinking on this day
'Twill less debase them to submit."

You said (Oh not in vain you said),
" Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;
The hours ebb fast of this one day
When blood may yet be nobly shed."

Ah ! not for idle hatred, not
For honour, fame, nor self-applause,
But for the glory of the cause,
You did, what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,
By force and fortune's right he stands;
By fortune which is in God's hands,
And strength, which yet shall spring in you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,
"'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."

A. H. CLOUGH (1819–1861).

## ALTERAM PARTEM

OR shall I say, Vain word, false thought,
Since Prudence hath her martyrs too,
And Wisdom dictates not to do,
Till doing shall be not for nought?

Not ours to give or lose is life;
Will Nature, when her brave ones fall,
Remake her work? or songs recall
Death's victims slain in useless strife?

That rivers flow into the sea
Is loss and waste, the foolish say,
Nor know that back they find their way,
Unseen, to where they wont to be.

Showers fall upon the hills, springs flow,
The river runneth still at hand,
Brave men are born into the land,
And whence the foolish do not know.

No! no vain voice did on me fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,
"*'Tis* better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."

A. H. CLOUGH (1819–1861).

## THE PATRIOT

### AN OLD STORY

I

IT was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad.
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day!

II

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowds and cries.
Had I said, "Good folks, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

III

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun,
To give it my loving friends to keep!
Nought man could do, have I left undone,
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

IV

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set—
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

V

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind,
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

VI

Thus I entered Brescia, and thus I go!
In such triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Thou paid by the World,—what dost thou owe
Me?" God might have questioned: but now instead
'Tis God shall requite! I am safer so.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812–1889).

## ON REFUSAL OF AID BETWEEN NATIONS

NOT that the earth is changing, O my God!
Not that the seasons totter in their walk,
Not that the virulent ill of act and talk
Seethes ever as a winepress ever trod,—

Not therefore are we certain that the rod
Weighs in thine hand to smite thy world; though now
Beneath thine hand so many nations bow,
So many kings:—not therefore, O my God!

But because Man is parcelled out in men
Even thus; because, for any wrongful blow,
No man not stricken asks, "It would be told
Why thou dost strike;" but his heart whispers then
"He is he, I am I." By this we know
That the earth falls asunder, being old.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828–1882).

## THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND

THAT second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds thro' the country-side,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace—
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
The fireflies from the roof above,
Bright creeping through the moss they love.
—How long it seems since Charles was lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,

The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal-fires ; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's miserable end,
And much beside, two days ; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize ; you know,
With us, in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine ;
These I let pass in jingling line,
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village too ;
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew. When these had passed,
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance : she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart
One instant, rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground.
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt ;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that ; my glove lay in her breast :
Then I drew breath : they disappeared :
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.
Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
Rested the hopes of Italy;
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 'twas told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth;
I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood,
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,
"I am that man upon whose head
"They fix the price, because I hate
"The Austrians over us: the State
"Will give you gold—oh, gold so much,
"If you betray me to their clutch!
"And be your death, for aught I know,
"If once they find you saved their foe.
"Now, you must bring me food and drink,
"And also paper, pen, and ink,
"And carry safe what I shall write
"To Padua, which you'll reach at night
"Before the Duomo shuts; go in,
"And wait till Tenebræ begin;
"Walk to the third confessional,
"Between the pillar and the wall,

"And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes peace?*
"Say it a second time; then cease;
"And if the voice inside returns,
"*From Christ and Freedom: what concerns*
"*The cause of Peace?*—for answer, slip
"My letter where you placed your lip;
"Then come back happy we have done
"Our mother service—I, the son,
"As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her stand
In the same place, with the same eyes:
I was no surer of sun-rise
Than of her coming: we conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eyelids fall,
"He could do much"—as if some doubt
Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
"She could not speak for others—who
"Had other thoughts; herself she knew":
And so she brought me drink and food.
After four days, the scouts pursued
Another path: at last arrived
The help my Paduan friends contrived
To furnish me: she brought the news:
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand and lay my own
Upon her head—"This faith was shown
"To Italy, our mother;—she
"Uses my hand and blesses thee!"
She followed down to the sea-shore;
I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—aught
Beside the good of Italy,
For which I live and mean to die!
I never was in love; and since
Charles proved false, nothing could convince
My inmost heart I had a friend;
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, three—
I know at least what one should be;
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood thro' these two hands: and next,
—Nor much for that am I perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers: last
—Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength.—
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay
—Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise; while some opine
"Freedom grows license," some suspect
"Haste breeds delay," and recollect
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!

So, with a sullen "All's for best,"
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think, then, I should wish to stand
This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea a thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile ; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt ; what harm
If I sate on the door-side bench,
And, while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages, and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them. I'd talk this out,
And sit there for an hour about,
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time! To business now.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812–1889).

## THE FORCED RECRUIT

SOLFERINO, 1859

IN the ranks of the Austrian you found him,
He died with his face to you all;
Yet bury him here where around him
You honour your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart, has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see) never was loaded,
He facing your guns with that smile!

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands;—
"Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!

"Aim straightly, fire steadily! spare me
A ball in the body which may
Deliver my heart here, and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away!"

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? many others have died.
Ay, but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side—

One tricolor floating above them;
Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names.

But he—without witness or honour,
Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her,
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,
While digging a grave for him here:
The others who died, says your poet,
Have glory,—let *him* have a tear.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
(1809–1861).

## A COURT LADY

HER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were dark,
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens, "Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court of the king.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of the mote,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small at the throat.

"Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten the sleeves,
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow from the eaves."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gathered her up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end,
"Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a friend."

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed:
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou," she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second:
*He* was a grave hard man, whose years by dungeons were reckoned.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer.
"Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove lightnings before her.

"Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the cord
Able to bind thee, O strong one,—free by the stroke of a sword.

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast
To ripen our wine of the present, (too new), in glooms of the past."

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's,
Young, and pathetic with dying,—a deep black hole in the curls.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the List of the slain?"

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her hands:
"Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should weep as she stands."

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried
off by a ball:
Kneeling, . . . "O more than my brother! how
shall I thank thee for all?

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his
land and line,
But *thou* hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a
wrong not thine.

"Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dis-
possessed;
But blessed are those among nations, who dare
to be strong for the rest!"

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch
where pined
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope
out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at
the name,
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered
and came.

Only a tear for Venice?—she turned as in passion
and loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if
she were kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart she moved on then
to another,
Stern and strong in his death, "And dost thou
suffer, my brother?"

Holding his hands in hers :—"Out of the Piedmont lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or to die on."

