

ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY

EXERCISES IN EPITOME

AND

PARAPHRASE



057

F07

DE NOBILI PRESS, MADURA

1942

I

There are hundreds of superstitions which survive in various parts of the country, and the study of them is rather amusing. We are told, for example, that it is unlucky to point to the new moon or to look at it through glass, but if we bow nine times to it we shall have a lucky month!

Nearly all superstitions are concerned with "luck." Good luck is associated with black cats, horse-shoes, the finding of a pin, the threepenny bit in the Christmas pudding, the old shoe flung at a wedding party, and the dark man who is the first to step over the door step on New Year's Day. Ill luck is associated with the howling of dogs, the spilling of salt, the crossing of knives, sitting down thirteen to a table, meeting a cross-eyed woman, walking under a ladder, the falling of a picture from the wall, the breaking of a mirror, and scores of other things.

When the fire is reluctant to burn, a servant-girl will often place a poker upright before the bars. She does not know why she does it: she has seen her mother and grandmother do it. But centuries ago a sulky fire was attributed to witchcraft, and the upright poker against the bars (which made the sign of the cross) was thought to have power to destroy the evil spell.

Now suppose you tell a scientist that you believe a certain superstition—let us say, that the howling of a dog is a sign of death. The scientist will immediately require evidence before he can accept your belief. He will want figures to prove it. It will be useless to quote two or three cases: he will want hundreds. He will want also to know (a) if it ever happens that the howling of dogs is not followed by a death, (b) if every

person's death is predicted by the howling of a dog. The answer to the former question is in the affirmative, and to the latter in the negative. Your superstition will not bear investigation. It may impress an ignorant person, but it cannot face the light of facts. Your case would not carry conviction in a court of law.

Apart from this process of testing by results, however, any intelligent man will want to know the "reason why." What connection can there be between a howling dog and an approaching death? Can it be cause and effect? Can it be that the dog has a gift of foreseeing such events? Or is the dog the instrument employed by some uncanny power that moves invisibly in our midst?

II

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James the Second no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrowminded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood.

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the

defence is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

We cannot refrain from adding a few words respecting a topic on which the defenders of Charles are fond of dwelling. If, they say, he governed his people ill, he at least governed them after the example of his predecessors. If he violated their privileges, it was because those privileges had not been accurately defined. No act of oppression has ever been imputed to him which has not a parallel in the annals of the Tudors. This point Hume has laboured, with an art which is as discreditable in a historical work as it would be admirable in a forensic address. The answer is short, clear, and decisive. Charles had assented to the Petition of Right. He had renounced the oppressive powers said to have been exercised by his predecessors, and he had renounced them for money. He was not entitled to set up his antiquated claims against his own recent release.

III

Now, energy of will is precisely what I propose speaking of in the present chapter. You may have often remarked how very differently some people get on in life under exactly similar conditions and circumstances. Here are two farmers, for instance, with two holdings of land of equal fertility. One, in a chronic state of poverty and debt, is for ever grumbling against the weather, against legislation, against his labourers and his wife and children, against everything under heaven except himself. The other tells you cheerfully things must be better with him and they might be a great deal worse. He admits he is making money on his farm and hopes to raise the mortgage off it in a few years. He keeps a decent home, a good table, contented servants, and he sends his children to boarding-schools for their education.

You are curious to know whence comes the difference between these men's success. And if you watch them closely you will soon find it out. The former has neither talent nor taste for farming—knows no more about it, in fact, than his young baby. He accordingly employs a land-steward with whose arrangements he is constantly tampering. The consequence is, there is no uniform system of management. There is no energy or intelligence brought to bear on it; "the hands" do at the highest wages as little as they can and seem with the steward to be in competition with their master for a grumbling prize. Result, failure.

The other farmer, on the contrary, brings hand and brain to bear on his work. He is out on his farm late and early, in direct communication with his workmen whom he inspires with his own spirit and enthusiasm. There are no briars or weeds to be found on his headlands or in the corners of his fence. None of his machinery is left out to wear itself away in rust during the winter months. He does not confine him-

self to mere crop-raising, as he cannot keep all his land in tillage. His breed of stock is well selected and well cared for and brings the highest prices in the market. In a word, he throws himself into his work with energy and enthusiasm and he succeeds.

IV

Still another trait was particularly characteristic of Lenin and contributed greatly to his ultimate success. That was his deep kinship with the working people, with the proletarians and peasants. It was entirely practical. Lenin's closest fellow-workers are unanimous in testifying to his capacity for making the most trifling troubles of the workers his own, studying them on the spot, and worrying about the best way to relieve them. Bukharin says that it almost seemed as if an extraordinary sixth sense enabled Lenin to "hear the grass growing under the ground, and the thoughts in the workers' minds." He would listen patiently and with the closest attention to a peasant, or a soldier, or a worker. A chance conversation with an old woman made the true feelings of the peasants clearer to him than hundreds of official reports. He had the special gift of talking to everybody in a way which made them tell him frankly and unreservedly of all their slightest doubts, needs, and desires. He did not meet the workers and peasants as the proud head of the State, but as a comrade in the real sense of the word, as a sincere personal friend. Everything he said and did was for the masses and calculated for its effect on the masses. He always tried to ensure that his words could be understood in the most remote villages. This spiritual contact with sections of the Russian people about whose weal or woe no previous Russian statesman had ever troubled himself, brought Lenin close to the masses and won him unlimited popularity among the whole population.

Personally, too, Lenin felt a strong disinclination for any kind of luxurious living. He wanted his way of life to be as little different as possible from that of the proletariat. During the terrible famine year of 1919 it was a great worry to him that people would send him food from all over the country, as he thought he had no right to eat more than any of his comrades. He generally distributed all the foodstuffs he received to sick and starving proletarians. Once he invited Gorki to lunch, remarking, "Have lunch with me, I've been sent smoked fish from Astrakhan." Then he wrinkled his brow, took Gorki aside, screwed up his eyes, and said: "People send me food, as to a master. If I do not accept the parcels, I insult the donors. But I find it very unpleasant to accept food when the people around me are hungry."

