

The General moves up his **reserve forces** to the scene of *action*, the enemy is finally **defeated**.

Where it is possible, the defeated army **retreats** in good order; but often it is so hard pressed by the *victors*, that the retreat becomes a wild flight, a **rout**, in which many of the fugitives are cut down or *taken prisoners* by the foe.

But this does not end the war; often some **fortress** of the enemy is **besieged** and starved out, or *bombarded* and **stormed** (taken by *storm*), if no **relieving army** render timely aid.

When the enemy has no further means of defence at its disposal, it may ask for a **truce**, which is directly concluded, and peace **negotiations** are entered into. The victorious nation dictates the **terms of peace**, which the vanquished nation is forced to accept, willingly or unwillingly. Finally, a **treaty of peace** is signed, and the negotiations are at an end.

Usually the vanquished nation has to pay the conqueror a **war-indemnity**; often it must even cede a smaller or larger part of its territory.

Fire-arms have been improved to such an extent during late years, that any war breaking out in the future will be indeed sanguinary and terrible.

Let us hope, therefore, that the nations will maintain peace for many a year to come. May they not come into deadly conflict of arms, but struggle for the palm of victory in the domain of intellect and commerce.

PART II

SELECTED PIECES OF POETRY

William Shakespeare

(1564-1616).

INGRATITUDE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

* * *

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

From *As you like it*, Act. II, Sc. vi.

Isaac Watts

(1674-1748).

THE ROSE

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast
 Above all the flowers of the field —
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

*
*
*

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
 Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain —
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.

*
*
*

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade,
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
 This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

James Thomson

(1700-1748).

RULE BRITANNIA

An English National Song

When Britain first, at heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang the strain:
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
 Britons never shall be slaves!"

*
*
*

The nations, not so blessed as thee,
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

*
*
*

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe and thy renown.

*
*
*

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine.

*
*
*

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair:
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
 Britons never shall be slaves!"

John Wolcott

(1731-1819).

THE RAZOR-SELLER

A fellow, in a market-town,
 Most musical, cried razors up and down,
 And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence,
 Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
 And for the money quite a heap,
 As every man would buy with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard,
 Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
 That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose;
 With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
 And proudly to himself, in whispers, said:
 "This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

* *

No matter if the fellow be a knave,
 Provided that the razors shave;
 It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
 So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
 Smiling in heart and soul, content,
 And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

* *

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
 Just like a hedger cutting furze!
 "'Twas a vile razor"! Then the rest he tried;
 All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
 "I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."

* *

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun;
 "P'rhaps, Master Razor-Rogue, to you 'tis fun,
 That people flay themselves out of their lives.
 You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
 Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,
 With razors just like oyster-knives.
 Sirrah! I tell you, you 're a knave,
 To cry up razors that can't shave."

* *

Friend, quoth the razor-man, I'm not a knave;
 As for the razors you have bought,
 Upon my soul I never thought
 That they would shave." —

"Not think they'd shave"! quoth Hodge, with wondering
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell"; [eyes,
 "What were they made for then, you dog?" he cried.
 — "Made", quoth the fellow with a smile, "to sell".

Robert Burns

(1759-1796).

BANNOCKBURN-ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

Scots, who have with Wallace bled,
 Scots, whom Bruce has often led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious Victory!

* *

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 See the front of battle lower;
 See approach proud Edward's power,
 Edward! chains and slavery!

* *

Who will be a traitor knave?
 Who can fill a coward's grave?
 Who so base as be a slave?
 Traitor, coward! turn and flee!

* *

Who for Scotland's king and law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or freeman fall?
 Caledonians, on with me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free!

*
*
*

Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!

William Spencer

(1770-1834).

BETH-GELERT, OR THE GRAVE OF THE GREY-HOUND

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And gaily smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

*
*
*

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

*
*
*

"Where does my faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race?
So true, so brave! a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

! *
* *

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

*
*
*

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with drops of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood.

*
*
*

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

*
*
*

Onward in haste Llewellyn past,
And on went Gelert too;
And still where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-drops shocked his view!

*
*
*

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stained covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent!