Holding his cold rough hands—"Well, oh, well have ye done
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone."

Back he fell as she spoke. She rose to her feet with a spring,—
"That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the King."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
(1809–1861).

# IX. AT HOME AND ABROAD

## HANDS ALL ROUND

FIRST drink a health, this solemn night,
A health to England, every guest ;
That man's the best cosmopolite,
Who loves his native country best.
May Freedom's oak for ever live
With stronger life from day to day ;
That man's the true Conservative
Who lops the moulder'd branch away.
Hands all round !
God the tyrant's hope confound !
To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

A health to Europe's honest men !
Heaven guard them from her tyrant jails !
From wrong'd Poerio's noisome den,
From iron'd limbs and tortured nails !
We curse the crimes of southern kings,
The Russian whips and Austrian rods,
We, likewise, have our evil things ;
Too much we make our Ledgers Gods,
Yet hands all round !
God the tyrant's curse confound !
To Europe's better health we drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

What health to France, if France be she,
Whom martial prowess only charms?
Yet tell her—Better to be free
Than vanquish all the world in arms.
Her frantic city's flashing heats
But fire to blast the hopes of men.
Why change the titles of your streets?
You fools, you'll want them all again.
Yet hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To France, the wiser France, we drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round!

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round!

O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs!
O speak to Europe thro' your guns!
They *can* be understood by kings.
You must not mix our Queen with those
That wish to keep their people fools;

Our freedom's foemen are her foes,
She comprehends the race she rules.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great cause of freedom, round and round.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892).

## THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY

1852

MY Lords, we heard you speak: you told us all
That England's honest censure went too far;
That our free press should cease to brawl,
Nor sting the fiery Frenchman into war.
It was our ancient privilege, my Lords,
To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words.

We love not this French God, the child of Hell,
Wild War, who breaks the converse of the wise;
But though we love kind Peace so well,
We dare not ev'n by silence sanction lies.
It might be safe our censures to withdraw;
And yet, my Lords, not well: there is a higher law.

As long as we remain we must speak free,
Tho' all the storm of Europe on us break;
No little German state are we,
But the one voice in Europe: we *must* speak;
That if to-night our greatness were struck dead,
There might be left some record of the things we said.

If you be fearful, then must we be bold.
Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant o'er.
Better the waste Atlantic roll'd
On her and us and ours for evermore.
What! have we fought for Freedom from our prime,
At last to dodge and palter with a public crime?

Shall we fear *him?* our own we never fear'd.
From our first Charles by force we wrung our claims.
Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd,
We flung the burthen of the second James.
I say, we *never* feared! and as for these,
We broke them on the land, we drove them on the seas.

And you, my Lords, you make the people muse
In doubt if you be of our Barons' breed—
Were those your sires who fought at Lewes?
Is this the manly strain of Runnymede?
O fall'n nobility, that, overawed,
Would lisp in honey'd whispers of this monstrous fraud!

*We* feel, at least, that silence here were sin,
Not ours the fault if we have feeble hosts—
If easy patrons of their kin
Have left the last free race with naked coasts!
They knew the precious things they had to guard:
For us, we will not spare the tyrant one hard word.

Tho' niggard throats of Manchester may bawl,
What England was, shall her true sons forget?
We are not cotton-spinners all,
But some love England and her honour yet.
And these in our Thermopylæ shall stand,
And hold against the world this honour of the land.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892).

## THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD"

RIGHT on our flank the crimson sun went down;
The deep sea roll'd around in dark repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrill'd as nerves, when through them pass'd
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey!
The sea turn'd one clear smile! Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Form'd us in line to die.

To die!—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glow'd
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:—
*All to the boats!* cried one:—he was, thank God,
No officer of ours!

Our English hearts beat true:—we would not stir:
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,
To keep without a spot!

They shall not say in England, that we fought
With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still, under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf:—

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild
grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE
(1810–1888).

## ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

I

BURY the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,

Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good grey head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World's-victor's victor will be seen no more.

V

All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds:
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss:
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom:
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,

In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song.

VI

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free.
O give him welcome, this is he,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,

Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings ;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
A day of onsets of despair !
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ,
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !

Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

VII

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,

That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane, and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,

Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory:
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame

For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see :
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung :
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, about whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain !
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere ;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane :
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true

There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will ;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul ?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
He is gone, who seem'd so great.—
Gone ; and nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own—
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892).

# THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

1854

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
  Some one had blundered:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death ;
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered :
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back through the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
All the world wondered.

Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
(1809–1892.)

## SANTA FILOMENA

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
(1807–1882).

## RIFLEMEN FORM!

THERE is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day!
Storm of battle and thunder of war!
Well if it do not roll our way.
Storm, Storm, Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready against the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns,
Be not gull'd by a despot's plea!
Are figs of thistles? or grapes of thorns?
How can a despot feel with the Free?
Form, Form, Riflemen Form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

Let your reforms for a moment go!
Look to your butts, and take good aims!
Better a rotten borough or so
Than a rotten fleet and a city in flames!
Storm, Storm, Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready against the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True we have got—*such* a faithful ally
That only the Devil can tell what he means.

Form, Form, Riflemen Form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
(1809–1892).

## THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

"Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *Kotou*. The Seiks obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill."
—*See China Correspondent of "The Times."*

*LAST night*, among his fellow roughs
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
*To-day*, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame;
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish[1] hopfields round him seem'd
  Like dreams, to come and go ;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd
  One sheet of living snow ;
The smoke, above his father's door,
  In gray soft eddyings hung :
Must he then watch it rise no more,
  Doom'd by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls !—with strength like steel
  He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
  An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
  With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
  To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
  Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
  The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
  A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
  Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE
(1810–1888).

[1] The Buffs, or East Kent Regiment.

## MEHRAB KHAN

"Mehrab Khan died, as he said he would, sword in hand, at the door of his own Zenana."—*Capture of Kelat.*

WITH all his fearless chiefs around,
The Moslem leader stood forlorn,
And heard at intervals the sound
Of drums athwart the desert borne.
To him a sigh of fate, they told
That Britain in her wrath was nigh,
And his great heart its powers unrolled
In steadiness of will to die.

"Ye come, in your mechanic force,
A soulless mass of strength and skill—
Ye come, resistless in your course,
What matters it? 'Tis but to kill.
A serpent in the bath, a gust
Of venomed breezes through the door,
Have power to give us back to dust—
Has all your grasping empire more?

"Your thousand ships upon the sea,
Your guns and bristling squares by land,
Are means of death—and so may be
A dagger in a damsel's hand.
Put forth the might you boast, and try
If it can shake my seated will;
By knowing when, and how to die,
I can escape, and scorn you still.