He was very fond of talking to workers and peasants and testing the success of every measure by means of such conversations. He pumped these people to find out all they knew, and, on the other hand, in all his measures he considered the effect which his new decisions would have on the simple people. "When Lenin had to solve a great problem," says Radek, "he did not think in abstract historical categories, he did not puzzle over ground rent or surplus value, nor over absolutism or liberalism. He thought about living men, the peasant Sidor from Tver, the workman from the Putilov Works, or the bobby on the street, and tried to imagine how the decisions in question would affect the peasant Sidor or the workman Onufri."

V

Francis was now wedded to Poverty; but poverty he would only love in its basest form—mendicancy. He wandered abroad, was ill-used by robbers; on his escape, received from an old friend a hermit's attire, a short tunic, a leathern girdle, a staff and slippers. He begged at the gates of monas-

teries ; he discharged the most menial offices. With even more profound devotion he dedicated himself for some time in the hospital at Gubbio to the lepers. He tended them with more than necessary affectionateness, washed their feet, dressed their sores, and is said to have wrought miraculous cures among them.

On his return to Assisi he employed himself in the restoration of the Church of St. Damian. "Whoever will give me one stone shall have one prayer ; whoever two, two ; three, three." The people mocked but Francis went on carrying the stones in his own hands, and the church began to rise. He refused all food which he did not obtain by begging. His father reproached him and uttered his malediction. He took a beggar of the basest class : "Be thou my father and give me thy blessing." But so successful was he in awakening the charity of the inhabitants of Assisi, that not only the Church of St. Damian but two other, through his means arose out of their ruins to decency and even splendour. One day in church he heard the text, "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses. Neither gold scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves." He threw away his wallet, his staff, and his shoes, put on the coarsest dark gray tunic, bound himself with a cord, and set out through the city calling all to repentance.

This strange but fervent piety of Francis could not but, in that age, kindle the zeal of others. Wonder grew into admiration, admiration into emulation, emulation into a blind following of his footsteps. Disciples, one by one, began to gather round him. He retired with them to a lonely spot in the bend of the river, called Rivo Torto.

VI

My lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of rational justice ? Do we want a cause, my lords ? You have

the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one! No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britian as prosecutors; and I believe, my lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community; all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this.

My lords, here we see virtually in the mind's eye that sacred majesty of the crown, under whose authority you sit and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority what we all feel in reality and life the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his majesty. We have here the heir apparent to the crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir apparent of the crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject, offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honour, the honour of their ancestors, and of their posterity to guard;

and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the constitution by which justice is made a hereditary office. My lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen and exalted themselves by various methods, by great military services which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun; we have those who, by various civil merits and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favour of their sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they have felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from the place in which they administered high though subordinate justice to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge, and to strengthen with their votes, those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

VII

Compulsory! Yes, by all means! Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and *compel* them to come in. Compulsory! Yes, and gratis also. *Dei Gratia*, they must be taught, as, *Dei Gratia* you are set to teach them. I hear strange talk continually, "how difficult it is to make people pay for being educated!" Why, I should think so! Do you make your children pay for their education, or do you give it them compulsorily, and gratis? You do not expect *them* to pay you for their teaching, except by becoming good children. Why should you expect a peasant to pay for his, except by becoming a good man?—payment enough, I think if we knew it. Payment enough to himself, as to us. For—that is another of our grand popular mistakes—people are always thinking of education as a means of livelihood. Education is not a profitable business, but a costly one; nay, even the best attainments of it

are always unprofitable, in any terms of coin. No nation ever made its bread either by its great arts, or its great wisdoms. By its minor arts or manufactures, by its practical knowledges, yes : but its noble scholarships, its noble philosophy, and its noble art, are always to be bought as a treasure, not sold for a livelihood. You do not learn that you may live—you live that you may learn. You are to spend on National Education, and to be spent for it, and to make by it, not more money, but better men;—to get into this British Island the greatest possible number of good and brave Englishmen. *They* are to be your “ money’s worth.”

But where is the money to come from ? Yes, that is to be asked. Let us, as quite the first business in this our national crisis, look not only into our affairs, but into our accounts, and obtain some general notion, how we annually spend our money, and what we are getting for it. Observe, I do not mean to enquire into the public revenue only ; of that some account is rendered already. But let us do the best we can to set down the items of the national *private* expenditure ; and know what we spend altogether, and how.

To begin with this matter of education. You probably have nearly all seen the admirable lecture lately given by Captain Maxse, at Southampton. It contains a clear statement of the facts at present ascertained as to our expenditure in that respect. It appears that of our public moneys, for every pound that we spend on education we spend twelve either in charity or punishment;—ten millions a year in pauperism and crime and eight hundred thousand in instruction. Now Captain Maxse adds to this estimate of ten millions public money spent on crime and want, a more or less conjectural sum of eight millions for private charities. My impression is that this is much beneath the truth, but at all events it leaves out of consideration much the heaviest and maddest form of charity—the maintenance, by the working members

of families, of the unfortunate or ill-conducted persons whom the general course of misrule now leaves helpless to be the burden of the rest.