He called his child : no voice replied !
 He searched, with terror wild ;
 Blood, blood he found on every side ;
 But nowhere found his child !

*
 * *

“ Hell-hound ! by thee my child’s devoured ! ”
 The frantic father cried ;
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword
 He plunged in Gelert’s side.

*
 * *

His suppliant look, as prone he fell,
 No pity could impart,
 Yet mournfully his dying yell
 Sank in Llewellyn’s heart.

*
 * *

Aroused by Gelert’s dying yell,
 Some slumberer wakened nigh ;
 What words the parent’s joy can tell
 To hear his infant’s cry ?

*
 * *

Concealed, amidst a mingled heap
 His hurried search had missed,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 His cherub boy he kissed.

*
 * *

Nor wound had he, nor harm, nor dread ?
 But, the same couch beneath,
 Lay a great wolf all torn and dead,
 Tremendous still in death !

Ah, what was then Llewellyn’s pain !
 For now the truth was clear ;
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
 To save Llewellyn’s heir.

*
 * *

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn’s woe :
 “ Best of thy kind, adieu !
 The frantic deed which laid thee low,
 This heart shall ever rue.”

*
 * *

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture decked ;
 And marbles, storied with his praise,
 Poor Gelert’s bones protect.

*
 * *

Here never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester, unmoved ;
 Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewellyn’s sorrow proved.

*
 * *

And here he hung his horn and spear ;
 And oft, as evening fell,
 In fancy’s piercing sounds, would hear
 Poor Gelert’s dying yell.

Robert Southey

(1774-1843).

THE INCHCAPE BELL

No stir in the air, no swell on the sea,
The ship was still as she might be :
The sails from heaven received no motion ;
The keel was steady in the ocean.

* * *

With neither sign nor sound of shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock, (1)
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

* * *

The pious abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape rock ;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder its warning rung.

* * *

When the rock was hid by the tempest swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell,
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the abbot of Aberbrothock.

(1) The Inchcape rock is a very dangerous rock on the coast of Scotland, 12 miles from Aberbrothock, or Arbroath in Angusshire. The people of the country call it the "Bell-rock". There is now a light-house.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker spot on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked the deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

* * *

His eye was on the bell and float ;
Quoth he : " My men, put down the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape rock, —
I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

* * *

The boat was lowered ; the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the bell from off the float.

* * *

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound ;
The bubbles rose, and burst around ; —
Quoth he : " Who next comes to the rock
Won't bless the priest of Aberbrothock ! "

* * *

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away ;
He scoured the sea for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his way for Scotland's shore.

* * *

So thick a haze o'erspread the sky,
They could not see the sun on high ;
The wind had blown a gale all day ;
At evening it had died away.

"Canst hear, said one, the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore;
Now where we are, I cannot tell:
I wish we heard the Inchcape bell.

* * *

They hear no sound — the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock, —
"Oh, heavens! it is the Inchcape rock!"

* * *

Sir Ralph the rover tore his hair,
And cursed himself in his despair;
And the waves rushing on every side,
The ship sank fast beneath the tide.

BISHOP HATTO

Bishop Hatto was the abbot of the monastery of Fulda in the Xth century; the tower spoken of below is still extant, near Bingen, (Hesse-Darmstadt).

The summer and autumn had been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

* * *

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store;
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bad them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

* * *

Rejoic'd at such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

* * *

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

* * *

"'Tis faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn."

* * *

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

* * *

In the morning, as he enter'd the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all o'er him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm ;
 He had a countenance white with alarm :
 " My lord, I opened the granaries this morn,
 And the rats had eaten all your corn. "

*
 * *

Another came running presently,
 And he was pale as pale could be :
 " Fly ! my lord bishop, fly, " quoth he,
 Ten thousand rats are coming this way ;
 The Lord forgive you for yesterday ! "

*
 * *

" I'll go to my tower on the Rhine, " replied he ;
 " 'Tis the safest place in Germany ;
 The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
 And the stream is strong, and the water deep ! "

*
 * *

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
 And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
 And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
 All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

*
 * *

He laid him down and closed his eyes ;
 But soon a scream made him arise.
 He started and saw two eyes of flame
 On his pillow, from whence the screaming came :

*
 * *

He listen'd and looked : it was only the cat,
 But the bishop he grew more fearful for that ;
 For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
 At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
 And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
 And now by thousands up they crawl
 To the holes and windows in the wall.