"The noble heart, as from a tower,
Looks down on life that wears a stain;
He lives too long, who lives an hour
Beneath the clanking of a chain.
I breathe my spirit on my sword,
I leave a name to honour known,
And perish, to the last, the lord
Of all that man can call his own."

Such was the mountain leader's speech;
Say ye, who tell the bloody tale,
When havoc smote the howling breach,
Then did the noble savage quail?
No—when through dust and steel and flame,
Hot streams of blood, and smothering smoke,
True as an arrow to its aim,
The meteor-flag of England broke;

And volley after volley threw
A storm of ruin, crushing all,
Still cheering on a faithful few,
He would not yield his father's hall.
At his yet unpolluted door
He stood, a lion-hearted man,
And died, a freeman still, before
The merchant thieves of Frangistan.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE
(1810–1888).

## THE OLD PINDAREE

### ON THE NERBADA, 1866

ALLAH is great, my children, and kind to a slave like me;
The great man's tent is gone from under the peepul tree;
With his horde of hungry retainers, and oil-fed slaves of the quill;
I paid them the bribes they wanted, and Satan may settle my bill.

It's not that I care for the money, or expect a dog to be clean,
If I were lord of the ryots, they'd starve ere I grew lean;
But I'd sooner be starved by a tall man who showed me a yard of steel,
Than be fleeced by a sneaking Baboo, with a belted knave at his heel.

There goes my lord the Feringhee, who talks so civil and bland,
Till he raves like a soul in Jehannum if I don't quite understand;
He begins by calling me Sáhib, and ends by calling me Fool;
He has taken my old sword from me, and tells me to set up a school.

Set up a school in the village! "And my wishes are," says he,
"That you make the boys learn reg'lar, or you'll get a lesson from me."
Well, Ramlal the oilman spites me, and pounded my cow last rains;
He's got three greasy young urchins; I'll see that *they* take pains.

Then comes a Settlement Hákim, to teach us to plough and to weed,
(I sowed the cotton he gave me, but first I boiled the seed)
He likes us humble farmers, and speaks so gracious and wise
As he asks of our manners and customs; I tell him a parcel of lies.

"Look," says the school Feringhee, "what a silly old man you be,
"You can't read, write, nor cypher, and your grandsons do all three;
They total the shopman's figures, and reckon the tenant's corn,
And read good books about London and the world before you were born."

Well, I may be old and foolish, for I've seventy years well told,
And the Franks have ruled me forty, so my heart and my hand's got cold;

Good boys, they are, my grandsons, I know, but they'll never be men,
Such as I was at twenty-five when the sword was king of the pen ;

When I rode a Dekhani charger, with the saddle-cloth gold-laced,
And a Persian sword, and a twelve-foot spear, and a pistol at my waist:
My son ! He keeps a pony, and I grin to see him astride,
Jogging away to market, and swaying from side to side.

My father was an Afghán, and came from Kandahar,
He rode with Nawáb Amir Khan in the old Marátha war :
From the Dekkan to the Himalay, five hundred of one clan,
They asked no leave of prince or chief as they swept thro' Hindusthan ;

My mother was a Brahminee, but she clave to my father well ;
She was saved from the sack of Juleysur, when a thousand Hindus fell ;
Her kinsmen died in the sally ; so she followed where he went,
And lived like a bold Patháni, in the shade of a rider's tent.

It's many a year gone by now ; and yet I often dream
Of a long dark march to the Jumna, of splashing across the stream,
Of the waning moon on the water, and the spears in the dim star-light,
As I rode in front of my mother, and wondered at all the sight.

Then, the streak of the pearly dawn—the flash of a sentinel's gun,
The gallop and glint of horsemen who wheeled in the level sun,
The shots in the clear still morning, the white smoke's eddying wreath ;
Is this the same land that I live in, the dull dank air that I breathe ?

But the British chased Amir Khán, and the roving times must cease,
My father got this village, and he sowed his crops in peace ;
And I, so young and hot of blood, I had no land or wife,
So I took to the hills of Malwa, and the free Pindáree life.

Praise to the name Almighty ! there is no God but one !
Mahomed is his prophet, and his will shall ever be done ;

Ye shall take no use for your money, nor your
faith for a ransom sell ;
Ye shall make no terms with the infidel, but smite
his soul to hell.

Tell me, ye men of Islam, who are rotting in
shameful ease,
Who wrangle before the Feringhee for a poor
man's last rupees,
Are ye better than were your fathers, who
plundered with old Cheetoo,[1]
And who fleeced the greedy traders, as the traders
now fleece you ?

Yes, and here's one of them coming, my father
gave him a bill ;
I have paid the man twice over, and here I'm
paying him still ;
He shows me a long stamp-paper, and must have
my land, must he ?
If I were twenty year younger, he'd get six feet
by three.

And if I were forty years younger, with my life
before me to choose,
I wouldn't be lectured by Káfirs, or bullied by fat
Hindoos ;
But I'd go to some far-off country where
Musalmáns still are men,
Or take to the jungle, like Cheetoo, and die in the
tiger's den.

SIR ALFRED LYALL (1835–1911).

[1] A famous leader of the Pindárees.

## AVE IMPERATRIX

SET in this stormy Northern sea,
  Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! what shall men say of thee,
  Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
  Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
  Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
  The long white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
  The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
  The treacherous Russian knows so well,
With gaping blackened jaws are seen
  Leap through the hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
  Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
  The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
  Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steeps of Indian snows
  Shake to the tread of armèd men.

And many an Afghan chief, who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranate trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountain-side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England with bare and bloody feet
Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height,
Gray pillar of the Indian sky,
Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight
Our wingèd dogs of Victory?

The almond groves of Samarcand,
Bokhara, where red lilies blow,
And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
The grave white-turbaned merchants go.

And on from thence to Ispahan,
The gilded garden of the sun,
Whence the long dusty caravan
Brings cedar wood and vermilion;

And that dread city of Cabool
Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,
Whose marble tanks are ever full
With water for the noonday heat;

Where through the narrow straight Bazaar
A little maid Circassian
Is led, a present from the Czar
Unto some old and bearded khan—

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
And flapped wide wings in fiery flight ;
But the sad dove, that sits alone
In England,—she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
To greet her love with love-lit eyes:
Down in some treacherous black ravine,
Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see
The lingering wistful children wait
To climb upon their father's knee ;
And in each house made desolate

Pale women who have lost their lord
Will kiss the relics of the slain—
Some tarnished epaulet—some sword—
Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields
Are these, our brothers, laid to rest,
Where we might deck their broken shields
With all the flowers the dead love best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
And others in the seas which are
The portals to the East, or by
The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
O silence of the sunless day!
O still ravine! O stormy deep!
Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

And thou whose wounds are never healed,
Whose weary race is never won,
O Cromwell's England! must thou yield
For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head,
Change thy glad song to song of pain;
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
Possess the flower of English land—
Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
The whole round world with nets of gold,
If hidden in our hearts is found
The care that never groweth old?