Now I want to get first at some, I do not say approximate, but at all events some suggestive, estimate of the quantity of real distress and misguided life in this country. Then next, I want some fairly representative estimate of our private expenditure in luxuries. We won't spend more, publicly, it appears, than eight hundred thousand a year, on educating men gratis. I want to know, as nearly as possible, what we spend privately a year, in educating horses gratis. Let us, at least, quit ourselves in this form the taunt of Rabshakeh and see that for every horse we train also a horseman; and that the rider be at least as high-bred as the horse,—not jockey, but chevalier. Again, we spend eight hundred thousand, which is certainly a great deal of money, in making rough *minds* bright. I want to know how much we spend annually in making rough *stones* bright; that is to say, what may be the united annual sum, or near it, of our jeweller's bills. So much we pay for educating children gratis;—how much for educating diamonds gratis? and which pays best for brightening, the spirit, or the charcoal? Let us get those two items set down with some sincerity, and a few more of the same kind. *Publicly* set down. We must not be ashamed of the way we spend our money. If our right hand is not to know what our left does, it must not be because it would be ashamed if it did.

That is, therefore, quite the first practical thing to be done. Let every man who wishes well to his country, render it yearly an account of his income, and of the main heads of his expenditure; or, if he is ashamed to do so, let him no more impute to the poor their poverty as a crime, nor set them to break stones in order to frighten them from committing it. To lose money ill is indeed often a crime; but to get it ill is a worse one, and to spend it ill worst of all. You object, Lords

of England, to increase, to the poor, the wages you give them, because they spend them, you say, unadvisedly. Render them, therefore, an account of the wages which *they* give *you* : and show them, by your example, how to spend theirs, to the last farthing advisedly.

VIII

I have seen, at school and at college, a great many young men completely destroyed by having been so unfortunate as to produce an excellent copy of verses. Their genius being now established, all that remained for them to do was to act up to the dignity of the character ; and as this dignity consisted in reading nothing new, in forgetting what they had already read and in pretending to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, they soon collapsed into the most frivolous and insignificant men.

It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen and historians—men of the most brilliant and imposing talents—have actually laboured as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indexes ; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men is that they have taken more pains than other men.

Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings. Cicero nearly killed himself by study. Milton was at his books with as much regularity, as a merchant or an attorney ; he had mastered all the knowledge of his time : so had Homer. Raphael lived but thirty-seven years, and in that short space carried the art of painting so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model to his successors.

There are instances to the contrary ; but generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labour. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility — overlooked, mistaken, contemned by weaker men, thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within them that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world ; and then when their time has come and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, “rich with the spoils of time” and mighty in all the labours and struggles of the mind.

IX

What the Peace and Arbitration Movement is going to do for us is to prepare the way for the new *regime* into which mankind is flying on the wings of the aeroplane. The conquest of the air means that henceforth mankind will live in a frontierless world. All international law has hitherto been based upon the assumption that human beings live side by side in geographical areas capable of exact delimitation and of military and naval defence. That assumption is going by the board. The human race is every year organising itself on other than geographical basis. The growth of international associations, of which the Postal and Telegraphic Union represents the most highly evolved type, show that men are creating a whole series of states which are superimposed one upon the other, each being based, not upon a local territory, but upon a common interest, industry, or other pursuit. Commerce, shipping, literature, finance, are all becoming more and more international. And now in the fullness of time comes the aeroplane, which can fly at a mile a minute from any base on sea or land, bearing a ton of high explosives, which it can drop from any height upon the heart of the enemy's position.

The aeroplane, plus the torpedo, which can strike at a distance of five miles, plus the submarine, which can cross the Atlantic without refilling her bunkers, will reduce mankind to anarchy unless some substitute is found for war. Willy-nilly we shall be driven to devise some machinery for settling disputes. The Hague Conference drafted a scheme for constituting an International High Court, but the great Powers and the smaller powers could not agree as to their representation on the judicial bench. The Declaration of London, against which so much ignorant raving has been heard, marks an attempt at international legislation in the domain of maritime laws. Every year societies, associations, institutes are spinning threads in the great web which is covering the world. The ever-increasing cost of armaments tells in the same direction. If mankind is not to become a beggar at the door of a barracks, something must be done to arrest this ever-mounting expenditure.

The aim of all reformers is to promote the evolution of the United States of the World, that International World State which will vest all the armed force of the world in the Federal Executive. Meantime we must press on the conclusion of arbitration treaties, and put some hard thinking into the crucial question. When aeroplanes and submarines have made old-fashioned war impossible, by what means can lawless power be kept in restraint?

To This, to my mind, there is only one answer. The boycott, and the boycott alone, can be relied upon to enforce the decrees of an international court, and to mete out punishment to the nation that trespasses on its neighbour's rights.

X

Rely on it, that injustice of any kind, be it bad laws, or be it a bloody, unjust, and unnecessary war, of necessity creates perils to every institution in the country. If the tax

on corn had been continued, if it had been impossible by peaceful agitation to abolish it, the monarchy itself would not have survived the ruin and disaster that it must have wrought. And if you go into a war now, with a doubled population, with a vast commerce, and a wider diffusion of partial education among the people, let there ever come a time like the period between 1815 and 1822, when the whole basis of society is upheaving with a sense of intolerable suffering, I ask you, how many years' purchase would you give even for the venerable and mild monarchy under which you have the happiness to live? I confess when I think of the tremendous perils into which unthinking men, men who do not intend to fight themselves are willing to drag or to hurry this country, I am amazed how they can trifle with interest so vast, and consequences so much beyond their calculation.

But, speaking here in Edinburgh to such an audience, an audience probably for its numbers as intelligent and as influential as ever was assembled within the walls of any hall in this kingdom, I think I may put before you higher considerations even than those of property and the institutions of your country. I may remind you of duties more solemn, and of obligations more imperative. You profess to be a Christian nation. You make it your boast, even though boasting is somewhat out of place in such questions, you make it your boast that you are a Protestant people, and that you draw your rule of doctrine and practice from a well, pure and undefiled, the Bible. Within the limits of this island alone, on every Sunday, 20,000, yes, far more than 20,000 temples are thrown open, in which devout men and women assemble that they may worship Him who is the "Prince of Peace."