*
 * *

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
 And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
 As louder and louder, drawing near,
 The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

*
 * *

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
 And through the walls by thousands they pour,
 And down through the ceiling and up through the floor,
 From the right and the left, from behind and before,
 From within and without, from above and below ;
 And all at once to the bishop they go.

*
 * *

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
 And now they pick the bishop's bones ;
 They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
 For they were sent to do judgment on him.

Thomas Campbell

(1777-1844).

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye mariners of England !
 That guard our native seas ;
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze,

Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

* *

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave!
 For the deck it was their field of flame,
 And Ocean was their grave;
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

* *

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

* *

The meteor-flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.

Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SEAMAN

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

* *

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

* *

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

* *

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

* *

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

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

*
*
*

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

*
*
*

Oh, dear me! 'twas a thing beyond
Description! — such a wretched wherry,
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

*
*
*

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled —
No sail — no rudder.

*
*
*

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

*
*
*

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

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

*
*
*

“Rash youth, that wouldst yon channel pass,
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned.”

*
*
*

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

*
*
*

“— And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,
“You've both my favour justly won,
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son.”

*
*
*

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

*
*
*

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

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN

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

* * *

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

* * *

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

* * *

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;
 And, volleying like the bolts of heaven,
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

* * *

But redder still these fires shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of purpled snow;
 And bloodier still shall be the flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

* * *

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war clouds rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout 'mid their sulphurous canopy.

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

* * *

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

Thomas Moore

(1780-1852).

ODE TO IRELAND

Remember thee! yes, whilst there's life in this heart,
 It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
 More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
 Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.
 Wert thou all that I wish thee, — great, glorious and free —
 First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea —
 I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
 But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?
 No; thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
 But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons —
 Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest
 Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

Allan Cunningham

(1784-1842).

THE SAILOR'S SONG

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast:

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

*
*

“Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!”
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys
The good ship tight and free, —
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

*
*

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark! the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud:
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Bernard Barton

(1784-1849).

SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS

Beautiful, sublime, and glorious,
Mild, majestic, foaming, free;
Over time itself victorious;
Image of eternity.

Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow,
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

*
*

Whether morning splendours steep thee.
With the rainbow's glowing grace;
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

*
*

Earth — her valleys, and her mountains,
Mortal man's behest obey;
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.

George Gordon, Lord Byron

(1788-1824).

THE STAR OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR

Star of the brave! — whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead —
Thou radiant and ador'd deceit,
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,
Wild meteor of immortal birth,
Why rise in heaven to set on earth?

*
*

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes
Like a volcano on the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
 And swept down empires with its flood;
 Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base.
 As thou didst lighten through all space
 And the shorn sun grew dim in air,
 And set while thou wert dwelling there.

* * *

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
 A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
 Of three bright colours, each divine⁽¹⁾,
 And fit for that celestial sign;
 For Freedom's hand had blended them,
 Like tints in an immortal gem.

* * *

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
 One, the blue depth of seraph's eyes;
 One, the pure spirit's veil of white
 Had rob'd in radiance of its light⁽²⁾:
 The three so mingled did beseem
 The texture of a heavenly dream.

* * *

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
 And darkness must again prevail!
 But, O thou Rainbow of the free!
 Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
 When thy bright promise fades away,
 Our life is but a load of clay.

(1) The tricolour (Lord Byron's own note).

(2) Construe: *the pure spirit's veil of white had rob'd one (the third) in radiance of its light.*

And Freedom hallows with her tread
 The silent cities of the dead;
 For beautiful in death are they
 Who proudly fall in her array;
 And soon, O Goddess⁽¹⁾! may we be
 For evermore with them or thee!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

* * *

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strewn.

* * *

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved and for ever grew still.

* * *

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

(1) O Goddess! (*Liberty*).