What profit that our galleys ride,
Pine-forest-like, on every main?
Ruin and wreck are at our side,
Grim warders of the House of Pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
Where is our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
What word of love can dead lips send!
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
Is this the end? Is this the end?

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
To vex their solemn slumber so;
Though childless, and with thorn-crowned head
Up the steep road must England go,

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
Her watchmen shall descry from far
The young Republic like a sun
Rise from these crimson seas of war.

OSCAR WILDE (1856–1900).

# NOTES

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS COMMENCEMENT.—These lines are from Book XI. of "The Prelude." They were composed in 1804, and first published in *The Friend*, October 26, 1809. Wordsworth visited France in 1791 and 1792, and these lines record his sentiments at the time.

FRANCE: AN ODE.—This poem, which was originally called "Recantation," first appeared in *The Morning Post*, April 16, 1798, with this editorial note: "The following excellent Ode will be in unison with the feelings of every friend to Liberty and foe to Oppression; of all who, admiring the French Revolution, detest and deplore the conduct of France to Switzerland." Coleridge, like Wordsworth, at first sympathised enthusiastically with the Revolutionary party in France; but when, in 1797-8, the Directory declared war on Switzerland, his sentiments underwent a great reaction, which found expression in this poem.

THE FALL OF POLAND.—These lines are from "The Pleasures of Hope," published in 1799. Campbell's note on the passage is as follows:—"The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven for victories obtained over men fighting in the cause of liberty by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known."

*Sarmatia.*—The Sarmatians were a nomadic race who

inhabited the plains of Eastern Europe from the Vistula and the Danube to the Volga and the Caucasus. They were overthrown by the Goths in the fourth century. Here their name is used rhetorically for modern Poland.

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.—This sonnet was composed in 1802, and first published in 1807.

*She must espouse the everlasting sea.*—In 1177 Pope Alexander III. presented the Doge Liani with a ring, which was to be the sign of the supremacy of Venice over the sea. It thus became the annual custom on Ascension Day for the Doge to proceed in a vessel called the *Bucentaur* to the Adriatic, and to drop the ring in the waves, thus symbolically wedding the sea. *Cf.* Byron, "Childe Harold," Canto IV. Stanza 2.

Ye Mariners of England.—Written at Altona in the winter of 1800–1, to the air of "Ye Gentlemen of England." Originally published in *The Morning Chronicle*, March 18, 1801, under the title of "On the Prospect of a Russian War."

*Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell.*—This line originally ran, "Where Granvill, boast of freedom, fell." The alteration was made after the battle of Trafalgar in 1805.

*No towers along the steep.*—An allusion to the Martello towers which were then being built along the south coast of England. (Beattie, "Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell," i. 341.)

Hohenlinden.—Campbell was staying at Altona when the battle of Hohenlinden was fought (December 3, 1800), and this poem was written there. It was published with "Lochiel's Warning" in 1802. Campbell himself was inclined to depreciate it, calling it a mere "drum and trumpet thing."

The Battle of the Baltic.—When the British fleet appeared off the Sound in March 1801, Campbell hurriedly left Altona, where he had been staying. "The

view he had of the Danish batteries as he sailed past in the *Royal George* suggested to him his strenuous war song, "The Battle of the Baltic." (*Dict. of National Biography*, Art. "Thomas Campbell.")

THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM. — On May 28, 1802, a dinner was held at Merchant Taylors' Hall in celebration of Pitt's birthday, and it was for this festival that Canning composed this poem.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.—This sonnet was composed in 1806 or 1807, and first published in 1807. Wordsworth considered it one of the best he had ever written.

IS IT A REED?—Napoleon was created First Consul for life on August 2, 1802, and this sonnet was first published in *The Morning Post* in January 1803.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.—This sonnet was written in 1802, and first published in *The Morning Post* on February 2, 1803.

Toussaint was a negro slave of Hayti, who in 1791 joined the insurrection against the Spaniards, and was called "L'Ouverture" because he broke through their barriers. For his services against the Spaniards he was made a General by the French Convention, and became chief of the army of San Domingo. But he now began to aim at independence of France, and when Buonaparte, after the Peace of Amiens, proclaimed the re-establishment of slavery in San Domingo, Toussaint declined at first to obey. Afterwards he submitted, but, notwithstanding this, he was treacherously arrested, sent to France, and flung into a damp, dark dungeon at Fort de Joux, near Besançon, where, after ten months, he died, April 27, 1803.

SEPTEMBER 1802.—Written in 1802, and first published in 1807. During the lull in the war after the Peace of Amiens, Wordsworth and his sister visited Calais (August 1802). Dorothy Wordsworth says ("Journal," ed. Knight,

vol. i. p. 147): "On Sunday the 29th August we left Calais at twelve o'clock in the morning, and landed at Dover at one on Monday the 30th. . . . We sate upon the Dover cliffs and looked upon France with many a melancholy and tender thought. We could see the shores almost as plain as if it were but an English lake."

ENGLAND, THE TIME IS COME.—Possibly composed in 1803. First published in 1807.

IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF.—This sonnet was composed in 1802 or 1803, and first published in *The Morning Post* of April 16, 1803.

*With pomp of waters, unwithstood.*"—A quotation from Daniel's "Civil Wars," Book II. Stanza 7.

*Roused though it be full often to a mood which spurns the check of salutary bands.*—These lines were first substituted for the original—

> "Roads by which all might come and go that would,
> And bear out freights of worth to foreign lands"—

in 1827. Professor Dowden suggests that by "A mood which spurns the check of salutary bands," is meant the revolt which led to the agitation for Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, to both of which Wordsworth was opposed.

SONNET: IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY.—This sonnet was written in October 1803, when an invasion of Scotland by the French was supposed to be imminent. In August of that year Wordsworth and his sister went on a walking tour in Scotland, and a visit to the Pass of Killicranky suggested this poem to Wordsworth.

*O for a single hour of that Dundee.*—A reminiscence of the famous saying of the Scottish veteran at Sheriffmuir—"O for an hour of Dundee!" See Scott, "Tales of a Grandfather," Chapter lxx.