Is this a reality? or is your religion a romance? is your profession a dream? No, I am sure that your religion is not a romance, and I am equally sure that your profession is not a dream. It is because I believe this that I appeal to you

with confidence and that I have hope and faith in the future. I believe that we shall see, and at no very distant time, sound economic principles spreading much more widely amongst the people; a sense of justice growing up in a soil which hitherto had been deemed unfruitful; and, which will be better than all—the churches of Britain awaking, as it were, from their slumbers, and girding up their loins to more glorious work, when they shall not only accept and believe in the prophecy, but labour earnestly for its fulfilment, that there shall come a time, a blessed time, a time which shall last for ever, when, “nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”

XI

Malaria is a fever common in many parts of the world, in the low-lying parts of Southern Europe, and on the flats along the shores of the Baltic Sea, as well as throughout large tracts of Asia, Africa and America. It is a very serious disease; thousands of people die of it every year, and thousands upon thousands suffer from it so much and so constantly, that they are rendered unfit for their ordinary duties. For the victim of malaria often recovers from one attack only to have another and another, at frequent intervals, often for years. Even leaving the climate where the disease was contracted does not end the trouble, and the patient may go on suffering for months or years, until quinine, the only drug known to have any real effect on it, succeeds in ridding him of the disease.

So long as the causes of malaria were not understood very little could be done to prevent it. Physicians and others worked ceaselessly to try to find out the causes, and in 1880 a French surgeon, who was examining the blood of a malaria patient under the microscope, discovered a small, very simple, single-celled animal, and thus “recognised for the first time the small organism, which has played a

greater part in human affairs than the greatest politician or general that ever lived." Further search proved that these small parasites were always to be found in the blood of the victims of malaria, and it seemed certain that they were the cause of the disease. This was an important step ; the next, obviously, was to find out how the parasites got into the blood.

It had long been suspected that there was some connection between the abundance of mosquitoes and the occurrence of malaria, since both were at their worst in the same regions and at the same seasons, but what the connection was had not been understood. Sir Patrick Manson, reasoning from the state of things discovered by him in another disease happily unknown to us in this country, made the suggestion that the parasite might be conveyed into the human body by the mosquito in the act of biting.

Following this suggestion, Major Ronald Ross made a set of experiments in India by feeding all the different kinds of mosquito procurable on the blood of malaria patients, and then dissecting and examining every part of their bodies to see if there was any trace of the parasite. Hundreds of mosquitoes were thus laboriously examined, but for two years there was no result. Still the tireless investigator persevered, and finally he found a species the blood of which showed certain characters in common with the blood of malaria patients. He was soon able to prove that all the mosquitoes of that particular kind fed on the blood of malaria patients who became infected with the parasite which causes the fever.

The life-history of the parasite is difficult to follow, but it is sufficient for us to understand the general results gained so far. Malarial fever in man is due to a very minute parasite living in the blood. This parasite may go on living and multiplying in the blood of man for an indefinite time, unless it is killed by drugs, but it does not go through any further stage of its life-history, and cannot infect other human beings.

A mosquito biting an infected person receives some of the parasites into its own blood; there they go through a further stage of development, and finally, the infected mosquito passes on the fully developed parasites to the next persons it bites, and these soon show symptoms of malarial fever.

But the last part of this story had still to be proved; and that no doubt might remain, an enthusiastic student of science who had not been in a malarious country, since his childhood, deliberately allowed himself to be bitten by infected mosquitoes brought to London from Rome. He took malaria, and the case was proved.

XII

The chief glory of every people arises from its authors; whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation of English Literature must be left to time: much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if by my assistance foreign nations, and distant ages, gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular I have not promised myself; a few wild blunders, and visible absurdities from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance in contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail and there never can be wanting some who distinguish desert; who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can

be perfect, since while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding, and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task, which *Scaliger* compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and, that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need, for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns; yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the *English Dictionary* was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may redress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge, and co-operating diligence of the *Italian academicians* did not secure

them from the censure of *Beni*; if the embodied critics of *France*, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wish to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds; I, therefore, dismiss it with frigid tranquillity having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

XIII

It is an awful truth, that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world—among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves, people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling for poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God.

Upon this I shall insist elsewhere; at present let me confine myself to my object; which is to make you, my dear friend, as easy-hearted as myself with respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself upon their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny? to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves. I am well aware how far it would seem to many I overrate my own exertions, when I speak in this

way, in direct connection with the volume I have just made public.

I am not, however, afraid of such censure, insignificant as probably the majority of those poems would appear to very respectable persons.

Be assured that the decision of these persons has nothing to do with the question; they are altogether incompetent judges. These people, in the senseless hurry of their idle lives, do not read books, they merely snatch a glance at them, that they may talk about them. And even if this were not so, never forget what, I believe, was observed to you by Coleridge: that every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished; he must teach the art by which he is to be seen; this in a certain degree, even to all persons, however wise and pure may be their lives, and however unvitiated their taste. But for those who dip into books in order to give an opinion of them, or talk about them to take up an opinion—for this multitude of unhappy, and misguided, and misguiding beings, an entire regeneration must be produced; and if this be possible, it must be the work of time.

XIV

We think that, as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we fervently admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilised age. We cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely the uniformity of the phenomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental sciences to that of the imitative arts. The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting materials, ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits that hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers speedily surpass them in actual attainments. Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues on Political Economy could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation.

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement surely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may indeed improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive, and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical, that of a half-civilised people is poetical.

This change in the language of men is partly the cause and partly the effect of a corresponding change in the nature of their intellectual operations, of a change by which science gains and poetry loses. Generalisation is necessary to the advancement of knowledge; but particularity is indispensable to the creations of the imagination. In proportion as men

know more and think more, they look less at individuals and more at classes. They therefore make better theories and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of images, and personified qualities instead of men. They may be better able to analyse human nature than their predecessors. But analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. He may believe in a normal sense, like Shaftesbury; he may refer all human actions to self-interest, like Helvetius; or he may never think about the matter at all. His creed on such subjects will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lacrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood, will effect the tears of his Niobe, or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakespeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one. It is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in the Fable of the Bees. But could Mandeville have created an Iago? Well as he knew how to resolve characters into their elements, would he have been able to combine those elements in such a manner as to make up a man, a real living, individual man?

XV

Take the instance of the painter or the sculptor: he has a conception in his mind which he wishes to represent in the medium of his art:—Innocence, or Fortitude, or some historical character or event. Do you mean to say he does not study his subject? does he not make sketches? does he not even call them “studies?” does he not call his work-room a *studio*? is he not ever designing, rejecting, adopting, correcting, perfecting? Are not the first attempts of Michael Angelo and Raphael extant, in the case of some of their most celebrated compositions? Will any one say that the Apollo Belvidere is not a conception patiently elaborated in its

proper perfection? These departments of taste are, according to the received notions of the world, the very province of genius, and yet we call them *arts*; they are the "Fine Arts." Why may not that be true of literary composition which is true of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music? Why may not language be wrought as well as the clay modelled? Why may not words be worked up as well as colours? Why should not skill in diction be simply subservient and instrumental to the great prototypal ideas which are the contemplation of a Plato or a Virgil? Our greatest poet tells us,

"And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Now, is it wonderful that that pen of his should sometimes be at fault for a while—that it should pause, write, erase, rewrite, amend, complete, before he satisfied himself that his language had done complete justice to the conceptions which his mind's eye contemplated?

In this point of view, doubtless, many or most writers are elaborate; and those certainly not the least, whose style is furthest removed from ornament, being simple and natural, or vehement, or severely business-like and practical. Who so energetic and manly as Demosthenes? yet he is said to have transcribed Thucydides many times over in the formation of his style. Who so gracefully natural as Herodotus? yet his very dialect is not his own, but chosen for the sake of the perfection of his narrative. Who exhibits such happy negligence as our own Addison? yet artistic fastidiousness was so notorious in his instance that the report has got abroad, truly or not, that he was too late in his issue of an important state paper, from his habit of revision and re-composition. Such great authors were working by a model which was before the eyes of their intellect, and they were

labouring to say what they had to say, in such a way as would most exactly and suitably express it. It is not wonderful that other authors, whose style is not simple, should be instances of a similar literary diligence. Virgil wished his Æneid to be burned, elaborate as is its composition, because he felt it needed more labour still, in order to make it perfect.

XVI

The name of Florence Nightingale lives in the memory of the world by virtue of the lurid and heroic adventure of the Crimea. Had she died—as she nearly did—upon her return to England, her reputation would hardly have been different; her legend would have come down to us almost as we know it to-day—that gentle vision of female virtue which first took shape before the adoring eyes of the sick soldiers at Scutari. Yet, as a matter of fact, she lived for more than half a century after the Crimean War; and during the greater part of that long period all the energy and all the devotion of her extraordinary nature were working at their highest pitch. What she accomplished in those years of unknown labour could, indeed, hardly have been more glorious than her Crimean triumphs; but it was certainly more important. The true history was far stranger even than the myth. In Miss Nightingale's own eyes the adventure of the Crimea was a mere incident—scarcely more than a useful stepping-stone in her career. It was the fulcrum with which she hoped to move the world; but it was only the fulcrum. For more than a generation she was to sit in secret, working her lever: and her real life began at the very moment when, in the popular imagination, it had ended.

She arrived in England in a shattered state of health. The hardships and the ceaseless effort of the last two years had undermined her nervous system; her heart was pronounced to be affected; she suffered constantly from fainting-fits and terrible attacks of utter physical prostration.

Louie Ovington

The doctors declared that one thing alone would save her—a complete and prolonged rest. But that was also the one thing with which she would have nothing to do. She had never been in the habit of resting; why should she begin now? Now, when her opportunity had come at last; now, when the iron was hot, and it was time to strike? No; she had work to do; and, come what might, she would do it. The doctors protested in vain; in vain her family lamented and entreated, in vain her friends pointed out to her the madness of such a course. Madness? Mad—possessed—perhaps she was. A demoniac frenzy had seized upon her. As she lay upon her sofa, gasping, she devoured blue-books, dictated letters and, in the intervals of her palpitations, cracked her febrile jokes. For months at a stretch she never left her bed. For years she was in daily expectation of death. But she would not rest. At this rate, the doctors assured her, even if she did not die, she would become an invalid for life. She could not help that; there was the work to be done; and, as for rest, very likely she might rest.....when she had done it.

Wherever she went, in London or in the country, in the hills of Derbyshire, or among the rhododendrons at Embley, she was haunted by a ghost. It was the spectre of Scutari—the hideous vision of the organisation of a military hospital. She would lay that phantom, or she would perish. The whole system of the Army Medical Department, the education of the Medical Officer, the regulations of hospital procedure..... *rest?* How could she rest while these things were as they were, while, if the like necessity were to arise again, the like results would follow? and, even in peace and at home, what was the sanitary condition of the Army? The mortality in the barracks was, she found, nearly double the mortality in civil life. “You might as well take 1,100 men every year out upon Salisbury Plain and shoot them,” she said. After inspecting the hospitals at Chatham she smiled grimly. “Yes,

this is one more symptom of the system which, in the Crimea, put to death 16,000 men." Scutari had given her knowledge; and it had given her power too: her enormous reputation was at her back—an incalculable force. Other work, other duties, might lie before her; but the most urgent, the most obvious, of all was to look to the health of the Army.

XVII

How is this habit (of reading) to be acquired?

The first step is to breed an easy familiarity with the outsides of books, and to feel comfortable in their company, as an ostler amongst horses.

How is this familiarity to be obtained?