OCTOBER 1803.—Written in 1803, and first published in 1811. "This sonnet applies to the individual man the

doctrine which Wordsworth so often urges with respect to national life—that the source of strength is from within, a moral power, not an accumulation of external resources."—Dowden.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1802.—First published in 1807. Wordsworth said of this sonnet that it was written immediately after his return from France in 1802. He continued, "I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country, especially in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet and, I may say, the desolation that the Revolution had produced in France. This must be borne in mind, or else the reader may think that in this and the succeeding sonnets I have exaggerated the mischief engendered and fostered among us by undisturbed wealth."

LONDON, 1802.—Composed in 1802, and first published in 1807. Its theme is similar to that of the preceding poem.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.—This is one of Campbell's latest poems, first published in 1842. His note on it is as follows:—"This anecdote has been published in several public journals, both French and British. My belief in its authenticity was confirmed by an Englishman, long resident at Boulogne, lately telling me that he remembered the circumstance to have been generally talked of in the place."

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.—This poem was composed either in December 1805 or January 1806. It was first published in 1807. Wordsworth's note on it is as follows:—"The course of the great war with the French naturally fixed one's attention upon the military character, and, to the honour of our country, there are many illustrious instances of the qualities that constitute its highest excellence. Lord Nelson carried most of the virtues that the trials he was exposed to in his department of the service necessarily call forth and sustain if they do

not produce the contrary vices. But his public life was stained with one great crime, so that, though many passages of these lines were suggested by what was generally known as excellent in his conduct, I have not been able to connect his name with the poem as I could wish, or even to think of him with satisfaction in reference to the idea of what a warrior ought to be. For the sake of such of my friends as may happen to read this note I will add that many elements of the character here portrayed were found in my brother John, who perished by shipwreck."

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.—Pencilled on the cover of a book, off Gibraltar, during Browning's first journey to Italy in 1838.

NOVEMBER 1806.—This sonnet was composed soon after the overthrow of Prussia in the battle of Jena, and first published in 1807.

LINES ON THE DEATHS OF PITT, FOX, AND NELSON.—"Marmion" was written in 1806–7, and published in February 1808. Nelson died in October 1805, Pitt in January 1806, and Fox in September 1806. The tombs of Pitt and Fox are close to one another in Westminster Abbey.

LINES COMPOSED AT GRASMERE.—Composed in September 1806, first published in 1807.

TO THOMAS CLARKSON.—First published in 1807. Clarkson belonged to the same college as Wordsworth (St. John's, Cambridge), but, though he knew him personally, he was by some years his predecessor. (Dowden.)

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA.—These lines were written by Charles Wolfe (1791–1823), an Irish clergyman, in 1816, while he was still an undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin. They were inspired by Southey's account of Sir John Moore's death in the

*Edinburgh Annual Register*, and were first published in the *Newry Telegraph* on April 19, 1817. (Dictionary of National Biography.)

TALAVERA.—The first two books of "Childe Harold" were written in 1810 and 1811, and first published in March 1812.

*Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay.*—This is a reminiscence of Collin's "Ode Written in 1746":

> "There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay."

**1811.**—First published in 1815. Professor Dowden quotes *à propos* of lines 7–9 a letter from Coleridge printed in the *Courier*, 1809: "The main strength of Bonaparte, Sir, is in the imaginations of men, which are dazzled and blinded by the splendid robes and gaudy trappings which have been purchased by guilt for its own disguise."

ODE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—On the morning of April 9, 1814, Byron wrote: "No more rhyme for—or rather from—me. I have taken my leave of that stage, and henceforth will mountebank it no longer." In the evening a Gazette Extraordinary announced the abdication of Fontainebleau, and the poet violated his vows next morning by composing this Ode, which he immediately published, though without his name.

*He who of old would rend the oak.*—Milo.

*The Roman . . . in savage grandeur home.*—"The Roman" is Sylla. *Cf.* Byron's Diary for April 9, 1814: "Methinks Sylla did better, for he revenged, and resigned in the height of his sway, red with the slaughter of his foes—the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record. Dioclesian did well too—Amurath not amiss, had he become aught except a dervish—Charles the Fifth but so-so; but Napoleon worst of all."

*Corinth's pedagogue.*—Dionysius the younger, esteemed a greater tyrant than his father, on being for the second time banished from Syracuse, became a schoolmaster at Corinth.

*Thou Timour! in his captive's cage.* — Timour or Tamerlane was a Mongol chief (*c.* 1336–1405), who defeated the Sultan Bajazet on the plains of Angora and imprisoned him in a cage. He is the hero of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine."

WATERLOO. — The third canto of "Childe Harold" was finished in June 1816, a year after the battle of Waterloo.

*All that most endears . . . Lord.*—An allusion to the assassination of Hipparchus by Harmodius. This was celebrated by Callistratus in a poem translated by Denman and published in Bland's "Translations of the Greek Anthology" (1806), which begins:

> "In myrtle my sword will I wreathe
> Like our patriots, the noble and brave,
> Who devoted the tyrant to death,
> And to Athens equality gave!"

*Brunswick's fated chieftain.*—The Duke of Brunswick, brother of Queen Caroline, wife of George IV., fell at Quatre Bras. His father had been slain at Auerbach, October 14, 1806.

*Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears.* —Sir Evan or Ewen Cameron (1629–1719) fought for Charles I. against the English, and afterwards helped Monk to restore Charles II. It was at his house in 1690 that the clans gathered under Dundee, and at the battle of Killiecrankie he charged barefoot at the head of his men. In the rebellion of 1715 he was too infirm to lead his clan, and left the command to his son. He died in 1719.

Donald was Evan's grandson. His own father had been attainted and forfeited for his share in the 1715 Rebellion, and on his grandfather's death Donald succeeded as chief of the clan Cameron. When the young Pretender appealed to him for help in 1745 he at first tried to dissuade the prince, but afterwards consented to support him. He escaped with Charles Edward to Brittany in 1746, and died in 1748.

*Yet one I would select from that proud throng.*—This was Major Howard, the son of Lord Carlisle, a distant relation of the poet, who had been nominated by the Court of Chancery as his guardian. Byron quarrelled with Lord Carlisle, and attacked him in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It is to this quarrel that he alludes here.

THE LANDED INTEREST.—These lines occur in "The Age of Bronze," written by Byron at Genoa in December 1822 and January 1823, and published anonymously. It "is a declamation rather than a satire, directed against the Convention of Cintra and the Congress of Verona, especially Lord Londonderry's part in the latter." (Nicholls.)

*Triptolemus.* — Demeter gave Triptolemus a chariot drawn by serpents, and bade him scatter wheat throughout the world. Ovid, *Met.*, lib. v. (E. H. Coleridge.)