The run of a large library is almost essential, and in these days, when really fine libraries are to be found in all quarters of the town, this is not very difficult. To get to know the books as they stand on their shelves is a pleasant increase of one's acquaintances. "That is Walpole in Peter Cunningham's nine volumes;" "There is Gibbon in twelve," "That long dusty series must be the *Annual Register*;" "There surely is Boswell in Dr. Hill's six volumes, and Johnson's own works in either nine or twelve." "How many volumes does Fielding occupy, how many Richardson, and how many Sterne?" These, believe me, are not foolish questions. As the Alpine expert can pick out his peaks from the terrace at Berne, so the book-lover, on entering a library, even a municipal library, finds himself at home.

The next step to take after establishing an easy familiarity with books as *things*, like the ace of clubs or the king of diamonds, is to gratify your natural tastes by setting yourself more or less diligently and day by day to read what you like best. Never force your taste, but feed it. Even reading what you like best after such a fashion as to form an enduring habit demands an effort of the will and an occasional forced

discipline. It is easy to lay down a book half read and to forget to take it up again, and this is all the easier when there is no particular occasion ever to take it up again, for I am not thinking of any such pursuit as "reading for an examination," but of reading for the pleasure of reading and nothing else.

It is amazing how this habit of reading for pleasure slips clean out of people's lives. It often seems completely forgotten. The books may be on the shelves, but they are seldom taken down, and they remain unexercised. Sometimes they are not on the shelves at all; and then what a cruel fate it is for any child to be born within those bookless walls!

How shocking it would have been to come into a house which did not contain *The Essays of Elia* or the novels of Scott or Dickens! Yet even as it is, when cheap and excellent reprints abound and household libraries are enormously improved, the habit of reading for pleasure is by no means general.

This habit once formed, and so formed as to become "a second nature" secures that the path through life, however narrow and stony and unromantic in its surroundings, often becomes pleasant and at times exciting. The bank clerk with a good book awaiting him in his rooms walks home after dining in Soho with a light step and shuts the door behind him with a bang. Has he not Phineas Finn to finish? Or is he not in the middle of Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*? One good book leads to another, and opens out new vistas of endless enjoyment. Is it not worth while to learn French in order to read Dumas, Balzac, and Anatole France, to say nothing of hundreds of other delightful French books in every branch of human intelligence?

XVIII

The newest of our Universities has advantages which are denied to the more ancient, with regard to modern requirements. For the practical purpose of the present day a Uni-

versity which starts in the twentieth century has a great superiority over a University founded in the fifteenth ; more especially when it is launched with keen intelligence of direction and ample funds. These practical universities are the universities of the future ; for, the average man, who has to work for his livelihood, cannot superadd the learning of the dead to the educational requirements of his life and his profession. There will always be universities, or at any rate colleges, for the scholar, the teacher, and the divine ; but year by year the ancient universities will have to adapt themselves more and more to modern requirements. And where so much has to be absolutely novel it is perhaps easier to begin than to remodel or adapt. Therefore the new universities will have an advantage over the venerable schools which have for centuries guarded and interpreted and transmitted the accumulated treasures of erudition. 420710 32-2099

There was a time, long ago, when the spheres of action and of learning were separate and distinct ; when laymen dealt hard blows and left letters to the priesthood. That was to some extent the case when our oldest universities were founded. But the separation daily narrows, if it has not already disappeared. It has been said that the true university of our days is a collection of books.) What if a future philosopher shall say that the best university is a workshop ? And yet the latter definition bids fair to be the sounder of the two. The training of our schools and colleges must daily become more and more the training for action, for practical purpose. The question will be asked of the product of our educational system : " Here is a young fellow of twenty ; he has passed the best years of acquisition and impression ; he has cost so much ; what is his value ? for what, in all the manifold activities of the world, is he fit ? " And if the answer be not satisfactory, if the product be only a sort of learned mummy, the system will be condemned. Are there not thousands of lads to-day plodding away, or supposed to be plodding away,

at the ancient classics who will never make anything of those classics, and who, at the first possible moment, will cast them into space, never to reopen them? Think of the wasted time that that implies; not all wasted perhaps, for something may have been gained in power of application, but entirely wasted so far as available knowledge is concerned. And if you consider, as you will have to consider in the stress of competition, that the time and energy of her citizens is part of the capital of the commonwealth, all those wasted years represent a dead loss to the country.

XIX

One of the answers most often given is that the ill-feeling between nations which leads them up to war is due to the press. When a dispute arises between two peoples, the newspapers—so it is charged—begin in each country to misrepresent the purposes and the sentiments of the other people, to suppress the case for the other country, and to overstate the case for their own, they twist or embellish facts, and go on so appealing to national vanity and inflaming national passion, that at last they lead each people to believe itself wholly in the right and the other wholly in the wrong. To what extent these charges are justified, your recollections of how the press, European and American, has behaved before the outbreak of the various wars in which great nations have been involved in and since 1870 will enable you to judge. As respects the American newspapers, my experience of the last few years is that a large majority of them are in favour of peace and arbitration and not at all unfriendly to foreign countries. That has emphatically been so as regards their attitude towards my own country. However, I am not here either to censure or to defend the newspapers. They can take care of themselves. But in the interests of truth and justice it must be asked whether it is really the press that is chiefly to blame. Public writers do not write to please

themselves, but to please and interest their readers. If foreign countries are attacked, it is because they think the public expect and relish such attacks. Men are apparently so constituted as to listen more readily to blame than to praise bestowed on their fellow-men, and there is in many minds a notion that it is patriotic to disparage other nations, and that the display of their faults enhances our own virtues. Thus in each country the newspapers try to meet and gratify what they take to be the wishes of the people, playing down to their faults rather than playing up to their virtues.

Every country has the newspapers it deserves for the papers are what the people make them, and reflect back the sentiments they believe the people to hold. So if the people wish that the organs of opinion should show a truly pacific spirit, friendly to other nations, anxious to know whenever an international dispute arises, what the case of the other nation is, they will intimate their wish by ceasing to buy, or by withdrawing their advertising from, the newspapers which try to provoke strife. Thereupon most of the newspapers will, in their desire to please their public, change their own attitude, will abstain from reckless or inflammatory language, and will supply to their readers such facts and opinions as will not kindle passion and will at any rate not tend to hinder peace.

XX

Let me turn away to another new factor: the impetus towards a League of Nations.

This, to my thinking, so wholly advisable, would inspire more hopefulness if the condition of Europe was not so terribly confused, and if the most salient characteristics of human nature were not elasticity, bluntness of imagination, and shortness of memory. Those of us who, while affirming the principle of the League, are afraid of committing ourselves to what obviously cannot at the start be a perfect piece of

machinery, seem inclined to forget that if the assembled Statesmen fail to place in running order, now, some definite machinery, for the consideration of international disputes, the chance will certainly slip. We cannot reckon on more than a very short time during which the horror of war will rule our thoughts and actions. And during that short time it is essential that the League should have had some tangible success in preventing war.

Not till the tribunal of the League of Nations has had successes of conciliation, visible to all, will the armed individualist nations of to-day begin to rub their cynical and suspicious eyes, and to sprinkle their armour with moth-powder.

No one who, like myself, has recently experienced the sensation of landing in America after having lived in Europe throughout the war, can fail to realise the reluctance of Americans to commit themselves, and the difficulty Americans have in realising the need for doing so. But may I remind Americans that during the first years of the war there was practically the same general American reluctance to interfere in an old-world struggle; and that in the end America found that it was not an old-world but a world-struggle?

The League of Nations is but an incorporation of the co-operative principle in world affairs. Americans seem almost unanimously in favour of a League of Nations, so long as it is sufficiently airy; but when it comes to earth, many of them fear the risk. I would only say that no great change ever comes about in the lives of men unless they take risks; no progress can be made.

As to the other objection taken to the League, not only by Americans—that it won't work—well, we shall never know the rights of that unless we try it. The two chief factors in avoiding war are Publicity and Delay. If there is some better plan for bringing these factors into play than the machinery of

a League of Nations, I have yet to learn of it. The League which, I think, will come in spite of all our hesitations, may very likely make claims larger than its real powers ; and there is, of course, danger in that ; but there is also wisdom and advantage, for the success of the League must depend enormously on how far it succeeds in riveting the imaginations of mankind in its first years. The League should therefore make bold claims. After all, there is solidity and truth in this notion of a society of Nations. The world is really growing towards it beneath all surface rivalries. We must admit it to be in the line of natural development, unless we turn our back on all analogy.

Exercises in Paraphrasing

I

There,—my blessings with thee !
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear't, that th' opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
Neither a borrower nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

II

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so :
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death ; nor yet canst thou kill me.

From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow ;
 And soonest our best men with thee do go—
 Rest of their bones and souls' delivery !

Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell :
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then ?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And Death shall be no more : Death, thou shalt die !

III

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.
 Stay, stay
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the evensong ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything.
 We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain ;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

IV

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things,
 There is no armour against Fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings;
 Sceptre and Crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

 Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still:
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

 The garlands wither on your brow;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds.
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb:
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

V

A nightingale, that all day long
 Had cheered the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,
 Began to feel, as well he might,
 The keen demands of appetite;
 When, looking eagerly around,

He spied far off, upon the ground,
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
 So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
 He thought to put him in his crop.
 The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangued him thus, right eloquent—
 ‘ Did you admire my lamp,’ quoth he,
 ‘ As much as I your minstrelsy,
 You would abhor to do me wrong
 As much as I to spoil your song;
 For ’twas the self-same Power divine,
 Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
 That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night.’
 The songster heard his short oration,
 And, warbling out his approbation,
 Released him, as my story tells,
 And found a supper somewhere else.

VI

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.

VII

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass !
 Reaping and singing by herself ;
 Stop here, or gently pass !
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain ;
 O listen ! for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands :
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago ;
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day ?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, pain,
 That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, Maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending ;—
 I listen'd, motionless and still ;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 'The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

VIII

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils,
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
 Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
 The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company :
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :
 For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

IX

Mysterious Night ! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the Host of Heaven came,
 • And lo ! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O sun ! or who could find,
 Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !
 Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife ?
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?

X

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 'What writest thou ?'—The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
 'And is mine one ?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
 Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellowmen.'
 The Angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

XI

Say not the struggle naught availeth.
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.
 If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
 It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light;
 In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
 But westward, look, the land is bright!

XII

As we rush, as we rush in the Train,
 The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
 But the starry heavens above the plain
 Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
 The silver doves of the forest of Night,
 Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
 Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear;
 Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!
 For we carry the heavens with us, dear,
 While the Earth slips from our feet!

XIII

Out of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not vinced nor cried aloud.
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 • My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate:
 I am the captain of my soul.

XIV

The man of light upright,
 Whose guiltless heart is free
 From all dishonest deeds,
 Or thought of vanity;
 The man whose silent days
 In harmless joys are spent,
 Whom hopes cannot delude,
 Nor sorrow discontent;
 That man needs neither towers
 Nor armour for defence,
 Nor secret vaults to fly
 From thunder's violence:
 He only can behold
 With unaffrighted eyes
 The horrors of the deep
 And terrors of the skies.
 Thus, scorning all the cares
 That fate or fortune brings,
 He makes the heaven his book,
 His wisdom heavenly things;
 Good thoughts his only friends,
 His wealth a well-spent age,
 The earth his sober inn
 And quite pilgrimage.

XV

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred years,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:

A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night;
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures, life may perfect be

XVI

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
 Yes, to the very end.
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
 From morn, to night, my friend.
 But is there for the night a resting-place?
 A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?
 You cannot miss that inn.
 Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
 Those who have gone before.
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
 They will not keep you waiting at that door.
 Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
 Of labour you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
 Yea, beds for all who come.