THE LABOURER AND THE POORHOUSE.—These lines are taken from "The Village," and, though published as early as 1783, are applicable to the condition of the rural classes at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

SONG: TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND.—Written in 1819, first published in 1839. Mrs. Shelley's note on the poems of this year is as follows:—"Shelley loved the people; and respected them as often more virtuous, as always more suffering, and therefore more deserving of sympathy, than the great. He believed that a clash between the two classes of society was inevitable, and he eagerly ranged himself on the people's side. He had an idea of publishing a series of poems adapted expressly to commemorate their circumstances and wrongs. He wrote a few; but in those days of prosecution for libel, they could not be printed. They are not among the best of his productions . . . but they show his earnestness, and with what heartfelt compassion he went home to the direct point of injury—that oppression is detestable as being the parent of starvation, nakedness, and ignorance."

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.—From the fourth canto of "Childe Harold." This was finished in September 1817, and published early in 1818.

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.—In 1821 Southey, who was then poet laureate, published a poem in memory of George III., called "The Vision of Judgment"—"the most quaintly preposterous panegyric ever penned." In a preparatory note he condemned Byron's "Don Juan" in extravagant terms, and referred to its anonymous author as chief of the Satanic School. This led to a paper war between the two poets, and to the composition by Byron of his own "Vision of Judgment," which was published in 1822 in the first number of Leigh Hunt's paper, *The Liberal.* In 1824 the publisher, Mr. John Hunt, was prosecuted and fined for the publication of a poem "calumniating the late King, and wounding the feelings of his present Majesty."

THE HIGHLAND EXILE'S LAMENT.—This beautiful poem was first published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, September 1829, and was said to have been sent by "a friend now in Upper Canada," probably John Galt. (See Lobban, "An Anthology of English Verse," 1902, pp. 418, 528.)

VENICE.

*The Bridge of Sighs.*—This bridge was built in 1597, and joins the Doge's Palace to the State Prison. "It is a work of no merit and of a late period, owing the interest it possesses to its pretty name, and to the ignorant sentimentalism of Byron." (Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," 1853, ii. 304.)

*A sea Cybele.*—Cybele, the "mother of the Goddesses," was represented as wearing a mural crown.

*In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more.*—Hobhouse quotes Addison, "Travels through Italy and Switzerland": "I cannot forbear mentioning a custom in Venice, which they tell me is particular to the common people of this country, of singing stanzas out of Tasso. They are set to a

pretty solemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the poet, it is odds but he will be answered by somebody else that overhears him; so that sometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighbourhood of one another taking verse after verse, and running on with the poem as far as their memories will carry them." See also Disraeli, "Curiosities of Literature" (1807), ii. 156.

"In Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chant them with a peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline."

*The Rialto*, or *Rivo alto*, was the middle group of islands between the shore and the mainland on which Venice was originally built. The Exchange, where Antonio rated Shylock, was held in the Piazza opposite the Church of San Giacomo, which stands at the head of the canal, to the north of the Bridge of the Rialto.

*The Moor.*—An allusion to "Othello." A house said, without any justification, to be Desdemona's, is pointed out to tourists on the Grand Canal.

*Pierre.*—Pierre is the hero of Otway's tragedy, "Venice Preserved."

*The spouseless Adriatic.* — See note on Wordsworth's sonnet "On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic."

*The Bucentaur.*—The state barge of the Doge, which was broken up by the French in 1797.

*St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood.* — The lion surmounts one of the granite columns erected in 1180 in the Piazetta of St. Mark. In 1797 it was taken by the French to the Invalides, but was restored in 1815.

*The proud place where an emperor sued.*—The Emperor was Frederic Barbarossa. He made his humiliation to Pope Alexander III. in the vestibule of the Church of St. Mark on July 24, 1177. "Moved by the Holy Spirit, venerating the Almighty in the person of Alexander, laying aside his imperial dignity, and throwing off his mantle, he prostrated himself at full length at the feet of the Pope. Alexander III. with tears in his eyes raised him benignantly from the ground, kissed him, blessed him; and immediately the Germans of the train sang with

a loud voice, "We praise thee, O Lord." The Emperor then, taking the Pope by his right hand, led him to the church, and having received his benediction, returned to the Ducal Palace."

"*Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!*" — Henry Dandolo, when elected Doge in 1192, was eighty-five years of age. Nevertheless, in 1204 he led the attack on Constantinople, and was one of the first to enter the city.

*Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass.*—Before the Church of St. Mark, underneath the portico, stand four gilded horses. According to the legend they were taken by the Emperor Augustus from Alexandria to Rome, whence they were removed to Constantinople by the Emperor Constantine. Thence, it is said, they were taken to Venice by Dandolo in 1204. Napoleon took them to Paris in 1797, but they were restored to Venice by the Austrians in 1815. Their origin and the exact period of their sculpture are uncertain.

*Doria's menace.*—After Venice had been defeated by the united armies of Genoa and Padua in 1379 the Venetians sent an embassy to the conquerors, asking them to prescribe what terms they pleased so long as they left Venice her independence. But Peter Doria, the commander-in-chief of the Genoese, replied, "On God's faith, . . . ye shall have no peace . . . until we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours that are upon the porch of your Evangelist St. Mark." (Hobhouse, quoting Chinazzo). Other historians, however, assign the speech to Francesco Carrara.

*The planter of the lion.*—That is the lion of St. Mark, the standard of the Republic of Venice.

*Troy's rival, Candia.*—"On the 29th September 1669 Candia, and the island of Candia, passed away from Venice, after a defence which had lasted twenty-five years, and was unmatched for bravery in the annals of the Republic." "Venice, an Historical Sketch," by H. F. Brown, 1893, p. 78; quoted by E. H. Coleridge in his edition of Byron's Poems (Murray, 1901).

*Redemption rose up in the Attic muse.*—See Plutarch, "Life of Nicias," trans. Clough, 1876, p. 383: "Several

(Athenians) were saved for the sake of Euripides, whose poetry, it appears, was in request among the Sicilians more than among any of the settlers out of Greece. And when any travellers arrived that could tell them some passage, or give them any specimen of his verses, they were delighted to be able to communicate them to one another. Many of the captives who got safe back to Athens are said, after they reached home, to have gone and made their acknowledgments to Euripides, relating how some of them had been released from their slavery by teaching what they could remember of his poems, and others, when straggling after the fight, been relieved with meat and drink for repeating some of his lyrics. Nor need this be any wonder, for it is told that a ship of Caunus fleeing into one of their harbours for protection, pursued by pirates, was not received, but forced back, till one asked if they knew any of Euripides' verses, and on their saying they did, they were admitted and their ship brought into harbour."

*Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art.*—For Otway and Shakespeare, see above. The other allusions are to Schiller's story, "Der Geisterseher," and Mrs. Radcliffe's novel, "The Mysteries of Udolpho."

GREECE.—This passage is taken from "The Giaour," first published in 1813.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.—From Canto III. of "Don Juan," 1819.

*The Scian and the Teian Muse.*—Homer and Anacreon.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.—This poem was written on Byron's last birthday, at Missolonghi, whither he had gone to take part in the Greek revolt against Turkey. He died there on April 19, 1824.

ODE TO LIBERTY.—In connection with this poem Mrs. Shelley's note to "Hellas" may be quoted: "The Holy Alliance was alive and active in those days, and few could dream of the peaceful triumph of liberty. It seemed then

that the armed assertion of freedom in the South of Europe was the only hope of the Liberals, as, if it prevailed, the nations of the north would imitate the example. . . . Shelley, as well as every other lover of liberty, looked upon the struggles in Spain and Italy as decisive of the destinies of the world, probably for centuries to come. The interest he took in the progress of affairs was intense. . . . His whole heart and soul were in the triumph of the cause." The motto is from Byron's "Childe Harold," Canto IV. xcviii.

*One like them, but mightier far than they.*—Napoleon.

CHORUS FROM "HELLAS."—"Hellas, A Lyrical Drama," was written in 1821, and dedicated to Prince Alexander Mavrocordato, the Greek revolutionary leader. In his Preface to the poem Shelley says, "The poem of Hellas, written at the suggestion of the events of the moment, is a mere improvise, and derives its interest (should it be found to possess any) solely from the intense sympathy which the Author feels with the cause he would celebrate. . . .

"The *Persæ* of Æschylus afforded me the first model of my conception, although the decision of the glorious contest now waging in Greece being yet suspended forbids a catastrophe parallel to the return of Xerxes and the desolation of the Persians. I have, therefore, contented myself with exhibiting a series of lyric pictures, and with having wrought upon the curtain of futurity, which falls upon the unfinished scene, such figures of indistinct and visionary delineation as suggest the final triumph of the Greek cause as a portion of the cause of civilisation and social improvement."

Mrs. Shelley in her note on the poem describes the interest which Shelley took in the revolutionary movements of Southern Europe at this time: "While the fate of the Austrian armies then invading Naples was yet in suspense, the news of another revolution filled him with exultation. We had formed the acquaintance at Pisa of several Constantinopolitan Greeks of the family of Prince Caradja, formerly Hospodar of

Wallachia. . . . Among these was the gentleman to whom the drama of 'Hellas' is dedicated. Prince Mavrocordato was warned by these aspirations for the independence of his country which filled the hearts of many of his countrymen. He often intimated the possibility of an insurrection in Greece; but we had no idea of its being so near at hand when, on the 1st of April 1821, he called on Shelley, bringing the proclamation of his cousin, Prince Ypsilanti, and radiant with exultation and delight, declared that henceforth Greece would be free."

*Saturn and Love their long repose shall burst.*—Shelley's note on this passage is as follows:—"Saturn and Love were among the deities of a real or imaginary state of innocence and happiness. *All* those *who fell*, or the gods of Greece, Asia, and Egypt; the *One who rose*, or Jesus Christ, at whose appearance the idols of the Pagan world were amerced of their worship; *and the many unsubdued*, or the monstrous objects of the idolatry of China, India, and the native tribes of America, certainly have reigned over the understandings of men in conjunction or in succession during periods in which all we know of evil has been in a state of portentous and, until the revival of learning and the arts, perpetually increasing activity."

CASTLEREAGH.—These lines are from "St. Stephen's," a poem in heroic couplets, first published in 1860.

REFORM.—From "Corn-Law Rhymes," first published in 1831.

*They decked Abaddon's diadem.*—"Abaddon" is a Hebrew word meaning "destruction," used in Job as a poetical term for Sheol, the kingdom of shadows, in rabbinical legends the deepest place in hell; in the Apocalypse, the name of the Angel of the abyss, the bottomless pit, the same as Apollyon. (Chambers's *Encyclopædia*.)

*At length a man from Mercia spake.*—Lord Brougham, whose speech on the second reading of the Reform Bill on October 7, 1831, was considered his masterpiece.

BATTLE SONG.—From "Corn-Law Rhymes," first published in 1831.

UNION HYMN.—It is not known by whom this poem was written, though it has been wrongly attributed to the Rev. Hugh Hutton. It is said to have been "familiar to every child in the land," and was sung at the famous mass meeting on Newhall Hill in Birmingham on May 7, 1832.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—These lines are from Lord Lytton's poem, "The New Timon," a romantic story in heroic verse, published in 1846.

*Who upset the coach.*—A phrase of Lord Stanley, when Lord John Russell split the Whig Ministry in 1834 by supporting the Appropriation Clause.

THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.—Written for music. Elliott's note on the poem is as follows:—"And who are the people? They are all those persons who by honestly maintaining themselves, and, perhaps, earning a surplus, —or by honestly living on the precious earnings and savings of others—prove their right to govern the country through their representatives. I deny that any human being is born possessed of a right to vote for members of Parliament. . . . The right to vote for members of Parliament is founded on property and knowledge, that property and knowledge which every self-sustained person possesses, in the labour or skill which enables him, or her, to live; and taxation and representation ought to be co-extensive, because taxes are paid by self-sustained persons alone."

SONG.—From "Corn-Law Rhymes," first published in 1831.

SONG.—From "Corn-Law Rhymes," first published in 1831.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.—This poem appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1843. It was suggested by the report of the Commissioners appointed to investigate the subject of the employment of children in mines and manufactories. This report was drawn up by

Miss Barrett's friend and correspondent, R. H. Horne, who was Assistant Commissioner.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.—This pathetic poem was first published anonymously in the Christmas number of *Punch* for 1843.

A ROUGH RHYME ON A ROUGH MATTER.—These verses, now included in the collected poems of Charles Kingsley, first appeared in his novel "Yeast," which was published in *Fraser's Magazine* in the autumn of 1848.

*Haulm.*—The stalks of various cultivated plants, such as peas, beans, vetches, or hops, especially as left after gathering the pods, ears, &c., and used for litter or thatching. (Murray's *Dictionary*.)

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.—Published in the "Babe Christabel and other Poems," 1854. The author was the son of a canal boatman earning ten shillings a week, and both his parents were quite illiterate. At eight years of age he went into a silk-mill, and he said of himself that ever since he could remember he had had "the aching fear of want throbbing in heart and brow." In 1849 he started a cheap journal, called *The Spirit of Freedom*, in which many of his poems appeared.