XVII

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 'This is my own, my native land!'
 •Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

XVIII

My days among the Dead are past;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old:
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.
 With them I take delight in weal
 And seek relief in woe;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedew'd
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.
 My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
 I live in long-past years,
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears;
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.
 My hopes are with the Dead; anon
 My place with them will be,

And I with them shall travel on
 Through all Futurity,
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

XIX

The more we live, more brief appear
 Our life's succeeding stages :
 A day to childhood seems a year,
 And years like passing ages.
 The gladsome current of our youth,
 Ere passion yet disorders,
 Steals lingering like a river smooth
 Along its grassy borders.
 But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
 Ye Stars, that measure life to man,
 Why seem your courses quicker ?
 When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
 And life itself is vapid,
 Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
 Feel we its tide more rapid ?
 It may be strange—yet who would change
 Time's course to slower speeding
 When one by one our friends have gone
 And left our bosoms bleeding ?
 Heaven gives our years of fading strength
 Indemnifying fleetness ;
 And those of youth, a seeming length,
 Proportion'd to their sweetness.

XX

To my true king I offered free from stain
 Courage and faith ; vain faith, and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,

And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
 For him I languished in a foreign clime,
 Gray-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
 Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep;
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
 O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see,
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

XXI

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand,
 Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
 He saw his Native Land.
 Wide through the landscape of his dreams
 The lordly Niger flowed;
 Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
 Once more a king he strode;
 And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain-road.
 He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
 Among her children stand;
 They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks.
 They held him by the hand!—
 A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
 And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
 Along the Niger's bank ;
 His bridle-reins were golden chains,
 And, with a martial clank,
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
 Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew ;
 From morn till night he followed their flight,
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
 And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyena scream,
 And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
 Through the triumph of his dream.

The forest, with their myriad tongues,
 Shouted of liberty ;
 And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
 With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep and smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day ;
 For death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
 And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away

XXII

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers ;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses ;
 I linger by my shingly bars ;
 I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

XXIII

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
 In the days when Earth was young ;
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
 The strokes of his hammer rung ;
 And he lifted high his brawny hand
 On the iron glowing clear,
 Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
 As he fashioned the sword and spear.
 And he sang—' Hurra for my handiwork !
 Hurra for the spear and sword !
 Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
 For he shall be king and lord ! '

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee.
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang—'Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true!'

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust carnage, blind.
And he said—'Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man.'

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high,
And he sang—'Hurra for my handiwork!
And the red sparks lit the air;

'Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,'
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang—'Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would her lord,
Though we may thank him for the Plough,
We'll not forget the Sword!'

XXIV

'O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee;'
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

'Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.'

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea :
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee.

XXV

O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
 is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
 daring,

But O heart ! heart ! heart !
 O the bleeding drops of red !
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
 trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
 shores a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
 turning ;

Here Captain ! dear father !
 This arm beneath your head !
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
 and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
 won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

XXVI

When I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one Talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present

My true account, lest He returning chide,—
 'Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd?'

I fondly ask:—But Patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies; 'God doth not need
 Either man's work or His own gifts: who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His State
 Is Kingly. Thousands at His bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
 They also serve who only stand and wait.'

XXVII

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.
 Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track ;
 'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
 I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.
 Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part.
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.
 ' Stay—Stay with us !—rest !—thou art weary and worn ! '—
 and fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

XXVIII

Oft, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me :
 The smiles, the tears
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken !
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends, so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

XXIX

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
 We ask and ask : thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
 That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
 Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place.
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foil'd searching of mortality ;
 And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
 Didst walk on earth unguessed at.—Better so !
 All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
 Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

XXX

When you are old and gray and full of sleep
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep ;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true ;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.
And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

XXXI

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud, glade.
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping
slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the
cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.
I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

XXVII

The sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits ;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone ; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air !
Only from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen ! you hear the grating roar

Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.
 Sophocles long ago
 Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
 Of human misery ; we
 Find also in the sound a thought,
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.
 The Sea of Faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
 Retreating, to the breath
 Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world.
 Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another ! for the world, which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain ;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

XXXIII ✓

I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O Solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man,
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !

My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends,—do they now and then send

A wish or a thought after me ?

O tell me I yet have a friend,

Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !

Compared with the speed of its flight,

The tempest itself lags behind.

And the swift-winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,

In a moment I seem to be there ;

But alas ! recollection at hand

Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,

The beast is laid down in his lair,

Even here is a season of rest,

And I to my cabin repair.

There's mercy in every place,

And mercy, encouraging thought !

Gives even affliction a grace,

And reconciles man to his lot.

XXXIV

When the British warrior queen,

Bleeding from the Roman rods,

Sought, with an indignant mien,

Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak

Sat the Druid, hoary chief,

Every burning word he spoke

Full of rage and full of grief :

“ Princess ! if our aged eyes

Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,

'Tis because resentment ties

• All the terrors of our tongues.

“Rome shall perish,—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt;
 Perish hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“Rome, for empire far renowned,
 Tramples on a thousand states:
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

“Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier’s name,
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.

“Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew,
 Thy posterity shall sway,
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.”

Such the bard’s prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire.
 Binding as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow,
 Rushed to battle, fought and died,
 Dying, hurled them at the foe.

“Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due;
 Empire is on us bestowed,
 Shame and ruin wait for you!”

XXXV

Toll for the brave!
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.
 A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset ;
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.
 Toll for the brave !
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
 His last sea-fight is fought ;
 His work of glory done.
 It was not in the battle ;
 No Tempest gave the shock ;
 She sprang no fatal leak ;
 She ran upon no rock.
 His sword was in its sheath ;
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.
 Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup
 The tears that England owes.
 Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.
 But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er ;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

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