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS.—Suggested by some popular demonstrations connected with the Reform Bill. Both this and the preceding poem were written about 1833, and first published in 1842. Aubrey de Vere showed them to Wordsworth, and they were the first poems by Tennyson which he read. ("Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," edited by Hallam, second Lord Tennyson, 1907.)

LOVE THOU THY LAND.—Aubrey de Vere said of this poem that in thought and imagination it is "equal to the former two; yet it bears no comparison with them as regards weight and effectiveness, because the same perfection of form was forbidden to it by the extent and

complexity of its theme." ("Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir by His Son," 1897, i. 506.)

THE GOLDEN YEAR.—First published in 1846.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.—Written in 1800, and first published in 1801. It was suggested by the troubles of Anthony M'Cann, an Irish refugee whom Campbell met at Hamburg in 1800.

*Erin Mavournin! Erin go Bragh.*—Ireland my darling! Ireland for ever.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.—This poem, which is one of Moore's "Irish Melodies," refers to Sarah Curran, the daughter of the great lawyer. She was engaged to Moore's friend, Robert Emmet (1778–1803), who, on September 19, 1803, was condemned to death for his part in the Irish rising of that year, and hanged the following day. Sarah Curran afterwards married a distinguished officer, Major Sturgeon.

WE MUST NOT FAIL.—In the autumn of 1842 a few young Irishmen, of whom the chief were Charles Gavan Duffy and Thomas Davies, started a paper called *The Nation*, the object of which was "to direct the popular mind, and the sympathies of educated men of all parties, to the great end of nationality." To this paper Thomas Davies contributed a number of stirring poems. This poem appeared in the number for October 14, 1843, just before the date fixed for the great meeting which was to have been held on the Hill of Clontarf to demand independence for Ireland.

LAMENT FOR THOMAS DAVIES.—Thomas Davies died in 1845, in the thirty-first year of his age. This beautiful poem was written by Sir Samuel Ferguson (1810–1886), and first appeared in "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland."

O'CONNELL.—These lines are taken from "St. Stephen's," a poem in heroic couplets published in 1860. Daniel O'Connell died in 1847.

THE FAMINE YEAR.—Lady Wilde (Miss Jane Francesca Elgee) was an early contributor to *The Nation*, under the pseudonym of Speranza.

PESCHIERA.—This poem, together with the next, was written in 1849 during Clough's first visit to Italy. Clough's visit to Rome in 1849 coincided with the siege of Rome by the French, and this, though it deprived him of many opportunities of travel and sight-seeing, was historically and politically of very great interest to him." ("Poems and Prose Remains of A. H. Clough," 1869, p. 38.)

THE PATRIOT.—First published in *Men and Women*, 1855.

ON REFUSAL OF AID BETWEEN NATIONS.—Written in 1848 or 1849, published in 1869 in "Poems (Privately Printed)." Mr. W. M. Rossetti's note on it is as follows:—"This sonnet refers to the apathy with which other countries witnessed the national struggles of Italy and Hungary against Austria." ("Collected Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," 1890, i. 519.)

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND.—First published in 1845 in No. vii. of *Bells and Pomegranates*, under the title of "Italy in England." "Mr. Browning was proud to remember that Mazzini informed him he had read this poem to certain of his fellow-exiles in England to show how an Englishman could sympathise with them." (Mrs. Sutherland Orr's "Handbook to the Works of Robert Browning.")

THE FORCED RECRUIT.—First published in *The Cornhill Magazine*, October 1860.

A COURT LADY.—This poem first appeared in "Poems Before Congress, 1860." "The Court Lady is an individualisation of a general fashion, the ladies at Milan having gone to the hospitals in full dress and in open carriages." ("Letters of E. B. Browning," ed. Kenyon, 1897, ii. 362.)

HANDS ALL ROUND.—First published in *The Examiner*, February 17, 1852.

*Wrong'd Poeria's noisome den.* — The fate of Carlo Poerio (1803–1867), who, in 1849, was arrested for his revolutionary creed, condemned to irons, and confined with fifteen others in one small chamber in the island prison of Nisida, aroused great interest in England. W. E. Gladstone saw him in chains on his visit to Italy in 1850. and it was partly owing to representations from the British Government that he was at last in 1858 sent with sixty-five other prisoners to America. They persuaded the captain to land them at Cork, and Poerio returned by way of London to Turin.

THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY 1852.—This poem was written when the House of Lords seemed to condone Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* of December 1851, and rejected the Bill for the organisation of the militia when he was expected to attack England. It was first published in *The Examiner*, February 17, 1852. ("Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," edited by Hallam, second Lord Tennyson, 1907.)

THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."—From "The Return of the Guards and other Poems," 1866. Sir F. H. Doyle's note on the poem is as follows:—"Every one must recollect how the soldiers on board the *Birkenhead*, lost off the coast of Africa by striking on a hidden rock, sacrificed themselves, in order that the boats might be left free for the women and children. These verses are put into the mouth of one of the few who eventually escaped." The *Birkenhead* was lost on 25th February 1852. The regiment on board the ship was the 24th.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Written at Twickenham, and first published on the day of the funeral. Tennyson saw the procession from Somerset House, and afterwards read an account of the burial in St. Paul's, and added a few lines to the original. ("Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," edited by Hallam, second Lord Tennyson, 1907.)

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.—Written at Farringford after reading the first report of *The Times* correspondent, where only 607 sabres were mentioned as having taken part in the charge. First published in *The Examiner*, December 9, 1854. ("Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," edited by Hallam, second Lord Tennyson, 1907.)

SANTA FILOMENA.—First published in 1858. The "Lady with a lamp" is, of course, Florence Nightingale. Longfellow's own note on the poem is as follows:—"At Pisa the Church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture by Sabateli, representing the saint as a beautiful nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession." (Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," ii. 298.)

RIFLEMEN FORM!—"This poem appeared in *The Times*, May 1859, after the outbreak of war between France, Piedmont, and Austria, when more than one Power seemed to be prepared to take the offensive against England, and it rang like a trumpet-call through the length and breadth of the Empire. It so happened that three days later an order from the War Office came out, approving of the formation of Volunteer rifle corps." ("Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir by His Son," 1897, i. 436.)

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS. — This poem first appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and was republished in "The Return of the Guards and other Poems," 1866. It refers to an incident in the Chinese War of 1860. The "Buffs" were the 3rd Regiment of Foot, now called the East Kent Regiment.

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